

THE WEEK:

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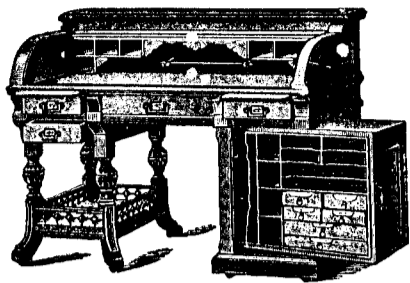
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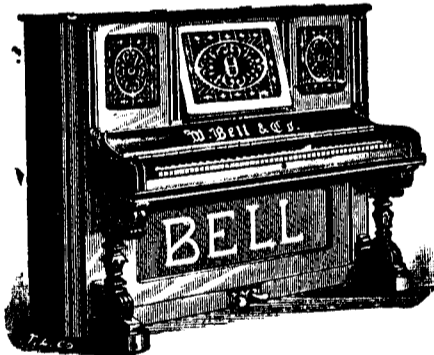
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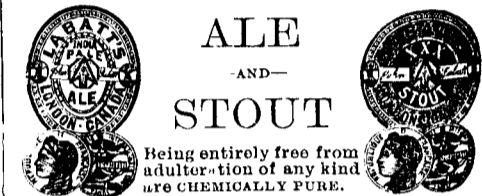
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
A Farical Examination	55
The Ashbridge Bay Scheme	55
Canadian Patriotism	55
The South Victoria Election	55
Free Text Books	56
The Death Penalty	56
The Question of Postage	56
Inspection of Cattle Ships	56
The Prospects of Trade with Mexico	56
"Sitting Bill's" Taking-off	56
IS THE FARMER PROSPEROUS?	Rev. Prof. K. L. Jones. 57
PARIS LETTER	Z. 57
RONDEAU	Mary Morgan. 58
A NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN	Rev. Prof. A. Lloyd, M.A. 58
A RED LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS OF QUEBEC	J. M. LeMoine. 59
THE RAMBLER	60
SONNET	Stuart Livingston. 60
THE IRISH DIFFICULTY	K. W. 60
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Saving of Life on Railroads	X. 60
The Grand Jury Question	Moir. 61
Canadian National League	Edwyn S. Pentreath. 61
The Reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay	Citizen. 61
THE GAMBLERS OF POMPEII	J. Ross-Wetherman. 62
A REMINISCENCE (Sonnet)	J. H. Brown. 62
GIBLAMO SAVONAROLA	62
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	62
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	63
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	64
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	65
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	65
CRISIS	66

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

"THE WEEK" PRIZE STORIES.

The three judges to whom was committed the task of reading and adjudicating on the one hundred and eight MSS. sent in for THE WEEK prize story competition have made the following award: 1st prize, \$50, to ALICE JONES, Halifax, N.S., for the story entitled "Hidden Treasure"; 2nd prize, \$30, to CHRISTINA R. FRANK, Selma, N.S., for the story entitled "In Acadia"; 3rd prize, \$20, to EMILY McMANUS, Odessa, Ont., for the story entitled "Fronoy"; 4th prize, \$10, to JESSIE M. FREELAND, Brockville, Ont., for the story entitled "Winona's Tryst."

A CONSPICUOUS example of the way in which the City Council of Toronto has shown the strange facility with which it fails to accomplish almost every important matter which it takes in hand is furnished in the history of its futile endeavour to secure the appointment of a competent Medical Health Officer. It may be, of course, that this somewhat ridiculous fiasco is due to an error in judgment in fixing the salary of the proposed officer at a figure insufficient to induce really competent experts to compete for the appointment. Were the Council sure of the capacity and fairness of the examiners appointed to test the qualifications of the candidates, its best course would be to promptly increase the salary and provide for another examination as soon as feasible. But even this matter, in which the sanitary reputation of the city and the health of all the citizens are involved, has like almost every other question before the Council, degenerated into a personal and partisan struggle. Of the comparative merits of the rival candidates we have no means of judging. The simple and proper course for the Council on the presentation of the Examiners' Report was evidently either that above indicated, or the appointment of the candidate having the highest number of marks. The declaration of Dr. Pyne, one of the candidates, and the Acting Medical Health Officer, places the question, however, in a new and extraordinary light. There are certain well-understood rules which, it is generally conceded, should govern all competitive examinations. Amongst these are, obviously, such as the following: The examiners should have no means of identifying the papers submitted. The candidates should have no intercommunication during the examination. The examination should be restricted within the prescribed limits, and should, as far as possible, cover all important subjects prescribed. No candidate should be permitted to leave the room for such length of time, or under such circumstances, as might enable him, if deficient in sense of honour, to consult books or other authorities. But Dr. Pyne solemnly declares that of three subjects prescribed but one was touched upon at the examination; that two of the candidates were observed conversing together; that one candidate left the

room and was absent for three hours, and when he returned had papers with notes on them; that some of the candidates were allowed to work for several hours after the time at which all were asked to finish and he had handed in his papers; that candidates were allowed to have in the morning the papers they had handed in the night before, also to use books; that the candidates were required to affix their own names to envelopes containing their papers, etc. It would be unfair to pronounce an opinion pending the reply of the Examiners, but, unless Dr. Pyne's statements are grossly erroneous, it is clear that the examination was worthless and should be so treated.

AMONG the many great projects now before the city of Toronto, that discussed by a correspondent in another column, is certainly one of almost unprecedented importance. It imperatively demands careful consideration and prompt action. If what is now not only an unproductive waste but a source of danger to the health of the city can be converted in a few years, without cost to the city, into a large area of habitable territory, covered with manufacturing and other establishments giving productive and profitable employment to thousands of industrious citizens, it is evident that the work of transformation cannot be commenced too soon. To neglect or even to postpone it is to sin against the best interests, sanitary, industrial and financial, of the city. There is, no doubt, much to be said in the abstract in favour of the view that the full benefits of all properties bestowed by nature and of all values derived from settlement should be secured in one way or another to the communities, not to individuals. Had the city of Toronto an ideal municipal organization and management, one in which not only the citizens but the world could have unlimited confidence, it might be wise and right to have all such enterprises carried on directly in the interests of the whole community, without the intervention of individuals or companies to divide the profits. But in the light of recent revelations of the way in which the finances of the city, its water-works, its sanitary arrangements and almost every department of its business, have been bungled, whether through incompetency or something worse, he would be a singularly courageous man who would be willing to entrust the civic authorities with the direct management of so stupendous an enterprise as the reclaiming of Ashbridge's Bay. While there is no reason to despair of the ultimate success of the present agitation for civic reform, it must not be forgotten that years of trial will be required to test fully the trustworthiness and efficiency of any new system, and of the officials chosen to administer it. In the meantime, everything points to the necessity for immediate and very energetic action. Under these circumstances it would surely be folly inconceivable to reject, without the fullest consideration and the gravest necessity, such an offer as that submitted by the Beavis and Redway Company. Is the offer made in good faith? Can the Company be relied on to carry out the contract, if one should be entered into, on so stupendous a scale? Evidently the simple reclamation without expense to the ratepayers of seven or eight hundred acres of land in a locality in which it is certain to become worth many millions of dollars long before the period fixed for its reversion to the city, is in itself a boon which it would be culpable in the extreme to withhold from the next generation of citizens or their children. Again the erection of works for the smelting of nickel and iron ores is the great want of the hour, and would be a benefaction to the whole Province, to say nothing of the benefits that would accrue to the city from the expenditure of millions of money and the employment of thousands of men in the enterprise. It would, of course, be presumptuous for us to say that the proposal should be accepted in its present shape, or in any shape without first inviting the freest competition. Forty-five years may be too long for the lease to run. One hundred thousand dollars may be too small a security for the fulfilment of such a contract, and so forth. Any covenant entered into should make forfeiture on equitable conditions of the land reclaimed and the money expended the penalty of non-fulfilment of contract, in which case there would really be no risk, seeing that the value of the unfinished work would in that case accrue to the city. The one thing that would be an unpardonable betrayal of trust would be the failure

to give the now famous proposal of the Beavis and Redway Company full and impartial consideration at the earliest possible moment.

NO thoughtful person can doubt that he who said, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws," spoke as a philosopher. Believing thoroughly in the truthfulness of the saying, and being persuaded that to the wrong teaching and bad sentiment of much of the so-called patriotic literature of the nations is due much of the narrow prejudice and ill-feeling which still abound in national life and are the fruitful source of international conflicts, we took up with some misgiving the little book of "Patriotic Canadian Songs," which comes to us from the press of the Rose Publishing Company. So much has been said of late about Canadian patriotism, or the want of it, that we confess to having become a little tired of the refrain, and a little suspicious of the character of the loyalty that has to be perpetually goaded and stimulated into loud-mouthed expression. Is there not a little danger that we, as a people, may make the mistake of "protesting too much"? As the still-flowing waters are deepest, so we are inclined to think the quiet, unobtrusive patriotism will usually be found the most reliable in time of trial. Be that as it may, we are heartily glad to find in "Raise the Flag, and other Patriotic Canadian Songs and Poems," little that can be objected to on the score of taste or sentiment, and much that is pleasing and commendable in matter, style and spirit. This little book is, in fact, a compilation of some of the best productions in the patriotic line, of some of the best of our Canadian poets. It justifies in the main the statement of the "few loyal Canadians" who compiled and paid for it in order that it might be given as an appropriate "remembrance," for the scholars in the schools who have written the best essays in response to the *Empire's* gift of school-house flags, that our Canadian national poems "are singularly free from unfriendliness," and that there is in them no tone of aggression, but a steadfast determination to trust in God and stand firm for the right. This is as it should be, and the little volume which contains some of the best of these poems may be heartily commended, and freely placed in the hands of the young. And yet is there not still room for improvement in the tone of even Canadian patriotic songs? Are there not other characteristics quite as manly and noble, and quite as well worth cultivating as those hitherto celebrated? May not our patriotic poets confer a yet better boon on posterity by sounding the praises of such qualities as humanity, truth, justice, generosity, broadmindedness, or the power of putting oneself in his neighbour's place, and so forth, and seeking to have them implanted in the minds of the young, to be developed one day into Canadian national characteristics? We have always thought the reading and song books in the public schools of the United States largely responsible for some of the most unamiable traits in the United States' national character. Let our poets see to it, as far as in them lies, that the Canadian character, now in its plastic and formative stage, be moulded on broader lines and after higher ideals.

THE advocates of unrestricted reciprocity cannot certainly derive much hope from the bye-elections. The fact that the Government candidate in Napiersville claimed, strangely enough, to be himself in favour of free commercial intercourse with our neighbours, left room for the Opposition to argue that the result in that constituency was no criterion of the sentiments of the people in regard to the matter, or rather, that it proved that those sentiments were in favour of the views advocated by themselves. It is hardly probable, however, that had the people been deeply in earnest in regard to the matter, they would have preferred the candidate of the party which is well known to be opposed to unrestricted reciprocity, rather than the candidate of the party whose leaders are not only pledged to support it, but are so much in favour of it that they are resolved to make it the one great issue in the approaching general election. Their preference cannot be explained on the ground of party allegiance, seeing that the constituency had previously been Liberal in its sympathies. Commenting on these facts a week or two since, we remarked in effect that the then forthcoming contest in South Victoria,

where the parties had at the last election been pretty evenly divided, where the candidates were now ranged in direct opposition on the reciprocity question, and where, moreover, that question might be supposed to excite very great interest, might aid us in forming an opinion as to the extent to which the arguments of Sir Richard Cartwright and his followers have found favour with the people. But here, again, the Government candidate has, somewhat to our surprise, not only been victorious, but has materially increased the former Conservative majority. How then is the result to be interpreted? Does it mean that the farmers of Victoria prefer the Government's policy of protection, on its merits, to the unrestricted reciprocity of the Opposition? Or does it mean that they have no faith in the ability of a Liberal Government to obtain unrestricted reciprocity on any terms that would not compromise either our commercial freedom, or our national self-respect, or both? Or does it simply mean that the promise of large expenditures in the locality by the Government, or direct purchase of votes by individuals, or both combined, have been too much for the political virtue of a number of Liberals or neutrals sufficient to have turned the scale? The Opposition, of course, accept the view last stated, but then the friends of the Government assert with equal vigour and we fear with equal truth that money was flowing very freely in behalf of the Liberal candidate. After making very large allowances for the prejudiced sources from which the reports are derived, it still seems impossible to doubt that bribery was rampant in the constituency to a deplorable extent. Pending the result of the trial in the election court, which is pretty sure to follow, we can only say that the revelations being made in these courts are a reproach and disgrace to our country. We fear that there is little hope that such degrading practices will be effectually prevented until both those who pay or offer bribes of any kind and those who listen to or accept them shall both be surely punished as dishonest as well as dishonourable citizens.

WE are glad to note that the Public School Board of Toronto has reported in favour of petitioning the Legislature for authority to supply books and stationery free of cost to the pupils under its charge. Every thoughtful citizen must be convinced that it is imperative in the best interests of the city and the province that the School Act be forthwith so amended, and such machinery for its enforcement provided, that its compulsory clauses shall no longer be a dead letter. The hundreds of children now in the city who, instead of being at school, are in training on the streets and lanes for lives of idleness, vice or crime, must be swept into the schools and kept there long enough to acquire, at least, the rudiments of a common school education. A few years of enforced mental activity, to say nothing of the knowledge actually acquired, cannot fail to have a most salutary effect upon the whole future lives of many of them. The great pity is that all the schools were not so equipped as to combine with this mental training a daily drill such as would teach them also the use of their hands, and help to form in them habits of manual industry. But, while we are waiting for that, there can be no doubt that the schools are, even from the lowest point of view—we are not sure, indeed, that it is not the highest point of view—the cheapest and best branch of the police system. But it would be manifestly useless to compel the attendance of the children of the very poorest classes, to say nothing of the waifs, without providing them with the tools necessary to enable them to do the work and get the benefit of the schools. There can be no doubt that the expense of text-books and stationery, trifling as it may seem to persons of moderate income, deprives the children even of many an industrious poor man of the advantages of our free school system. In fact the very term "free-schools" is obviously a misnomer, so long as the indispensable text-books and other appliances have to be provided at an expense which so many can ill afford, or cannot afford at all. There is no doubt that the same effect would follow here as in some cities of the United States, in which the attendance immediately increased ten per cent. on the furnishing of these articles free. Many parents may, we dare say, object to this indiscriminate use of books, passed from hand to hand, but there can be no objection to such furnishing their own children at their own expense, if they prefer to do so. By all means let the Government and the School Boards hasten to put the cap-stone upon our free-school system by making the text-books and other apparatus free, as has been done for years in the cities of Massachusetts, and some other States, with the best results.

CANADA, under some evil star, seems just now destined to attain a very undesirable notoriety as the land of the hangman. We have on former occasions pointed out the fact that the public, both in England and on this continent, has reached a stage of social refinement, genuine or spurious, at which every new report of a hanging adds intensity to the revulsion of popular feeling which is causing so many to cry out against capital punishment itself as a relic of barbarism. It is undeniable that the effect of the descriptions of gallows' scenes which are unhappily so frequent of late in Ontario cannot fail to be demoralizing to our own people, to say nothing of the effect they must produce on the minds of the people of other countries. It is also, we think, pretty clear that unless a process of hardening takes place and produces an undesirable callousness, the result, if the carnival of executions continues, must soon be to give rise to an agitation for the abolition of the death penalty, such as it will be hard if not impossible to resist. We suppose that very few intelligent persons will at the present day attempt to justify capital punishment on any other ground than that of its necessity as a deterrent, an awful example for the warning of those disposed to commit similar crimes. Yet it is a singular fact that the people and the newspapers almost habitually speak of the death penalty as an avenging, an expiation, a retribution, etc. This fact shows the popular tendency to look upon the act as one of vengeance, though nothing could be more out of harmony with the spirit of the religion which most of us profess. From the ethical point of view the teaching is, therefore, obviously bad. The crucial question is evidently that of the deterrent effect of hanging as compared with that of other sentences—we were about to say of other forms of punishment—showing how deeply the idea of retribution is embodied in our language. That question we do not now propose to discuss. It is in the nature of the case one which can be settled only by a comprehensive study of facts, such as have not yet been compiled on a scale large enough to be conclusive. Certainly the facts in our own country are not strongly in favour of the effectiveness of execution as a preventive of crime, if we may judge from the frequency with which executions are followed by atrocious murders, even in the same localities. The fact, doubtless, is that in almost every case either the crime is committed in a moment of ungovernable passion or drunken fury, over which the dread of death has no power, or the cool-blooded miscreant fully expects to so cover up his tracks that detection will be impossible. A further remark which suggests itself is that, however worthy of admiration on some accounts may be the inflexibility of our present Minister of Justice, that very inflexibility is, there is some reason to think, becoming one of the strongest forces at work for the abolition of capital punishment. The fact that no heed is paid to the recommendations of juries will tend to lessen materially the number of convictions. The further facts that in most cases the evidence of guilt is purely circumstantial and, consequently, never absolutely clear, sometimes obviously uncertain, that no distinction is made between the guilt of a Blanchard and the much more atrocious crime of a Birchall, a Day or a Lamontagne, and that the act of execution has necessarily to be committed to men of the lowest order, destitute of that sensibility and self-respect which belong to true manliness, all tend to create dissatisfaction with present methods and doubt as to the righteousness of the law which decrees death even to the murderer. The whole question demands the most serious reconsideration.

