

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

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No. 44.

## THE WEEK:

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### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS.....	1035
GOOD ENGLISH.....	1037
MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.....	1037
CANADIAN LITERATURE (Chap. II.).....	
<i>Prof. L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.</i> .....	1038
<i>A. J. F.</i> .....	1040
MONTREAL LETTER.....	1040
RED LETTER DAYS (Poem).....	<i>C. M. Holmes.</i> 1040
WALTER PATER.....	<i>Prof. E. C. Cayley, M.A.</i> 1041
BRUTUS.....	<i>Burriss Gahan.</i> 1041
GLIMPSES AT THINGS.....	<i>F. Blake Crofton.</i> 1044
"HOME SWEET HOME" (Poem).....	<i>J. W. C.</i> 1045
PARIS LETTER.....	<i>Z.</i> 1045
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.....	<i>A. D. Marion.</i> 1046
THE DISCONTENT IN NORWAY.....	<i>Frank Yeigh.</i> 1047
THE SONG OF BIRDS.....	1047
DOUBTING (Sonnet).....	<i>Emma Playter Seabury.</i> 1048
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Christianity and German Criticism.....	1048
<i>Rev. Herbert Symonds, M.A.</i> .....	1048
ART NOTES.....	1048
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	1049
LIBRARY TABLE.....	1049
PERIODICALS.....	1050
LITERARY AND PERSONAL.....	1050
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.....	1051
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	1051
PUBLIC OPINION.....	1052
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	1053
MISCELLANEOUS.....	1054
QUIPS AND CRANKS.....	1055

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

According to the *New York Tribune* "the North is more solid and more determined against the British tariff policy of the Democratic party than it was against the Rebellion." The falling off in the Democratic vote by twenty per cent in Vermont and by a much larger percentage in Maine, at the recent elections, gives considerable colour to this strong assertion, though the fact that the defaulting Democrats do not seem to have given their votes to the Republicans, to any considerable extent, suggests that the recalcitrants may have merely been sulking in their tents in consequence of other grievances, rather than resentful of the threatened downfall of McKinleysim. The *Tribune* could not

have felt very sure of its position or it would not have felt it necessary to cater to a vulgar prejudice by the introduction of the word "British," instead of relying upon the merits of its contention. The *Nation* suggests that there can be, by the admissions of the Republicans themselves, no increase of tariff on protectionist lines before 1898, and that four years of activity under present conditions may have done much by that time to educate the public sentiment. The *Nation* also quotes from protectionist sources two significant extracts touching the evil that has been wrought by high protection in bolstering up manufacturing and other concerns which are "slack and behind the times in their business methods and mill equipments," and whose proprietors "want the laws of the country made so that they can make the greatest possible amount of money in the shortest possible time, and without any risk." These quotations are very suggestive of the evil effects of high tariffs in killing enterprise and leading the proprietors to rely upon the aid of Government rather than upon their own energy and ingenuity. Coming as they do from protectionist organs, they are full of meaning.

It cannot be said that any conclusions very practical, very definite, or very unanimous, were reached by the Deep Waterways Convention. We do not suppose that any reasonable person expected anything of that kind at so early a stage in the history of the enterprise. It by no means follows that nothing tending to progress was accomplished. The interchange of opinions must have thrown a good deal of light upon many aspects of the question. Probably every delegate went away with clearer conceptions of the magnitude of the undertaking, but if so, he must also have carried with him a deeper conviction of its desirability and importance. The crucial question of ways and means was hardly touched. Perhaps little light was thrown upon the other practical question, that of feasibility. There are evidently immense obstacles to be overcome before the two peoples are brought into cordial co-operation, and without such co-operation nothing can be done. The enterprise is one of such largeness as would tax the resources and energies of both peoples for years. There are evidently serious national misapprehensions and prejudices to be overcome. Perhaps the most serious obstacle of all will be found in the fact that the project, however

worthy to be made national by both countries, appeals at the outset only to limited though large sections of each. It would, in fact, be pretty sure to arouse sectional opposition from more than one quarter. It has, however, been made tolerably clear that there are very large and important portions of both the United States and Canada to which the carrying out of such a scheme would bring advantages that are well-nigh incalculable; that it would, in fact, give an impetus to the growth and development of the two Great-Wests such as would, in a few years, add enormously to the trade, and so to the wealth of those regions, on both sides of the boundary. The next movement of the Convention will probably be awaited with much greater interest than the last.

The interest some of the prominent men among our neighbours take in the welfare of Canada is touching. An instance is before us in the shape of an outline of a speech made a few days since, by Senator Higgins, of Delaware, at the county fair at Ogdensburg, N.Y. The kind-hearted Senator takes occasion to prophesy that "the deceitful illusion held out by the lowered duties of the recent tariff act will not betray Canadians into the hope that, while remaining a separate people, they will have free access to the markets of the United States." In order to strengthen us in our resolve not to be so betrayed, the Senator goes on to warn us that "no people can be assured of the stability of any prosperity that rests upon the vicissitudes of the legislation of a foreign government, and Canada can have no assurance that the American legislation of 1894 will stand more than four years longer." For these friendly hints let us be duly grateful. But when the Senator, in the kindness of his heart, goes on to point out how all uncertainty might be removed by the simple process of continental union, thus delicately inviting us to annex ourselves and be forever blest, we must demur. We must not suffer ourselves to be beaten in the contest of magnanimity. We cannot forget that the Senator had just before been pointing out to the people of New York State the advantages enjoyed by the Canadian farmer over the farmers of the eastern part of the United States, by reason of their more fertile soil, lower wages, etc. Now, if it would be ruinous to the farmers of New York and other States to allow all that portion of its population who are not directly engaged in farming to buy

the cheaper Canadian food products, while Canada is an independent neighbour, it is evident that the fact of this country entering the Union would not save those farmers from such a disaster. Canada, annexed, would still have all the advantages enumerated by Senator Higgins. It would therefore be unkind and selfish in the extreme for Canadians to take advantage of the kind-heartedness of those generous American politicians who invite them to enter the Union, with a patriotic self-forgetfulness which recalls Artemus Ward's readiness to sacrifice all his wife's relations in the war of the rebellion. Our people could not be so heartlessly selfish as to accept such generosity, to the ruin of their next-door neighbours. It is bad enough for them to be now destroying the internal carrying trade of the United States, in spite of all tariff and other obstacles, by carrying the goods of their people at lower rates than their own roads can afford. But to enter right into the Republic and carry on the competition with all the advantages of citizenship so generously proffered, would be too ungrateful. Sooner than expose themselves to the suspicion of selfishness so base, they will, no doubt, prefer to "be left," in the words of the eloquent Senator, "to work out their own destiny upon the continent, free," not only "from entanglement with the interest, the influences, or the conflicts of Europe," but also from those of other nations on their own continent.

In a recent report of a meeting of the City Council, one of the Councillors, who had just returned from an European tour, is represented as saying that he had been converted to a belief in the gravitation system of water supply, by what he had seen while abroad. Either there was some serious deficiency in the report, or this is a most remarkable confession. It would not be easy to make a more elementary and obvious remark in relation to the subject, than to say that the whole question of the relative merits of gravitation and pumping is one of local conditions. No one, we suppose, would be so unreasonable as to deny that, given an ample supply of water, of satisfactory quality, at a suitable elevation, and within a reasonable distance, the gravitation system is the one approved by economy and common sense. To elevate the water for a city by artificial means, when nature had already provided an elevated reservoir near at hand, would be folly too gross and palpable to be attributed to even the most abused alderman. The real questions for Toronto are those of quality, quantity, and cost. If there is any room for doubt in regard to either of these points, the only wise course is to be guided by the advice of skilled engineers. We have yet to learn that any engineer of repute has pronounced in favour of Lake Simcoe as the future source of supply for Toronto. Our own able engineer has, as we all know, given his opinion to the contrary without hesitation or ambiguity.

If any backing of Engineer Keating's opinion was wanting, it has now been supplied by Mr. Thos. C. Keefer, who, in a recent interview with a *Mail* reporter, pronounced the Lake Simcoe scheme "entirely chimerical and foolish." The water of Lake Simcoe is, he says, distinctly inferior to that of Lake Ontario. It is extremely doubtful if the city could obtain permission to use it. If it used it, the level of the lake would be lowered to the damage of the mills. The company or the city taking it, would be exposed to actions for indemnification for losses sustained by the Severn millers. The supply, too, would be far from unlimited. In all these points Mr. Keefer's opinion coincides with that of our own city engineer. The only material difference, so far as we have observed, is that the former believes in the possibility of constructing conduits which will be perfectly water-tight, across the bay, thus making the expense of tunnelling unnecessary. Surely, in view of such a consensus of opinion on the part of those best qualified to give opinions of value, it is time that our Council dismissed the gravitation scheme from their thoughts and proceeded to determine the question as between the proposed tunnel and the putting in of a new and reliable conduit. The former has the advantage that when once constructed we should all know the city to be permanently safe from danger of wholesale poisoning through the medium of its water-supply, a security that can never be felt by thoughtful citizens so long as the water used for drinking and domestic purposes has to be brought through the sewage-laden liquid which now fills the bay.

Some of the Conservative papers to the contrary notwithstanding, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the warmth of the reception which has everywhere in the West been given to Mr. Laurier and his speech-making companions does indicate more or less of a reaction in favor of the gospel of free trade which he proclaims. No one can mistake the political meaning of his tour. It is, in its inception and in its progress, a propaganda of Liberalism, and just now freer trade is the war-cry of Canadian Liberalism. That being so, the spirit of partyism must have been tamed and transformed to a much greater degree than we have yet dared to hope, if the adherents of the Government party and policy can allow their desire to show courtesy to the Opposition leader as a distinguished visitor, or even to listen to his charming oratory, to cause them to forget the interests of their party. That part they have taken in his welcome and their countenance of his addresses, can hardly be accounted for apart from some sympathy with his views, or some hesitancy in regard to the policy which it is his special mission to destroy. It is noteworthy, too, that at least two observers who have lately visited the Maritime Provinces, Mr. Osborne Howes, who writes

for the *Boston Herald*, and Mr. Dalton McCarthy, agree in affirming that, if the present state of public feeling continues until the next election, the tariff-reform party bids fair to carry the day in the Eastern sea-board provinces.

But even if we suppose the policy of tariff-reform which the Dominion Opposition leaders are now so vigorously pushing to prevail in both the West and the East, and in Ontario as well, it by no means follows that Mr. Laurier and his political associates will be called to the Government benches at Ottawa. Unfortunately for their prospects, there is an intervening province which has often in the past turned the balance, and which is likely often to do so in the future. And just now there is another question in Canadian politics which, in French-speaking Quebec, undoubtedly overshadows the tariff question. We mean, of course, the Manitoba school question. It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Laurier's somewhat Delphic pronouncement upon this question can satisfy either those who are strongly in favor of the Manitoba school law or those who regard that law as the essence of injustice to Roman Catholics. And yet it is by no means unlikely that, as we have intimated, upon this question may turn the fortunes of war in the next great contest. It is true that Sir John Thompson and his colleagues have not stated their position in regard to this matter any more definitely than their opponents. But the history of the past is in their favour. So will be, it is not unlikely, the influence of the prelates whose opinions have the force of law with most of their religious adherents. Perhaps it is more the misfortune than the fault of Mr. Laurier that this question is at the front just now. We do not know that it is even morally obligatory upon the leader of an Opposition to declare beforehand his policy in regard to such a question. To do so may be to deliver himself into the hands of his enemies, especially if those enemies have skilfully avoided committing themselves. But even though the Opposition Leader may be convinced that a frank declaration on the question is not demanded as a matter of duty or of policy, it is questionable whether it would not have been better for him to have said so plainly, than to have resorted to what, begging his pardon, can hardly be regarded by those most deeply interested otherwise than as an attempt at evasion.

However impossible it may be to obtain reliable information as to the relative losses of the two fleets in the recent naval engagement between the Chinese and Japanese, in the Korean Sea, there can be no doubt as to the terribly destructive nature of the battle. As the first great sea-fight under modern conditions, the details of the contest are being studied with intense interest by the

great maritime powers of the world. Two or three lessons are on the surface. The first and most obvious is the terrible destruction of life and property involved in such a conflict. Humanity recoils from the thought of thousands of men shut up in the prison-house of one of those great iron-clad hulks, exposed to a terrible rain of death-dealing missiles hurled by modern engines of destruction—missiles which come crashing through walls of triple steel and iron, and sweeping away the strongest turrets and other defences of wood and iron as if they were but glass, or dropping upon the deck only to burst with thunderous explosion and strew destruction on every side. To add to these indescribable horrors, there is the constant dread of the torpedo, which may at any instant shatter the hulk and send the huge iron trap to the bottom, with all on board. When one reads the story of the horrible carnage in this contest between the comparatively feeble fleets of two Eastern nations, scarcely emerged from barbarism, he is able to form some conception of what a similar engagement between the fleets of two of the great powers, say England and France, would mean. Surely there is some reason to hope that the diabolical nature of such a struggle will be sufficient to prevent so-called Christian nations from ever permitting their statesmen to plunge them into such a gulf of horrors.

Another lesson which this Eastern sea-fight is well adapted to teach is that of the tremendous cost of a modern war. The money value of the ammunition used in the conflict must have been enormous, when every discharge of the gun means the dissipation of a sum which would be quite a fortune to many a poor labourer. Can it be that the overtaxed masses of Europe will ever permit the proceeds of their hard toil to be wasted by the million in such a way? Perhaps the most hopeful feature of the whole affair is its suggestion that the naval wars of the future must be quickly decided. It is evident that whenever the fleets are tolerably well matched, the battle will not be decided until the greater number of the immensely costly ships of one or probably of both parties shall have been shattered, probably many of them sunk and irretrievably lost, while others will have suffered such damage as will require months of toil and millions of money to repair. Under such conditions there would be some ground for hope that a single great battle might decide the contest. But it would, perhaps, be equally likely that one great struggle would leave both parties bruised, exhausted, and sullen, and only too ready to take advantage of the enforced truce to repair their vessels, thereby laying still more crushing burdens upon the people, and retarding the progress of the peaceful arts and industries, perhaps for generations. On its face the results of the engagement seem to

emphasize the folly of putting such enormous sums of money into single vessels, any one of which may be sent to the bottom in a moment. So far as appears, the smaller, swifter cruisers were really the more effective. So far as the combatants in the present instance are concerned, there is no reason to suppose that either will be ready to propose conditions of peace that will be accepted by the others. The moment may be propitious, however, for foreign intervention. The powers of Europe will not care to look quietly on while one of the great nations of antiquity is being overthrown, with the probable result that her immense territories would be given over to rapine and chaos.

#### GOOD ENGLISH.

It is of the utmost importance that good English should, like common sense, be the rule and not the exception in oral converse as well as in written composition. The ability to use good English may surely be considered a fair test of the "liberal education" (supposed to be) given in our schools and colleges. But notwithstanding the amount of talk about the duty of the schools to impart a fair mastery of the vernacular, and the ardent predictions of those "educational reformers" who were active in having "language lessons" substituted for the study of grammar, it must be acknowledged that bad English is a too common factor in the every-day intercourse, by tongue or pen, of supposedly educated people. With the great, shall we say superlative attention, paid in our country to education, it is but natural to expect that a book on the important subject of prose composition should be looked for, that would prove alike creditable to its compilers and serviceable to teachers and students. Of such a book we have seen the advance sheets, and Professor Alexander and Mr. Libby may, even before publication, be commended for the high character of their work. The lack of proper method, the jumble of ill-assorted selections, the crowding together of technical terms and rules that are forgotten almost as soon as memorized, may be mentioned as some of the objectionable features of some books on the art of writing. In the forthcoming work we find the main divisions recognized by progressive teachers of to-day: narration, description, and exposition, with their suggested subdivisions duly set forth. Unlike too many pretentious writers of composition and rhetoric, the authors have not lost sight of the fact that in order to "practice composition," students must practise *thinking*—that right expression is the outcome of right thought, and, it may be added, that both have not a little to do with right character. How to learn to think is the question of questions for the student, and to think is to grasp the

relation of parts—to pass from a vague, incoherent whole to a definite whole—that is, to a whole at last perceived to be made up of clearly defined parts. This the authors have kept clearly before them. They know what mental movement prevails in description, narration and exposition; they know that the student's mind must move in like manner in appropriating the thought, and they know that he must be capable of this thinking process, in order to be capable of clear and concise expression. The numerous well selected models of style from some of the most notable orators and writers of modern times which form the groundwork of the scheme of instruction; the clear, concise, yet critical, comments on the various selections; and the suggested topics for composition, with plans and ample directions—cannot fail to prove stimulating and satisfactory to both teacher and to scholar. All the various forms of prose composition seem to receive due attention. For completeness, thoroughness, and sound pedagogical treatment this volume will far surpass anything heretofore published in Canada and equal any work of the kind that has yet come to our hands from abroad.

#### MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.

Circumstances of great local importance are just now forcing this large section of the science of political economy upon the attention of the citizens of many cities in the United States and Canada. In Toronto, at this moment, the question of electric lighting has given it a prominence in the thoughts of the citizens which it has never had before, save perhaps at the time of the warm discussion which preceded the completion of the existing arrangement with the Street Railway Company. While all reasonable persons will admit that the wise decision in a given case in which immediate action is required must be largely determined by practical considerations incident to the particular occasion, the general principle is one of so great importance as to warrant discussion and, if possible, decision, apart from all incidental and temporary considerations. If the sound abstract principle could be once for all agreed on, there would be nothing left but for each locality to choose its own time and opportunity for reducing that principle to practice. It is always possible that the method which may be demonstrated to be logically and scientifically the best, may not be the best at a given moment and under peculiar circumstances. Nevertheless, the people will be all the better for having accepted a sound theory, however slow and tedious may be the process most readily available for changing the old for the new, in working up to that theory.