WHATEVER may be the decision with reference to the reduction of the rate of letter postage within the Dominion, it is greatly to be hoped that the Postmaster-General will spare no effort to bring about a cheaper rate between Canada and the Mother Country. Under the impulse given by the reaction of the McKinley Bill, our trade with Great Britain is increasing, and is likely to continue to increase with unexampled rapidity. This is a very desirable consummation, apart altogether from our commercial relations to the United States, and it can hardly be doubted that a reduction of the rate of Ocean postage to three cents or less would greatly stimulate the intercourse which is at the same time a cause and a condition of business traffic. We observe that an influential New York paper, referring to Postmaster-General Wanamaker's proposed reduction of the internal letter rate to one cent, says that it would much rather see postage between the United States and Great Britain reduced from five cents to two; thus facilitating intercourse between those two countries. It might be retorted, so far as our neighbours

are concerned, that it would be rather illogical for them to seek to increase by postal arrangements that intercourse which it seems to be the aim of their fiscal policy to diminish. But as it is now the avowed object of our Government to increase intercourse and traffic with Great Britain and with other colonies, to the utmost possible extent, it is obvious that reduction of postal rates would be directly in line with this policy. THE WEEK has, we observe, been censured for advocating the reduction of internal letter postage, without having due regard to the manner in which the problem is affected by the sparsity of the population. But the inter-communication has to be established and kept up in any case, and is it not probable that a reduction of the rate of letter-postage by one-third would increase the business of the officers by fifty per cent. in sparsely settled countries quite as soon as in populous ones, which is the real point at issue? THE WEEK has not the slightest desire to depreciate or deny the excellence of our postal arrangements, as at present conducted, but it is always in order to ask whether improvements are not possible and hence desirable.

THE consultation had the other day by a delegation of those interested in the shipment of cattle, with the Ministers of Agriculture and Marine, bids fair to bring about the only reasonable and right solution of the Ocean transit difficulty. Both ship-owners and cattle-dealers seem to see clearly the necessity for the adoption of stringent laws for the regulation of the traffic, and the prevention of the abuses and cruelties which have so nearly proved disastrous to it. The suggestions made by Mr. Routh, on behalf of the Marine Underwriters Association, show that the whole question is being carefully studied. No doubt a Bill drawn up in accordance with those suggestions will be passed at the coming session of Parliament. The Minister of Marine intimated that the Government was prepared to appoint an Inspector of cattle ships for the Dominion. Very much will depend on the selection of the right man for this responsible post. Evidently, as Mr. Routh suggested, he should be a sea-faring man, well acquainted experientially with the cattle-carrying trade. Such a man, armed with the necessary powers in a stringent Act of Parliament, would in a short time no doubt be able to bring about such a reform in the business as would meet all Mr. Plimsoll's reasonable demands, and establish the trade on a firmer basis than ever. It is safe to predict that one of the developments of the near future will be a line of cattle-ships specially constructed for the purpose and providing such accommodations as will render the ocean voyage a comparative luxury, instead of a season of torture to the poor beasts.

IF public feeling in Mexico is as favourable to trade with Canada as the editor of the *Financial Review*, the chief English newspaper of its capital city, represents, there seems to be no good reason why a large and mutually profitable interchange of products may not be brought about at an early day. No doubt the Mexican Republic feels seriously the effects of the unfriendly McKinley tariff, and it would be but natural if, in their resentment, its people should listen readily to any proposals the Canadian Government's emissary may have to make. The climate and productions of the great Southern Republic are such as to render free commercial intercourse with this northern country specially and mutually desirable, while the number of its population should make its custom decidedly worth looking after. Our neighbours have, of course, two great advantages over us, in their comparative nearness to Mexico and their prior possession of the field. But, on the other hand, conveyance by water is vastly cheaper than by rail, and the McKinley Bill is a powerful auxiliary for us. If both peoples are prepared to make some modifications of their respective tariffs, we can see no insuperable obstacle in the way of a large and growing commercial intercourse. The project is, at any rate, worth considering, and we shall await with a good deal of interest the report of the Minister of Finance on his return.

WHETHER or not the death of "Sitting Bull" will have the effect anticipated by the many on both sides of the line who are congratulating each other on the fact,—the effect, namely, of preventing the threatened outbreak, remains to be seen. There is some reason to fear that the resentment and thirst for revenge aroused by the mode of his "taking off" may render the fierce Sioux all the more implacable. The incidents connected with his death were certainly peculiar, and, had the victim been a

United States General, or even an ordinary citizen, they would have called for a rigid investigation. The untutored savages may well be pardoned should they suspect that the whole thing was premeditated, or that the police had its instructions beforehand as to what to do in case a rescue were attempted—though we earnestly hope for the sake of the national honour that such a suspicion would be a foul injustice. But, so far as appears, the arrest itself was, or would have been, in the case of a citizen, only "on suspicion," and for no overt act, and it would have been the duty of those having the prisoner in charge to take every precaution to guard him from injury while in their custody. Should the fact be, as there seems reason to believe, that he was shot down by his captors while unarmed and defenceless, Christian civilization would once more have cause to blush. The exact facts of the case will probably never be known. "Sitting Bull" was doubtless a restive and troublesome Chief, but he was Chief of a band belonging to a tribe which has been bitterly wronged and defrauded by the Congress of the United States—a tribe whose people, General Miles declares, "have been hungry for the last two years," and are now "devoured with hunger, wretched and perfectly desperate." And this state of starvation, be it remembered, is caused by the failure of the National Government to provide the full quota of supplies pledged by solemn treaty. It can hardly be doubted that the slain Chief was a patriot in his own unenlightened, savage fashion. He was also a product of the Governmental system which has now remorselessly taken his life. However unamiable, or even revolting, some of his traits and deeds may have been, it must be confessed that there was something heroic in the bearing and conduct of the old Chieftain at the last, when, held fast on horseback as a prisoner and face to face with instant death, he, in defiance of all threats, and, probably, with the muzzles of levelled rifles staring him full in the face, continued to shout directions to his faithful followers until silenced suddenly and forever by the deadly bullets. Had the picture drawn by the brief story of the police had its scene laid somewhere "in darkest Africa," and its central figure an American or British soldier, in the hands of savages, how the great heart of Anglo-Saxondom would have thrilled over it, and how the praises of the dauntless hero would have resounded all over Christendom! But "Sitting Bull" was only a half-starved Indian, the product of a century of American civilization. That makes all the difference.

IS THE FARMER PROSPEROUS?

THE answer to this question depends altogether upon the view one takes of it. It is generally admitted that the Eastern farmer—that is in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec—is not so prosperous as he used to be. When the soil produced twenty and thirty bushels of wheat to the acre and the price ranged all the way from a dollar to two dollars, it was an easier matter to get rich. The soil has lost some of its primitive vigour; the climate has changed; the old provinces have ceased to be so well adapted to wheat culture. Barley, which has in a measure taken its place, has not been so profitable. Mixed farming is only being developed, and, until our stock of horses and cattle is much improved, will not bring in the wealth that used to flow into the farmer's stocking. We must remember moreover that money made is not, by any means as it used to be, money saved. In the old days of lumber wagons and homespun, it cost comparatively little to live; the conditions of life were cheap and simple. The farmhouse was a busy hive. The boys worked in the fields and the daughters in the kitchen and the dairy. Those who could be spared went out to service. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The farmer now must have a handsome stone or brick house, and mortgage his land to build it. It must be well furnished with brussels or tapestry carpets and art furniture; a piano, or at least an organ, must grace the drawing-room. The waggon is for work on the farm, but not for church or town; the well-upholstered democrat, or patent spring buggy, takes its place. Jane must have music lessons, and Robert studies Latin at the nearest collegiate institute with a view to making his mark in one of the learned professions. In one sense this is all as it ought to be. We should rejoice that life for the farmer and his family is not the drudgery that it used to be; that he has risen in the social scale; that he is able to keep his children about him instead of sending them among strangers; that he is able to educate his sons, often with the satisfaction of seeing them take a position among the most prominent men in the country. But the old adage nevertheless holds good: "That you can't eat your pudding and keep it too." If the farmer spends his money in living, he won't have it to buy land or to fill the traditional stocking; if he becomes extravagant the result is quite likely to be a mortgaged farm and bankruptcy. We should remember these things when we ask whether the farmer is prosperous. Another

thing we should remember is that there are farmers and farmers. There are Canadian farmers and American farmers, and in our own country Eastern farmers and Western farmers. Those who, with some sinister purpose or other, take every opportunity of depreciating Canada are very fond of drawing a comparison between the condition of the farmer here and in the neighbouring republic. They tell us that he is poverty stricken on this side of the boundary, but a prosperous and opulent citizen on the other. Now I undertake to say on the best authority this is not true. The Canadian farmer is as well if not better off than his American cousin. Take the American magazines and newspapers and see what evidence they give; not a month passes without this question being discussed in some of the periodicals. They all bear one testimony, viz., that the American farmer is not prosperous. They are not only united in opinion as to the fact, they agree also as to the cause. In the April number of the *Forum*, Mr. C. Wood Davies, in an article on "Why the Farmer is Not Prosperous?" says it is owing to the use of improved machinery and the cultivation of vast wheat and corn areas in the West; production has outgrown population. The supply is greater than the demand, and there is a consequent fall in the market. The Eastern farmer with his limited acres has to suffer from competition with the West. The secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania asked the same question of six hundred grangers of that State. The most important cause assigned for the agricultural depression was over-production. An American paper of recent date says: "We raised more of two or three leading staples than could be consumed at home, and as other countries were making increased exertions to supply their own needs the inevitable result was a fall in prices, and to that the depression is due. The situation is the same as if the rolling mills of the country were turning out more iron than could be used at home, and were forced to sell the surplus in competition with the product of cheaper foreign labour."

So much for Eastern agricultural depression. And what about the West? We have every reason for believing that the farmers in north-western Canada are infinitely more prosperous than those south of the international boundary. The *Topeka Capital*, the most reliable journal in the State, gives us a most appalling picture of the result of the failure of the Kansas corn crop for two successive years. A recent issue contains letters from clerks of the district courts in 43 of the 106 counties into which the State is divided, in reply to questions asking how many real estate foreclosures have taken place in the first six months of the year 1890. In the 43 counties heard from there were 1,103 foreclosures—an average of 25 in each county. If the 63 counties unheard from have the same record, it would give 2,650 foreclosures in the State in the brief space of six months. This tells its own story. But Kansas does not stand alone in this misfortune; Missouri and Nebraska share its fate. Iowa and Dakota are fellow-sufferers.

It is cheering to turn from this gloomy picture to our own North-West. Year after year the farmers in Manitoba have been growing rich; even last year, a season of exceptional drouth, they had a good crop and did well. This year they have had an extraordinary yield, and, notwithstanding the loss from a wet harvest, will realize a handsome reward for their labour. The *Brandon Sun* tells us there are scores of farmers in that district who will be made comparatively rich by this year's crop alone; that many will realize from \$1,500 to \$10,000, while a few large farmers will realize even more. Mr. Sandison, for instance, is said to have a crop worth \$10,000.

A late issue of the same paper, Nov. 18, heads a column of news with these startling and hopeful words: "\$56,000 a week! Brandon farmers growing wealthy. They carry home pockets full of money and deposit receipts. Nearly 25,000 bushels of wheat marketed yesterday. Streets crowded with loads of wheat and the elevator capacity taxed." Below it gives us a detailed account of the wheat market and of the extraordinary scenes witnessed during the week, and concludes by predicting that 2,000,000 bushels of wheat will be marketed at Brandon this year. This will bring about a million and a-half of money into the pockets of the farmers in that district.

There is no reason to be despondent over the condition of the Canadian farmer. The effect even of the McKinley Bill will, I believe, be only temporary. We have a fine country, a good form of government, and glorious tradition. All we want is a little more faith in our future.

K. L. JONES.

PARIS LETTER.

THE French Academy every November award the Montyon prizes to proficient in the Cardinal virtues, and to successful essayists in science, literature and world progress works in general. Montyon bequeathed all his wealth to the Academy, about seven millions of francs, out of which they pay donations to certain city charities, and publicly distribute every year several thousands of francs in prizes, to succour lowly virtue, to encourage struggling literary and scientific talent, mechanical skill, and inventive genius.

It is distressing to reflect on the number of persons hopelessly afflicted, especially with lung disease, trooping into Paris to be cured—as they believe—by the Koch remedy. Public opinion cannot be too carefully put on its guard, against running away with the

impression that everything is a success connected with the Koch lymph and its utilization. The Medical Faculty is still in the "feeling-the-way-stage"; it recognizes in Koch's discovery a mysterious and wonderful agent, having a direct influence on the various forms of tuberculose. But no authenticated cure has yet been established—the trial periods being still insufficient; nor is it clear that relapses are not to be anticipated.

Several of the most eminent physicians in Paris have received some tubes of the lymph from the German Government to be experimented with. That Government has been presented with the discovery, and it is under its auspices that the lymph is prepared, not only to ensure its purity, but to prevent its falling into improper professional hands, till the experimental stage has been completely passed through. Senator Dr. Cornil has commenced a series of Sunday afternoon lectures in Paris on the experiments in course of being made under his direction. He is the highest authority on the bacillus or microbe question in France. Pasteur is not a doctor but a physiologist, hence, not a medical authority. Dr. Cornil is fifty-three years of age, and a native of Cusset, near Vichy. He received his first lessons in medicine from his father, a medical inspector, and obtained his degree in 1864. He has published several important and original works on anatomy and pathology. In 1870 he joined Gambetta's political fortunes, was made a prefect, was elected deputy, and, in 1885, a Senator for the department of Allier. Since 1882, he has been a professor in the University of Medicine. He has the largest collection of microbes extant, all classified and labelled like any other specimens of the animal kingdom. It was Dr. Cornil who made the post mortem examination of Gambetta, and handed over his extracted brain for conservation to the Anthropological Society, as directed by the defunct patriot and orator.

In 1884, the tuberculose microbe was discovered and named after its discoverer, the "Koch bacillus." Some may not know that "tuberculose" is the name given to the small aggregations or masses of roots resembling "little tubers" of diseased matter, which is associated with phthisis and scrofula. It is a hard yellowish semi-transparent substance, which on softening irritates and produces suppuration; the latter seeks naturally an outlet; in the case of consumption, by expectoration. But it is not so well known that these bacilli can not only swarm in the lungs—producing phthisis, but also in different other organs, as the skin, the lymph-glands, the bones, the joints, etc. The bacillus is also the active agent of brain fever, diseases of the larynx, etc. Hence the reason why all such maladies are now called tuberculose, and why the Koch lymph is being tested on them as a remedy. If successful, what a victory for suffering humanity.

Dr. Cornil is the advocate of small doses of the lymph, at first a milligramme in solution. The lymph is injected between the shoulders, near the spine, and close to the nerve centres. The lymph attacks, in the course of four to six hours, the tuberculous tissue. That truly specific action has been unknown till now. Under the influence of the remedy, an intense fever of several hours' duration sets in, reddening the diseased parts when the tissues containing the bacilli become modified in their vitality. After repeated injections, the tubercles are killed; but an important point to note is that the bacilli are not; they retain all their virulent properties. Dr. Cornil draws attention to the fact, that the fever and the rushing of the blood to the affected part only take place when tuberculose exists; hence the limitations of the lymph as a diagnosis.

How get rid of the dead tissue and its still virulent bacilli which are capable of propagating and infecting other parts of the economy? That's the difficulty. When the tubercles are upon or near the surface—as in facial lupus, etc., that tissue can drop away spontaneously; if deeper seated, surgical aid must be resorted to. In the case of the lungs where the tubercles are extensive and deep-seated, no surgical operation of course is possible. Dr. Cornil explained that inoculation under such circumstances would induce a flux of blood to the lungs, when the patient would undoubtedly expire from suffocation. But if phthisis was only in the commencing stage, the morbid tissue would be eliminated by expectoration. The skin and the joints can support without danger the violent congestion of blood, but such an organ as an inflamed brain could not. In the case of consumption in the larynx, a rush of blood caused by the Koch remedy would be followed by a swelling, which by closing the orifice would cause suffocation—as in the case of advanced phthisis.