Viewed in the abstract, there is, it can hardly be denied, a strange inconsistency in the municipal methods pursued in, e.g.,

the City of Toronto. Take, for instance, the kindred questions, How shall the city be supplied with water, and How shall it be supplied with gas? The answers which have thus far been found are strangely anomalous. There seems to be no good reason in the nature of things why, if the wants of the citizens in regard to water can be best supplied directly by the citizens themselves, through the agency of a board of managers, or other set of officers appointed directly by the civic council, their wants in respect to artificial light and heat should not be best supplied in the same way. And yet, in our municipal wisdom, we have arranged to supply ourselves with the water we need, directly, through the agency of agents and labourers employed for the purpose by the corporation, while the majority of us have decreed that the matter of lighting shall be left in the hands of a private company. Stranger still, many of those who would not consent, under any conditions, that the supplying of the city with water should be given over to a private company, are ready to argue strenuously that it would be comparatively ruinous to attempt to supply the city with light in the same way in which it is now supplied with water. If no other reason presents itself, they will assure us that neither the honesty nor the business capacity of the average city alderman can be relied on to supply artificial light, in the same way, consequently the right of supplying the city with gas has been, and, very probably, that of supplying it with electricity at an early date, will be given over into the hands of a private company.

The same question, in substance, arises in regard to the street railway and any other service in which the whole body of citizens are interested. "Does anyone think," asks a contemporary, in an article now before us, "the service would be better, or that the municipality would reap more profit, if it operated the street railway? Only he whose ideas of government are Socialistic." What a very convenient bugbear, by the way, that word "Socialistic" is becoming. We do not know why it should be deemed so much more Socialistic for the citizens to own and operate their own street railway, than for them to own and operate their own waterworks. Seeing that the management of the street railway is for the present excellent, one may readily answer the first part of the question in the negative, though there have been occasions since the contract with the company was made when the interests of the citizens could have been better served had the control of the railway been in the hands of their own officials, and such occasions may arise again at any moment.

But in regard to the second question, a moment's reflection will show anyone that a negative answer is warranted only on the assumption that a Board of Management

appointed by the Council could not be trusted to do the work as wisely and as economically as a similar board appointed by a private company. Apart from such an assumption the way is clear to an affirmative answer. No one supposes that the private company are receiving, or would be content to receive, simply the rate of interest which the city would have to pay, on their capital. As shrewd capitalists they expect to make handsome profits year by year out of the enterprise. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the company has to employ and pay managers and other employees just as the city would have to do. No good reason appears why these men, or others equally competent, should not be willing to give as faithful service to the city as to a private company. It follows, therefore, that the municipality should save expense in operating its own railway, to the extent of the excess of profit made by the present company over and above the municipal rate of interest upon the capital invested. If this argument be valid, it is, of course, equally applicable to the work of lighting the city, the management of telephones and any other services required by a large body of citizens which are in the nature of monopolies because competition is inadmissible.

Thus far we have simply been trying to present the other side of the argument, in opposition to that which is presented by most of our city papers. We do this, not because we are firmly convinced that it would be wise for this particular city to embark at this particular time in an enterprise demanding large outlay of capital, and wise and skilful management, such as would be involved in supplying the citizens directly with electric light. That is a question largely of facts and figures, but one which involves also other practical questions, such as that of the capability and integrity of our municipal councillors. The local question is also further seriously complicated by the fact that franchises have already been granted to two companies, and that the municipality would have, therefore, either to compete with these, which might not be quite fair to them, and would moreover militate seriously against the financial success of the undertaking, or to purchase their properties and rights, which might be found to be impracticable.

On one of the many other aspects of the question which suggest themselves, we may venture a word. The strongest practical argument, and that which seems to come most readily to the surface, against any proposal looking to municipal ownership and management of such a business, is that based upon the alleged incompetency and untrustworthiness of the average municipal council. Admitting that there is often too much ground for so unpleasant an argument, and admitting, too, that the immediate responsibility for this rests with the

rate-payers, who are either too indifferent to their own interests to take pains to choose the best men for municipal honors, or too amenable to selfish and unworthy influences, the question might still arise whether such a state of things would not be more speedily rectified by throwing larger responsibilities upon the men chosen, and at the same time taking hostages from the citizens themselves for the conscientious use of the municipal franchise. Whatever tends to give to citizens a deeper personal interest in the wisdom and integrity of the representatives whom they choose to manage their affairs, tends equally to make them more careful in their selection of such representatives, and more jealously watchful of the manner in which they perform their duties.

Whatever may be the best for present practical purposes in Toronto, there can be little doubt that on general principles those who favour municipal control of all great civic monopolies have, in the abstract, the best of the argument. To deny that those principles are applicable to this or that municipality is to make a humiliating confession of incapacity.

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## CANADIAN LITERATURE.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE UNION PERIOD.

Let no reader of THE WEEK imagine for one moment that the divisions of Canadian Literature which I have adopted are meant to be hard and fast in their nature. But, corresponding as they do to the political development of the country, they are convenient; and at the same time, as I pointed out in my introductory article, the literary worker seems to have broadened with the growing political horizon.

For this second period of our literature Dewart's "Selections from Canadian Poets" is an indispensable guide to the poetry of the country up to 1864, the year of its publication. The *Literary Garland* of Montreal, which appeared from 1839 to 1852, is a mine of information, especially for the prose literature, but has as yet been little developed. Through numerous other short-lived periodicals are scattered many fugitive contributions to our young literature which it shall be my duty to collect and classify. Outside of Canada, *The Atlantic*, of New York, and several Boston papers, especially the *Waverly Magazine*, contained numerous articles from Canadian pens.

The rapid strides made by Ontario (then Upper Canada) in material prosperity are reflected in the literature. Throughout the country there seems to have been a real outburst of literary ardor roughly bounded by the dates of 1855-65. Not that the period from 1840 to 1855 is to be considered barren, but, as we shall see, this portion of our second period was a seed time, and the portion 1855-65 the harvesting. Without any further introduction at present, I shall at once proceed to a brief study of one of the stars of those days.

Charles Sangster, the "Canadian Wordsworth," was born at Kingston, July 16, 1822, of U.E. Loyalist stock. Like many another youth of his day, his schooling was meagre and had to be supplemented by hard-earned self-education in early manhood. Poverty, too, was his lot and poor he remained all his days. He helped make the cartridges which battered the Prescott windmill in 1837. For some ten or twelve years, he filled an humble post in the Ordnance Office in Kingston, in 1849 went west to Amherstburg, where he edited the *Courier* for about a year. The death of the publisher of this paper left him no alternative but to return to Kingston, where he worked in the office of the *Whig* for another long period of ten or twelve years. In 1864 he joined the *Daily News*, and in 1868 was appointed to a position in the Civil Service in Ottawa. From this he retired in 1886, owing to ill health, and resided in Kingston until his death last autumn. His publications are two, viz.: *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay and other Poems, 1856*, and *Hesperus and other Poems and Lyrics, 1860*. Both of these volumes were well received by the press and critics of the day. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jean Ingelow, Bayard Taylor and many others represent the outside critics, while all Canada was charmed by the work of its first poet. Thos. McQueen, a brother poet, Professor Daniel Wilson, (the late Sir Daniel Wilson), William Lyon Mackenzie and Dr. Dewar were among the many Canadians who welcomed, with generous praise, Sangster's contributions to our young literature.

Charles Sangster was an ardent lover of nature, a sympathizer with the lowly and simple in life, an intense patriot and of a deeply religious nature. Of his poems, those dealing with natural, *live* scenes in nature, appeal perhaps most strongly to his readers. Among the poems by Sangster, in the old School Readers, the one which used to charm us children most was "The Rapid," and I remember how the words instinctively came to my mind when years afterwards I went down the St. Lawrence.

All peacefully gliding,  
The waters dividing,  
The indolent batteau moved slowly along,  
The rowers, light-hearted,  
From sorrow long parted,  
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:  
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,  
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;  
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,  
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

The rest of this beautiful poem is doubtless known to every Canadian, and all will agree with me that it has the spontaneity of true poetry and shows, as well, a poet in thorough sympathy with his subject.

I have said that Sangster loved *live* nature or nature astir. A charming instance of this is the poem, "A Northern Rune,"

"the martial rune  
Of the Norse-King-Harpist bold;"  
with its very animated chorus.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O, hale and gay is that Norse king gray,  
And his limbs are both stout and strong;  
His eye is as keen as a falchion's sheen  
When it sweeps to avenge a wrong.  
The Aurora's dance is his merry glance,  
As it speeds through the starry fields;  
And his anger falls upon Odin's halls  
Like the crash of a thousand shields.

Chorus.

Then hi! for the storm,  
The wintry storm,

That maketh the stars grow dim:  
Not a nerve sha I fail.  
Not a heart shall quail,  
When he rolls his grand old hymn.

A second water scene which is faithful to nature, though the opening stanza is somewhat weak, is "Evening Scene," from the banks of the Detroit river.

There lay the island with its sanded shore,  
The snow-white lighthouse, like an Angel-friend,  
Dressed in his fairest robes, and evermore  
Guiding the mariner to some promised end.

And down behind the forest trees, the sun,  
Arrayed in burning splendors, slowly rolled,  
Like to some sacrificial urn, o'errun  
With flaming hues of crimson, blue and gold.

And round about him, fold on fold, the clouds,  
Steeped in some rainbow essence, lightly fell,  
Draped in the living glory that enshrouds  
His mighty entrance to his ocean shell.

The woods were flashing back his gorgeous light,  
The waters glowed beneath the varied green,  
Ev'n to the softened shadows all was bright,  
Heaven's smile was blending with the view terrene.

\* \* \* \* \*  
On these the parting day poured down a stream  
Of radiant, unimaginable light;  
Like as in some celestial spirit dream  
A thousand rainbows melt upon the sight,

Setting the calm horizon all ablaze  
With splendors stolen from the crypts of heaven,  
Dissolving with their magic heat the maze  
Of clouds that nestle to the breast of even.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And down on tiptoe came the gradual Night,  
A gentle twilight first, with silver wings,  
And still from out the darkening infinite  
Came shadowy forms, like deep imaginings.

There was no light in all the brooding air,  
There was no darkness yet to blind the eyes,  
But through the space interminable, there  
Nature and Silence passed in solemn guise.

With this poem is linked another on a similar subject, viz.: "Night in the Thousand Isles."

And now 'tis night. A myriad stars have come  
To cheer the earth and sentinel the skies.  
The full-orbed moon irradiates the gloom,  
And fills the air with light. Each islet lies  
Immersed in shadow, soft as thy dark eyes;  
Swift through the sinuous path our vessel glides,  
Now hidden by the massive promontories,  
Anon the bubbling silver from its sides  
Spurning, like a wildbird whose home is on the tides.  
Here nature holds her Carnival of Isles.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The poet who sings so lovingly of these beautiful scenes was born a poet. But not alone does he sing of his country's beautiful scenery, but her heroes claim his allegiance. Of his patriotic poems perhaps the "Brock," is the best. It was written for the inauguration of the new monument to Brock on Queenston Heights.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Raise high the monumental stone!  
A nation's fealty is theirs,  
And we are the rejoicing heirs,  
The honoured sons of sires whose cares  
We take upon us unawares,  
As freely as our own:

We boast not of the victory,  
But render homage, deep and just,

To his—to their—immortal dust,  
Who proved so worthy of their trust.  
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust  
Can herald their degree.

Generally speaking, however, Sangster was far less successful in his patriotic pieces than in his descriptions of nature.

Jean Ingelow singled out two poems as especially pleasing to her, "The Wren" and "Young Again." Here is the first:

THE WREN.

Early each spring the little wren  
Came scolding to his nest of moss;  
We knew him by his peevish cry,  
He always sung so very cross.  
His quiet little mate would lay  
Her eggs in peace and think all day.

He was a sturdy little wren.  
And when he came in spring, we knew,  
Or seemed to know, the flowers would grow  
To please him, where they always grew,  
Among the rushes cheerfully;  
But not a rush so straight as he!

All summer long that little wren  
Would chatter like a saucy thing;  
And in the bush attack the thrush  
That on the hawthorn perched to sing;  
Like many noisy little men,  
Lived, bragged and fought that little wren.

Another beautiful little poem is the entitled "The Little Shoes." The following is the second stanza which shows that the author was a lover of children:

I see a face so fair, and trace  
The dark-blue eye that flashed so clearly;  
The rosebud lips, the finger tips  
She learned to kiss—O, far too dearly!  
The pearly hands turned up to mine,  
The tiny arms my neck caressing;  
Her smile, that made our life divine,  
Her silvery laugh—her kiss a blessing.

And the third verse is just as charming

Her winning ways, that made the days  
Elysian in their grace so tender,  
Through which Love's child our souls beguiled  
For seeming ages starred with splendor:  
No wonder that the angel-heirs  
Did win our darling's life's-joy from us,  
For she was theirs—not all our prayers  
Could keep her from the Land of Promise.

I have said that Sangster's was a deeply religious nature. Indeed it would almost seem at times that he strained a point to bring in a religious idea. One poem, however, has the spontaneity which comes from a religious, poetic heart, and of this I give the opening and closing stanzas.

THE STARS.

The stars are heaven's ministers;  
Right royally they teach  
God's glory and omnipotence,  
In wondrous lowly speech.  
All eloquent with music, as  
The tremblings of a lyre,  
To him that hath an ear to hear  
They speak in words of fire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
O heaven-cradled mysteries,  
What sacred paths ye've trod—  
Bright jewelled scintillations from  
The chariot-wheels of God.  
When in the Spirit He rode forth,  
With vast creative aim,  
These were His footprints left behind,  
To magnify His name!

There are so many beauties in Sangster's poems and so much evidence in them of the true inspired poet that it would seem almost ungenerous to call attention to defects. Through the circumstances of his early life he laboured under great disadvantages, which revealed themselves in many a halt and limping line. The adjectives are not always just as appropriate as they might be,

and his language generally betrays a tendency to grandiloquence which is sometimes out of sympathy with the theme. His smiles, too, are sometimes greatly overstrained. Thus, for example, in the "Evening Scene," Lake Erie appears

"softly calm,  
Calm as the thoughts that soothe the dying  
breast

As the soul passes to the great I AM."

To one who lives beside Lake Ontario' right on the shore, and who delights in its many moods, this is a somewhat strange simile. The receptive soul will be filled at times with an exultant spirit and at other times cannot but feel awed in the presence of one of the mighty wonders of creation, but these are not the feelings of a dying man.

Again the patriotic poem "Brock" is spoiled, in one stanza at least, by references to the martyrs, heroes, poets or sages, of which Brock is one.

"Wrestling with some *Pythian* wrong,  
In prayer, in thunder, thought or song;  
*Briareus*-limbed, they sweep along,  
The *Typhons* of the time."

But though our poet has faults which would have been eliminated by careful revision, these faults are of little moment compared with the true poetic instinct, the love of nature and the truly religious fervor of the inspired singer.

L. E. HORNING.

### MONTREAL LETTER.

The Montreal Corn Exchange Association has selected Mr. John Torrance as its representative on the Board of Harbour Commissioners. Mr. Torrance is the head of the well known shipping firm of David Torrance & Co., and a man of ability and integrity, and well able to look after the affairs of the harbour to the interests of the city and the shipping. The city has been ordered by the courts to do work which it is not prepared to do; that is, to extend St. Lawrence Street and St. Lambert Hill to the river. This means hundreds of thousands of dollars of expenditure to be met by taxation. The city cannot borrow any more money, for it has already reached the limit of its borrowing power, and the tax which is necessary to raise the money will fall heavily on the citizens who have at present too much to pay to make living profitable. The new street will wipe out a number of old landmarks and will take a slice off the big convent of the Sisters of the congregation of Notre Dame. It is likely, however, that an appeal will be made to a higher court and even if it does not turn in favour of the city, it will give it some time to think over the matter.

The annual convention of the Canadian Electrical Association was held in this city last week and a large number of delegates came from the two older Provinces. Mr. J. J. Wright, of Toronto, President of the Association, presided. Papers on various subjects kindred to their craft were read and discussed and the members profited much thereby. They also enjoyed the usual pleasures pertaining to a convention and were courteously received by the various scientific societies and associations. They paid a visit to McGill University at the special invitation of the Faculty of Applied Science, and Prof. Ashley Carus-Wilson, of the Electrical Department, and inspected the electrical laboratories and made practical tests on some of the apparatus.

The Governor-General and Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen were in the city for a day or two last week. Her Excellency is still deeply interested in the welfare of the Irish Industries Association, and she took the opportunity of visiting the establishment of Messrs. John Murphy, who are the agents of the association for the sale of Irish laces. Of course there were many ladies there to meet her, and in a practical speech she pointed out the beauties of the Irish goods. She appealed to all who were interested in Ireland to support the effort of the association to bring Irish manufactures before the public, and thus help along the poor working peasants of the Green Isle. She even, for the moment, turned saleswoman, and displayed the goods, pointing out their good qualities, and effecting sales with all the vim of a smart clerk. Lady Aberdeen has, indeed, a warm heart for the old sod.