Dr. Cornil's experiments are this week being continued on cases of advanced and incipient consumption. One man aged thirty-four was treated for facial lupus. Dr. Cornil tried the strongest dose, 5 milligrammes; the temperature rose—and fell back again—from 98 to nearly 105 degrees within 24 hours; accompanied with head-ache, and the sensation of nausea, but no shivering. Pains were felt in one of the finger and elbow joints, thus revealing the presence of the disease, though wholly unknown to the patient. And no pain was felt in an ankle joint which had been affected, and cured twelve years previously.

Cardinal Lavigerie seems to be politically "cornered" by Comte de Vanssay. A few weeks ago the Cardinal boldly declared in favour of the present constitution as the only viable one for France. He recommended his

clergy and all good Catholics to follow his example. *En passant*, he covered the memory of the late Comte de Chambord with flowers, but asserted that monarchy had committed suicide with the Comte de Chambord, and the seal was placed over its sepulchre. M. de Vanssay now publishes a letter from Cardinal Lavigerie, dated 25th August, 1874, as Archbishop of Algiers, wherein he urges the Comte de Chambord, in language as plain as a pike-staff, to make a Coup d' Etât, and that he, the Cardinal, would answer for one of the Commanders of the army being ready in advance to go over to the Comte and the Bourbon White flag. The Comte de Chambord declined to try a Coup d' Etât—proof of his sagacity that a Bourbon "remembers" something and learns "something"—because it would result in the most frightful of civil wars. It is an awkward document for the Cardinal, but he can say:—

And this is law, that I'll maintain.
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Z.

RONDEAU.

[Thoughts suggested by the Dying Year.]

CAN we be lost to those that held us dear,
Who, though invisible to mortals here,
Live on in memory—friends that loved us well,
And whom we trusted? shall the gods not tell
Us somewhat, sometime, of their spirit-sphere?

Oft as we strive a vision fond to rear
Of gentle faces gone, forms reappear
To fancy, and we cry beneath the spell:
"Can we be lost to them?"

Hearts' sorrow and hearts' trust shall man revere?
His soulful instincts cherish without fear
As angel-guides? wherefore should he repel
The heaven sent messenger that in his ear
Whispers, while falls the yellow leaf and sere,
"Thou art not lost to them!"

MARY MORGAN.

Hochelaga, Que.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

IT is a morning early in December. The sky is bright; the early sun is lighting up the dark evergreen foliage which forms so conspicuous a feature of every landscape in Japan, and the hoar frost sparkling in the sunshine gives a suspicion of coldness which is by no means unpleasant. I have just finished breakfast and am on the point of getting into my jinrikisha for my two miles' drive to the Naval Academy. But my jinrikisha puller presents me with a request, which he prefers after the manner of his country, with much cringing and bowing.

"Danna San (Master) when shall I get my new suit of clothes?"

"New clothes! Bother take your new clothes," I reply (my English thought, I fear, is far more idiomatic than my Japanese expression). "Why, it's only a couple of months since I paid for a new suit for you."

"I tremble with fear," replies the faithful Yasu San, "but your honour will remember that it was June when you got me those clothes and now it is December, and that suit is almost worn out with the hard work of taking your worship down to Tsukiji and back every day. Honourably, deign to make an inspection," he continues, as he holds up a tattered sleeve. "In truth, it is bone breaking work. And the cold weather will soon be here, and if we don't order the clothes the tailors will be too busy with their New Year's orders."

"Very well," I reply, "you can order those clothes, but remember they must not cost more than three yen at the outside." With this I jump into my jinrikisha and wrap myself up in my warm rug, thinking to make a start. But round the corner of the house the other man, who takes the children to school, has been listening to hear how Yasu San's suit has progressed, and out he pops grinning and bowing with his round straw hat in his hand.

"All right, Suna. I suppose you want some new clothes. Well, Yasu San is going to have some, so I suppose you must have some too."

And off goes my faithful Yasu San, jogging along under the evergreen holm oaks that form the avenue leading to my house, the varicose veins on his calves quivering, but whether with delight at having got the clothes, or with satisfaction at having cheated the foreigner, it is impossible to tell.

In the streets everything is busy with preparations for the coming festivities. In one house we find that all the sliding screens have been taken out and are piled in the streets, that the mats are being dusted and renovated, and all the woodwork of the house being sedulously wiped over with wet cloths. It is the great *susuhaki*, the Japanese spring-cleaning. Only fancy a spring-cleaning about the twentieth of December!

In another house we see three or four men pounding away with huge pestles at a lump of dough in a great mortar made of a dug-out tree-trunk. They are making *mochi*, the cold clammy rice cake which takes the place of the familiar mince pie of more Christian climes. In another, seated at a very low desk behind a screen not more

than two feet in height, is a merchant anxiously casting up his accounts with the aid of an abacus or counting-board. The *Omisoka* is drawing near, the "Great Day of Reckoning," when all bills must be paid ere the old year dies, to make place for the New Year who always in Japan begins with new books and a new clean balance sheet. No wonder he is anxious, for he can't get his accounts straight and to an old-fashioned Japanese who knows nothing of the credit systems of the west, and who generally squares up every month, it is a dreadful thought to leave any debts unpaid on the 31st of December.

And in a day or two it becomes my turn to be anxious too, as my shopkeeper friends come trooping in with their little bills which they politely insist must be paid before the end of the year. Well, it is a little inconvenient at times, but after all the system of monthly payments has its advantages if one can carry out the idea, which one can't always.

Then commence the presents. Two or three days after Christmas (which is not yet much observed in Japan) presents begin to arrive at your house—dried salmon, ducks, geese, cakes, boxes of eggs, or crates of oranges. But then courtesy demands an interchange of gifts and presently A's salmon is on its way to B's house, and the box of eggs which you got from C is going to D who perhaps had bought it himself the day before yesterday as a present for A who had sent it on to C, who had sent it you, and now you have sent it back to him once more. I have known ladies who have treated Christmas cards in precisely the same fashion. Haven't you?

Then, too, the streets begin to assume a festive appearance. At the doors of the houses are planted the *kadomatsu*, branches of pine and stems of bamboo, the symbols of longevity and prosperity. All along the streets bamboos are placed, and from bamboo to bamboo is suspended a rope fringed with straw and decorated with oranges and lobsters, whilst Japanese paper-lanterns add colour and brightness by day and night. Evergreen arches covered with bright golden oranges form another very effective adornment of the streets. It is noteworthy that all adornment is outside; no attempt is made to decorate the interior of the house. When the New Year dawns and for about a week afterwards every house exhibits the Japanese ensign, the red circle of the sun on a white flag. The scenic effect is very striking.

New Year's Eve is a bustling time. The shops and the street-stalls and the fairs which are held in various parts of Tokyo are crowded with purchasers, and wonderful bargains can sometimes be made by an old hand who knows the terrible anxiety of the merchant to get even a few cents towards meeting his engagements. The fun is kept up until late at night, and it is generally past twelve before silence settles at last upon the ancient city of the Shoguns.

When morning dawns and you are dressing yourself with more than ordinary care, you look out from your bedroom window and there are a couple of students, dressed in their very best, wearing white cotton gloves and carrying bundles of visiting cards. If you are a new hand at it you say: "Dear me! how very nice and kind of these boys to come and call on me at half-past six," and you hurry down to receive them. They hand you in their cards which you look at with interest and awe. On the one side are some Chinese characters too intricate to be reproduced here. On the other side written with pen and ink is a legend somewhat as follows:—

To my dear teacher,

J. SUZUKI,

to congratulate a happy new Year.

You usher them into your drawing-room, and after some persuasion they consent to take a seat as near the door as they can. Then they get their pocket-handkerchiefs out (new unwashed ones, specially bought for the occasion) and wipe their brows. "I was rudeness to you during the last year." . . . "I congratulate new happy year." . . . "I beg your kind teach." Having thus delivered themselves of their good-wishes, they relapse into silence and look uncomfortable. You (or rather I) feel uncomfortable and begin to fidget, thinking about breakfast. After a silent pause of ten minutes they look at one another, gather up their gloves, hats and visiting cards, and, after a flabby handshaking, work themselves out backwards. Poor awkward, ungainly Japanese student! He is a very good fellow in his inmost heart, and, in spite of his ridiculous ideas of Western etiquette, is really a lovable being.

A little experience teaches you wisdom, though, and presently you put a card tray on a chair near the front door, and subsequent batches of students and visitors simply deposit their cards and sneak off. This plan saves both you and them a good deal of time.

But presently the clock warns me that I must go off myself to pay my new year's visits. So I order my jinrikisha men, who come round to the door as pleased as Punch with their new clothes (for which I had to pay

eight dollars last night), and I start off on my rounds—the jinrikimen pulling me tandem fashion, one in the shaft and the other in front with a cord. Being in Japanese Government employ, my first duty is to visit the Emperor. Arriving at the palace about eleven o'clock, I find a very busy scene. The very high officials, the princes, the nobles, the diplomats, have already been received, and as I drive up I meet strings of carriages gay with uniforms, British, German, Russian, French, military, naval, civil. Arrived at the palace, I am ushered into a room where I find a dozen foreigners on the same errand as myself. Here we spend a quarter of an hour or so awaiting our turn, and watching the long line of Japanese noblemen, Shinto priests and Buddhist monks filing past us one by one into the audience chamber. Soon the chamberlain come in and we are drawn up in line, and then, as our names are called, we enter the Throne Room. There is nothing oriental about the ceremony. The Emperor, wearing a military uniform, is seated on a throne. By his side is the Empress, dressed in a robe of Paris fashion. Behind them stand the gentlemen and ladies of the Court, none of them dressed in the picturesque but inconvenient court-dress of the *ancien régime*—all are in uniform or western court-dress.

One by one we advance two or three paces into the room, make three low bows, and retire backwards through another door which leads us once more into the ante-chamber. We have done our duty; we have stood in the presence of kings; we are free men.

Free men? Not a bit of it. There is a long list of people whom we must call on to-day, and so, regardless of the attractions of the tiffin table, we (my jinrikisha men and I) fly through the streets making a short call here, dropping a fugitive card there, until our list has been gone through, and we begin (a little less rapidly now) to wend our weary way homeward.

What a gay scene the Japanese streets present on the afternoon of New Year's Day! For the only day in the whole year the shops are shut, and the servants and apprentices are all playing in the streets. Some are flying kites, and as you go along the road your hat is once or twice knocked off by the kite strings. But by far the greater number are playing at battle dore and shuttle cock. It is very pretty to watch the gay colours of the girls as they flit about the streets in chase of the tiny shuttle cock which a wily adversary has sent a long way off from his fair opponent. It is, moreover, an extremely romping noisy game. For the rule is that whoever misses a stroke shall have a mark painted across his or her face with a Japanese pen, and everywhere the street resounds with the merry shrieks of the fair ones as they claim or seek to avoid the penalty of the law.

Noisy and happy they are, but wonderfully sober, and the play that goes on is genuine innocent play, such as causes no blush or after shame, and many a time as I have watched a game of *hane* and *hagoita* have I wished that I too were a Japanese youth, and had the privilege of a good romp with a battle dore.

So we return home to find a pile of cards in our tray at the door. Most of these mean visits to be returned next day—but there! one can't always be thinking about visits, and we are frightfully hungry.

And the quiet home dinner is, perhaps, the best of all—not quite so elaborate a dinner, perhaps, as the Christmas dinner with its plum-pudding and crackers, and good wishes for absent friends—none the less dear because absent; but a dinner with one or two good and trusty friends (of whom Tokyo produces a fair crop), and after dinner a smoke and a chat, and a little gossip, as we discuss the affairs of our somewhat limited circle, and make resolves and plans for the coming year, whose birthday we have so auspiciously and so busily been celebrating.

I had almost forgotten to say that there is a great noise going on in the servants' quarters, laughing and singing and clapping of hands, and that from next door I can hear weird strains of *samisen* and *koto* played as an accompaniment to the feast by the accomplished daughters of my neighbour, Mr. O—. Everyone seems to be enjoying himself. The world is not such a bad place after all.

A. LLOYD.

A RED LETTER DAY IN THE ANNALS OF QUEBEC.

Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Repulse of Phips before Quebec
October 23rd, 1690.

ON Monday, the 16th October, 1690, Louis de Buade Comte de Palluau et Frontenac, had just held for one year the reins as Governor-General of New France, at Quebec. The anniversary of his return to Canada would likely have called forth a festal display and public rejoicings, as the mere presence of the intrepid veterans was reckoned a tower of strength to the struggling colony, sorely beset by merciless Indian foes; but, on that eventful morning, an astounding announcement blanched many cheeks: a powerful hostile squadron from New England, with decks crowded with troops, had anchored abreast of the unprepared, ill-fortified city. History depicts the fiery old Governor at the head of his staff, anxiously scanning from the lofty terrace of the Chateau St. Louis, the recent arrivals from sea: thirty-four formidable ships-of-war, which, after rounding Pointe Levy, at dawn, had taken position at 10 o'clock a.m.; the smaller craft lying towards Beaufort, whilst the flag ship and larger vessels had

THE RAMBLER.

anchored in the stream. This meant war: life or death to the alarmed denizens of the beleaguered citadel.

But what was Quebec in 1690? Champlain's cherished settlement of 1608 had had time to expand, increasing in population as well as growing stronger as a military post.

Its first residents, 'tis true, had long been gathered to their fathers; the old Scotchman, Abraham Martin—King's pilot; that universal genius, the land surveyor, Jean Bourdon; the trusty apothecary, Louis Herbert, first settler in the upper town; Guillaume Couillard, patron of the Basilica; the hardy and skilful interpreters, Nicholas Marsolet, Jean Nicolet, were no more, but they had left families, sons and many grandsons, great-grandsons innumerable. By the influx of colonists from Normandy, Brittany, Perche, etc., the population had increased to 1,500 souls. When Champlain left Quebec on the arrival of Capt. Kerk in 1629, 22 persons, viz., 7 men, 8 women and 7 children, constituted the French population of Quebec.

Talon and Hocquart, ablest of Intendants, had, with the help of the wise Colbert, been the avowed promoters of colonization, commerce, manufactures, ship-building, in the Great Louis' pet colony. The higher grades of education had been cared for—some think even too much: the Jesuits College founded in 1635; the *Seminaire des Missions Etrangères*, created in 1663, the *Petit Séminaire* in 1668. Well regulated conventual institutions, fostered by pious noble French ladies, taught the young idea to shoot, whilst a progressive but absolute ecclesiastic, of noble birth (Monsignor de Laval-Montmorency), had taken charge of the church and of religious foundations. The colony flourished, though a species of close borough to outsiders and despite monopolies and absolutism.

Another marked increase to the census soon took place after the disbanding and settling in Canada of the famous French regiment brought over from France, in 1665, by the pompous Marquis of Tracy; the Carignan-Salières Regiment formed by the Prince of Carignan and commanded by the dashing Col. de Salières. The King promised extensive tracts of land on the shores of the St. Lawrence to the officers who would found families in Canada. Hence, the origin of the French Seignories granted to French officers, several of whom hailed from the titled gentry of France. In many instances, their names were bequeathed to their broad acres, and are borne by them to this day; such as Capts. Saint Ours, de Berthier, de Sauré, de Contre Cœur, la Valtrie, de Meloises, Tardieu de la Perade, de la Fouille, Maximin, Lobian, Petit, Rougemont, Traverty, de La Motte, La Combe, de Vereheres, whilst their gallant troopers, allured to settle in Canada by grants of land and farm stock from the Government, were not slow in falling in love with the lively bright-eyed *Josettes* of Quebec and Montreal. Soon, says an old chronicle, the parish priest had his hands full, with marriages, and, in due time, with christenings. Many of these patriarchal families could successfully, in after years, have claimed Col Rhodes' premium of 100 acres for the twelfth child.

Social intercourse at Quebec in 1690, though on a limited scale, was apparently of good form, according to reliable writers. Charlevoix, who wrote the history of the colony, in 1720, a contemporary historian, speaks in high terms of the French societies of that and previous periods: "Manners were refined, no boorishness, the language spoken, pure, and no accent perceptible in the families, they were strong and well formed, the daughters lively and handsome."

"Quebec in 1690, says Dr. N. E. Devonne, had its Governor. The chief of his staff was Philippe Rigaud de Vaudreuil; the Intendant, a man of distinction, was Bochart de Champigny. The city had a Sovereign Council, Court of *Prévôté*, a Court of Admiralty, a Commissary of Marine, Overseer of Public Roads, *Grand Voyeur*, two bishops, Jesuits, Friars, Ursuline and *Hospitalières* nuns, secular priests, notaries, physicians, bailiffs, architects, and even a public hangman.

"The administration of New France was carried on by a Council, of which all the members resided in Quebec. It consisted of the Governor, of the Bishop, of the Intendant, of several Councillors, and of a Royal Attorney (*Procureur du roi*). It was composed of Louis Rouer de Villaray, the friend of the Bishop, an avowed partisan of the Jesuits; consequently, no friend of the old Governor. Another man of mark at the Council Board was Matthew d'Amour, Sieur de Neuville, Charles le Gardeur du Tilly and Charles Denis de Vitré."

Among the men of mark at Quebec, in 1690, may be mentioned the King's Attorney-General, F. M. F. Ruette d'Auteuil, Claude de Bernier, sieur de la Martinière, judge and lieutenant-civil; Charles de Monseignat, secretary to Frontenac and the author of a full account of what took place at Quebec in 1690; Pierre Becart, Sieur de Granville, who had been taken prisoner by Phips, near Murray Bay, where he had been sent to watch the New England fleet. Jacques Petit de Verneuil, George Regnard du Plessis, Treasurer of the Marine; Paul Dupuis, Seigneur of Goose Island (*procureur du Roi en la prévôté*), and for years the pious Seigneur of the Island, and father

of fifteen children; he was reputed to be a saint. In such a haunt of game, his sons must have been ardent sportsmen, one would imagine.

Michel le Neuf, Sieur de la Vallière et de Beaubassin. Jean Baptiste Couillard de l'Espinau, Lieutenant of the Admiralty; René Chartier de Lotbinière, Lieutenant of the *Prévôté*; François Prévost, Major et Commandant of the Castle; Augustin Rouer, Sieur de Cardonnière; Pierre de la Lande, Sieur de Gayon; Gervais Beaudoin, Physician to the Ursuline Nuns; Timothy Roussel, Physician to the Hôtel-Dieu Nuns; Louis Chambalon appointed, later on, a Royal Notary; Etienne Dubreuil, Notary to Quebec Seminary.

The numerous class of merchants, some of whom traded with the West Indies, were represented by Charles Perthuis, Charles Aubert de la Chenaye, François Hazeur, Denis Riverin, François Viennay Pachot, Guillaume Bouthier, Jean Sebillé, Nicolas Volant, Jean Gobin, Pierre Têtu du Tilly, Raymond du Bosc, Simon Soumande, Charles Macart, Denis Roberge and a number of others. Dr. N. E. Dionne, author of a prize essay on Jacques Cartier, from whom I have borrowed these details, has added a tableau of the men of mark in Quebec, in 1690, a portion of which I subjoin.*

The fortifications of Quebec, though of a rudimentary nature, in 1690, had been much improved by the new works of defences and palisades ordered by Count Frontenac in the spring, on the north-western, unprotected side of the town, towards the Ste. Foye road and plains of Abraham; though no guns were placed on the summit of Cape Diamond commanding the town until 1693. Town Major Prevost in the absence of Frontenac, then in Montreal, had very judiciously pushed on vigorously to completion these new works, and placed in position batteries wherever he could. "The cliffs along the St. Lawrence," says Parkman, "and those along the tributary river, St. Charles, had three accessible points, guarded (until 1871) by the Prescott Gate, the Hope Gate and the Palace Gate. Prevost had secured them by barricades of heavy beams and casks filled with earth. A continuous line of palisades ran along the strand of the St. Charles, from the great cliff called the 'Sault au Matelot' to the Palace of the Intendant. At this latter point began the line of works constructed by Frontenac to protect the rear of the town. They consisted of palisades, strengthened by a ditch and an embankment, and flanked at frequent intervals by square towers of stone. Passing behind the garden of the Ursulines, they extended to a windmill (Dupont de Neuville's) on a hillock called 'Mount Carmel,' and then to a brink of the cliff in front. Here there was a battery of eight guns near the present Public Garden (Le Jardin du Fort), two more each of three guns, were planted at the top of the Sault au Matelot, another at the barricade of the Palace Gate, and another near the windmill of Mount Carmel, while a number of light pieces were held in reserve for such use as occasion might require. The Lower Town had no defensive works but two batteries, each of three guns, eighteen and twenty-four pounders were placed here at the edge of the river efficiently directed by Le Moyne de Ste Hélene and Le Moyne de Maricour, two brave brothers of Le Moyne de Longueuil, also serving in this memorable campaign.

Quebec, December 1, 1890.

J. M. LEMOINE.

*PERSONNAGES MARQUANTS DE QUEBEC EN 1690.

- Gouverneur Général de la Nouvelle-France. Louis de Buade, comte de Palluau et de Frontenac, Chevalier de l'ordre de Saint-Louis.
- Intendant. — Jean Bochart, sieur de Champigny, Norais, l'Verneuil, etc.
- Grand Prévôt des Marchaux de France. — Paul Denis, sieur de S. Simon.
- Lieutenant particulier de la Prévôté. — René Louis Chartier de Lotbinière.
- Lieutenant de l'Amirauté. — Jean-Baptiste Couillard de l'Espinau.
- Conseillers du Conseil Souverain. — Louis Rouer de Villaray, premier conseiller; Mathias d'Amours, de Chauffour; Nicolas du Pont, de Neuville; Jean Baptiste Peiras; Charles Denis, de Vitré; Charles le Gardeur, de Tilly.
- Procureur général du Roi. — F. M. Ruette d'Auteuil.
- Greffier en chef du Conseil. — Alexandre Peuvret, de Gaudarville.
- Huissiers. — Guillaume Roger, premier huissier; René Hubert, du Conseil; Joseph Prieur, de la Prévôté.
- Contrôleurs. — Pierre Benac, c. général; Pierre Chevalier, pour les MM. de la Compagnie; Antoine Gourdeau, sieur de Beaulieu.
- Tresorier de la Marine. — George Regnard du Plessis, sieur de Morampont.
- Grand Voyeur. — René Robineau, sieur de Bécancourt, fils du baron.
- Hydrographe du Roi. — J. B. Louis Franquelin.
- Architectes. — Claude Bailly, Jean le Rouge, François de la Joüe.
- Notaires. — Claude Aubert; F. Genaple de Bellefonds; Gilles Rageot; Etienne du Breuil, du Séminaire.
- Médecins. — Gervais Beaudoin, des Ursulines; Timothé Roussel; Nicolas Sarazzin; Jean Léger de la Grange; Armand Dumain; Pierre du Roy.
- Garde-magasins. — Charles Catignan.
- Colonel des troupes. — Louis Philippe Rigaud de Vaudreuil.
- Major et commandant de Québec. — Frs. Prévost.
- Capitaine des gardes. — Michel le Neuf, sieur de la Vallière.
- Exécuteur des hautes œuvres. — Jean Battier.

CLERGÉ DE QUÉBEC.

- Mgr François de Laval de Montmorency, retiré.
- Mgr Jean-Bte de la Croix-Chevrières de St-Valier.

(To be Continued.)

FINESSE is the best adaptation of means to circumstances. — Macaulay.

THOU mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred. — Sir Walter Raleigh.

IT would be hardly true to say that Christmas literature begins and ends with Charles Dickens, yet one is fain sometimes to make such an assertion. For with him alone reigns the genuine Christmas flavour—something more than mere enumeration of Christmas joys and Christmas dishes, yet no suspicion of cant attaching itself to a single line out of the many he has left us. Like most ardent and gifted people Dickens was a sincere believer. One has only to read his letters to his sons, written when they were about to part from him perhaps forever, to gather an idea of what his Christianity was worth. It was worth a good deal—and as a great many who read his novels know very little of his shorter pieces and miscellaneous work, I am going to quote a paragraph of great beauty from the "Uncommercial Traveller."

"But Hark! The Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, that gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying on a Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

Ah! rest assured that Christmas without Christ is nothing! And now that the arch-festival is over, let me say, I hope no one that reads this column was unhappy on that day, or dejected, or worried, or unfortunate. That married people stayed at home and played with their children when they had them; and when they hadn't, that they went into the dark places of the town and did what they could for other people's children. That bachelors found warm and innocent welcomes at the hearths of grave yet cheery friends. That old-maid aunts and poor relations were patiently dealt with. That servants were spoken pleasantly to, and that something was dropped into the errand-boy's hand. That that letter to an aged relation across the sea was written, and that a Christmas-card was sent to a friend, forgotten these ten years. That the home was paramount, and that most of you stayed away from the theatre or the dance and went to church in the morning and kept in by your fireside in the evening. And above all—away with that fancy that Christmas is "only for the children." Have we, as men and women, as toilers and workers, parents and friends, and lovers, no rights, no privileges, no claims as well as the little ones to the sweet follies and hallowed delights of Christmas-time? I am certain we have, only the bread-winning, and the toiling and moiling somehow make us forget them.

But, of course, there is a reverse side to the picture—there always is. I have seen Christmas Day relegated to a positive idolatry of wasteful, improvident, spoiled and petted childhood's whims and caprices. The floor is strewn with senseless toys; the child is first bewildered, then impatient, and, lastly, irritable and excited. In common with the rest of the household, he eats overmuch, and that "sweet reticence" which should, if ever, surely be practised at this season is sadly wanting, with the prosaic result of ill-health on the morrow and a wheelbarrow full of broken toys.

A discussion between advocates of Canadian accent and pronunciation and adherents of English models of the same has opened in the *Mail*. How ridiculous these Radical friends of ours are, who consider that if we make use of the soft *a* or otherwise lean to the accepted English standards, we are naturally Anglomaniacs, and, therefore, unpatriotic Canadians! It might be supposed that as we are accustomed to regard Germans and Frenchmen as the best purveyors of their own languages, so educated Englishmen might well be left to represent the noble speech, not alone of Britain, but of her manifold outposts and possessions. But no—we frequently hear that the best English is spoken in Dublin, that provincialisms infect the speech of even cultivated dwellers in the world's metropolis, and we are even called upon to assent to the remarkable statement that two out of three Englishmen drop their "h's."

Harm has, no doubt, been done to the cause by the advent of shallow and wandering sons of Albion, who too often are taken by narrow natives of this Dominion for true representatives of their country. The truth is, that there does undoubtedly exist a very unpleasant and unmannerly accent among Canadians, compounded of Irish and Yankee. There is nothing wholesome about it, whereas we all love an honest dash of brogue, nor can we fail to applaud the clear insistence of much American enunciation. This reminds me that once, when visiting in the Western States, I complained of the habit among young men,

*"Tout est ici de belle taille, et le plus beau sang du monde dans les deux sexes; l'esprit enjoué, les manières douces et polies sont communs à tous; et la rusticité, soit dans le langage, soit dans les façons, n'est pas même connue dans les campagnes les plus écartées. Nulle part ailleurs, on ne parle plus purement notre langue. On ne remarque même ici aucun accent." — Charlevoix.

students, and so forth, of wearing the hat always a little on one side of the head. "That's so," was the rejoinder, "but anyway it makes them look smart. 'Taint like you Canucks, I know; you wear yours on the back of the head." And, rightly snubbed, I held my peace. Naturally enough in a new country comparatively little attention is paid to minor details of speech and manner both in schools and at home, but this neglect is, I think, rapidly passing away. No actor or actress of eminence in the United States but has given serious care to the elimination of those distressing local peculiarities which unfit them for anything but local characters. There is a standard of English speech, and it is an English standard—not an American, nor an Irish, nor a colonial one. If here and there the dialect or peculiarities of the individual crop up, that is the fault of the individual and not of the race.

I remember very well, in a vagabondish summer several years ago, looking for lodgings in London—I will spare you the Dickensonian details—and very well I recollect choosing a fairly comfortable room on the second floor, well furnished, neat, and looking out upon the verdure of Regent Park. My landlady, after the usual preliminaries, disappeared into her underground burrow, and I was left alone with a little Cockney maid, pleasantly disposed enough and clean, though grimy (it is only in London that one can be both at the same time), and very nicely should we have got on together had I been able to understand her. But her extraordinary pronunciation, in which the vowels were all changed, defied me. All her "o's" were "e's," and all her "a's" "i's." She was the most finished specimen I ever met, and I don't know how many blunders as to meals, messages, and so forth I made, from my inability to understand her. On the other hand, I employed for several weeks, as *bonne* and sempstress, a middle-aged woman from the Gladstone Home, who spoke not only perfect English but also most excellent French. She was glad to come to me for six or seven shillings a week—think what she might command out here?

SONNET.

THE woods that summer loved are grey and bare,
The sombre trees stretch up their arms on high
In mute appeal against the leaden sky;
A flurry faint of snow is in the air.
All day the clouds have hung in heavy fold
Above the valley where grey shadows steal,
And I who sit and watch them seem to feel
A touch of sadness as the day grows old.

But o'er my fancy comes a tender face,
A dream of curls that float like sunlight golden,
A subtle fragrance filling all the place,
The whisper of a story that is olden,
Till breaks the sun through dull December skies,
And all the world is springtime in the deep blue of her eyes.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

WHAT do you think of Parnell now? Such is the question that has been put to the writer, and no doubt to many others, also, very often of late. He who has watched that statesman's political career with a sympathy born of a practical knowledge of the evils which it is the aim of Parnell's life to redress, has put the query fondly hoping that even in his dark hour of gloom Ireland's leader has not been deserted by all, save the querist. On the other hand, there are those who have asked the question with hearts closed to all explanation favourable to the object of their dislike; and though they exhibit an outward abhorrence that such monsters should be tolerated in civilized society, yet can scarcely conceal an inward rejoicing that the career of this troublesome Irish agitator has come to such an inglorious close—

For who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Far from me be the thought of condoning the grievous crime of which Parnell has been convicted, but to my mind the real importance of the issue, brought so prominently before the British electorate by Mr. Gladstone's letter, does not depend so much upon an answer to the question, What do you think of Parnell? as upon an answer to the one, What do you think of Gladstone? That Parnell was culpable in betraying in such a gross and sinful manner the confidence of a friend who offered him the hospitality of his home, or at least in permitting himself to be the guilty dupe of a designing friend, is undeniable. Nothing can excuse crime, though extenuating circumstances there may be.

But apart from all this, is it a true principle of patriotism or Christianity to consign to eternal political darkness the unhappy transgressor of the moral law, even when the offence is the grievous one of adultery? To the Christian mind the story of her who was taken in the very act of sin will readily occur. Though her condemnation was impiously and boisterously demanded by the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees, the Author of all truth and purity sets at nought the clamour of their falsehood, and calmly calls upon the accuser who is without sin to cast the first stone. Not so Mr. Gladstone, when appealed to by accusers, in many

respects not more pure or sincere than the Pharisees of old. It is not with him "Go in peace and sin no more," but rather, "Depart from me, wretched sinner; henceforth there shall be no alliance between thee and mine; your presence is obnoxious, and any toleration of you would make my mission a nullity."

Such is the forlorn hope held out to one whom friend and foe alike acknowledge to be possessed of rare ability and unimpeachable political integrity. From so eminently a Christian nation as England one might more reasonably have expected the application of the parable of the unjust steward in the Gospel, who, though he had acted dishonestly, was commended in so far as he had done wisely. But the full results of the issue raised in this question do not end with the fact whether or no Mr. Parnell has been treated unjustly. There are crimes against the moral law other than a breach of the sixth commandment. Are those also to be visited with political banishment or some milder form of condemnation so that the punishment may fit the crime? It is the teaching of an eminent Christian saint that "without faith it is impossible to please God." And yet the alliance of one, at least, boastfully wanting in this essential virtue has not been so distasteful to a Christian electorate as to endanger at the polls the political party with which he has cast in his lot—a party, moreover, by whose support he has been enabled to break down the barrier that stopped his entrance to the Legislature. To the drunkard the gates of heaven are closed, but not the doors of the legislative chamber. Surely, if the admission is conceded, preferment on account of ability and worth in the sphere of their duty will not be denied.

It seems to me that the political leader who takes upon himself even in the hope of a present popularity the office of a censor of morals is drifting into waters that will become too deep and stormy for the safe navigation of the ship of State.

It is, I know, eminently desirable that great men, and more especially the great men of public life, should be good and pure; but are they to be made so by the fear that if convicted of wrong-doing in one particular, all merit, encouragement or hope of reward in all things else will be obliterated. I cannot think so. Rather would such a course tend more to the manufacture of the pious fraud than to the extinction of the designing scoundrel. In the case of the persistent and irreclaimable libertine the sober judgment of a sensible and virtuous people may be relied on to deny him public preferment. But is it a cardinal sin in a nation to sanction and support the public acts and even the leadership of one eminently entitled as a political counsellor and leader to its fullest confidence, because in an hour of passion, and under more than ordinary temptation, he sinned and sinned grievously?