Police matters are still taking up a good deal of attention and public sentiment is strongly in favor of a thorough investigation into the workings of the department. A large fund is being raised by private subscription for the purpose of bringing about that end. The committee of investigation, as was expected, was drawn entirely from the City Council and is composed of seven members, four of whom have, it is generally believed, strong leanings towards the police department. This is unfortunate for the lovers of law and order, and they find that they will have to make every effort in order to override the feeling of the majority of the committee and force into the light the doings of the police which have aroused public feeling and which should warrant the complete reorganization of the department. The committee have opened its proceedings by advertising for evidence, and it will sit on October 2nd for the purpose of hearing what evidence may be forthcoming. It is to help in the gathering of the necessary evidence that the fund is being raised.

For a few short months only has this city and the suburbs enjoyed the benefits which are derived from two gas companies in opposition to each other. From the organization of the Consumers Gas Company until the present time, the citizens in some sections have enjoyed cheap gas and they were congratulating themselves on the pleasant turn of affairs when a rumor of the amalgamation of the two companies spread over the city and shattered the hopes of the long-suffering citizens for cheap light and heat. The old price was \$1.40 per thousand cubic feet until a reduction of 10 cents per thousand if paid within a certain time. Then there was a meter rent which ran from 40 cents a quarter for a three-light meter up. The new company supplied the gas at the rate of \$1.00 per thousand feet and gave the meter free of charge besides allowing a discount if the bills were paid promptly. Gas for cooking was supplied at about ninety cents net. This is what the citizens had wished for for many a day and they applauded the young company and slapped it on the back and said they would take its gas. The young company was full of energy and said it would release the city from the great monster which was living upon its life's blood and on the strength of this secured all the privileges it wanted and went along merrily with its work, putting in mains and building its works and supplying the citizens with a better gas than they had been accus-

tomed to. The result was marvellous. The old company came to its knees and offered to supply gas on the same terms as its young rival. The citizens said this opposition was good and they gave it the support it deserved. But the citizens forgot that the new company was like all other companies, without a soul. This young reprobate of a company was without a soul, for it broke faith with the citizens and walked into the enemy's camp without a struggle. The bribe was a good fat one, something like \$375,000. Once more then is this city at the mercy of a monopoly which charges a higher price for gas than any other company on the continent and makes its consumers pay for the gas meters.

A. J. F.

### RED LETTER DAYS.

Give me of thy glory, oh red tree!  
Give me of thy yellow greenery!  
Thou hast the glint of the morning dew,  
Thou hast the sheen where the sun shines  
thro!

Give me of thy fruitage, oh grape vine,  
Warm with the glow of the red, red wine;  
Spherical thy flagons, tense and thin,  
Ruddily rent by the flush within!

Leisurely the cow bells homeward swing:  
Retrospective robins lonely sing:  
Whip-poor-will and cricket tune their choirs,  
Sitting by the Sumach's blazing fires!

So let the deepening twilight close;  
So let the purple blend with the rose;  
Wandering greyly across the leas,  
Duskily the shadows clasp the trees:

Dim grow the delicate blades of grass,  
Fainter the joy of their rippling mass;  
Yielding their treasures of heat and light,  
Unto the soul of the sunless night!

C. M. HOLMES.

Picton, Ont.

M. Henri Chatelier publishes in the July number of the *Journal de Physique*, Paris, the first instalment of an interesting treatise on the principles of energetics which, though dealing generally with energy in all forms, is nearly coextensive with what is usually termed thermodynamics. Instead, however, of making the quantity whose laws and transformations are studied, he fixes his attention only upon the available energy in any process—a quantity which he names *puissance motrice* (motive force), but which has been treated of by Thompson under the name of "motivity," by Helmholtz as "free energy," by Gibbs as "thermodynamic potential," and by others under other names. The difference between energy and available energy appears at once when we consider a weight. Its energy depends on its height and mass, but its available energy depends on the distance through which it can fall. If a steam engine was placed in an atmosphere whose temperature was just as high as that of its own furnace, it would have no available energy at all, though the absolute amount of energy contained in it would be very great. The author sets out from the experimental laws that it is impossible to create motive force, and that it can be destroyed only by creating a proportionate amount of heat—laws roughly equivalent to the ordinary statement of the principle of conservation of energy—and proceeds to deduce several interesting conclusions. In succeeding articles the principles are to be applied especially to the phenomena of chemistry.



WALTER PATER.

The recent death of Mr. Pater will be deplored by all lovers of good literature. Whatever vagaries the young Oxford student may have been guilty of, in the first stages of æsthetic exuberance, have long since been forgiven. The Mr. Pater whom the world knows has won a unique position for himself in English literature and his reputation rests quite as much on strong, sane thinking as upon his love of all that appeals to the sense of beauty.

Mr. Pater's growing popularity, amply attested by the number of editions through which his works have passed, is well deserved. His place in literature is due to the unusual combination of the philosophic with the æsthetic temper, and his power as a writer to the skill with which he clothes ideas with form and colour. His writing has not the incisive force of Newman's prose, but this is due quite as much to the subject matter as to the temperament of the writer; his style lacks that rapidity which is so characteristic of some of our best writers, but it gains in stateliness; he has more ideas than Matthew Arnold and less self-consciousness, though the care which he bestows upon his work has left its mark; his words, chosen with exquisite care, and a certain nicety of phrase and felicity of thought, go to make up a style which has a charm in itself.

The comparison with M. Arnold is irresistible. Both these writers believed themselves called upon to lead a crusade, both were critics of a high order, both were lovers of the best that had been said and thought in the world, both strove to see and make others see things as in themselves they really are; both were prophets of sweetness and light. The comparison is equally fruitful in their points of unlikeness. M. Arnold must inaugurate educational reform, political reform, religious reform; W. Pater deals with none of these things. M. Arnold is forever talking about letting "right reason and the will of God prevail," i.e., the eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness, and which neither loves nor thinks; W. Pater is busy as a literary and artistic critic should be in marking the periods which have been fruitful in works of truth and beauty, in noting the personalities and works in which these periods have found expression and in striving to set forth why and wherein these ages are fruitful, these persons and works capable of impressing us with the sense of beauty.

In pursuance of this object, his work is sometimes historical, sometimes imaginative, sometimes purely critical. In his work on the *Renaissance* we feel the enthusiasm of the writer for the fifteenth century. "The Renaissance is the name of a many-sided but yet united movement, in which the love of the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal and comely way of conceiving of life, make themselves felt, urging those who experience this desire to search out first one and then another means of intellectual or imaginative enjoyment, and directing them not merely to old and forgotten sources of their enjoyment, but to the divination of fresh sources thereof—new experiences, new subjects of poetry, new forms of art."

If we attempt to analyze the charm of Mr. Pater's work, apart from style, it would appear that he is almost unapproachable in catching and portraying the spirit of ages which are diverse from our own. Many

men seem able to depict the manners and customs of a past age, Mr. Pater can conjure up its spirit and make his readers live and move and breathe the very atmosphere of a departed time. It is conceivable that another might have written *The Renaissance* or *Plato and Platonism* or *Appreciations*, but those who wish to read Mr. Pater's typical work will procure *Imaginary Portraits*, or, above all, *Marius the Epicurean*.

In *Marius the Epicurean*, unquestionably his masterpiece, Mr. Pater attempts to portray the sensations and ideas of a cultivated pagan of the second century of our era as he passes through the school of life and seeks satisfaction in one school of philosophy after another. The picture of paganism is highly idealized, all that is forbidding being pushed into the background, while its brighter side is brought out and coloured with a wealth of philosophical and historical insight, a witchery of style and a poetic imagination of no mean order.

The title of the book is carefully chosen for the aim of *Marius* is to let nothing in life that is true or beautiful or good escape him. The work is a noble endeavour to instruct in the art of life by picturing the aspirations, ideals and endeavours of one who tries to suck life's meaning dry and lose nothing of all it holds out to those who try to live purely, nobly and beautifully. Indeed *Marius*, the noblest creation of Mr. Pater's imagination, is an incarnation of his ideal, and as such becomes the vehicle of those ideas which Mr. Pater strove to impress upon his generation. It is an ideal which paganism certainly never realized, which no pagan ever even conceived. It is the ideal of Paganism, touched with the feeling, the restraint, the purity of that which supplanted paganism. And we may add it is an ideal which the English race, having passed through the Puritan discipline, may contemplate with equal profit and pleasure.

E. C. CAYLEY.

BRUTUS.

Brutus is a character often misunderstood. He has been called the most noble character Shakespeare ever drew, while by many he is considered the type of an ungrateful villain. It seems almost impossible that views so opposite could be held about the one man, but both seem to be common. Let us then study each side of his nature as the poet has presented it to us, bearing in mind, lest we should come to a too hasty conclusion, that he has long proved a puzzle to the critics.

Of his personal appearance Shakespeare tells us little directly. Certainly he cannot be a young man: his opinions are too definite, his philosophy too deep, his relation to Cæsar too intimate, his position in the State too exalted. Yet he is not enfeebled with age, but, on the contrary, seems to be in the prime of life, probably about forty years old—history tells us he was forty-three at the time of his death. As a stoic philosopher we would not expect to find him one of those

that are fat, Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. (1)

The historian again confirms our conjecture by describing him as "lean and whitely-faced." But as a Roman General we picture him tall, wiry, and dignified in his carriage. And when we look more closely do we not see a troubled and worried

expression on that firm face? Yes, indeed, but when he smiles a gentle softness shines from those deep sunken eyes, that drives away the harshness only to reveal the more clearly and tenderly the sad melancholy. Such is the picture Shakespeare's character suggests to me.

Brutus is thoroughly noble; his idea of honor is most exalted, and he expects to find the same spirit in others. This nobleness is shown in his dislike for flattery: the fact that he is not flattered is sufficient proof that he did not wish it; the fact that he does not flatter, that he could not.

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar, Desiring that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal. (2)

While Cassius can "beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber," (3) the nobleness of Brutus' nature forbids him to do more than desire. So, too, he needs no oath to keep him to his word, and he does not understand Cassius' proposal to "swear our resolution":

What need we any spur, but our own cause To prick us to redress? What other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the word, And will not palter? and what other oath Than honesty to honesty engaged That this shall be, or we will fall for it! (4)

Although he killed Cæsar for his faults, although he bathed his hands in his life's blood, still he never for a moment loses sight of his true worth, but always recognizes and proclaims his greatness: he speaks of the conspirators as they

That struck the foremost man of all this world. (5)

And we cannot attribute this to lack of confidence or energy in the cause: we see him meditating in his orchard in the dead of night; (6) we hear him promise to win new men to their party; (7) we see him lead an army to the field of battle in behalf of his actions, (8) and it is to his overworked brain that the spirit of Cæsar appears. Yet, energy is not one of his normal characteristics, but it is when he sets his whole heart and will to the accomplishment of some purpose that he becomes enthusiastic, and casts aside his calm, serious, thoughtful and phlegmatic nature. All his actions show him to be strictly conservative: never rashly committing himself, but always giving the subject due consideration, at the same time avoiding all extremes. While Cassius is urging him against Cæsar and using language that would more than "fire the blood of ordinary men," he gives him no encouragement, and we can see that he is calmly pursuing his own thoughts. When Cassius asks that Cicero be admitted to the conspiracy, while all are hastily expressing their approval, Brutus is weighing the pros and cons; at last he comes to his decision:

O, name him not; let us not break with him. (9)

So, too, when Dacius urges that they should make "Antony and Cæsar fall together," he first considers the question; but in this instance his hatred for extreme measures brings him to a too hasty conclusion:

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius. (10)

And there is another characteristic shown here: he is not a man of bloodshed,

(2) III., i., 52-54. (3) III., i., 57. (4) II., i., 123-128. (5) IV., iii., 22. (6) II., i., 218-220. (7) V., iii., 51-53. (8) II., i., 150. (9) II., i., 162.

(1) I., ii., 188-189.

but of a gentle, generous, and refined nature. Indeed, he has not only gained for himself the epithet of "noble," (11) but also the name of "gentle Brutus," (12) and Cassius impresses this quality on us by referring to

that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have. (13)

His very silence at his wife's death shows the keenness of his secret grief, and we understand this the better when we recollect that we can account for his quarrel with Cassius, yes, even the loss of Philippi, on no other grounds than that Portia's death had completely unnerved him. But this tender side of his nature is best revealed to us in his relation to his little slave boy. The picture of Brutus and Lucius is one of the most beautiful character sketches in all the dramatist's works. This grand word-portrait is given us mainly in one scene which it may not be amiss to quote:

*Brutus.*—Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Lucius.*—I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Brutus.*—Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Lucius.*—Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Brutus.*— It does, my boy;  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Lucius.*—It is my duty, sir.

*Brutus.*—I should not urge thy duty past thy might;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. (14)

*Lucius.*—I have slept, my lord, already.

*Brutus.*—It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;  
I will not hold thee long: if I do live  
I will be good to thee.—

[Music and a song.]  
This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music! Gentle knave,  
good-night;  
I will not do thee so much harm to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:

I'll take from thee; and, good boy,  
good night.—

Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is I think [He sits down.]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar  
Etc., etc., etc.

What could be more delightful than to see a great Roman General on the eve of one of the most important battles in the world's history, and with the spirit of Cæsar hovering in the dim background, thus converse with his little slave boy? Not only does he chat with him as he would to an equal, not only bid him good-night as tenderly as he would his own child, not only ask him as a favor to do no more than his duty, but he actually begs him to forgive his forgetfulness! This is language more humble than he used to "Imperial Cæsar." All this combined with his tenderness as he bends over the lad in his endeavour to take away the harp without disturbing his

(11) I., ii., 298. (12) I., ii., 67. (13) I., ii., 30, 31. (14) IV., iii., 250-272.

rest, forms a picture sublime in its simplicity. This is a passage that will bear close study, and the more we examine it the more we will see to admire. Let us just notice another thought suggested here: Brutus, distracted by the disordered affairs of an empire, would fain have his excited nerves soothed by music even though he knows he does his servant an injustice; and when the lad falls into the arms of Morpheus he cannot disturb him but sits down by the lamp to ponder over a heavy treatise on philosophy—endurance, fortitude, refinement, compassion, gentleness, patience, affection, resignation unite to form a tender pathos.

This suggests a sad, melancholy side to the character. Often does he himself give us a hint of a secret struggle in his sensitive soul:

. . . Poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men. (15)

And again:

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs! (16)

And now a couple of examples that will enrich the picture of Brutus and Lucius; as he watches his serving boy asleep he exclaims:

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. (17)

And again:

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. (18)

This frank envy of the innocent freedom of the lad from all cares and anxiety and politics, is truly pathetic.

Such characteristics we would not have expected to find in a Roman general, yet in no way do they detract from our admiration of him as such. Indeed it is as a Roman that he is especially worthy of our esteem. He forgets his dearest friends, yes himself, in his anxiety for the State: (19).

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death. (20).

He was most studious for the purity of the State, and as he believed that monarchy was directly hostile to the general good, the very thought of a king in Rome filled him with apprehension:

What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king. (21)

And again:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
What! Rome? (22).

And another example:

. . . My noble friend chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us. (23).

The full meaning of this speech cannot be comprehended till we recollect that "villager" was to the Roman almost synonymous with slave, one who had not political freedom, no voice in the government. We have only to glance at his oration over the body of Cæsar to be convinced of his deep patriotism: "Romans, countrymen, lovers," he commences, preferring Romans to countrymen, nay, even to his personal friends;

(15) I., ii., 43-44. (16) IV., iii., 142. (17) II., i., 4. (18) II., i., 229-233. (19) I., ii., 29-44. (20) I., ii., 80-85. (21) I., ii., 75-76. (22) II., i., 52. (23) I., ii., 167-171.

"If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more . . . With this I depart,—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death." (24).

The whole speech is an appeal to the patriotism of his hearers, an endeavour to displace their selfish love for Cæsar by a pure and noble love for their country.

Is it not sad to reflect that it is this noble quality that leads him into the conspiracy, and his very honesty and purity, that make him fail? Nay, more, it is these very characteristics which keep him from the first place in Rome, for all things indicate that he is second only to Cæsar himself; after the assassination of Cæsar, the populace vents itself in such words as these:

Live, Brutus, live! live!  
Bring him with triumph unto his house.  
Give him a statue with his ancestors.  
Let him be Cæsar, Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus. (25).

The conspirators recognise his popularity in these words:

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. (26).

When Cassius is urging him into the conspiracy, all his ridicule of Cæsar, all his praise of Brutus himself, falls on barren ground, he receives no encouragement. But when he appeals to his patriotism then Brutus can resist no longer, he must at once yield, and he gives Cassius promise that he will consider the matter, and adds that he "had rather be a villager" than endure such times.

Age thou art sham'd  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
\* \* \* \* \*

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king! (27).

These are the words that win Brutus to the conspiracy, these the words that ruined one of the brightest lives, these the words on which the whole tragedy turns. When his patriotism is mentioned, sooner than risk that his honour should be called into question, he severs the sacred ties of friendship, he violates "Heaven's first law," he lays a burden on his conscience which all his doctrines and all his philosophy fail to lighten. Such a course can only be explained by considering his honour so pure, and deep, and sincere, that when any doubt of its genuineness is expressed, his anxiety to show the charge groundless prevents him from exercising his judgment. That this appeal, this taunt, struck deep, that Brutus pondered over it, that it is this which has led him into plot, is evident from his soliloquy:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
What!—Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
(24) III., ii., 13-44. (25) III., ii., 45-49. (26) I., iii., 156-159. (27) I., ii., 146-157.