The Irish people must not have thought so, because in the full light of the divorce court revelations their representatives and the popular press solemnly and decisively pronounced in favour of Parnell's continued leadership. Not until Mr. Gladstone signified, through Mr. Morley, that with the leadership of the Irish Nationalists in the hands of Mr. Parnell he (Gladstone) could not hope to lead the Liberal party to victory, was there the slightest murmur. Parnell's deposition, then, so far as Ireland's representatives are concerned, is not on moral but political grounds. With Mr. Gladstone and the English press the reverse is the case. They base their objections to his leadership on moral grounds alone; otherwise, apparently at least, he is *sans peur et sans reproche*. True the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland have now declared that on moral grounds alone Parnell should be forced to retire. It is to be regretted that their pronouncement was not made at a time when it would be free from the suspicion of having been inspired by Mr. Gladstone's action, and when possibly it might have saved the Irish party from unseemly division.

I have ventured to put on paper the foregoing reflections made on my mind by the present rupture existing between Mr. Parnell and his former allies—the Liberal party—in the hope that you may find them worthy of a place in your columns; and in the further hope that some of your many able contributors may be induced to give to the public their views on, what appears to your humble correspondent, the important principle involved in the struggle. I do not write in the interest of Mr. Parnell in the stand he is now taking against a majority of his followers, though I do believe had they adhered to their first determination to stand by him both he and they would have triumphed. In the present state of affairs, with the powerful and daily accumulating forces against his leadership, support of him can only lead to disunion and the final disruption of the Irish party. Ireland, in her present condition, cannot bear the strain of the further delay that would be necessary to justify her course before the English people for retaining Parnell, with a majority of her representatives and the voice of her bishops against him.

K. W.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—*Franklin*.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants; and that is the readiest way to riches.—*Seneca*.

A MAN born in a state of poverty never feels its keenest pangs; but he who has fallen from a life of luxury feels them with all their bitterness.—*James Ellis*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SAVING OF LIFE ON RAILROADS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—From time immemorial the moths and flies have been so fascinated by the glare of the lamps that by night illuminate our streets and our homes, that they have assembled in mad aerial dances around those bright centres of attraction, until one after another approaching too near the source of the entrancing brilliance, they have singed and ruined the wonderful mechanism of their gauzy wings, or burned their highly-organized though frail bodies, and fallen in heaps upon the ground. The poetically gifted amongst us have found their pity quickened by this order of catastrophes, but what rejoicings should there not have been in the assemblies of the fitting creatures of the hour when first their syndicates heard that the electric light, with its vacuum and shield of glass, would give liberty for their fascinated onrush, while it saved them from themselves and all the destructions their tribes had grown so familiar with. The sluggard may go for wisdom to the ant, but the reckless wayfarer on our railroad tracks might find an effective warning in the drama of the flies, now being so essentially changed in its conditions. A writer in the London *Spectator*, quoting a well-known proverb, says: "Experience teaches, but no experience ever taught a crowd. It affects an individual now and then, and it teaches the teachable soul, which is all that can ever be hoped. Indeed, it is always a surprise to me how little experience does for the best of us," etc., which is only saying, in other words, that for all public movements the people need leaders, men of judgment and right feeling, who will show them the way out of the trouble of the hour. "Every man for himself" can never be the rule of civilized society. But if any of us wish to profit by the results of experience in railroad accidents, we should return to those comprehensive statistics lately quoted in the editorial columns of THE WEEK, with the hope for still further classification and illustration of the figures, by which we were informed that in 1889 the appalling number of 1,972 railroad employees were killed and 20,028 (twenty thousand of our fellow mortals!) injured in that one year on the railroads of the United States. During the same period 310 passengers were killed and 2,146 injured on the roads of our neighbours, and our editor adds: "When we compare the millions of passengers who have used the roads during the year with the comparatively small total number of employees, the contrast in the numbers of each class killed and wounded is startling and suggestive." The intrepid and self-denying mechanic who works the train is the conspicuous victim. "A contemporary contrasts the terrible slaughter with that of the battle of Waterloo, and adds: 'The figures above given by the Railway Commission represent an aggregate of suffering horrible to contemplate, and that finds no parallel, save in the carnage of a great battle.'" It is not for nothing that we repeat these figures. But we learn also that 3,541 persons who were neither employees nor passengers fell victims to the locomotive on United States' railroads in 1889, and that 4,135 of the same class were injured during the same time. To my thinking, this is the astonishing part of the whole return. The number killed in this class is by far the largest, and they are all people who should not have been on the track at all. The railroads were made for the trains to run on, not for pedestrians. It may be true enough that they often present the shortest road from one place to another, but if they are to be tramped over, they should plainly have sidewalks. All the "level-crossing accidents" are included in this batch of figures. Reform must be provided both for the action of the persistent trespasser and the reckless driver, and if these two classes are no longer permitted to immolate themselves, more than half the work of life-saving on the railroads will be accomplished. Let us stop and think. These are the figures that go near to doubling the Waterloo carnage! Surely, for once, the "Americans" and we are rowing in the same boat! The Canadian figures, which are certainly not quite so bad as the American, but bad enough, have been furnished to THE WEEK from Ottawa by Mr. Cross of the Railway Department. These also should be studied by all thoughtful Canadians, for all such must desire to understand this question of life and death for the people. The habits of the two peoples in the one connection are exceedingly similar, the Americans doubtless taking the palm for personal self-assertion. No people can give fuller effect to such tragedies in description, and yet none are so reckless in their practical management of the lines. Their own editor says: "What makes it the more sad is that much of the railway slaughter is not only preventable but criminal. But a small number of those killed lose their lives by accidents that might not have been prevented." Our editor of THE WEEK proposes, as alternative plans, a Government Commission to enquire into the whole question of the working of Canadian railroads—a plan the companies will be very foolish, if they should attempt to hinder—or a life-saving league to be formed by the people to press the reform upon the Government. From which it would seem to be clear that whatever plans are adopted, it is only the Government that in the end can help us out of our sore strait. Sir John Macdonald, as we all believe, in spite of the warpings of party, has brains and good feeling, and, in addition, the inestimable privilege of the power to largely give effect to the wisest suggestions that

may come in his way. He may own to some fear of the political influences that are somewhat illegitimately wielded by companies which we as a people have chartered, companies whose desire it is to make money out of our Canadian travel and freightage, and whose directors know, as men of business, that service up to the requirements of the day must be afforded on their lines. If all our people had as few mercenary motives in this connection as our distinguished leader, the difficulty would already be in a fair way of solution. As the railway companies have nothing to gain by disorganization and calamity, no portion of the press should consider itself bribed by advertisements and printing orders to betray the country in a conspiracy of silence. The conductors of those able and influential journals know that their first duty is to the people, and those journals that in firm sincerity keep themselves up to their work, and each day's requirements in relation to it, will be the ones to secure the public favour. In the writer's younger days the London *Times* distinguished itself greatly in such work, and may do so again, in the expansion of British interests. An action is now pending for \$10,000 in Montreal by a widow, for her husband run down and killed by an unguarded train. He was worth all that money to her. Our people may, as a rule, have their minds immersed in business, but their hearts are right when you can reach them. This is only in quite a subordinate sense a money question. It is a question of the life of families, and they will determine that these things shall be attended to by those who have assumed the duty of representing them, and whose valued privileges should always depend upon their efforts to promote the interests of their constituents in life and property. Their own personal interests are secondary, and to be considered in their proper order. The time seems hardly yet to have arrived for fully discussing the suggestions of "Britannicus" and other friends. Men of practical experience, such as he, are the writers we hope to hear often from in the course of this movement. X.

THE GRAND JURY QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The expenses of the Grand Juries to the County of Hastings for the past five years have been \$3,943.70, exclusive of the costs of summons and sheriffs' fees for mileage and service, an average of over \$800 per annum. The functions of our Grand Juries are greatly curtailed by the Speedy Trials Act, where the prisoner elects to be tried by a judge at the County Judge's Criminal Court; and by far the greater number of our criminal cases are disposed of in this manner. In England, I believe, the Grand Juries are selected from the resident magistrates. My opinion is that the best substitute for the Grand Jury would be a Grand Inquest, composed of seven qualified Justices of the Peace for the county, under seventy years of age, who would have the powers now possessed by the Grand Juries, and who should be drafted by ballot, or in as nearly the same manner as Grand Juries are now selected. There being two Courts of Superior and two of Inferior Criminal Jurisdiction in each county during the year, four juries are required. Thus let the Grand Inquest be drafted from all the qualified magistrates, under seventy years of age, by the same parties who now draft the juries—say thirty-five, which will give four panels, one for each court, and seven to spare for death or sickness, etc. I think this would be quite as efficient, and be a saving of many hundred dollars per annum to each county. What do you think of the plan? MOIRA.

Belleville, Dec. 8, 1890.

CANADIAN NATIONAL LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Your correspondent, who suggests the formation of a Canadian National League "for the promotion of a distinct national feeling friendly to a connection with the British Empire, consistent with our self-respect" and hostile to annexation, has made a very happy suggestion. Public opinion, which will in time settle the question of our future relations to England, is in process of formation. The time has not come for us to settle that matter, and as a people we have not yet come to any conclusion. Were a simply drifting towards some position different from our present one. Imperial Federation, to my mind, is a splendid dream, beautiful in theory, whose advocates are to be commended for their enthusiasm and their advocacy of a federation of the English speaking race, but I feel that it is quite unworkable. I have seen no scheme that seems at all practicable. I confess I am waiting for more light on the subject of Canada's future. At present my thoughts tend rather in the direction of an Independent Dominion, with a treaty of alliance with the Mother Country, whereby we sacredly bind ourselves to her, and she binds herself to us for defence of either land, and where there shall be the freest commercial intercourse between the mother and the daughter. This would preserve the feeling of loyalty to the mother that bore us, and reverence for that historic past of England of which we are inheritors, while giving free scope to the national aspirations and instincts which are slowly rising and growing stronger among us. My position is that of many in this country. Born in Canada, of an English father, and a mother, the grand-daughter of a Loyalist, I inherit a passionate love for Canada and an unbounded faith in her future, with an

undoubted attachment and feeling of loyalty to the land from which we sprung. Now the suggested league commits us to no theory, but would cultivate a national spirit, in unison with some kind of connection with the British Empire. All Canadians, who are not annexationists, could join it, as it would not affect their opinions on Imperial Federation or Canadian Independence. I hope we shall hear more of it.

Winnipeg.

EDWIN S. W. PENTREATH.

THE RECLAMATION OF ASHBRIDGE'S BAY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Kindly give me space to speak on a subject of vital importance to the city of Toronto. I refer to the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay. I believe that public opinion is a unit in demanding that this work be done—if only on sanitary grounds. It is a moot point, however, how it is to be done.

Some argue that the city ought to have whatever profit there is to be made out of this work—i.e., that the corporation should do it, an arrangement that might be paralleled by suggesting to the Ontario Government not to let any private company have any mineral lands, as the province ought to have all the benefit to be derived from mining and smelting ores for themselves. Others, again, contend that it should be done by private enterprise. I will briefly give my ideas of the two schemes:—

It is estimated that the work of dredging, piling, etc., will in either case cost \$5,000,000. Where the city could get this money is a question that is not easy to answer. But supposing the money could be obtained, and supposing it was as well administered as it would be by a private concern (which presupposes a miracle), when the work was done the bay would undoubtedly be cleansed, and that would be about all. True, we would have seven or eight hundred acres of vacant land added to the area of a city that already has too much of it, at a cost of say \$300,000 per annum interest and sinking fund. But, then, land held by private owners would be cheapened and depreciated in value by the competition; for, of course, the city could not make it productive, and would have to put it into the market like any other holder.

On the other hand, a private syndicate, willing to spend \$5,000,000 on improving land on which they obtain a lease only, would necessarily take hold of and push forward the work with an energy and activity born of a hope of gain; for the sooner the land is prepared the sooner it will be likely to yield dividends from the various industries which the particular syndicate I have in my mind proposes to establish. I give here a synopsis of their proposal:—

1. They ask for a lease of the proposed scene of operations for forty-five years subject to reasonable conditions.
2. They offer to put up \$100,000 as a guarantee to be forfeited if they fail to carry out their agreements.
3. They will reclaim the land and dredge the bay at their own cost.
4. They will cover say three hundred acres of the reclaimed land with iron and nickel smelting works, rolling mills and other subsidiary industries, such as foundries, car-wheel shops, etc., etc., costing many millions of dollars, and employing five thousand men.
5. They will pay taxes on the land as it becomes productive.
6. They will allow the city to have quiet possession of the lands without encumbrance (save the buildings, of course) at the end of the term; said lands then would perhaps be worth \$20,000,000.

I say, if they do one-third the work they promise, they will give the city a manufacturing and industrial impetus that it sadly needs at present. A great deal more could be said in favour of this proposal, but I think I can with confidence leave the public to judge of the respective merits of the two plans, merely saying that if the council has time to look after the scheme (if they do it) they ought to be able to attend to the ordinary affairs of the city more successfully than they do; and, lastly, I have no interest whatever in the syndicate other than, being a ratepayer of the city, I am interested in whatever promotes the prosperity of Toronto. CITIZEN.

Toronto, Dec. 20, 1890.

THE GAMBLERS OF POMPEII.

IT was my good fortune to be in Pompeii not long ago when three bodies were discovered under somewhat peculiar circumstances, circumstances that are no doubt in the recollection of many. The three bodies were found within one house; one lying across the atrium end of the porch, and two lying in a small room next to the triclinium. The latter lay on the ground, one on each side of a marble table. It was evident that these men had been gambling before death, as two pair of dice were found on the table, and on the floor a third pair. These last were loaded; in that fact lay the romance of the discovery.

It was late in the afternoon when I went down with the foreman of the excavations to see the new find, as he called it. The bodies were to be left undisturbed until the next day for the purpose of rediscovery for the benefit of some distinguished person who was expected to inspect the ruins. Being a privileged person, from my frequent visits to Pompeii, the foreman allowed me to remain alone in the newly-excavated house when his duties called him

away. In the house itself there was nothing very worthy of note, or differing materially from other Pompeian residences, yet, even when the sun was slowly sinking across the Bay of Naples, I was loath to go away. I sat down again for a few minutes on one of the dusty benches in the dice-thrower's room, and for the twentieth time endeavoured to refashion the story of that last game and its sudden ending.

The shades of evening must have stolen over my senses and tempted me to sleep. I opened my eyes to see the moon full-risen over Vesuvius, while its light flooded the courtyard and outlined the marble fawn that stood behind the colonnade of the garden. I got up, and walking to the door gazed for a few minutes at the mountain and the irregular outlines of the ruins, when suddenly I was attracted by a rattling on the table behind me. I turned again towards the room, turned to see a sight that made my heart beat and my brain reel; for seated at the table there were three men, two of whom were throwing dice.

It is a commonplace reflection that in great crises of life we are apt to do and think of the most trivial things. My first conscious thought on seeing the figures at the table was one of surprise as to why the third man was present, and I instinctively turned for an answer towards the porch of the atrium. As I expected, the body that had lain across it in the afternoon was no longer there. This assurance that one of the marvels that were happening before me was in apparent consonance with reason, had the effect of tempting me to see the thing out. Indeed it was easier to sink down on the seat that ran along from the door on the fourth side of the room than to get away, for I have an idea that, if I had endeavoured to move, my legs would have refused to serve me at the time, although my brain was now steady enough. Looking at the table from where I sat, the two players were seated opposite to each other to my right and left, while at the far end of the room and table, facing me, there was a third man, who was apparently engaged in keeping a record of the play.

In the few moments that elapsed between my waking and my sitting down, there appeared to have been a change in the light. The moon still flooded the court outside, but our room was apparently illuminated by the afternoon sun shining through the canvas awning that was stretched over the aperture in the roof. This light was sufficient to enable me to make out clearly the features and expressions of the players, and the style and materials of their clothes, which were those of the first century of the Roman Empire.

I was possibly for some time too nervous, owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances, or to fear of being discovered, to take any particular notice of the fluctuations of the game. My attention was suddenly roused and fixed by observing a quiet movement beneath the table made by the man sitting to my right hand. From my position I was enabled to see what would be invisible to his opponent, and possibly also to the man whom I call the marker, as the latter was sitting close to the table, whereas I was some feet away from it. However, it flashed on me at the time, and has since been my opinion, that this man was aware of the fact that one of the players was making use of loaded dice: that in fact they were leagued together to fleece the other man.

From the instant, then, that I noticed the substitution of dice on the part of the man sitting to my right—the gambler, as I may call him—I became almost as absorbed in the vicissitudes of the game as the players themselves.

I found from my intentness in listening and watching that the Roman pronunciation, that was at first a stumbling-block, became easier to understand.

I gathered that the marker's name was Quintus, the gambler's Marcus, and Caius that of the man who was evidently to be swindled.

Even if I had not been aware of the cheating employed against him my sympathies would probably have gone with this Caius, who was a fine looking young fellow, with clear cut features, patrician bearing and wondrously fair hair for the South. His opponent had all the appearance of an accomplished roué, and the marker was of the same type.

The game was played for the most part in silence; the few words necessary being the mention of the stakes, that were offered and accepted by a sign, while Quintus, the marker, kept the record. It is not creditable to the freshness of my classical knowledge that I could not at the time accurately realize the value of the stakes being played for. These values I have, of course, since looked up for confirmation, but will only give them here approximately for the benefit of the many who may have for the moment forgotten them as I did. The first amount mentioned was Decem Sestertia (about £80); shortly afterwards the stake had risen to Centum (about £807) on a single throw, and from this the game progressed with variations of luck, if I may use the term, until Caius was some eight thousand pounds in the gambler's debt. But it would be wearisome to trace the vicissitudes of the play. I had many opportunities to admire the adroitness of the gambler's proceedings, as he alternately won and lost with consummate skill, leading his opponent on by allowing him fictitious winnings on small stakes, and so tempting him to heavier ventures where he was sure to lose.

I was, of course, ignorant of the true time, but it seemed to be towards evening, as it was growing darker every moment, when Caius suddenly jumped up from the table with the exclamation: "There, that's enough for me."

As he spoke a peal of thunder or something like it shook the house and rattled the dice on the marble table.

A REMINISCENCE.

"Bah!" sneered the gambler, "are you afraid to go on because Vesuvius speaks?"

"Afraid? No," said Caius, "but for that matter I don't care for the sulphurous smell, and—look at the blackness over the mountain with the lightning playing round it!"

"Well," growled the marker, "that will give you light to play by; but if Marcus accepts your excuses for not going on, it's nothing to me. Here are the tablets with your losses."

"Excuses," cried Caius, angrily, "who can accuse me of backing out? I should think that's about enough to lose at one sitting."

"Oh, I daresay," said the gambler, with a nasty laugh, "but you promised me my revenge, you know."

"And if I did," retorted Caius, "have I not lost twice what you did?"

"Yes," said the gambler, "but I played twice as long and would have gone on all night, lose or win."

"Well, then," said Caius, curtly, "one more game; but make haste, or we shall be smothered by the ashes."

That final game made up a picture that I have not seen approached by Gustave Doré in his wildest flights. Indeed, it could not be produced on canvas in its rapid changes, and fairly beggars description. The whole sky was illumined by a dull, red glare that was brilliant enough to bring out the figures with startling effect as they leaned over the table waiting for a lightning flash to make clear the numbers on the dice after each throw. In the constant rumble of thunder, or earthquake, or whatever it might be, I could not hear a word from the players. I could only momentarily make out their faces from flash to flash, and read their strained anxiety as one of them might win or lose. But from the first I knew the gambler was toying with his opponent, for the semi-darkness gave him full play with the loaded dice.

The end came at last. Caius flung his dice upon the table with an oath that I could gather from his expression but could not hear.

A deafening crash shook the house to its foundation, and a shower of ashes seemed to deluge us from all sides.

When I could see and hear again, the gambler was leaning across the table, and had seized Caius by the arm. I caught the words, "You say you can't pay me now; I tell you it is too much to lose. When will you pay me? And what shall I do, man, if you don't get out of this cursed place alive?"

"Do?" cried Caius, as he flung the gambler's hand from him; "do you think I have the tricks of a gamster, like yourself? Even though you have swindled me, I will pay, if it be my last denarius."

What followed I lost; and then in a lull in the roaring of nature, I again seized the words, "A good round centies buried in our tomb in the Appian way. Remember! the stone with the vestal and the tripod. Now let us get out of this hot-house."

"On your honour, is this true?" asked the gambler, as he plucked Caius by the shoulder.

"By the gods!" came Caius' answer with a bitter laugh, "would you doubt the word of the last of the —?"

The sentence was never finished. As the word trembled to formation on his tongue, a blinding flash of lightning filled the room.

For a second's space I saw Caius and the gambler facing towards me, one on each side of the table, while behind them towered Quintus, the marker, a dagger in his uplifted hand.

Swift as the lightning flash the blade descended twice, to be buried between the shoulders of his friends. Lifeless the two bodies fell almost at my feet.

A moment later the murderer's form was outlined between me and the door. He darted across the court; but as he skirted the impluvium I fancied I saw him slip and fall, all certainty being lost in the gathering gloom. Dazed with horror, I followed him, feeling my way along the pillars until I neared the vestibule and paused in dread of what I might find.

As I stood there in doubt, the moon came out from behind a cloud and showed me—not Vesuvius in eruption and an ash-strewn atrium, but one new-swept and garished, and at my feet the crumbling body of a man who had died nearly two thousand years before.

I knelt down and passed my hand gently along the right arm to where the hand lay hidden under the body; it grasped a dagger, and the discovery assured me that I had indeed been the witness of this great game of dice in the old days of Rome.

Poor beggar! he had committed his murder with the idea that he alone would hold the secret of the buried treasure, and that Vesuvius would cover up the traces of his crime.

And so for a time it did.

As for me, I rail at fate for allowing that dagger to fall before Caius had syllabled the name of his family, and thereby given me the clue to the tomb in the Appian way, that still holds in its concealment its centies of some eighty thousand pounds.

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

THE smoke of glory is not worth the smoke of a pipe.—*George Sand.*

As long as the heart preserves desire, the heart preserves illusions.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE good book of the hour then is simply the pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you.—*John Ruskin.*

BEFORE me spreads a wide, neglected field,

With moonshine flooded from a sapphire sky:
The village school, some straggling houses nigh;
And, at a pathway's ending, half-concealed
By deep tree-shadows from the moon's bright shield,
Two boys lounge careless how the moments fly—
The silver-footed moments—while they ply
Light wings of airy talk, friends close annealed.

An hour runs on: the changing shadows show
The boys' clear faces lit with youth and hope,
With earnest-hearted friendship's overflow,
And vision'd outlook on the future's scope—
The large, kind future, of surest mysteries,
Successes high and golden histories.

J. H. BROWN.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.*

"O FLORENCE, what hast thou done to-day?" was the question asked by Girolamo Savonarola, when, on the scaffold, erected near the Palazzo Vecchia, he was about to be despatched by the executioner. The inhabitants of the splendid city on the banks of the Arno, with all its rich artistic treasures and eventful history, have had good reason to ponder the remonstrance implied in Savonarola's dying enquiry. The memory of great crimes endures long, and for ages yet to come the murder of one of the noblest and purest citizens of Florence, under the hypocritical guise of legal process, will be remembered as an indelible stain on the fair fame of the magnificent Tuscan city.

The career of Savonarola has a fascinating interest. The story of his life has often been told. He has had ancient and modern sympathetic biographers, and hostile critics as well. Historians whose visions have been dazzled by the splendours of Medicean magnificence have seen in the saintly prior of St. Mark's and the eloquent preacher of the Duomo only the self-seeking and meddling ecclesiastic, animated by a sordid ambition, whose chief aim was his own and his order's aggrandisement. That such an estimate is mistaken, as well as unjust to the memory of a man of singularly elevated character, no careful and candid reader of the history of the fifteenth century can for a moment doubt. Nor will any reader of Professor Clark's interesting volume fail to receive an accurate impression of the man and his times, whose portrait and surroundings are drawn by a skilful and competent hand.

Girolamo Savonarola was born of estimable and well-to-do parents in Ferrara on the 21st Sept., 1452. He was a thoughtful and serious-minded boy. It was the intention of his grandfather, who took a warm interest in his education, to train him for the medical profession. In his general studies he made marked progress. Even in his earlier years Savonarola was deeply impressed by the moral degradation so widely prevalent in Italy at that time. A love affair proved unfortunate. The object of his affections, a haughty damsel of a noble house, disdainfully repelled his suit. Some time afterwards, while on a visit to Faenza, he heard a sermon by an Augustine monk, which deeply impressed him, and from that time he resolved to withdraw from the world and seek for liberty and peace in a cloister. He sought and obtained admission to the Dominican order in Bologna. With a rare spirit of devotion he fulfilled the duties and obligations of monastic life in the convent of that city for seven years. He pursued his studies and meditated deeply on the great problems of the religious life of his age. The decay of spirituality and the spread of corruption deeply distressed him. His reading and meditation were preparing him for the important work he was to accomplish later.

Savonarola's earlier attempts at preaching were little better than failures. So depressed was he by ill success that he was inclined to abandon it altogether. As a teacher he was successful from the first, and from experience gained, together with the encouragement of friends, he was induced to make further efforts. For a time Savonarola resided in a convent in his native place, but Ferrara having been threatened with attack by the Venetians, the monks, for safety, were distributed among other convents, and Savonarola was sent to Florence, henceforth to be the scene of his activities, and finally of his martyrdom. He entered the convent of St. Mark's, where from the first he was highly respected. His first series of Lenten sermons were not generally appreciated. The themes selected were not such as to please the popular tastes. The times were evil, and he was not one to prophesy smooth things. The plainness and directness of speech with which he rebuked the vices of the people offended many, especially those in the higher walks of life. He was remonstrated with on the manner of his preaching, but as he was thoroughly in earnest, and believed that he had a special message from God to deliver, he continued on his course without modification. The burden of his preaching was that the church would be scourged, then renovated, and that these things were impending. In 1491, Savonarola was elected prior of St. Mark's, where he managed to effect great improvements in the life and discipline of the convent.

In the stormy times that followed, Savonarola played an important part. During the French invasion under Charles VIII. he was sent on a diplomatic mission, in which he was more successful than the other ambassadors,

* "Savonarola: His Life and Times." By Wm. Clark, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

and made a salutary impression on the French monarch, to whom he spoke plainly. Then came the revolution that drove Piero de Medici from the government of Florence, and re-established the freedom of the republic. The prior of St. Mark's was a patriotic citizen, and his services were frequently sought in the public interest. His great aim was the preservation of the people's rights and the reformation of their manners. To secure this latter object he was impatient, and his efforts to stem the torrent of evil doubtless provoked antagonism, which the partisans of the Medici were not slow to utilize for the purpose of securing the return of the deposed ruler. Piero de Medici had taken refuge in Rome, and it was no difficult matter for him to secure the sympathies of the Pope in his plans to regain his lost sovereignty, and wreak vengeance on those who had been instrumental in driving him from Florence.

Though in harmony with the Roman Church, Savonarola was a believer in the leading evangelical doctrines. He did not question the validity of the Papacy, but he was of opinion that the Pope should be amenable to a general council. The Pope, though he tried hard, could not truthfully accuse the illustrious Florentine of heresy, but he used the strongest denunciatory language he could find. Between the Pope and Savonarola there was nothing in common. The Pope at the time was Alexander VI., one of the worst of the Borgias. The conflict ended in the condemnation of Savonarola; and many of the Florentines, whom he had served so unselfishly, exulted, when, on the 23rd May, 1498, they saw the body of this Italian precursor of the Reformation perish in the flames.

Professor Clark has brought his scholarly attainments, critical acumen, patient research and impartial spirit to the investigation of a deeply interesting period of Italian history. He has executed his task with excellent judgment. He had a large canvas and a heroic figure to paint; the result is an excellent picture with an appropriate background. There is nothing florid or exaggerated about the work. Enough is told of the condition of Italy in general and Florence in particular to elucidate the subject, and no more. There is no overloading of material. The life and opinions of Savonarola are illustrated by extracts from the sermons of the great preacher, and the author, with becoming taste and modesty, refrains from obtrusion. The book, in moderate compass, tells the complete story of a noble life and a saintly martyrdom that still have lessons for us who live in other times and under happier influences.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE students of the above institution gave an excellent account of themselves in the programme arranged for the closing matinee of the year held on Saturday afternoon last. The way in which the different numbers were rendered reflected great credit on both teachers and pupils. We wish the Conservatory a very prosperous New Year.

THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE Pavilion was fairly well filled on the evening of the 16th inst., and, as Sig. D'Auria came forward to the stand to conduct his excellent orchestra, a warm greeting welcomed him. The programme was well arranged and provided an excellent variety of pieces, and showed to advantage the capabilities of the orchestra. This was illustrated in the first movement of Beethoven's (Op. 21), as well as in the different movements in Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor by Mr. Tripp (who is a performer of great promise) on the piano, accompanied by the orchestra. Mr. E. W. Schuch favoured the audience with two songs, "Infelice" and "Norman's Towers," both of which were well rendered. Sig. D'Auria's "Fantasie de Concerte" was beautifully rendered, the solos by the different instruments being well executed. Above and beyond all, we should mention the "Funeral March of a Marionette." Sig. D'Auria and his orchestra might well be proud of the way in which this beautiful march was executed. We were delighted with the patriotic rendering of our National Anthem, which should always be a treasured feature of a musical performance before a Canadian audience.

THE "CORNICAN BROTHERS" AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Is there an actor, known as a handsome man, who is successful in roles that run into tragedy, or, for that matter, has there ever been one? The question occurred to us in the first act of the "Corsican Brothers" last night, and after thinking it over we answered it in the negative before the end of the play. We cannot think of a single great tragedian who had a beautiful face. We take it that the power in the lines, and the mobility of contour necessary for the full expression of the tragic in its intensity are inconsistent with beauty of feature. We have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mantell off the stage, and we must apologize to him in any case for referring to personal advantages of which we have heard he is the possessor, and which, from our position behind the footlights, we should most certainly judge him to possess. Happily these advantages of face and form are not all that Mr. Mantell possesses; he has a very good voice, a most charming smile, and, at times, a power of acting that is rare. For instance, the perfection—we use the word advisedly—of his gesture and delivery during the playful description of his brother's love affair in the second act, was of a sort but seldom given to us on the stage. It was charming, and so was Mr. Mantell's speech, given with that irresistible smile. We warn him that we shall join in the cry of

"speech! speech!" again before the close of his engagement. Frankly we cannot give Mr. Mantell equal praise in the parts of his dual character where he has to lay bare the workings of a heart weighed down by impending and inevitable doom. The "Corsican Brothers" is not a good play. We have found it more disappointing every time we have seen it. The smoothness of its action, the rounding off of its harshness, everything depends on the power of the central character, and the possession of the necessary power, we would rather say genius, to fill it is granted but to few. We have seen the play made memorable by the actor of the Dei Franchi, but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Mantell's impersonation is praiseworthy, and the charm of his personality is always with him. We hope some day to see him when that charm and his undoubted capabilities in certain lines will have full play. We shall not speak of him this week in his familiar part of "Monbars," but shall endeavour to notice his "Hamlet" and "Othello" in our next week's issue. To his assumption of "Hamlet" on Friday night we are looking forward with much expectation. Of the minor characters in the "Corsican Brothers" we need not speak. They were creditably filled, but, as we said, they are to us entirely subordinate to the central impersonation. It was pleasant to see the large audience that greeted Mr. Mantell on the opening of his engagement. We regret that owing to the necessity of going to press on Tuesday, we shall be unable to notice the play at the Academy for this week.

MR. KREHBIEL, the musical critic of the *Tribune* has written a paper on Chinese music for the *January Century*. The composer, Henry Holden Huss, has supplied grotesque harmonies to some old Chinese marches, and these accompany the article.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE. By T. Buchanan Reid. Illustrated from original designs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This now somewhat hackneyed poem again visits us, and though we confess that reiteration is apt to be wearisome, yet the beauty of the new designs, the fineness of the engraving and the excellence of the letter press and paper make the old war song, in its new uniform, a pleasing addition to the holiday issues.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE; A Canadian Epic, etc. By Wilfred S. Keats. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

This pretty volume and its attractive title might well draw a lover of the beautiful and of Canada to make himself acquainted with its contents. Nor will these be disappointing. This exile (soon, however, to be restored to love and home) has real poetic gifts; and if he does not always fly on a well-sustained wing we must remember that the greatest sometimes "nods." Our exile, temporarily disappointed in love, leaves England for our Western Shore and goes through all the older Canada, telling in verse its romantic story, and telling it well from the Plains of Abraham to Queenston Heights. The author is a loyal Briton and an impassioned Free-righter; Roman Catholics and citizens of the States receive rough treatment at his hands. Just as we are about to join in his despair, he receives a most satisfactory letter from England, telling him that he has only to return and be happy. Listen to this:—

Slowly advances the Jesuit faction,
Crafty and subtle the means they employ.
Protestants fight, but uncertain their action—
Party dissensions their power destroy.

We commend these sentiments to Col. O'Brien.

RAISE THE FLAG; And Other Patriotic Songs and Poems. Toronto: Rose Publishing Company. 1891.