The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.  
O Rome! I make thee promise  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus. (28)

But Brutus argues the matter out with himself; are the reasons here advanced patriotic?—

It *must* be by his death; and, for my part, I know *no personal cause* to spurn at him. But *for the general*. He would be crowned;—How that *might* change his nature, there's the question.

Crown him?—that;—  
And then, I *grant*, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he *may* do danger with. (29)

Pure patriotism! These last three lines have always seemed to me to prove that in the debate with himself, Brutus sympathizes with Cæsar—that it is with reluctance that he *grants* that, as a king, he "*might*" be dangerous: if this be the case we can, perhaps, imagine what force an appeal to patriotism must have had upon him *thus* to change a naturally strong will!

Brutus, as a conspirator, is the most interesting view of the character. He would of himself never have entered the conspiracy; no thought of such a thing ever occurred to him. He was in possession of the same facts as Cassius, he has spent hours of deep thought upon the same subjects, yet when Cassius asks him if he would wish Cæsar to wear a crown he simply answers:

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well. (30)

But Brutus suspects from his language that his great hatred of Cæsar recommends forcible, yes extreme, means; he wishes not only to avoid such a proposal, but also to discourage the fatal thought, and so answers his exhortations by:

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius? (31)

We see him as an instigator to the conspiracy in his interview with Ligarius; and what a miserable failure he is! He cannot bring himself to mention it; indeed, it is quite evident that Ligarius is already one of the faction, for it is he who makes all the references or hints at assassination; and if he were not a conspirator, certainly Brutus would never have made him one. But once he is a member of the party, he immediately becomes the leader, not only by the wish of all, but by his very nature.

O Cassius, if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party! (32)

And again:

\* That which would appear offence in us  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. (33)

His advice is followed in every instance, even it be directly opposed to their own opinions. And this does not advance the interest of the conspiracy at all, for he is too noble, too pure a character to deal with unprincipled men. He cannot read men's motives: he does not see that Anthony's praise is all hypocrisy, that it is dangerous to let him speak at Cæsar's funeral. He cannot judge the abilities and influence of another: had he judged Anthony's importance and powers aright, there would never have been a Triumvirate. He is too tenderhearted: had he disliked bloodshed less, there would never have been a Philippi. He enters on a conspiracy, the most important part, the vital part of which he does not allow to be done. In no way is he fitted for a conspirator.

(28) II., i., 52-58. (29) II., i., 10-17. (30) I., ii., 78. (31) I., ii., 59; II., i., 310-334. (32) I., iii., 139-140. (33) I., iii., 157-159.

He depends too much on his philosophy to be a success in any such practical undertaking. He is a scholar, a man of books; even in the camp after all the soldiers have lain down to rest Brutus takes a book from the pocket of his gown and sits down to study. He is a theorist, a philosopher of the school of stoics, whose chief aims were to live simply and to be totally indifferent to pleasure, pain and all the other passions, and whose ethics required moral perfection. That Brutus preaches his doctrine seems to be shown by Cassius' remark:

Of your philosophy you make no use.  
If you give place to accidental evils. (34)

But this seems to indicate also that Brutus is a poor stoic. Can this be inferred from his actions? Certainly he is far from moral indifference. He considers all the reasons why he should, or should not, pursue a certain course and if he feels called by honor to act contrary to the inmost biddings of his conscience, then he advances copious excuses for the uncommitted fault. But when once the demands of honour are satisfied, his offended conscience gives him no rest, and it is on account of this sensitive conscientious nature that the spirit of Cæsar appears to him. That *he is* indifferent to pleasure may be shown by a couple of quotations:

I am not gamesome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. (35)

And again when he shows contempt not only for the doctrines, but also for the followers of Epicurus and especially Antony:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself—take thought and die for Cæsar;  
And that were much he should, for he is given  
To sports, to wildness and much company. (36)

So far he is a good stoic. But is he indifferent to pain and sorrow? His aversion to bloodshed has already been noticed, yet this is not sufficient proof of his dislike for pain since he dies on his own sword. But the greatest trial he has is the death of his wife. Is this borne with indifference? Far from it. True, he makes no outward and manifest show of his deep anguish, but why this "testy humor?" Why does he quarrel with his dearest friend? The answer is only to be found in his subdued grief—for grief there is, and it is held in check by pure force of will, a will, however, able only to hide, not eradicate it. (37) It appears not in sobs and tears and laments, but in irritability, in peevishness, in anger. It has unnerved him; it has made him use extreme language; it has made him another man. Truly, Brutus is not indifferent to sorrow. But this is the only true test of his ability to put in practice his doctrines and theories; if he fails here he cannot be considered a good stoic.

And now we come to apparently the most difficult part of the character. Shakespeare's dramatic ability has been called into question on the ground that the character of Brutus is inconsistent. Many able critics have come to his aid by asserting that these very inconsistencies are one of the most important points in the character. That his actions are inconsistent everyone seems to grant. The most commonly quoted instances are: He kills Cæsar not for what he is, but for what he may become, yet when Cassius urges the same reason for Antony's assassination Brutus outweighs this argument by—"Our course will *seem* too bloody, Caius Cassius!" (38)

(34) IV., iii., 3-4. (35) I., ii., 26-27. (36) II., i., 186-189. (37) IV., iii., 1-150. (38) II., i., 162.

Brutus rebukes Cassius for raising money by selling offices to underservers and by other illegal means, and then he quarrels with him because he only gave him a third, instead of a half, of the money so raised. He stabs Cæsar and yet has not the heart to wake his sleeping slave boy! Certainly inconsistencies exist, but if we take the trouble to examine each instance we will see that these flaws always exist in the texture of his philosophy. The so-called "reasons" for killing Cæsar are but *excuses* to satisfy his own conscience for an uncommitted crime in which his philosophy tells him to set aside all his personal feelings; he is not so extremely moral as his rebuke of Cassius would indicate, but occasionally he recollects the stoic precept of moral *perfection*; he brings himself to murder Cæsar only by exercising his enormous will power to its full extent—it is, by no means, natural to him. What conclusions can be drawn from this? Simply that the standard set by his philosophy is too high—that at heart and by nature he is not a stoic. He proves himself false to the doctrines of his school oftener than true; the rational conclusion is that it is more natural for him to be false to them than true—that when he is most false to them he is most true to his own nature. To be true to the doctrines of Zeno would necessitate that he trample under foot all his natural tendencies. In attempting to be a stoic he is attempting to be what he is not. Shall wonder be expressed at his inconsistencies then? They are *not* part of his character.

So far is there any ground whatever for calling Brutus a villain? Absolutely none! The charge is generally based on the murder of his friend, his patron Cæsar. But it has been already shown that this action sprang from a pure and noble motive. But there are some points in his character which are not admirable. These seem to be hinted at rather than expressed. He has an imperious manner. When he receives the letters Cassius has thrown in at his window he seems to think that all Rome is at his feet, begging him to release them from the bondage of Cæsar's tyranny:

O Rome! I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus. (39)

The manner in which he overrules the objections of Cassius seems to be another indication of this overbearing air. He is overconfident in his own ability; he says that what Antony may say cannot do them harm, for

I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission,  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all due rites and lawful ceremonies. (40)

There seems to be a touch of jealousy or dislike for other great men in the reason he gives for not winning Cicero to the conspiracy:

O, name him not, let us not break with him,  
For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin. (41)

In the famous "quarrel scene" we are led to sympathize more with Cassius than with Brutus. In several points his actions are not noble. He is the aggressor, and when he sees that Cassius' great love for him restrains his passion, Brutus, instead of returning the love by smoothing over the trouble, only presses on in his ridicule and abuse. In the latter part of the same scene

(39) II., i., 56-58. (40) III., i., 237-242. (41) II., i., 150-152.

another of these characteristics is displayed. Brutus has just finished telling Cassius about Portia's death when Messala enters; then seemingly for the mere purpose of displaying his Stoicism to him, he lies deliberately:

Mes.—Had you any letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru.—No, Messala.

Mes.—Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru.—Nothing, Messala.

Mes.—That, me thinks, is strange

Bru.—Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes.—No my lord.

Bru.—Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes.—Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru.—Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.

With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now. (42)

These characteristics are so petty as to scarcely warrant our noticing them, but on these must rest the foundation for the charge of villain—a charge which can not be borne out. These qualities simply serve to remind us, as the slave that walks behind the car of the triumphant conqueror used to, that the man is human.

The relation of Brutus to his wife is an important view of the character. Portia, as seems to have been noticed by all the critics, is but a feminine Brutus—Brutus on a reduced scale, so to speak. Yet she is thoroughly womanly in spite of her own words:

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. (43)  
Still she is no ordinary woman as she herself affirms:

I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;  
I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter,  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em;  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets? (44)

No wonder Brutus yielded! The firm, strong will of Brutus is represented in Portia by the persistence with which she strives to learn her lord's secrets. And, by the way, do we not see here that innate curiosity and uneasiness of woman? She too, like her husband, has undertaken to follow the stoic precepts, which prove to be in direct opposition to her own nature, but, had she been a man, she would have made a better stoic than he does, for, even as it is, her courage and patience are no less than his. And certain of Brutus' less admirable qualities she possesses also. She is over confident in her ability. She does not hesitate to stain her conscience with a "white lie."

O, I grow faint!—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: etc. (45)

But she has qualities which are lacking in Brutus, and which, if he had had them, his undertaking would probably have been attended with success. That she is politic and understands human nature is shown by the way in which she possesses herself of her husband's secret; that she is cunning and crafty by

(42) IV., iii., 179-190. (43) II., iv., 8. (44) II., i., 292-302. (45) II., iv., 43-46.

O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—  
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,  
That Caesar will not grant.—O I grow faint!  
etc. (46)

Between them there exists a deep, sincere love. (His absence is the cause of her death.) The news of her death loses Philippi.

In this respect the character of Portia aids materially in the development of the plot. But it is introduced for another reason—to influence our view of her husband's character. Our conceptions of Brutus and Portia are inseparable, the one suggests the other. But in Portia's case we see no violation of the sacred bonds of friendship, nor no open murder. When we link the two characters in our imagination, our idea of Brutus must necessarily be exalted; when we see her deep love for him we cannot but consider him worthy of at least our admiration.

Such is the character of Brutus—the noblest character Shakespeare ever drew. Almost more than mortal, he is a grand subject for our admiration and imitation, but above human sympathy. It would be difficult to imagine a character, moving on the stage of this world's history, that would so justly excite the interest and rivet the attention of his audience by the expression of his countenance, by the tenderness of his smile, by the dignity of his carriage, by the purity of his nature, or by the grand nobility of his character, as does that of "gentle Brutus."

This was the noblest Roman of them all.  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" (47)

London.

BURRISS GAHAN.

#### GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

The sending of circulars denotes enterprise, but it is sometimes a little indiscriminate. A well-known London firm recently addressed the following circular enquiry to a non-existent "Natural History Society, Halifax, Nova Scotia":

Sir,—We are instructed to obtain for literary purposes all the information we can respecting the zebra. Could you kindly favour us by stating if you know of its being bred or trained for domestic use in or near your country, or would you kindly send this letter to anyone able to give any information about the zebra, and oblige,

Yours obediently,

ROMEIKE & CURTICE.

Now, I recognize that the spread of this new illusion that our climate is sub-tropical might neutralize the commoner illusion that it is sub-arctic, and I admit that to attract zebra-hunters to our shores, under the former illusion, might benefit our hotel-keepers. But truth has its claims, and I am constrained to confess that zebras neither roam the forest nor are harnessed in the sleighs of Nova Scotia.

Apropos of my suggestions of last week as to the possibility of raising a larger part of the revenue from the vanities of certain classes of the community, a short time ago I noticed in an English paper that some æsthetic people were using the three-half-

(46) II., iv., 40-43. (47) V., v., 68-75.

penny instead of the penny postage stamp, because the latter did not harmonize with the most fashionable shade of note-paper. Would it be wicked for a government to make its cheapest stamps of a repellent ugliness, and to increase its revenue at the sacrifice of its reputation for taste?

A cynical friend of mine has suggested orally (and I hear that another cynic has suggested in print) that the department of justice might be made self-supporting, or nearly so, by selling seats and private boxes in the courts. He would utilize the modern mania for attending sensational trials, and make the sensation-mongers pay for their morbid luxuries. He would provide curtained boxes for ladies who preferred to pay extra and to blush unseen. He would also inaugurate spectacular punishments for cruelty and violence, and charge a high price for tickets. I do not print the imaginative but impracticable penalties which he suggests. I agree with him that they would draw good houses and frighten criminals—almost as much as they would brutalize the spectators.

The point has been argued and re-argued whether "the United States" is singular or plural. Our neighbours themselves, yearning for national unity and compactness, are inclined to treat the name of their republic as singular. Abroad it is usually treated as plural. To escape this difference of usage and the cumbrousness of the full name, "the United States of America," numerous suggestions have been made for a change of the nation's appellation to a single word. While the time for such a change has probably gone by, there can be no harm in observing that a neat and distinctive name could be formed from the initials, U.S.A. The country could be called Usa and its citizens Usans. This occurred to me while reading Bishop Spaulding's interesting article on "Catholicism and Apaism," which latter term has been successfully coined from the initials of the American Protestant Association.

The committee sent from England to investigate the lynching of negroes in America is likely to defeat its object or to gain it at the expense of embittering the South against Great Britain. It cannot wholly divest itself of an appearance of meddling, and of an unconscious assumption of superiority which must be galling to a proud people. Friendly nations may criticize and must deplore the growth of lawlessness in a civilized country; but for foreign philanthropists to attempt anything that looks like action cannot but seem intrusive. Reformers in the United States are debating what correctives to apply; we should help them by our sympathy and not impede them by our meddling.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Russia's Cross of St. George is given only for bravery on the field of battle, but the order has one woman member, the ex-Queen of Naples, who won it by her gallant defence of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons in Italy.

It is my opinion that a man's soul may be buried and perish under a dung-heap, or in a burrow of the field, just as well as under a pile of money.—Hawthorne.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

We sing of "home, sweet home," and sweet and fair  
 Is dear old England, thronged by the sea,  
 Queen of the Empire, freest of the free,  
 With laws and liberty beyond compare,  
 A giant race of men to bide and dare,  
 Mother of many nations yet to be.  
 But sweetest, dearest home we find in thee,  
 Fair Canada of ours, a keener air  
 Our winter knows, a lovelier summer sky  
 Is mirrored in our waters' vast expanse;  
 Fairest of fair our daughters, and our men  
 Know how to wield with skill plough, sword  
 and pen,  
 And Canada's rich heritage enhance  
 By deeds of virtue matched with purpose  
 high.

J. W. C.

PARIS LETTER.

The "dissolution" of the Comte de Paris, as some journals described his approaching demise, only serves as a text for his political *post mortem*. He is severely judged. Why he took the title "Philippe VII," no one could exactly explain. He felt proud in being the grandson of the "King of the Barricades," and "the Napoleon of Peace." He gloried in following the injunctions of his father to remain faithful to the principles of 1789. Then one day, some eleven years ago, the world beheld the Comte de Paris making his pilgrimage, his recantation, at Froshdorff. The son of the French Revolution did homage to the representative of right divine royalty—the Comte de Chambord. But the Comte left him no money, and the "fusion" did not catch on with the legitimists, nor the constitutional royalists. That day the Comte de Paris killed Orleanism as a party in France. And of all his family, only the Duc d'Aumale has remained faithful to the liberalism of the one time Monarchy of July. But the Comte de Paris, in calling himself Philippe VII., did not unite the succession of 1828, of Philippe VI., the conquered at Crecy. The Republicans ought not to be too severe on the Comte de Paris, because by his intrigues he killed royalism in France, reduced it to a veritable *quantite negligee*. The role of reigning families is either throne or exile. Had he remained quiet, he could have resided in France as a simple citizen; but trying to be above the law he outlawed himself. He has personal friends, but no following; he claims to have rights to the throne, but the Republic, now about celebrating her silver wedding, recognizes only her own sovereignty.

Dr. Jeannel explains that the cause of the depopulation of France is due to the cutting down of the forests; that has the merit of being new at least. In the thirty departments that have suffered most from the disappearance of the trees, the death rate has been highest. But the dying out of the people arises from the small percentage of children born—only 21,000 births net over deaths in a year, and for nearly forty millions of people. There is not the slightest prospect that in the future the population will augment; the manners, habits and laws of the country are unsurpassable obstacles. There is a permanent begira of the rurals to the towns, and this is due to the working of the obligatory military service. After three years under the flag and living in provincial garrison towns, with the six months' quartering in Paris, the men on their discharge hate to return to field labor or village life; hence their craving for employment, on any con-

ditions, in urban centres. Hints for matrimonial agencies; most old maids and old bachelors, marry in the departments of the Alps and the Pyrenees. The widows are double the number of widowers, and as a rule reside in the richest regions of France. There are 150,000 couples waiting to celebrate their golden wedding.

A very singular fact has been brought to light by the success of the pupils attending private colleges over the State lyceums, in competing for admission into the Technical or Higher Schools—the Polytechnic, Mines, etc. The private establishments have proved so capable of turning out students rapidly that the Minister of Commerce has accorded to them some scholarships. Thus the State has to reward the rival educational schools. In explanation of this almost paradoxical situation, the lyceums enjoy a total of 201 holidays; that was the calculation for the scholastic year 1893-94. In honor of the visit of the Russian officers, 5 days' vacation were given; 13 at Easter, 2 at Christmas, 5 at New Year's Day, in addition to August and September and Sundays, etc. All the Government schools must close, following the order issued; private schools are not bound to follow suit; they thus maintain continuity of studies. As the Government bestows its favors on the rival schools, parents and guardians act on the hint and send boys to the private establishments instead of to the lyceums.

Minister of Public Works Barthou has just made a speech that paints in rather sombre colors the coming proceedings of the Chamber, when it meets for the despatch of business next month. He announces wholesale obstruction on the part of the Socialists and the Extremists in general. They have already placed on the order book a number of questions sufficient to occupy the Chamber for a session. The Government is prepared to support an alteration of the rules, suppressing almost the right of members questioning Ministers. Now every question is a trap to overturn a Cabinet, and the House can decide to at once change the question into a general debate. And during the latter amendment can follow amendment and division division, almost without end. The Socialists also have lodged quite a long list of bills, all intending to secure the happiness of the labouring classes. Some of these must come up for discussion, for the Socialists are playing to the gallery, and desire to prove to the constituencies, that they, and not the majority in the Chamber, look after the wants of Demas.

Flowers were scattered on Nero's tomb. The Abbe Brunneau, who was guillotined a few days ago at Laval, for the murder of his vicar, was a compendium of all that is "wicked" in man. There has just been removed from off his grave a bouquet of ox-eye daisies, and the guardians of the cemetery are constantly keeping off girls and young women who desire to pray at the grave. What attention for the bold, bad man!

The *Debats* draws attention to the important ameliorations England is making in her shore defences at home and abroad. Everywhere her aim is, to make her strongholds Gibaltars, regardless of cost. The same paper hints, that the naval manoeuvres this year off the English coast were not more fruitful in object lessons to Britannia, than to Gallia. The British Mediterranean squadron, it is reported, will be augmented; this may be regarded as the response to the head-shakings and whisperings respecting

the inefficiency of the Spanish fleet, and of the trouble brewing in Morocco. Impartial observers are of opinion that Tripolitania is as great a source of danger as Morocco. It can be made a short-cut into Central Soudan, for any power inclined to try a fall with Turkey—first. A greater desire exists in France to know what Col. Colville is doing, than the number of times the Japs attack Port Arthur or that Osman Digma has resuscitated. Is it not strange that no globe trotter has been able to supply any news touching the Russian religio-scientific mission sent to Abyssinia nearly three years ago and that has forgotten to return

Harvesting operations are now fully terminated in France, and the grain statisticians are satisfied with the yield, superior by twenty-five millions of hectolitres, to last year's output. The quality is nearly the same, save in the northern and north-western districts where the wheat lacks hardness. The recent outbursts of almost furnace heat have sensibly ameliorated the vines and the sugar beet. France may be viewed as contented. She will not have to import any wheat; she will have plenty of wine and a fair sugar crop.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, intends sending a deputation to the Home Minister, M. Dupuy, in order to check the progress of bull-fighting now as common at Bayonne and Bordeaux, as at Nimes and other southern districts. On Sunday last, at Bordeaux, a bull was killed by the *Spado* to the frantic delight of the crowd. Only a small penalty is inflicted for that cruelty; it is paid and the killing recommences the next Sunday. At Boulogne-sur-Mer English boxing contests have taken place without gloves, and one of the pugilists was terribly punished. The Protection of Animals Society intend after the next match to call upon the police to arrest the combatants. M. Casimir-Perier has an eye on the two "amusements" in question.

M. Coquelin, the actor, does not appear to have had a run of luck since he seceded from the Theatre Francais. He avows that he positively has now "got no work to do." He cannot play in France till he regulates his situation with the Francais, whose associates are not inclined to be merciful, since Sarah Bernhardt took French leave of them. Coquelin, too, has never been in the seventh heaven since his great friend and chum, Gambetta, died. He believed that he had only to visit a country and his fortune would be made; then having discovered his error, he concluded he could become the proprietor of a theatre, like Sarah Bernhardt, and have a public of his own. But a talent for acting is not the same as the technical ability necessary to "run the show." And it is not the least singular fact in the Grand Sarah's many-sided talent that she possesses the exact business knowledge required to direct a theatre.

The Vaudeville and Gymnase theatres have executed a *mariage de raison*; they will henceforth work together and allow the public the right to a series of advantages by their subscribing for ten representations—five at each theatre; and these may be selected from the programme and dates set forth in advance. The subscribers will have the right privilege, without any extra fee, to be present at the first representations, or first nights of revivals, if they select such representations. There will be also special plays arranged in their honor. The others unsubscribed houses, of first or second rate

standing, ought also to syndicate. The age is one of collectivism. Instead of renting a box for a season at one theatre, you take simply a certain number of seats at two theatres, alternately, and can oblige a friend with your fauteuil if unable to occupy it.

Deibler, the executioner has now a total income from situation and interest on his savings, of 20,000 francs a year. He wishes to retire—to live, if he cannot let live.

Z.

### ENGLISH GRAMMARS.

It is a serious thing to have our faith destroyed in text-books by unmeaning caustic ridicule and by the reckless throwing of pedagogical dynamite. Text-books are generally written by the ablest scholars in a given branch of study, and each represents the researches of many minds; in short, is the product of experience. They ought to be used, and should be a help rather than a hindrance to a teacher's individuality. But inasmuch as they are the product of experience, they will grow and change as experience grows. Hence, the same text-books cannot be used forever, nor even safely, in the onward march of science, for more than a decade without thorough revision. Methods become antiquated; and the old must sooner or later be replaced by the new. But the difficulty lies right here. A method that long since ought to have been consigned to the limbo of unscientific curiosities becomes so entrenched in the educational system, that it seems that nothing less than the dynamite bombs of brilliant satire can dislodge it. We do not believe in the multiplication of text-books. A protest should be uttered against the practice of writing grammars for a particular school or set of schools. A good book needs no artificial protection; and the mere revamping of an obsolescent work cannot be too strongly deprecated. A new text-book can only be justified in the eyes of scholars, if it is written on a better method, or with a clearer arrangement, or put in a more convenient shape than its predecessor.

Just now there seems to be something wrong in a corner of the scholastic world, if we may judge by an occasional brilliant display of pedagogic search-light, laying bare the rotten foundation of some cherished relic. I do not refer to those iconoclasts, like Richard Grant White, who declare that there is no such thing as grammar in the English language, and that "all English grammars, even the best of them, should be burned," but to the more or less audible murmuring in the teaching profession that our current English grammars do not rest on a sufficiently sound and scientific basis. The question is one of the greatest importance for the consideration of educators at the present time. Is there a lack of scientific training in our schools, consequent on the lack of scientific text-books?

Beyond a doubt English is the most important subject taught in our schools, and we take it for granted that in secondary education there will always be found a place for the study of English grammar. Of course, grammar training should not come first in the study of any language. Every language should be studied as an art before it is studied as a science. Doing artistically and knowing scientifically are distinct accomplishments, which the real scholar, it is true, will unite in his own

personality. One may never have made any methodical research into the science of language, but yet safely trust to his fine instinct for style. There are, therefore, two aspects of all language study—a fact that should be always kept in view: the scientific study of language used in the expression of thought, and the æsthetic study of literature or cultured expression of thought. A profound grammarian may be an inelegant writer, a refined speaker of his own language know little of its scientific structure. Good English is not written by rule; practice and imitation of the best writers will do far more to establish a pure style than the profoundest knowledge of grammatical principles. It is for this reason that we should limit the teaching of English grammar in the public schools to the elementary principles of the language. Let us simplify and remove the *impedimenta* with which grammar has been too often weighted: and then present the essentials in the most perspicuous and digestible, though strictly scientific form.

I ought to state at the outset that I am speaking of abstract grammar alone: for few terms are more elastic in their meaning. In the Court of Charlemagne, there was a much admired painting, we are told, which represented the seven liberal arts, and in which grammar was represented as a queen sitting under the tree of knowledge with a crown on her head, a knife in her right hand, with which to scratch out errors, and a thong in her left, to symbolize the supremacy of grammar in the schools. In that sense, grammar was regarded as the basis of all other studies, and included reading and writing. Even yet two widely divergent views of the object of English grammar prevail. One declares: "Our grammars should be guides, plain and direct, to correct writing and speaking." Another says: "The real object of grammar is to turn the lights of intelligent reflection upon the instrumentality of thought to see what is its structure in word or phrase." But grammar, in the strict sense, is the science of language; it deals with the forms, origin, and meanings of words, and with the logical structure of the sentence. And in this sense, it seems certain, to all but extremists, that its essentials are indispensable to a proper understanding of language, and should be taught, at least in the advanced forms of the high school. One's education must, indeed, be considered defective, if he does not understand the scientific principles underlying his speech. Precision in thinking is only attainable by acquiring a power of analysis of the expression of thought. In fact, without scientific study, as has been well said, the cultivation of the literary sense is apt to degenerate into finical æstheticism. Little, however, need be said, in defence of its place in our school studies. No educator among us, so far as I know, has seriously debated its overthrow. But the demand is, I believe, for safe, that is, scientific text-books in the hands of pupils and teachers trained in philological science. Education in our Dominion, more than elsewhere, has suffered from the lamentable want of our universities in this respect. Not a single philological chair has been as yet established in the Canadian universities. The claims upon a professor in such a department are as great as those in any other branch of science; and yet, instruction in the science of language, wherever there is any pretension to its study, devolves upon men whose time is mainly absorbed in the teaching of classical

or English literature. It is absurd to think that these men can keep abreast with the great researches in linguistics during the past decade. It is due to this lack in our university education that the scientific treatment of language in our schools is left almost a century behind, more noticeable, it is curious to state, in the treatment of English grammar. The methods in many of the existing manuals are thoroughly antiquated. The writers, for anything that appears to the contrary, would seem to have had no notion at all that new methods leading to new results, have been in the last twenty-five years improving the science of language. We have seen the keen interest taken in methodological discussion in the natural sciences, and teachers of language must devote themselves more to the study of scientific methods, if they are not to be left behind. Scientific ways of thinking must be more strenuously inculcated.

One of the worst features of the study of grammar in our schools is the manifest waste of time, both in the useless memorizing of non-essentials, the dreary and intricate parsing and analysis of sentences, and especially on account of the confusion of methods. Now, there is a science of grammar—the past century has developed a strictly scientific basis: a simplicity and clearness have been gained in the statement of grammatical principles, uniformity of terminology and method has been secured for all grammars. The mastery of one grammar may, therefore, involve the mastery of the principles and methods of all grammars. By a parallel treatment of grammar, it may fairly be reckoned that half of the labour of learning languages might be saved. Then the study of the ancient languages would be helpful to the acquisition of a modern language, and *vice versa*. At present there seems to be a state of anarchy, when one but thinks of the multiplied systems of the various grammars in use—Greek, Latin, German, French and English. The rationale of no two agree. The learner studies diverse systems at one and the same time, and "after all his labour ends by possessing of the science of grammar nothing but a heap of terms jumbled together in inextricable confusion." It seems self-evident that the grammars of all the languages usually taught in our schools ought to be treated on the same lines, so that the pupil having once learned his terminology for one language can carry it on to another language which he takes up later, and is not compelled to waste his time and energy in learning other formulae. The confusion to the student through a change of nomenclature would be avoided by a parallel series of grammars, and much time saved to both teacher and pupil: a not unimportant item to-day, when, owing to the multiplication of subjects in the school curriculum, a most rigid economy should be practiced in instruction, and there should be no squandering of time and energy by the wayside.

As was said in the beginning, strongly to be deprecated is the hurling of extravagant epithets at text-books, or the intemperate attacks on the study of grammar in general: yet at the same time every true friend of sound scholarship must welcome any sober discussion of the best methods of acquiring a scientific knowledge of our language.

A. D. MARION.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian Queen, nor in her honour.

## THE DISCONTENT IN NORWAY.

Looking over the accumulated numbers of THE WEEK, after a return from a summer visit to Norway, I notice that you have been taking an editorial interest in Norwegian affairs, with special reference to the approaching general election in that country. You are correct in saying that public feeling is greatly excited there. I talked with many Norwegians of all classes on the subject—with merchants, farmers pilots and others. They all concurred in the belief that the present union with Sweden cannot long continue, while a few vaguely hinted at war if that should become necessary. The radical wing in the Norwegian Storting (which is in a majority) is most uncompromising in its demands and bold in its stand, and this attitude is having its effect on the ordinarily unexcitable and stolid people of the country. It is the old spirit of Norse independence asserting itself, though, to an outsider, some of the causes of complaint on the part of the Norwegians, seem to be trivial, and the union anything but an oppressive one; indeed, it would seem that Norway, through her own parliament and the right to override the veto of King Oscar, by passing a vetoed act three times, has a very large share of home rule. While this is so, their unrest and dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs renders them suspicious and they are inclined to believe the rumors from time to time that the King is devising methods of bringing his discontented subjects to time. As Oscar II. governs each country only by its own laws and through distinct Ministries, no Norwegian holds any official position in Sweden, nor any Swede in Norway, but the diplomatic offices abroad are open to the citizens of both countries. As is well known, the first move of the separatists was the introduction of a bill authorizing Norwegian consulates abroad to be distinct from those of Sweden, and on this they are still ringing the changes. When Oscar II. refused to sign the bill providing for separate representation, the Storting promptly reduced the apportionment of both the King and the Crown Prince 50,000 kroner (about \$13,500).

A very practical evidence of the war feeling came under my notice at Trondhjem. The natural situation of this town having provided it with eligible sites for forts, the Government of past centuries built them and made them do duty in their frequent civil and foreign wars. Early in this century they were mounted with cannon made of Norwegian iron. Walking along one of the quays in August last, these armaments were piled in long rows and cranes were busy in swinging them into the holds of freight steamers. Asking one of the officers he replied: "Yes, we're dismantling the forts and shipping the guns to Krupp to be remelted and modernized. Then we will bring them back and replace them in the forts." But why are you doing this now? I ventured to ask. "Because we may have to fight Sweden one of these days," was his sanguinary reply.

If the tension should terminate in a military struggle, it would seem that Sweden would have an advantage with a population of five millions and an army and navy of 330,000 men, as against Norway's little army of 36,000. It is to be hoped, however, that such a termination of their disagreements will be avoided. A war would do irreparable damage to Norway by checking the tourist travel which is just beginning to pour into its lovely fjords and valleys and

over its grand mountain passes, and which means much monetary gain for the thrifty but poor Norwegians. The result of the coming election will, in view of the condition of affairs, be watched with interest.

FRANK YEIGH.

Toronto, Sept. 20.

## THE SONG OF BIRDS.

To those who love birds, a record which has recently come under our notice may prove of some interest, a record of the songs of birds kept day by day assiduously for a year. Some may know our sweet songsters by sight, but to identify each individual bird by sound is a gift not bestowed on many. The first fact to be gathered from these copious notes is that each month in the year has its particular bird, one bird which monopolizes attention, and is heard more frequently than the rest. Of course, in different parts of the country different birds will reign supreme. This record was kept in a particular corner of Surrey, in the midst of the woods.