The title of this beautiful little volume indicates the occasion of its existence. Last February a deputation waited upon the Minister of Education to advocate the raising of a flag on the school-houses on national anniversaries. A large flag was offered by a local newspaper to the school in each county which produced the best essay on the subject of "Raising the Flag." "As an encouragement," says the editor of the present volume, "to the children who have written the best essays in each school, and who would otherwise receive no recognition of their success, a few loyal Canadians have compiled (and subscribed the cost of producing) this little collection of Patriotic Songs and Poems, as the most appropriate remembrance to be given to the scholars who have written the best essays on these subjects."

We wish we could transcribe the whole of this excellent preface, breathing the most ardent attachment to the land from whence we have sprung, and manifesting the most undoubting confidence in our own national destinies. It is not quite easy even to indicate the nature of the contents of this volume, and it is still more difficult to enumerate them or to give specimens. We have, of course, Mr. Muir's widely known "The Maple Leaf Forever," Mr. Kirby's admirable "U. E. Loyalists," Mr. Cockin's excellent "Fair Canadian Land," Mr. Hughes' spirited "Upon the Heights of Queenston," Mr. Moberly's arousing "Destiny," not to mention the extracts from Mr. Mair's classical poem "Tecumseh" and other poems. The whole volume is in every way commendable; and so long as such books

are published and read there is little danger of the Union Jack being supplanted by the Stars and Stripes. Instead of quoting from any of the better known poems, we will give the first and last of four stanzas which are printed on the back of the title-page:—

Canada! Maple-land! land of great mountains!
Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze.

Last-born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold.

THE GOLDEN KEY. By George Macdonald. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

A fairy tale by George Macdonald will always find eager and delighted readers. How can a writer who, whatever his shortcomings may be, is yet one of the purest and noblest novelists of our time fail to entertain and instruct the wee ones for whose joys and griefs he has ever shown the warmest interest, and the tenderest sympathy. The child life of George Macdonald's books is as the fragrance of the flowers in springtime, and its death as the decay of their delicate bloom. "The Golden Key" unlocks for the children a sweet little literary treasure.

THE SECRET OF AN OLD HOUSE. By Evelyn E. Green. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

Mrs. Green is a refined writer of tales for children, and this last contribution advances rather than diminishes her reputation. We want more of such pure, healthy books for our children. They are good mental and moral food, and are gratifying to the juvenile taste. Dinah and Tim, the children of a "black country" doctor, exert a good influence over the fortunes of Gerald Ducie, a lad of the morbid, self-sufficient type, and are the means of restoring him to the good graces of his estranged grandfather. Their good offices lead to the material advancement of their father. Some useful historical information is imparted through the pleasing medium of this well told story.

THE VOICE IN SPEECH AND SONG. By Theodore E. Schwank. New York: John B. Alden.

Within a comparatively small compass we have in this volume a treatise at once philosophic, scientific and popular. The author has command of a rich and copious diction, and a graceful and attractive style. His familiarity with his subject, coupled with his mode of explaining and enforcing his views, by concise exposition, vivid illustration, appropriate anecdote and judicious reference, render his work one of more than ordinary merit. The voice is considered from its genesis as a simple instrument of sound, through the vast range of its capabilities as the means of human speech and song. Its timbre, quality, modulation are discussed, as well as its scope in accent, rhythm and command of an audience. We commend this work as one of more than ordinary interest to the casual reader, and of surpassing interest to the thoughtful reader, singer or speaker, by whom it will be found replete with interesting, instructive and improving information.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. Toronto: D. T. McAinsh.

We have before us the first number of a new review of "Theological and Philosophical Literature," published quarterly at eighteen pence (thirty-six cents) a quarter, and six shillings a year. The names of the publishers, Messrs. T. Clark, and of the editor, Dr. S. D. F. Salmond, are a sufficient guarantee for the high character of the review and the excellence of its contents; and we can assure those who may procure the first number under this conviction that they will not be disappointed. To clergymen of all communions it will become a necessity, as we have no other publication in the English language which occupies the same place; but we believe that many laymen are no less interested in these studies. We have here reviews of all recent works on the subject of theology and philosophy, written with competent learning, with perfect fairness, and with adequate fulness. The price places the review within the reach of all, and we wish it prosperity.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' CYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES AND SPORTS. By John D. Champlain, Jr., and Arthur E. Bostwick. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Mr. Champlain's experience as associate editor of the "American Cyclopædia" has stood him in good stead in the compilation of this volume. The compilers may well say, in the words of their preface, that the book "is a compendium of recreations of all kinds, including outdoor games and plays, athletic and rural sports and pastimes, chemical and mechanical experiments, and amusements," though we must take exception to the words that follow "and every similar thing that can interest a wide-awake boy or girl." Many United States writers are so accustomed to the use of such vaunting phraseology that they are apt to overlook the fact that it rather diminishes than enhances the value of their work in the estimation of that not inconsiderable portion of the world which lies without their borders. However, as the compilers add that "this cyclopædia has

been written for American use from the American standpoint" our exception may perhaps be superfluous. We may say that this is one of the most serviceable, comprehensive and satisfactory publications of the kind that we have seen. The subjects are clearly, concisely and historically treated, and the work abounds with illustrations which are very helpful to the reader. It would prove a useful book of reference in the libraries of adults as well as of juveniles.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA. By Walter Savage Landor, with preface by Havelock Ellis. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company. Camelot Series.

Probably no better medium could be selected by which the rich hues of Landor's imagination and his refined and classic culture could be impressed upon the reader of today than "Pericles and Aspasia." Within the charming pages of this attractive volume, in a series of imaginary letters, the author seeks to represent to us the scenes, characters, thoughts and expressions of an interesting period in the life of ancient Greece. Though Landor was not a profound Grecian yet his fondness for classical study, his research, his poetic genius, his discursive style, and free and original mode of expression so often taking the form of clear, striking and proverbial phrases, have won for him a position at once unique and interesting amongst the masters of English prose. Mr. Havelock in his modest but appreciative preface truly says of Landor that "unlike Keats, who may sometimes be said to have written as an instructive Greek, Landor always remains himself, an unmistakable Englishman." This volume is by no means the least attractive in the series to which it belongs.

SOCIOLOGY; Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Boston: James H. West; pp. x., 403.

The title of this book is a misnomer. It is not a treatise on Sociology, but a collection of essays that bear upon the body social only indirectly (with exception) if at all. A better title would have been "Social Aspects of Evolution," for the purpose of the lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association is the advancement of the Evolution Philosophy. In the earlier volume entitled "Evolution" we had a weightier contribution to the literature of Evolution than we have in this, and if the Brooklyn Ethical Association means to make its work important, it had better refrain in the future from asking men who are neither specialists in philosophy nor science to appear before it. Mr. George F. Pentecost, for example, may be useful in his generation on the platform when Herr Most's influence needs an antidote; but this does not mean that Mr. Pentecost is competent to deliver himself on "Evolution and Social Reform." If we remember that the book is simply a collection of essays and a collection of very unequal merit, it will serve a purpose; especially the contributions of John Fiske on Youmans, and Mr. D. G. Thompson on the "Scientific Method of Social Reform." But why these, and more particularly Mrs. Treat's essay on "Aea Gray," should have been printed in a work on Evolution, and then denominated "Sociology," passes our comprehension.

THE WORKS OF XENOPHON. Translated by H. G. Dakyns, M.A., Assistant Master in Clifton College. Four volumes. Vol. I. Hellenica I. and II., and Anabasis. London: Macmillan and Company.

The first volume of Mr. Dakyns' long-expected translation of "Xenophon" has at last reached us. We are sorry to think that the second volume will not bear the words "Assistant Master at Clifton College." That is, we are sorry for Clifton, but glad for ourselves in the hope that Mr. Dakyns' well-earned leisure, after a twenty-six years' mastership at the school, will enable him to favour us with his remaining three volumes at short intervals. We are safe in saying that this first instalment of Mr. Dakyns' really great work will meet with almost unstinted praise. We have submitted it to the severe test of reading the Anabasis through in the translation without reference to the Greek, and have found nothing left to wish for in the strength and nervousness of the English. We have also compared several famous and difficult passages with the original and can speak very highly of the closeness of the rendering. The translator has elaborated the life of his author as one who loves one of the most lovable of the Greeks. The foot-notes are ample and admirable, especially in the matter of values, measures and distances. In short, if, in dedicating his work to the Master of Balliol, Mr. Dakyns felt the ambition to do for Xenophon what Dr. Jowett has done for Plato, we do not think he is likely to fall short of his desire.

AMERICAN SONNETS. Selected and Edited by T. W. Higginson and E. H. Bigelow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.

This collection of American Sonnets is distinctly in advance of the only two previous collections. In 1867 S. Adams Lee published a selection of 227 sonnets from 45 authors; in 1889 William Sharp edited 250 sonnets from 89 authors; whereas the present collection, though limited to 250 sonnets, represents 153 authors. So few are the really first-class sonnets by American poets that we are tempted to wish each specimen had been from a

different pen. Though carefully chosen as a rule, in many instances several specimens are given of one writer without raising our appreciation of his power, thought or style. Aldrich's "Sleep" might well have been omitted, as several better have been written by Americans; that of S. M. Peck, for example, which is not quoted. The first American sonnet was written late in the last century, and not only for its historic importance, but also for genuine merit the sonnet of Colonel David Humphreys on "The Soul" deserves to be preserved in all collections of American sonnets. We regret not to find it here. We must praise the editors, however, for omitting such early parodies as those Davies, Paine, etc., produced, and such passionate spasms of inebriated genius as Amélie Rives' "Surrender," etc. We notice that Canadian Sonneteers have been prohibited, whereby the collection loses certain work of Scott, Wetherald, Reade, Roberts, Lampman and others, equal to anything in the book. On the whole the selection has been carefully and judiciously made and edited, and we can thoroughly recommend it to all who have a relish for good sonnets as containing the best of those written by American poets.

A Boy's Town. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Adults will probably be better able to appreciate the cleverness of this admirable book than boys, for Mr. Howells so completely puts himself in his boy's place, that other boys would hardly notice the amusing and touching points, or the vein of sarcasm that runs through it, almost as if the author had a kindly contempt for the boy and his surroundings. It does not impress us as having been so joyous a young life, as the many advantages possessed by this town, "as a town for a boy to be a boy in," would lead us to expect, with its rivers, "the great Miami River, and the old river which held an island in its sluggish loop; the boys called it The Island; and it must have been about the size of Australia, perhaps it was not so large." "Then the town had a canal, and a canal basin, and a first and second lock. You could walk out to the first lock, but the second lock was at the edge of the known world, and when my boy was very little, the biggest boy had never been beyond it." With these facilities for bathing, fishing, drowning, and in winter for skating, a boy ought to have been happy. His sufferings from fear of ghosts, from witnessing any cruelty, and, later, from home sickness, fill us with pity for the little fellow; while his efforts after truthfulness, though ludicrous, are really touching. The little picture left in his almost baby memory of the "drowning of the one-legged man" is striking and pathetic, and his joy when he was presented by his father with a little axe, and ran home and "fell upon the wood pile with it, in a zeal which proposed to leave nothing but chips," is very natural. Also his learning "before he had gone far, that this is a world in which you can sate, but never satisfy yourself with anything, even hard work." The book is interesting, as giving an idea of the extreme simplicity of things in general in "the town" in those somewhat primitive days, such as politics, schools, amusements and religious customs. The binding is pretty, and the numerous illustrations, like those in so many of the American books of the present day, are charming.

THE *Writer*, in its December number, continues ably to fulfil the purpose of its inception "to interest and help all literary workers." Its short, pointed articles by literary workers, written for their kith and kin of the pen, are pithy, practical and suggestive; and have the praiseworthy merit of being clear, concise and condensed.

WE think the *Political Science Quarterly* for December a capital number of this important review. There is an able sketch of "Henry C. Carey and His Social System," by Prof. C. H. Levermore. "The Evolution of Copyright" is admirably treated by Brander Matthews. "Political Economy in France" is a comprehensive survey of the history of French economics by Prof. Charles Gide. The third paper on "The Taxation of Corporations" is furnished by Prof. E. R. Seligman. The usual departments are well filled.

IN *The Overland Monthly* for December, the title "Reminiscences of the Conquest" stirred us to a thrilling expectation that we were to be treated to the recollections of some benighted friend of William the Conqueror, who might be still alive; but, alas, the conquest is that of California, and again, alas! the second article in this number is of California also. The Pacific coast is evidently decidedly provincial. To sum up this number is not satisfactory. There is a colourless notice of Borneo and Labuan; there are a few stories that lack style and originality. That is nearly all.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December has a number of very good articles. The three most striking are the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's "Shall We Americanize our Institutions?" Mr. Chamberlain thinks that some radical changes are necessary. "Irresponsible Wealth," a timely symposium from the pens of Cardinal Manning, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler (Chief Rabbi) and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. In "England and the McKinley Bill: The Trade League against England," Louis J. Jennings, M.P., sounds a warning note to which it were well that the English people should take heed. The other articles are, as we have said, good, and Lord Grey concludes "In Peril from Parliament."

IN the December number of *The Westminster Review*, Henry W. Wolff sees in "Alsace-Lorraine in 1890," after "twenty years of firm and resolute government," that "the whole country seems under police surveillance." "It literally bristles with spiked helmets." H. de B. Gibbins has a terse and vigorous sketch of that master of modern economics, "Professor Thorold Rogers." Harold Cox gives a thoughtful review of "Re-housing the Poor in London." "The Dangers of Hypnotism," are carefully considered by St. Clair Thomson, M.D., and in the "Independent Section," Mr. George Coffey has an able contribution on "Mr. Parnell and the Land Purchase Bill," and Mr. Laon Ramsay another on "A Plea for an Eight-hours' Working Day." "Contemporary Literature" and "Home Affairs" cover their respective grounds with accustomed ability.

THE Christmas number of *The Dominion Illustrated* is a long step in advance for that bright Canadian paper, and it is a credit to the literary, artistic and journalistic ability of our country. From the graceful and timely Christmas greeting on the second page to the inimitable presentation of the comical vagaries of the habitant biped "Melchoir Seraphin," and his Rosinante quadruped "Rosalie" by William McLennan in the supplement, the reader is interested and charmed. Some of the best known names in our literature appear as contributors—in poetry Archibald Lampman and the Australian, Douglas Sladen, in tales, Charles Roberts and the king of Canadian short story writers, E. W. Thomson. The other departments are filled by authors of note and ability. We tender our compliments and congratulations to the publishers on their successful and patriotic venture in this "purely Canadian production."

Macmillan's Magazine comes to us with its usual budget of entertaining matter. The interest of the Serial "He Fell Among Thieves," is well sustained. "The Universities and the Counter Reformation" reproduces an able address by Dr. Ward. "Pure Water and Plenty of It" will interest not only the dwellers in "Cocagne" but the thirsty ones nearer home who are fain to quench their thirst with the above-mentioned liquid, alas! too often seasoned with the tawny nectar of Toronto Bay. The anonymous writer of "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" gives as a third instalment "My Professor of History," the name being but the thread about which is wound a skein of amiable gossip about a by-gone century. There is a pleasing sketch of Henry Vaughan, the author of "Beyond the Veil," etc., who is characterized as "The Predecessor of Wordsworth in More Ways than One." "On the Fells" is a piece of descriptive writing. "Le Coup de Jarnac" and "At the Sign of the Golden Bird" are two good stories. Mr. W. O'Connor Morris critically reviews Mr. Lecky's last volumes, and "Leaves from a Notebook" end an interesting number.

Harper's Magazine for December is a superb Christmas number. It opens with "As You Like It," the third of the series of articles on the comedies of Shakespeare. The comments on the play, written by Andrew Lang, are accompanied by eleven beautiful illustrations (including the frontispiece, printed in tints) from drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. Charles Dudley Warner in "The Winter of our Content," refers to Southern California. The article is illustrated. Theodore Child writes concerning "A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion"—the famous Leyland residence in London. His article is illustrated from paintings by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and G. F. Watts. Pierre Loti contributes an illustrated article about "Japanese Women." The fiction is "A Christmas Present," by Paul Heyse; "Flute and Violin," by James Lane Allen; "Plaski's Tunaments," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Mr. Gibble Colt's Ducks," by Richard Malcolm Johnston; "A Speakin' Ghost," by Annie Trumbull Slosson; and "Jim's Little Woman," by Sarah Orne Jewett. The editorial departments, too, have a distinctive holiday flavour.