To *January* is dedicated the mistletoe-thrush, whose nickname of storm-cock indicates that he sings as a warning that tempestuous weather is pending; all birds seek shelter from the blast, but he sings from the top of the tallest tree, and "braves the tempest out." Other birds in this month are only heard at rare intervals, the pigeon, yaffl, and robin, now and again the three bell-like notes of the big tit and a nut-hatch breaking the monotony; others are there for the eye to rest on, but not for the ear to note. The thrush is *February's* bird, singing lustily early in the morning and well up to dark, more in the woods than in the garden at first, the certainty that spring is coming bubbling up in each triple cadence of his song. He sings on rainy days more than other birds do, and prefers them to bright sunshine; perhaps he realizes how loving songs can recall sunshine in dark times. Pigeons are noisy too in February, and the chaffinch tries to tune up, but fails miserably; while the nut-hatches and jays call to each other in the woods. *March* may be claimed by the robin, for practice has brought him some good notes by then, and though he does not sing all the year round, as some imagine, he makes up for it in March. Bright sun in the morning, after a night's frost, warms the hearts of the tiny choristers, and the edges of the woods are ringing with outbursts of their melodies. About five o'clock in the morning the blackbird begins; and the "mad little poet" now waits till evening, for the nest is completed and his mate is laying her eggs—perhaps he is anxious about the future—paternal cares weigh heavy on his spirits. The yellow-hammer was in full song in the middle of the month, and on the twenty-seventh two little notes in the Spanish chestnut certified that spring was surely come, for the chiff-chaff had arrived, with tired little notes at first, but soon to get stronger. *April* is a great bird's month, belonging by right to the blackbird, for he sings lustily all day long. The mistletoe-thrush ceases for the year; and by the end of the first week most of the warblers arrive, and after a rest become very noisy. All day long the chiff-chaff repeats his tiny songs and thrushes again sing more and more. Smaller birds, such as the hedge-sparrow and wren, do not sing much at the close of April; in fact the hedge-sparrow is almost dumb. Through the woods occasionally the long whistle of

the nut-hatch is heard; robins and thrushes are the last to go to bed, and the chaffinch is almost annoying with his persistent, short song. On the ninth, two swallows arrived, and in the last week the nightingale was first heard in the garden,—that professional amongst songsters who is unrivalled and supreme. He is so well taught; the strength of his vocal organ is wonderful. Bechstein tells us that his larynx is much more powerful than that of any other bird. The compass, flexibility, and harmony of his voice is beautiful; however rich the black-cap's note may sound, it is quite thin if you happen to hear a nightingale at the same time. Nightingales vary very much,—some sing infinitely better than others, especially the older birds. They have a tantalizing habit of beginning a song over and over again, then breaking off suddenly in a provoking manner, just to make the listener wish for more. Gay Philomel! the present writer finds it difficult to trace traditional sadness in your tone. Perchance, since the Wild Birds Act, you have become more joyous. King Cuckoo's reign in *May* is indisputable; he is noisy and somewhat disreputable in his habits, yet he is loved by all, and there is an echo in almost every heart when he is heard for the first time each year. Most birds sing very little when rearing their young, consequently some are partially silent this month. The chiff-chaff, however, never leaves off singing his monotonous little see-saw song, and all the warblers are heard warbling love-lyrics to one another. We note that thrushes sing more at the close of May, and blackbirds less. Many birds compete for precedence in the record for *June*. In the garden, golden-crowned wrens are heard more often than the rest; in hedges, the yellow-hammer; and the white-throats sing unceasingly, and put the robin to silence; while chiff-chaffs and chaffinches are noisy everywhere. On the third of the month, the dear cuckoo was out of tune for the first time, and as the long days of this beautiful fresh month drag slowly out, he is heard persistently around the garden and woods till towards the fourth week, when gradually he sings less and less as the willow-wren begins to call more and more. Perhaps birds are rapt in admiration of the glory of roses and forget to sing; perhaps their voices are tired out, for at the end of June all the feathered songsters sing very little. There is no doubt that the turtle-doves belong exclusively to *July*; their soft purring in the pine-trees marks the rest and peace of a hot afternoon in the cool shade of the mespilus on the lawn, with a book lying idly on the grass, and the hum of Nature blending with the fall of the weir in the blue distance. Nearly all warblers stop singing; only an occasional black-cap, white-throat, and chiff-chaff are heard; they are saving their breath for the flight across the ocean. "Johnny Squealers" chase each other round and round the house, and the fly-catchers are noisy, they always fuss so over their young, who seem to need no end of attention. In the rhododendrons, greenfinches scream, and the nut-hatches' winter note is heard in the woods, but is drowned by the cooing of doves, and passes unheeded. Winter seems a long way off in summer time—old age is out of sight in the July of life—who would not rather listen to the cooing than trouble about winter notes. *August* may belong to the woodpecker, for he is heard here, there, and everywhere,—a flash of green between the tree-trunks, then an echo in the oak copse over the field. In the

woods all the young jays are chattering in company; while at eventide the "burring" in the woods tells us the fern-owl, or night-jar, is close at hand. Now and then the chiff-chaff is heard—mostly his call note—and then September comes, and it is only in the sunny corners sheltered from the breeze that you hear him; on the twentieth he was heard for the last time. *September* belongs to the jays. In this month their cry is paramount; not a song, but the best they can give us. Towards the end of the month only the robin, nut-hatch, and tits are heard daily. *October* recalls the owl every evening at dusk, when the leaves fall and the wind whines weirdly in the chimney. Even the robin is almost silent, and the hedge-sparrow again comes to the fore. Suddenly the nut-hatches—after being silent many days—are heard, and the lark soars singing into the sky in search of sunshine. When "the days are cold and dark and dreary" in *November* and *December* (for these months must be bracketed together), you hear the hedge-sparrow piping a sad little note only heard at this time of the year; and the wren rattles as a few stray leaves run races over the gravel. Drip, drip, drip, falls the rain on the verandah. Sometimes the robin ticks just to show that he is alive; and one misty morning a pigeon and blackbird relieved the monotony. The year is tired out and old, and the birds are silent. Tits come searching for seed, and now and then nut-hatches chatter, but the "charm of birds" is heard no more, and hope for a coming spring—which seems a long way off—is all that comforts the heart.—*The Spectator*.

## DOUBTING.

So hedged about am I on every side,  
I wonder sometimes if the dear Lord knows  
Or cares where every weary wanderer goes;  
So sorely tempted is my soul, and tried,  
If He who knew no guile, no sin no pride,  
No pulsing passion with its fevered throes;  
Whose Galilean wants no needs disclose  
Like those to which my consciousness have  
cried!  
If He can sweep the gamut of the wail  
That bursts out from the agonized despair  
Of those who falter, those who stumble,  
fall  
The tried yet steadfast ones, so pained so  
frail,  
Who plead for strength and patience every-  
where;  
(O can the great heart of love encom-  
pass all?)

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## CHRISTIANITY AND GERMAN CRITICISM.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In the editorial note appended to my letter of last week I am supposed to have quoted from memory, having omitted "one or two important qualifying words." For the sake of brevity I condensed one or two quotations, and on again comparing them with the original I fail to see that anything of importance, or that would in the least degree modify the force of my argument, has been left out. If I have conveyed a false impression I sincerely regret it.

In your article you said, "We have now to point out the grounds upon which we base our conviction," etc. In your note you say, "We can but again refer to Professor Ramsay's work itself for proofs of the views advanced by us." This is a complete admission of my main contention that views of a very positive character

were advanced without proof or grounds, in spite of the expressed intention of giving them. The italics are my own. Yours etc.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham, Feb. 22, 1894.

[We are unable to agree with Mr. Symonds that he left out an unimportant word when he ignored the "perhaps" which qualifies the dogmatism to which he takes such exception. Nor do we in any way admit his main contention. He seems to us to confuse two things. In our article we promise to "point out the grounds of our conviction, etc." Mr. Symonds takes us to task because we do not also prove the grounds of our conviction,—a very different thing. To prove the grounds upon which we set so high a value on Ramsay's work, would be to rewrite large portions of the book itself. To refer to the work seemed more reasonable. We must now allow the matter to rest.—ED. WEEK.]

## ART NOTES.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Cromwell in England as one of a series of historical personages. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to make the necessary provision in the estimates for next year; and *The Spectator*, commenting on the promise, says "it should be received with universal approbation."

The Carrara marble quarries are practically inexhaustible. The entire mass of Monte Sagro, 5,600 feet high, which dominates Carrara, is solid marble. About 160,000 tons of marble are annually exported, most of which comes to America.

Statues of Daniel Webster and General Stark of the revolution (says the *New York Times*) are to be placed by New Hampshire in the rotunda at Washington. They were modelled in Concord, and the plaster casts sent to Carrara to be carved in marble. Cheaper marble cutting can be had in Italy, but the finish given by the mechanical workmen there can never make up for the loss of the individual touch of the sculptor. The Governor and Council of the State have sent Mr. G. O. Blount to Italy to examine the statues and report.

The following is a short account of a very odd picture of which the *New York Examiner* says: That clever and erudite artist, Gabriel Max, has been exercising his wits on a picture bearing the portentous name "Pithecanthropus Europæus Alalus." It is now on exhibition in the International Art Exposition of the Crystal Palace at Munich, Bavaria. It represents the domestic life of the semi-human European, not yet endowed with articulate speech, as he may have existed in the pliocene period of the tertiary epoch. Prof. Max is not only an able artist but an enthusiastic student in anthropology and comparative anatomy, and an ardent evolutionist. In the picture referred to he gives expression to what he supposes to have been the connecting link between the anthropoid ape and the fully developed man. The picture is not for sale but it was presented by the artist to that foremost representative of advanced and furiously aggressive evolutionism, Professor Haeckel, of Jena, on his sixtieth birthday, February, 16, 1894.

An English correspondent of the *American Architect* writes entertainingly of the exhibition of "Fair Women" at the Grafton galleries. He wonders how most of the beauties gained their reputation, and how it came about that most of the women Reynolds painted had small noses, Cupid's-bow lips, dark eyebrows, and expressive brown eyes, whereas Gainsborough's ladies had pale or no eyebrows, beady eyes, long noses, and

thin lips. On the other hand, Romney's women have sleepy eyes, with large drooping lids, and little, pointed chins. All Sir Peter's "Beauties," Mr. Beale writes, including Nell Gwynne and Evelyn's "famous, and, indeed, incomparable beauty," Mrs. Jane Middleton, are all but plain women, according to our view. "Again," he adds, "what can Rossetti have felt when he painted his 'Veronica Veronese,' with her square chin, scarlet lips, *goitre* throat, and high cheek-bones? Is this his ideal of beauty? Verily, beauty, like other things, is passing strange!" The gallery contains excellent examples of Rubens, Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Romney,—"the kings of portraiture." Among them is Rubens's exquisite "Anne d'Autriche," wife of Louis XIII., showing all his fine drawing and subtlety of painting. Rembrandt's "La femme a l'Eventail" is also shown. "Both women," Mr. Beale says, "are clad in lace collars, and one sees the difference of the handling of the two artists—Rubens's treatment being the finer in the rendering of the transparency of the lace. The Dutchman's flesh has all that golden glow which his best pictures possess, as, for instance, the 'Saskia' at the Cassel Museum; but the Fleming gives us a face in broad daylight with no conventionalities of shadow—it is all brilliant light, and touched with such deftness that little paint seems to have been used." Reynolds is largely represented by specimens good, bad, and indifferent, and Romney by some fine examples, including "Mrs. Carwardine and child," the very perfection of a baby-picture. But, the correspondent asks, is not an exhibition exclusively of portraits somewhat dreary? And is it not a relief to turn to Mr. Sargent's grand study of blue and green—Ellen Terry as "Lady Macbeth"—to Mr. Herkomer's study in white, the celebrated "Miss Grant," or to Mr. Watt's truly beautiful head of "Mrs. Langtry," certainly one of the most charming faces in the gallery if not the most beautiful? Sir Frederick Leighton's grand "Corinna of Tanagra" is a splendid type of woman; and Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Iris" is delightful, in spite of it being but an echo of Romney.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

[We will undertake to answer any questions of a musical character in these columns.]

Mme. Fursch-Madi, the well-known singer, died one day last week from cancer of the stomach.

Robbers recently broke into Verdi's apartments and destroyed many pictures and valuable bric-a-brac and scores, besides making away with two or three watches and some money.

A cablegram received by Steinway & Sons, of New York, says that Paderewski will not come to America this season, owing to ill-health. This will be melancholy news to his thousands of admirers on this side of the water. It seems his nervous system is at fault, and that he will require absolute freedom from public appearances for several months to come.

Carl Goldmark is engaged on a one-act opera, to be entitled "The Cricket on the Hearth," presumably based on Dickens' work. Since the success of "Cavaleria Rusticana," one-act operas have become almost a craze, perhaps because the plot is



more readily unfolded, and the action quick, thus requiring the music to be of an intense passionate character, which in the case of *Cavaleria* is absolutely thrilling.

Mme. Calvè, the eminent singer, is, we regret to say, according to report, suffering severely from cancer, little hope being entertained of her recovery. Calvè is a magnificent artist, gifted with a superb voice, great dramatic ability, passion, intensity, and a glowing, fervent, zeal for her art, and during the last three or four years has created almost unbounded enthusiasm and applause in all the great opera houses where she has appeared. Her *Carman* is said to be wonderful, and far ahead of any other artist in that role. We trust the report is not correct, and that she will fully recover.

The Canadian Musical Agency, 15 King St. East, have since our last issue completed their announcement for 94-95, a copy of which has reached us. As a work of art, both as to style and general press, it is unexcelled by any book of its kind, and the agency is to be congratulated upon it, both in this regard and the high class of artists who have placed their management in its hands. Every concert manager or entertainment committee should have this book, as it simplifies the work of securing talent. Mr. H. M. Hirschberg, the manager of the agency, will promptly supply specimen programmes, not to exceed an amount specified, upon application to him.

We had the pleasure of hearing a young baritone singer of great promise, Mr. Stanley Adams, of Winnipeg, the other evening, sing "The Arab's Bride," by Godfrey Marks. His voice is of good musical quality, fresh and elastic, and he gave an animated, vigorous, poetic interpretation of the song above referred to, which was especially pleasing. Mr. Adams is a talented amateur and brim full of enthusiasm, but is yet undecided as to whether he will cast his lot in the ranks of the musical profession, with its harassing uncertainties and sometimes cruel disappointments, or not. Should he, however, make his mind up in this direction, he has much in his favour.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a San Francisco girl, now studying in Paris, is said to have the most phenomenal voice of any singer who has appeared since 1770, when Lucrezia Azugari astounded all hearers by the purity and range of her voice, which extended a note or two over three octaves. But Miss Yaw's compass extends nearly four octaves, and every note is said to be unusually pure and beautiful! At first one is apt to doubt the reliability of such an extraordinary statement, that the human voice could possibly have such a remarkable range, especially when it is said that the young lady's lower notes have the depth and richness of a contralto, but the Paris papers say it is the truth, and that the whole musical world will be some day both astonished and delighted with the superb vocalization of this beautiful young American.

We have received the following new music from the composers of Chopin's Etude (No. 6 from op. 25), arranged for the left hand, by Leopold Godowsky; "Does the Heart of Rosa Slumber," and "Twas Eve and May," songs also by Leopold Godowsky; "After Song," by André Nesbocâje, and "Danse Ancienne," by Henry Jacobsen. The two songs by

Godowsky are most artistically conceived, and will be thoroughly grateful to any singer who will give them study. The melody in each is fresh, and the accompaniments very beautifully written. They are for mezzo soprano. The Etude is admirably arranged to develop the technic of the left hand, and is quite effective, but much less so than the original. But we cannot recommend the fingering, it being not only awkward, but absolutely incorrect, as it destroys the freedom of the fingers. Why need there be any deviation from the natural fingering of the chromatic scale in double thirds, when this scale so written occurs in any piece? With change of fingering the Etude can be made very useful. "After Song," by André Nesbocâje, is exceedingly well written, and imbued with much feeling. It well describes the character of the words—which are beautiful. Considerable originality is displayed in the composition of this song, and the composer betrays an artistic mind. The "Ancient Danse" is well named, as it flavours exactly of the old music. It should become popular, as it is playable (*claviermassig*), effective, and brilliant. The contrasted period in D minor forms a striking contrast to the cheerful melody of the first part.

Alexander Siloti, the Russian pianist, whom we have often heard playing in the good old Leipzig days, will play several recitals in London during the present autumn. Siloti has a great technic, and is a most sympathetic musical player. He will probably come to America next year. What a great galaxy of artists used to live in Leipzig a few years ago! Friedheim, Siloti, Brodsky, Petri, Schroeder, Nikisch, Perron, Willy Rehberg, Dyas, to say nothing of Reinecke, Jadassohn, Krause, Hans Sitt, Carl Wendling, Adolf Ruthardt, Richard Hofmann, Julius Klengel and many more. Then d'Albert would come over from Eisenach, where he then lived, Stavenhagen from Weimar, Sauer and Marie Krebs from Dresden, Barth and Moskowski from Berlin, Sophie Menter from her Austrian home, Brahms Essipoff—and poor Davidoff the great cellist, now deceased—Rosenthal and Gruenfeld from Vienna, Edward Grieg from Norway, and Reubinstein and the lamented Tchaikowsky, from Russia—and play to us, or have some of their compositions performed for our benefit. But, alas! Those days were not to last. We could relate many musical occurrences which are interesting and which happened, we believe, when Leipzig was at its best, for the first seven or eight names mentioned above have left there, which has not been without its effect on the famous old Saxon town. The three most distinguished musical personalities living there to-day are, Reinecke (now in his 65th year), Jadassohn, and Prof. Martin Krause, the great piano pedagogue and critic. These attract many students from various parts of the world, as does also the Royal Conservatoire. But the Conservatoire has not progressed in late years as it should have done. The same school of piano technic is taught there still as that expounded and taught by Plaidy. Who, among modern artists, does not know the hard, steely though coldly brilliant tone for which this school is celebrated, and how lovingly its disciples favour and cherish the principles which produce it? But this school of piano playing is on the decline, and is becoming weaker every year, for since Liszt, naturalness is sought for, beauty of tone,

soft, sonorous and eloquent, as well as the greatest richness, depth and sparkling brilliance. The Leipzig School, as it was formerly called, is still developed from principles rigid and inartistic, and the classics, Bach, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Hiller, with, of course, Czerny, Clementi, Moscheles and Crammer, are taught almost to the exclusion of the moderns. The school is altogether too conservative. We are not standing still. A student must be made familiar with modern music, the best music of to-day, as well as that written yesterday, or during the classical period. In the matter of piano playing, most remarkable strides have been made during the past eight or ten years in methods of teaching and in touch, the consequence being, we have shorter roads to artistic proficiency than formerly, and the hand more readily absorbs and assimilates technic, freedom, elasticity and independence.

### LIBRARY TABLE.

ALDEN'S NUTSHELL CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. I  
New York: John B. Alden.

This publication is the first instalment of what is in part, and gives promise of being as a whole, a concise yet sufficiently comprehensive dictionary of recent events in this progressive world of ours. It is a fact evident and sometimes perplexing and annoying, to one who wishes, as regards general information, to keep pace with the times that he often consults his big encyclopedia in vain for information on comparatively recent events, which he finds is not there recorded. It is at such a time the searcher would readily give far more than the cost of such a publication, as the one before us, could he obtain what he seeks. A glance through the well filled 500 pages of this first volume shows how fresh, varied and reliable its contents are. We have opened it at a venture at the 306th page and we find it and the subsequent page nearly filled with an excellent sketch of the famous Dr. C. A. Briggs and a statement of his case. Another page provides a sketch of General Banks, whose death occurred a few days ago—too late, of course, for record here. Then again under "Anarchism" we have a short but clear statement showing the origin and growth of the movement and referring, by the way, to the Homestead riots. Under "Cape of Good Hope" are presented many facts and figures relating to the condition and progress of that important colony, and the record is brought down to the subjection of Lobengula. We hope Mr. Alden will speedily complete this excellent work, so valuable not only in itself, but as a supplement to existing encyclopedias of earlier growth.

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND. By George Adam Smith.  
London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: H. Revell & Co. 1894.

This book is a treasure for any library. The work is a credit to English scholarship, and the pains which have evidently been taken by the publishers deserve special commendation. The work is well arranged with marginal analysis throughout, and furnished with six large maps which have been specially prepared. The full title of the work reads: "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land especially in relation to the history of Israel and of the Early Church." Students of the Bible who desire to see a background and feel an atmosphere will not be disappointed. They will discover from the lie of the land why the history took certain lines and the prophecy and gospel were expressed in certain styles. They will learn what geography considered in connection with history, contributes to Biblical criticism, and be able to discern between

what physical nature contributed to the religious development of Israel, and what was the product of purely moral and spiritual forces.

George Adam Smith fully satisfies the conditions for good work on this subject. He has repeatedly travelled over the ground he describes. He has made a special study of the explorations, discoveries and decipherments of the last twenty years. And no one can doubt that the author of "Isaiah" will employ the best results of recent Biblical criticism.

This work falls into three parts: Book I—The land as a whole; Book II—Western Palestine; Book III—Eastern Palestine.

In the first book the following interesting questions are discussed: The place of Syria in the world's history; the form of the land and its historical consequences; the climate, etc., of the land with their effects on its religion; the land and the Bible, etc.

The book is written with that picturesqueness of style without which all the information and scholarship would only confuse and weary. No one can read this book and not feel that the Biblical narrative is illuminated and explained. We are grateful to Mr. Smith for his labour and pains, but we feel sure that he has had as much pleasure in writing this work as we have had and expect to have in reading it.

**LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS.** By the Baroness, Bertha Von Suttner. Authorized translation by Y. Holmes. Second edition. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. 1894.

No one who reads this book can fail to be deeply impressed by it, not only on account of the profound moral lesson it is intended to convey, but also because of its realistic pictures of human life and love, happiness and suffering. Its object is to represent the horrors of war, and certainly the authoress has succeeded in her aim. The revolting details which she supplies call to mind the terrible scenes of "La Debacle," with this difference, that while Zola's realism is intended solely to serve the purposes of art, and in its author's estimation, its own *raison d'être*, the Baroness Von Suttner overcomes her own shuddering repugnance and lays bare the very heart of the evil to the end that all who read may thenceforth devote their energies to the abolition of this curse of humanity—war. Her vivid description of the sorrow and desolation produced in once happy homes by this frightful scourge are touching in the extreme, and compel us to realize very forcibly the anguish and misery which it entails. The translator's preface announces that the book has been issued by the International Arbitration and Peace Association in the interests and for the advancement of the aims of that institution. It ought, indeed, to prove a valuable aid in pleading the cause of peace and advancing the claims of universal arbitration, in place of the barbarous and inhuman appeal to arms which has hitherto been the method employed to settle differences between nations. No one can read this book without having the horrors of a campaign, the stern and fearful realities which are too often lost sight of amidst the waving of banners, the playing of martial music, the tramp of glittering regiments, the gorgeous paraphernalia of war, and the praises of "glory," "victory" and "renown," which poets have sung and orators have proclaimed through the ages, brought vividly before him. "Lay Down Your Arms," as we have hinted, will also be found a valuable study of life and character. The style is at all times good, and often brilliant and witty: there is no attempt at a plot, yet the story interest is unflinching sustained throughout, in spite of pages of digression and description, in short, though the moral purpose comes first, the dramatic and artistic qualities of the book entitle it to a high rank as a work of fiction.

Life is a sea in which the girls dabble their toes and exhibit their handsome costumes, while the young men swim around and show off, and occasionally both get drowned.

## PERIODICALS.

The September number of the *Educational Review*, has a number of well considered articles on subjects of interest to educators, such as a state school system, formal discipline, ethical thought in children, the modern side in college, city school administration, etc. This is a most useful publication for those interested in higher educational work and progress.

Mr. A. C. Bernheim begins the *Political Science Quarterly* for September with an article on "New York City and the State;" American Administrative Law is discussed by Mr. Ernst Freund; the Assimilation of Nationalities by Professor R. Mayo-Smith, is an important subject well treated. Besides the above, there are other able papers on subjects germane to the aim of this ably conducted quarterly and of especial interest to students of Political Science.

Mr. E. Von Bohm-Bawerk writes on the ultimate standard of value in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for September; human well-being in the opinion of the learned Viennese is the single phrase which best expresses the ultimate standard of value. E. W. Bemis writes on the relation of labor organizations to trade instruction. D. M. Frederiksen's paper on Mortgage Banking in Russia is of interest to those curious about foreign methods. Briefer papers, personal notes, and reviews complete a good number of the annals.

Lieut.-Colonel Hill, in the most spirited fashion, in the September *Macmillan's*, tells the story of "A Forgotten Fight," where his great namesake, Lord Hill, so bore himself that Wellington wrote in his despatches, "General Hill has given the enemy a devil of a thrashing," and Napier said of it, "It is agreed by French and English that the battle of St. Pierre was one of the most desperate of the whole war." This is an excellent number of an excellent magazine. Short articles and short stories alike are good. We must not omit giving special prominence to "The Complete Leader-writer;" by Himself."

The *Expository Times* (September) pays a deserved tribute to the eminence of the late Professor Dillman, and we are glad to learn that his works on the Old Testament are to be translated. An article by Dr. Orr on "Albrecht Ritschl" will be most useful to many who would gladly be acquainted with the somewhat difficult subject of the Ritschlian theology. We have also good articles on "Hebrew Prophecy and Modern Criticism," by Mr. F. H. Woods; on the "Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard," by Mr. F. W. Aveling; on "The Gospel of Peter," by Mr. Macpherson. The notices of books are excellent. This number ends the fifth volume.

Thomas Hodgins, M.A., Q.C., has an essay on "The Early Parliamentary Franchise of England," in the *Canadian Magazine* for September, in which he says: "A return to the early parliamentary or common law franchise of England would provide a simpler electoral system and would add little to the voting power of the present electorate." Captain J. A. Currie contributes a readable paper entitled "The Gate of Lake Michigan," and descriptive of that favourite summer resort of historic memory, Mackinac Island. Professor Rand's sonnet, "At Minas Basin," is rich in expression and vivid in description. J. Castell Hopkins has an appreciation of that notable South African, Cecil Rhodes. William Wilfred Campbell contributes a strong yet sombre poem, entitled "Ahmet." There is other good matter in this number of the *Canadian Magazine*.

"Some Anarchist Portraits" is the title of the leading article of the *Fortnightly* for September. The writer begins his paper with becoming modesty. His first words are: "I am an anarchist," and his first paragraph, of some fifteen lines, contains no less than eight "I's." Later on, curiously enough, he talks of his "co-religionists." It is a strange paper to see in a prominent review, yet is it not a sign of

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to our AUTUMNAL OPENING TO-DAY— not to buy, merely to SEE AND ADMIRE. This is our only expectation for the present. ITALY has given us MARBLE STATUARY and "DAVINI" CERAMICS. AMSTERDAM her RARE MONDS in profusion; FRANCE her RARE BRONZES, FAÏENCE and the thousand and one artistic pieces in which the proverbial French taste is supreme, and ENGLAND her STERLING SILVER TEA SERVICES and "correct" appointments for TABLE, FOLIOLET and LIBRARY. TO-DAY and EVERY DAY we wish to assure our patrons that when visiting our art rooms NO ATTENTIONS WHATEVER WILL BE THRUST UPON THEM BY ANY MEMBER OF OUR STAFF beyond such as may be voluntarily sought for.

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the times? Karl Pearson writes of "Politics and Science." The work of Mr. Pater receives appreciative recognition from Lionel Johnson. "Nauticus" criticises freely the late naval manœuvres. Mr. A. H. Savage Landor's long titled paper and that of M. H. Le Roux on "The Rajahs of Sarawak," are both interesting. English readers are becoming quite familiar with Paul Verlaine's prose. This number gives us a characteristic paper, entitled "Shakespeare and Racine."

Henry Norman's article, "The Question of Korea," with which the September *Contemporary* begins, should be read attentively. Mr. Norman's special knowledge of the subject, derived from a visit to the *locus in quo* and a study of the Eastern people, their aims and attainments, fit him to speak with some degree of authority on the subject. Andrew Carnegie is given space in this number for another of his Republican splurges. Frederick Greenwood prophesies in his article on "The New Drift in Foreign Affairs," "a resolute squeezing of England by Russia and France in regions a long way off from Charing Cross, with the complacent acquiescence of the German Powers." The author of the Policy of the Pope has a word on "Theological Book-keeping by Double Entry"—a most suggestive title, is it not? Professor Goldwin Smith again proves his faith in the United States in his review article on Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago."

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL

Colonel H. G. Prout, in his article on English Railway Travel, which will appear in the October *Scribner*, shows that the English are far superior to American railways in point of safety.

We have to thank Professor Rand for his courteous note apprising us that the poem "God is Love," printed in our last issue and attributed to "Author Unknown," was written by the late Archbishop Trench.

Rudyard Kipling is to write more jungle stories for *St. Nicholas*. Some other features of the new volume, which begins in November, include a series of articles by Theodore Roosevelt, "Hero-Tales from American History."

Prof. Sully will discuss "The Questioning Age," that perplexing period for parents, in the October *Popular Science*

*Monthly.* This is the third of his studies of Childhood, and is no less delightful than the two that have preceded it.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's sons' announcement for the coming season include works in general literature, history and biography, fiction, science and art, poetry, medicine and in the "Heroes of the Nations," and "Story of the Nations" series.

A most attractive list of books is that put forth by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company in their short autumn catalogue. The arrangement is alphabetical and the list of authors and books is artistic and attractive. It includes the names and specimens of the best work of some of the ablest and most widely read of recent American authors.

Lt. Col. G. T. Denison has returned to Toronto, from an enjoyable visit to England, much improved in health. Colonel Denison while in England delivered some addresses on subjects of Imperial interest. An ardent and patriotic Canadian, well informed on public affairs, a clear thinker and a courageous and forcible speaker, he is well qualified to deal with such important topics.

Archdeacon Farrar has long been at work on a book to be called "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art," which will, it is hoped, be ready before Christmas. He will not intrude upon the functions of the art critic, but passes in review the predominant conceptions of Christ, and of the events narrated in the Gospels as they are expressed by great painters in varying epochs.

Messrs Macmillan & Co. include in their list of forthcoming books for the ensuing autumn, Professor J. Mark Baldwin's new work, entitled "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," vol. 1. Another important book of especial interest to Canadians is the first volume of Professor McCurdy's "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments." Besides the volumes mentioned there appear many important works by eminent British and American authors in this attractive list.

Messrs. Innes will publish a new novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman, some time in October. It is, like "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," a historical romance, and the title is "My Lady Roths." The period dealt with is the Thirty Years' War, and the story opens about the time of the sack of Madgeburg. The novel will appear in single volume at first, as Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman" and Mr. Blackmore's "Perlycross" have appeared. There will be eight page illustrations in it by Mr. John Williamson.

The *Colonies and India* has this interesting note about a well-known author: Mr. R. L. Stevenson, "of Samoa," has invented a new style of lawn-mower, and the lawns at his home at Vailima, owing to the use of the new invention, are pictures of neatness. The invention is a live tortoise tied by a yard or two of rope to a stake planted in the ground. When the Saurian has nibbled all the grass within his reach in the form of a circle, the stake is planted a little further on, and the process recommenced. Mr. Stevenson reports that turtles, which are very intelligent creatures, as is well known, appear to take quite a keen interest in their work after a time.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- The Unbidden Guest. E. W. Horning. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Catalogue of the Citizens' Free Library. Prepared by Harry Piers. Halifax, N.S.: Wm. McNab.
- The Ghost of Gairn. M. M. Black. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 25 cents.
- The Dominion of Canada. Karl Budeker. Leipzig, Germany: Karl Budeker, publisher.
- Lord Ormont and his Aminta. George Meredith. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- New Acts of the Apostles. Arthur T. Pier-son. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
- History of Modern Times. Victor Duruy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Dictionary of National Biography. Sidney Lee. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.
- The Silver Christ and Lemon Tree. Ouida. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- Aspects of Modern Study. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- A History of Rome. Evelyn Shirley Shuck-burgh, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$2.
- Black Beauty. Ann Sewell. London: Jar-rolld & Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

## DELPHIC HYMN TO APOLLO.

(B. C. 280.)

I.

Thee, the son of God most high  
Framed for harping song, will I  
Proclaim, and the deathless oracular word  
From the snow-topped rock that we gaze on  
heard  
Counsels of glorious giving  
Manifest for all men living  
How thou madest the tripod of poesy thine  
Which the wrath of the dragon kept guard on,  
a shrine  
Voiceless till thy shafts could smite  
All his live coiled glittering might.

II.

Ye that hold of right alone  
All deep work on Helicon,  
Fair daughters of thunder-girt God with your  
bright  
White arms uplift us to lighten the light,  
Come to chant your brother's praise  
Gold-haired Phoebus, loud in lays.  
Even his who afar up the twin-topped seat  
Of the rock Parnassian whereon we meet  
Risen with glorious Delphic maids  
Seek the soft, spring-sweetened shades  
Castalian, fair of the Delphian peak  
Prophetic, sublime as the feet that seek.  
Glorious Athens, highest of state,  
Come with praise and prayer elate,  
O thou that art queen of the plain unscarred  
That the warrior Tritonid hath alway in guard,  
Where on many a sacred shrine  
Young bulls' thigh bones burn and shine.  
As the god that is fire overtakes them and fast  
The smoke of Arabia to heavenward is cast,  
Scattering wide its balm: and shrill  
Now with nimble notes that thrill  
The flute strikes up for the song, and the harp  
of gold  
Strikes up to the song sweet answer; and all  
behold  
As a swarm of bees, give ear  
Why by birth hold Athens dear.  
—Algernon Charles Swinburne, in the Nine-  
teenth Century.

## THE LONDON BEAUTY.

Lena, "The Beauty," is seven-and-thirty years old. She is the best dressed woman in London. She is so shallow and brilliant that one feels she ought to make a great name. Her beauty is perfectly preserved. An excellent digestion, and a heart and conscience which have given her no sort of trouble, have contributed to this desirable result. "I shall be thirty-eight next birthday," she is in the habit of saying with the most delightful candour, "and I should be constantly mistaken for my own daughter if I were not so very much better-looking." Her husband? He is a fool, of course. What could he have been but a fool to think that Lena, brilliant and nineteen, could be marrying for anything except his money? What can he be now but a fool to go on worshipping this woman who insults him a dozen times a day with her scornful good-humour and her cruel wit? The world scorns scarcely less than she does herself his slow patience and long-suffering. "My husband has no brains to speak of, you know," says Lena conversationally. Her husband can hear the remark from the other end of the table. "He wrote a prize poem at Cambridge," she continues, enjoying herself very much; "that speaks for itself." Presently Sir George falls ill. The illness is alarming; it even alarms Lena. In the very middle of the season she goes down to the coal country to nurse her husband. She puts on a very becoming cap and a delightful apron. The sick man always lies so that he can see her. She has done her best to break his heart, and he loves her still. The touch of her hand raises in him now a thousand tender emotions. She is still the one woman in the world for him. And she leaves him. The deadly dulness of the place and the monotony and depression of a sick-room soon get intolerable. She has always been quite selfish. Admiration is the breath of her life. And who is there to admire one in the coal country? She goes back to town, and a telegram informs her of his death. She laments him and curses herself passionately for a few days. But there is the estate to see about, and one's black, and all sorts of things. "I am not sure that black is not more becoming to me than anything else," she says. The fact affords her a great deal of consolation.—*Cornhill.*

## THE COUNTY AND HUNT CLUB MEETING

The people of Toronto who are notorious race-goers and great lovers of the noble thoroughbred have for the past two years been deprived of a fall meeting. The new County and Hunt Club, which promises to be an important factor in the social life of the city, has come, however, to the rescue, and will hold flat races and steeplechases at the Woodbine course on two successive Saturdays, Oct. 6th and 13th. Society will turn out *en masse*, as a number of the city's young men will don the pink for the first time, and the picturesque hunting or red coat steeplechases are always dear to the feminine heart, while the general public will find on the programme ample flat racing to satisfy them. The new Hunt Club will in future foster hunting, riding, driving, polo and other equine pursuits, and has clearly a successful and useful future before it.

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

Halifax Chronicle: It must be clear to every intelligent man that so long as Canada adheres to the policy of raising the principal portion of her revenue by customs taxation, the only safe and wise policy to be adopted is that of levying a tariff for revenue only, holding all classes equal before the law, giving equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

Montreal Witness: There are those, . . . who do not altogether credit the wonderful story of Japanese foresight and thoroughness, and they believe that the vaulting ambition of the exultant Japanese will overleap itself and bring ultimate disaster. Whether in case Japan shows herself able to dictate terms at Peking she will be allowed to do so by the European powers is also questionable, but the time for the discussion of it has not yet arrived, if it ever does.

Manitoba Free Press: The truth is, Canadians are only awakening to a tardy appreciation and a wondering knowledge of the hidden wealth, the vast dimensions, the majestic proportions of this northern half continent. Our country is as large as half a dozen Old World empires, and we possess accurate knowledge of only a narrow southern strip of this broad, far reaching Dominion. The interior of Newfoundland and of Labrador, the North-east Territory, the Arctic regions, north-eastern and north-western British Columbia still holds secrets to reward enterprising explorers.

Victoria Colonist: The futility of mere grumbling at the blunders of city councils has been proved over and over again. If grumbling and denunciation and even the clearest exposures could have reformed the city governments of New York, San Francisco and other cities, they would long ere this have been models of honesty and efficiency, but complaints and accusations have no greater effect on civic administrations than "water on a duck's back." Unless the influence of the best citizens is brought directly to bear on the city authorities, it is futile to hope for reform. The citizens, if they want to have their city a good place to live in, should take a lively interest in its affairs, and should organize both for the purpose of keeping up that interest and for promoting the reforms which they know are needed.

St. John Telegraph: The plan of constructing a ship channel from the great lakes to the ocean is one that has long been talked of, but which cannot be realized under existing conditions. It is a scheme too which grows in magnitude with age, for even the present convention will not be content with a 21 foot channel but has in view a 26 foot channel at some future date, and for that purpose recommends that the depth of the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal be 26 feet. The idea underlying all this is to enable ocean steamships built on the lakes to carry cargoes of grain to Europe without breaking bulk, and it would certainly be a very convenient thing for lake ship owners to be able to send their vessels into the Atlantic in the winter to compete for the ocean carrying trade at that season with vessels which sail the salt seas all the year round. We are of the opinion that this great water way, if built at all, will have to be built by private enterprise, for Canada has no money to spare for such gigantic schemes.



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## THE SAND-PIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sand-piper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered drift-wood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high.  
As up and down the beach we flit,  
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud black and swift across the sky,  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white light-houses nigh.  
Almost as far as eye can reach,  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach—  
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Or flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye;  
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,  
This little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the world storm breaks furiously?  
No drift-wood fire will burn so bright—  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly!  
I do not fear for thee, though thou fly  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou little sand-piper and I?

—By the late Celia Thaxter

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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

A new form of phonograph recently de-  
 scribed before the Berlin Electro-Chemical  
 Society by Herr A. Koeltzow (*Nature*),  
 July 19) records on a cylinder made of a  
 kind of hard soap. Each cylinder costs only  
 about seventy-five cents and can be used  
 for 250,000 words, owing to a device for  
 removing a thin layer from the surface when  
 it has been completely covered. Thus the  
 cost does not exceed that of the paper re-  
 quired to write an equal number of words,  
 and the instrument will doubtless be widely  
 used, at any rate in countries where exist-  
 ing patent rights do not interfere with its  
 introduction.

The experiments of Debedat, on the  
 application of electricity for stimulating the  
 nutrition of the muscular system, are de-  
 scribed in a recent paper abstracted in the  
*Electrical Review*, London. The results  
 show sometimes a gain of 40 per cent. in the  
 weight of the muscle, due to application of  
 the current in a particular way, while there  
 was either no gain or else a positive loss for  
 other methods of application. His conclu-  
 sion is that an induction coil should be  
 used, and the periods of contraction and re-  
 pose so timed as to approximate to the con-  
 tractions of a muscle during rhythmic  
 gymnastic movements. Prolonged contrac-  
 tion, as practiced by many physicians, he  
 considers extremely hurtful.

Dr. Maillart (*Revue de Médecine*, Paris,  
 March 10) favors the treatment of typhoid  
 with large quantities of water. The patient  
 should receive from five to six quarts of  
 water daily during the febrile period. The  
 results are progressive subsidence of the fe-  
 brile process, disappearance of the dryness of  
 the tongue, and a marked sedative influence  
 upon the nervous, circulatory, and renal  
 phenomena, probably owing to the oxidation,  
 solution, and elimination of the toxins pro-  
 duced in the progress of the disease, and also  
 of the dejecta. This mode of treatment  
 has no noteworthy influence upon the  
 course, the duration, or the evolution of the  
 disease, is not attended with unpleasant  
 complications, and is easy of application.

In a communication to the London  
 Zoological Society, Mr. Lindsay Johnson  
 describes the results of his examination of  
 the eyes of one hundred and eighty domes-  
 tic cats, as well as those of all the accessible  
 wild members of the cat family. He con-  
 cludes that the natural shape of the cat's  
 pupil is circular, though under various de-  
 grees of light it assumes every shape from  
 the circle through all kinds of ovals to a  
 straight vertical line. The younger the cat,  
 the greater the tendency to become a point-  
 ed oval in ordinary light. In the smaller  
*Felidae*, brilliant sunlight causes contraction  
 to a line; in the larger, sometimes to a small  
 circle. When a cat is suddenly alarmed,  
 the pupil momentarily dilates; in sleep, it  
 always contracts.

Experiments by Professor Clowes, of  
 Nottingham, England (London Royal Soci-  
 ety, May 10), shows that the effects of car-  
 bonic acid on a flame is very different ac-  
 cording as the flame is fed from a wick or  
 with gas. The percentage of gas necessary  
 to put out the flame in the first case is al-  
 ways nearly the same, being for instance 14  
 for alcohol, 15 for paraffin oil, and 14 for a  
 candle, but in the second case there is wide  
 variations, 58 per cent. being required to  
 put out a hydrogen flame, 10 for methane,

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26 for ethylene, and 33 for coal-gas. The  
 proportion of nitrogen necessary to extin-  
 guish a flame is in all cases higher than that  
 of carbonic acid. The wick-fed flame dies  
 away by dwindling; the gas flame, on the  
 contrary, grows larger and paler until it  
 goes out.

Will the storage battery ever realize the  
 high hopes that were once entertained of it?  
 Authorities have not yet ceased to differ on  
 the subject. Mr. W. W. Griscom, whose  
 interesting paper about these batteries,  
 read before the American Institute of Elec-  
 trical Engineers, is printed in the *Electrical*  
*World* (New York), brings out the point  
 that our knowledge of the chemical changes  
 in charging and discharging is still incom-  
 plete, and that the internal conditions are  
 constantly altering in a complex way never  
 before suspected. Plates with precisely the  
 same history, and in exactly similar situa-  
 tions in a battery, may give off currents  
 varying as much as 30 per cent. Much of  
 the difference of opinion among experts as  
 to the efficiency of the batteries is doubtless  
 due to causes such as these, and to the fact  
 that batteries are often worked far beyond  
 their capacity, and that batteries are rated  
 as high as possible, instead of well within  
 a margin of safety, as in the case, say, with  
 steam-engines.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

One of the great breakwaters at Venice, extending nearly two miles into the sea, is now nearly completed, and the corresponding one well advanced. When they are completed, the port of Venice, now so difficult to enter for large ships, will be among the most accessible.

In Halle, Germany, there is an engineering company which shares its profits with its employees, the amount given each man depending on his wages and the length of time he has been connected with the concern. Last year over \$10,000 was given to the men as dividends.

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

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

DR. R. O. SPEAR.

## COUTTS &amp; SONS.

The French Civil Tribunal has settled a difficult question under the divorce law. It has annulled a marriage between a divorced woman and her ex-husband's brother, on the ground that divorce does not destroy affinity. The President of the Republic may "for serious reasons" grant a dispensation for a marriage between a brother-in-law and a sister-in-law, no matter whether the first husband or wife be dead or merely divorced, but in this case no dispensation had been applied for.—*London Public Opinion.*

A Frenchman now living in Russia is said to have attained the immense age of 126 years. From a very interesting account of his life, just published in a Russian journal, it appears that he was born at Paris on April 17, 1768. He has a vivid recollection of the "Terror." He joined Napoleon's army in 1798. He fought in the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, shared in the campaigns of Egypt and Spain, and finally was one of the 400,000 men who followed Napoleon to Moscow.—*New York Medical Record.*

Some splendid picture frames may be seen every year at the Royal Academy Exhibition; but the finest and costliest frame ever made for a picture was that which incloses the "Virgin and Child" in Milan Cathedral. It is made of hammered gold, with an inner moulding of lapis lazuli. The corners of this valuable frame have hearts designed in large pearls and precious stones. Some idea of its value may be gained when it is stated that the frame is eight feet long and six feet wide. Its estimated worth is £25,000.—*London Answers.*

In the South of France there is a serious plague of locusts, such as is usually only experienced in Algeria and elsewhere in Africa. In consequence a very remarkable accident occurred the other day to a train running between London and Chatellerault. All of a sudden the engine plunged into a dense mass of the insects, which had got on the line. They completely clogged up the machinery and brought the train to a standstill. A party of laborers had to be sent to the spot to clear the line before the train could be started again, and a delay of two hours was thus caused.—*New York Telegram.*

This summer might be seen at Greenhead, Lempitlaw, near Kelso, the extraordinary spectacle of a hen bestowing maternal care on a litter of three Dandie

Dinmont pups, the property of Mr. John Wait, forester. It seems that the pups had been deserted by their mother, and in the course of their aimless wandering had come into contact with a broody Orpington hen, the result being that the hen began to go about with and look after them. When she sat herself down, the pups climbed over her back and crawled under her wings, just like so many chickens, and were apparently as much attached to their feathered foster-mother as the latter was to her canine family.—*London Answers.*

## GOLF.

Newport is to inaugurate another sporting event this year in the way of a golf championship, to be held in September over the links of the recently organized club. The Tournament is open to the members of all golf clubs and for a very handsome cup. Apropos of cups reminds me that I hear already of complaints against men that are concealing their true form in order to gain advantage in handicap tournaments. It seems always to be the same old story nowadays—to win, whether by fair or foul means. What is the matter with we Americans that we cannot always be sportsmanlike? Is it possible that the intrinsic value of the trophy tempts our avaricious souls beyond resistance? It is unfortunate these mug-hunters seem invariably to make themselves most prominent, and to the detriment of our national reputation for sportsmanship. There are plenty of sportsmen in this country, thank Heaven!—*Harper's Weekly.*

## SELF-MADE SCOTCHMEN.

There have been several notable instances of late years of Scotchmen in the poorest conditions of life making their names illustrious by their contributions to natural science. Hugh Miller belongs to a past generation; but within the easy recollection of the present we have had Thomas Edward, Robert Dick, and John Duncan. Two of these, Mr. Edward and Mr. Dick, have had their biographies written by Mr. Samuel Smiles. Edward, who was the son of a private soldier, and himself a working shoemaker, through an irrepressible passion for natural history, collected many specimens and discovered new species which he classified, described, and exhibited. He was made a fellow of the Linnean Society and of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, and obtained from the Queen a pension of £50 a year. Dick, a self-taught geologist and botanist, was a baker in Thurso; and Duncan, whose achievements in science were commemorated in *Good Words* in the days of Norman Macleod, was, if we remember rightly, a weaver in an Aberdeenshire village. We fear that this worthy man was too like other prophets who get but scant honour in their own country; but on one occasion he bade fair to get more honour than he desired. Some idle lad having taunted him that, with all his science, he could not get fruit to grow on a solitary juniper bush, he told them to come back in autumn, and they would see. Meanwhile, understanding how to fertilize the juniper seeds, he brought from a distance the needed pollen, and when the lads came to see, lo and behold, an ample crop of berries! They thought he must be verily a warlock.—*From "The Peasantry of Scotland," by Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., in North American Review for September.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

## PERPETUITIES.

A perpetuity, as ordinarily understood, is a definite guaranteed money income continuing forever, an example of which can be found in the consols of the Government of Great Britain, the holders of which have secured to them and their representatives an income of 3 per cent. on their face value. Although money may not be worth 3 per cent., or if it should happen to be worth more, the consols are unaffected, in so far as the income derivable therefrom is concerned. It will thus be seen that this particular class of security is of a most permanent and reliable character, and in some respects a valuable one to possess. Akin to securities known as perpetuities are the annuity bonds of financial institutions having special powers by Government to grant them. This class of security is considered by many as being much more advantageous than the former class. It is contended, and rightly so, that the income derivable under an annuity bond is considerably greater than that under perpetuities, the reason being that the income in the one case is a continuing one, while in the other it is limited to the natural lifetime of the annuitant. An illustration will serve to make this plain. Supposing a person at the age, say, of 65, has \$10,000 invested in British consols, the income from them would be \$300 each year, while if this same person had \$10,000 invested in an annuity bond his income would be at least \$1,200 each year, or four times what it would be in the case of the perpetuity. In the one case he would receive 3 per cent. for his money, while in the latter he would net 12 per cent. during life. In several cases which occur to the writer advantage has been taken of annuity bonds to provide a permanent specific income for an aged mother or father, also by people who have had their money invested in mortgages, stocks, etc., in which their income from these securities was but small and the payments irregular. In such a case as the latter, an arrangement can generally be made by the financial institution which has the authority of Government to issue annuity bonds to take over the mortgages or other securities at their face value, and in lieu issue its annuity bond.

Another valuable feature which can be incorporated in annuity bonds is a provision that the interest cannot be assigned or in any way parted with, thus making the income a certainty to the party intended to be benefited. In a word, an income of a most permanent and regular character is secured so long as life continues. It must however, be understood that what has been said in main depends upon the financial standing of the institution empowered to grant the bond. Only those institutions who have a favorable record, backed up by large assets and a substantial surplus over and above all liabilities, should be negotiated with. Among the corporations long and favorably known in the annuity business is the North American Life Company of this city, whose President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, has had a wide and successful financial experience, and whose Managing Director is Mr. Wm. McCabe, Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain.

Pompey's pillar has no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

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SEPT. 28th, 1894.]

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

Nedders: What's a bon mot? Slowitz: Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.

"Is it true that your bride is very hard of hearing?" "It is. Why, when I proposed to her I had to shout so loud that all the neighbors ran out and congratulated me."

Mr. Kilbradge (a visiting Englishman): By the way, Boston is within a few hours of New York, isn't it? Miss Vinton (of New York): Oh, dear, no; it isn't within twenty years of it!

Isaacs: Well, I hear Goldberg failed. He made a big fight before he went under. Cohen: Yes. For three months he adfestified for a partner mit gapital to share der profits of der business.

A Scotchman was recently asked what he thought of the new minister, and replied "I dinna think muckle o' him. Six days he's enviousible, and the seventh day he's eencomprehensible."

Magistrate: The address you gave the police was a wrong one; there is nothing in that locality but a building in process of erection. Prisoner: Exactly, that's where I usually sleep at nights.

Tommy Sharp (laying down twopence farthing): A loaf of bred, please. Baker: It's dearer, my boy; its riz. Tommy: When? Baker: This morning. Tommy: All right, mister; give me one of yesterday's

She: You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right so long as everything is going pleasantly. But would you make any great sacrifice for my sake. He: You know I would. Haven't I offered to marry you?

"After all, what is a kiss!" said young Mr. Warren, reflectively, after pressing the lips of his Boston fiancée. "A kiss," replied Miss South Church, "is the anatomical juxtaposition of orbicularis muscles in a state of contraction."

Lord Tuffnut: You have nothing to grumble at; you were a rich American girl, I an impoverished English nobleman with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would call, in shopping, a bargain! Lady Tuffnut: Pardon me! Not a bargain—a remnant.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a doin' of?" "Yes, sir," replied James, "you're a pourin' water into the milk." "No, I'm not, James. I'm pourin' milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water in my milk you tell them no. If I put water in the truth, James, cheatin' is bad enough but lyin' is wuss."

Pat was an Irishman who never would admit that there was any subject that he did not know about. One day a gentleman said to him: "Well, Pat, do you know anything about the Wilson Bill?" "Oi do, sor; Oi know all about it." "Well, what do you think of it?" "Well, Oi'll tell ye," said Pat, with an air of profound wisdom, "Oi think that if thot man Wilson is anything av a gntleman, he'll pay thot bill."

A woman of no particular creed engaged a cook not long ago. Taking it for granted that the servant was a Catholic, she inquired the first Sunday after the maid's arrival: Bridget, at what time do you wish to go to church this morning? The answer came with a lofty superiority that would have done credit to the disciples of any new dispensation: I'll not be goin' to church at all, ma'am. Feth, it's meself that's what they calls an egawstic!

Not long ago a Church of England Bishop and a private gentleman were travelling together in a railway carriage in England when the gentleman asked the bishop what was the difference between an ass and a bishop. "I don't know," said the bishop. "Well," said he, "an ass carries its cross on its back, and

a bishop on his breast." "Now," said the bishop, "can you tell me the difference between an ass and a private gentleman." "No, I could not," said the gentleman. "Neither could I," said the bishop, "nor anybody else." The gentleman was silent the rest of the journey.

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A mother is a mother still,—the holiest thing alive.—*Coleridge.*

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.—*Voltaire.*

If by good government I could raise a memorial in my people's hearts, that would be the statue for me.—*Czar Peter III.*

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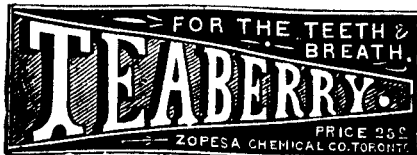
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