IN December *Temple Bar* we will only mention Mr. Fraser Rae's article on Sir Walter Scott's Journal, as we hope to refer to it at another time. Following Mr. Rae's contribution on Sir Walter comes Mr. Lacy's on another beautiful, guileless and lovable character—Stafford Northcote. We can remember the first time Sir Stafford was pointed out to us on St. James Street, and how we raised our hat to him whenever we met him afterwards, out of pure love and respect for the man. Mr. Lacy gives several stories touching Sir Stafford that we meet with for the first time. "The Expiation of David Scott" is a magazine story of the supposed-crime-and-expiation-by-proxy type. Mr. G. S. Layard has an article on the "Illustrating of Books" that will appeal to those who like to have their Trollopes and Dickens illustrated, but we are not of them. There is a story by Mr. Bent; a sonnet that, marvellous to say, is good, but then it is anonymous. There are "Letters of a Worldly Woman." We are afraid of letters from sad experience. Lastly, there is an article on the Civil Service, which to us is taboo. Altogether, the number is a good one.

THE *North American Review* for December is an uncommonly excellent number even for this excellent magazine. We regret that exigencies of space permit us only to glance at its contents. The Hon. John G. Carlisle, Senator from Kentucky, is the writer of the opening article, one on "The Recent Election," and in it he takes occasion to pass some severe criticisms on Congress and its measures, and many there are who will heartily agree with him. Next comes an article on Victor Hugo's "*Choses Vues*"

by Mr. Swinburne, and all can guess the style in which this is written—almost everything is "noble," or "sublime," or "incomparable." Nevertheless it is a highly interesting review. Sir Lyon Playfair writes hopefully of the possibility of arbitration being some day substituted for war—a good "Topic for Christmas." Following this, however, comes Captain Zalinski on "The Future of Warfare." The Marquis of Lorne touches on "The Partition of Africa." Mr. Erastus Wiman occupies three pages in assuring his fellow-countrymen that "there is every reason to feel confident that the commercial affairs of the country (the U.S.) are in a sound and healthy condition." The Director of the New York Pasteur Institute writes on Dr. Koch's discovery, which he conjectures to be "a concentrated solution of a special ptomaine extracted from the culture of the tuberculous (*sic*) bacillus." Admirers of "The Great Cryptogram" will read Mr. Donnelly's "More Testimony against Shakespeare." There is also a symposium on "Shall our Daughters have Dowries?"

MR. W. T. STEAD has evidently been born with the journalistic instinct, while his career has fully developed it. In projecting the *Review of Reviews*, he made a happy hit. So great is the pressure of modern life, and so numerous are the meritorious contributions by gifted writers to the periodical literature of the time, that the press of intelligent readers can scarcely pretend to keep track of much that is eminently worthy of consideration. Mr. Stead has not attempted to reproduce the more noteworthy papers in the leading reviews and magazines, but he has been remarkably successful in seizing on all the salient points of the monthly issues, and presenting them in clear perspective to the reader. Originality is not confined to the design of this new monthly; there is in each number an exhaustive yet interesting character sketch, an exposition of some great questions of popular interest. The prominent subject selected for the last number is Mr. John Morley. It is apparent that Mr. Stead's distinct personality impresses itself indelibly in the *Review of Reviews*. The orderly arrangement and the large mass of valuable information in each number are striking. The venture has met with phenomenal success. When its merits are considered this is not surprising. There is little doubt that the *Review of Reviews* will successfully hold the place it has deservedly secured.

Blackwood's Magazine for December, although largely occupied with matters oriental rather than occidental, will be interesting to readers in both hemispheres. It goes without saying that "Maga's" contributors are of high culture and usually of wide information. This latter quality is conspicuous in this issue. Col. Knollys writes again on the leper establishment at Robben Island, Cape of Good Hope; Mr. Coutts Trotter deals with the very peculiar series of events connected with the Rev. Shirley Baker's influence in the Friendly Islands, where Church (in the form of Wesleyanism) and State worked not very smoothly together; Mr. Haskett Smith has a most interesting article on the Druses of the Holy Land, whom he believes to be direct descendants of the Phœnician Mountaineers of Lebanon, subjects of King Hiram, the contemporary of Solomon. The hypothesis is plausible, and, to Masons, peculiarly interesting; Mr. Smith avers that he was once greeted by a member of the tribe with the Master Mason's grip, and says that "in many particulars the esoteric teaching of both systems is more or less identical." The article on Hindu Infant Marriage, by H. Risley, of the Bombay Civil Service, is one of the most sensible and serious utterances on this delicate and difficult subject. Moira O'Neill's little Irish story (founded on fact) is touching in its pathos, and uncommonly well written. There is also a judicious and forcible *resumé* of the Stanley *versus* Barttelot, Jameson, *et al.*, well worth reading. The review of General Sir Edward Hamley's work on the Crimean war is also decidedly good. "Autumn Politics" is chiefly concerned with severe animadversions on Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speeches.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE *Ladies Home Journal* have issued a prospectus for 1891, which promises contributions from the pen of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and other well-known writers.

PROMINENT scholars of international reputation in Germany, France and Italy are among the contributors to the publications of the *American Academy of Political and Social Science*.

AN illustrated edition of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies," with copious notes by Dr. William J. Rolfe, is announced as nearly ready for publication by Harper and Brothers.

THE C.P.R. have issued a pretty little contribution to railway literature in the form of a bright little booklet filled with information as to their trains, etc., interspersed with quotations from the poets, dramatists and philosophers.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will publish immediately a new volume of verse by Robert Lewis Stevenson. It comprises five vivid and picturesque narratives in verse, the most important embodying South Sea legends never before published.

IN the "Editor's Drawer," in *Harper's Magazine* for January, Charles Dudley Warner will write about the popular tendency to make good resolutions at the beginning of the year. The first of January is the time, he says, for reforming the world.

THE January number of *The North American Review* contains an important article by the historian, W. E. H. Lecky, himself a distinguished Irishman, on "Ireland in the Light of History." He severely arraigns both of the factions of Home Rulers into which the Nationalist party is now split, and declares that in the existing conditions it would be absolutely impossible for any Parliament to be established in Ireland.

AMONG the features of *The Forum* for next year will be: "Results of the Census," a series of articles by Gen. Francis A. Walker; results of the latest research and of the most recent achievements in all important lines of work, in science and in industry, by specialists; political discussions by the leaders of opinion; a series of critical examinations of popular opinions; autobiographical essays; discussions of social and religious problems in the United States; and literary articles by the foremost critical writers.

La Revue Française for December opens with a delightful Russian Christmas story with the title of "La Troïka Maudite." The author is E. de Montussaint, and the story is one of the best, as it is also the longest ever given in a single issue of the *Revue*. It is followed by a strong paper on "La Retraite de Mézières," by Alfred Duquet. Jacques Normand's comedy, "Les Yeux Fermés," is concluded in this number. Dick May's terrible story "Diplomée" is unfortunately only too true. "La Crime de Mlle. Victoire" is also terminated. We may mention "Scènes de la Vie d'Étudiant"—souvenirs of M. Maurice de Fleury. Jules Simon pays a tribute to Lamartine.

WE give a most cordial greeting to *The Young Canadian*, "a weekly Magazine of Patriotism for Young Canadians," published in Montreal, and heartily wish it a great success. We have long thought that there was need for a home magazine of this type, and we are confident that the youth of our country will eagerly avail themselves of this bright and clever medium for entertainment and instruction. The prospectus rings out with full bell-like tone a peal of Canadian love, loyalty, patriotism. The contents are varied and attractive. Sir Daniel Wilson writes with his accustomed ease and grace for "A Canadian Flag." "The Allan Line" is graphically treated, with numerous illustrations. Professor C. G. D. Roberts tells in moving words of "The Raid from Beauséjour." Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, the favourite of old as well as of young readers, records the varied fortunes of "Archie of Athabaska." Mr. Mower Martin, R.C.A., proves that he can paint with a pen, as well as with the brush. Other able writers contribute, and the departments contain matter that cannot fail to prove pleasing and useful. We are glad to observe that all the articles have a thorough Canadian ring, and congratulate the accomplished editor-in-chief, Mrs. Louisa Murray, on her admirable initial number.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Blake, H. G. *Thoreau's Thoughts*. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Brown, Alex. *Genesis of the United States*. 2 vols. \$15. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Champney, Elizabeth W. *Three Vassar Girls in Switzerland*. \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Deland, Margaret. *Sidney*. Toronto: William Bryce.
- De Saint-Amand, Imbert. *The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise*. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- De Saint-Amand, Imbert. *Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Régime*. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- De Saint-Amand, Imbert. *Citizenship Bonaparte*. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- De Saint-Amand, Imbert. *The Wife of the First Consul*. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- De Saint-Amand, Imbert. *Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire*. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- Durham, Wm., F. R. S. E. *Astronomy, Sun, Moon, Stars*. 50c. Edinburgh: Adam & Chas. Black; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Francis, Laurence H. *Through Thick and Thin*. \$1.25. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Fletcher, C. R., L.M.A. *Gustavus Adolphus*. Cloth, \$1.50; half morocco, \$1.75. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Harkness, Albert, Ph.D., LL.D. *Easy Latin Method*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Hug, Lina; Stead, Richard. *The Story of the Nations—Switzerland*. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell. *Over the Teacups*. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Lucas, C. P., B.A. *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- Mahaffey, J. P.; Rogers, J. E. *Sketches from a Tour Through Holland and Germany*. \$2. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- MacLean, J. P. *Fingal's Cave*. 75c. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
- Ober, Freda. *The Knockabout Club in North America*. \$1.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
- Stewart, Aubrey, M.A. *Tale of Troy*. \$1.00. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Presbyterian News Co.
- The Scotch-Irish in America*. \$1.50. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.
- Selections from Robert Browning*. 40c. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

SAINT CECILIA.

A WOMAN with a charmed hand
To wake sweet music,—yea, a saint
Whose home is in the mystic land
Where poets sing and painters paint.

She wears a soft and Old-World grace,
Her eyes are large with revery;
Her solemn organ fills the place
With sounds that set the spirit free.

The lily is her flower, and meek
Her look is, as the flower's own;
She hath no colour in her cheek,
One thinks of her as oft alone.

Rubens once wrought her, playing there,
And made her beautiful, yet missed
The holiness, the pensive air
Of one whose face high heaven has kissed.

And Carlo Dolci tried, nor failed:
Cecilia sits and plays, and seems
A saint whose soul is unassailed,
And yet the woman of our dreams!
—Richard E. Burton, in the *New York Critic*.

FAITH AND REASON.

" . . . FOR two things to-day seem equally certain: the one, that though men have dreamed in days of yore of reconciling reason and faith, and though this was a beautiful dream, it is not one that men will dream again; the other, that not only will science never 'rede the riddle of the universe' and of destiny, but that those very problems which interest us most will ever lag in the rear of those which science resolves. Religions, then, in so far as their mysteries (without which they are but philosophies) claim the basis of a reason henceforward and forever emancipated by science, religions may pass away. But they will not pass away, in so far as they contain that which is not science and is more than science; in so far as they reach to problems which, even if impossible to be reduced to mathematical equations, are none the less real, none the less momentous; in so far as they respond to other cravings, more universal, more profound—and perhaps nobler—than the mere craving for knowledge."—F. Brunetière, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of November 1. Trans. by T. A. H.

THE ANTIQUITY OF WRITING.

IT would appear that Palestine, or at all events the tribes immediately surrounding it, were in close contact with a civilized power which had established trade-routes from the south, and protected them from the attacks of the nomad Bedouin. The part now performed, or supposed to be performed, by Turkey, was performed before the days of Solomon by the princes and merchants of Ma'in. A conclusion of unexpected interest follows this discovery. The Minæans were a literary people: they used an alphabetic system of writing, and set up their inscriptions, not only in their southern homes, but also in their colonies in the north. If their records really mount back to the age now claimed for them,—and it is difficult to see where counter-arguments are to come from,—they will be far older than the oldest known inscription in Phœnician letters. Instead of deriving the Minæan alphabet from the Phœnician, we must derive the Phœnician alphabet from the Minæan, or from one of the Arabian alphabets of which the Minæan was the mother; instead of seeking in Phœnicia the primitive home of the alphabets of our modern world, we shall have to look for it in Arabia. Canon Isaac Taylor, in his "History of the Alphabet," had already found himself compelled by palæographic evidence to assign a much earlier date to the alphabet of South Arabia than that which had previously been ascribed to it, and the discoveries of Glaser and Hommel show that he was right. . . . The discovery of the antiquity of writing among the populations of Arabia cannot fail to influence the views that have been current of late years in regard to the earlier history of the Old Testament. We have hitherto taken it for granted that the tribes to whom the Israelites were related were illiterate nomads, and that in Midian or Edom the invaders of Palestine would have had no opportunity of making acquaintance with books and written records. Before the time of Samuel and David it has been strenuously maintained that letters were unknown in Israel; but such assumptions must now be considerably modified. The ancient Oriental world, even in northern Arabia, was a far more literary one than we have been accustomed to imagine; and as for Canaan, the country in which the Israelites settled, fought, and intermarried, we now have evidence that education was carried in it to a surprisingly high point. In the principal cities of Palestine an active literary correspondence was not only carried on, but was maintained by means of a foreign language and an extremely complicated script. There must have been plenty of schools and teachers, as well as of pupils and books.—Prof. A. H. Sayce, in *Contemporary Review*.

COWARDS are cruel, but the brave love mercy and delight to save.—Gay.

AN AFRICAN BILL OF FARE ANNO 250.

THE dinner had not been altogether suitable to modern ideas of good living. The grapes from Jacape, and the dates from the Lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the water-melons addressed themselves to the imagination of an Englishman as well as an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap or honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine, called *Melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found upon the coast of the Syrtis. He would have been struck, too, with the sweetness of the mutton; but he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate of which they consisted. He would have felt he ought to admire the roes of mullet, pressed and dried, from Mauretania; but he would have thought twice before he tried the lion-cutlets, though they had the flavour of veal, and the additional *goût* of being imperial property, and poached from a preserve. But when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of—alas! it *must* be said, with whatever apology for its introduction—in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with tomatoes, with its head between its forepaws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighbouring forest.—From *Callista*. A tale of the Third Century. By the late Cardinal Newman.

THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

[It has been suggested with reference to an amusing article in *Blackwood*, on a new religion, that science is equal to it.]

Professor Protoplasm sings:—

I'm a mighty man of science, and on that I place reliance,
And I hurl a stern defiance at what other people say:
Learning's torch I fiercely kindle with my Haeckel,
Huxley, Tyndall,
And all preaching is a swindle—that's the motto of to-day.
I'd give the wildest latitude to each agnostic attitude,
And everything's a platitude that springs not from my
mind:
I've studied entomology, astronomy, conchology,
And every other 'ology that anyone can find.
I am a man of science, with my bottles on the shelf,
I'm game to make a little world, and govern it myself.
—Unidentified.

WHAT DR. KOCH'S LYMPH MAY BE.

THE liquid employed by Dr. Koch is perhaps only a concentrated solution of a special ptomaine, extracted from the culture of the tuberculous bacillus. The action of ptomaine injected under the skin of animals is generally slower than that which follows the injection of alkaloids. Dr. Koch's liquid injected in the same manner in man produces a variety of symptoms appearing only after four or five hours. This is perhaps an indication of what it is. In this hypothesis the ptomaine injected consecutively during several weeks into the system would modify the medium of growth of the tuberculous bacillus so as to check its development. The cells of the organism, finding no more obstacles, would regain strength. That would explain why the ptomaine injected efficaciously under the skin remains without effect when introduced through the digestive organs, as seems established in regard to the substance used by Dr. Koch. This difference of action does not exist in a similar degree in the case of metallic substances. The future will soon teach us the truth about the nature and real value of the antidote used by the illustrious German professor, and if the hope we have cherished be not a vain one, we shall perceive before long how important, from a social and economical stand-point, the cure of tuberculosis is. We know that in the civilized world more than a million persons die annually in middle age, their lives being cut short by this terrible bacillus. From the results already obtained we may hope that all attacks of tuberculosis, pulmonary or other, can be checked, at least in the beginning.—From "Dr. Koch's Discovery," by Dr. Paul Gibier, Director of the New York Pasteur Institute, in *The North American Review* for December.

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA IN THE FORTIES.

HARVESTING, with the rude implements, was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field armed, some with sickles, some with butcher-knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry and brittle grain; and as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster. Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month.

It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw, and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.—*General Bidwell, in the December Century.*

THE REED-PLAYER.

By a dim shore where water darkening
Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, harkening
For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bitter's cry, as one that grieves
Lands ancient, bountiful.

I saw the fire flies shine below the wood
Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude,
The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill ;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern
Its enigmatic fall,
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
And argent interval.

I could not know the message that he bore,
The springs of life from me
Hidden ; his incommunicable lore
As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.

—*Duncan Campbell Scott, in December Scribner's.*

THE SPEED OF WAR-SHIPS.

ALTHOUGH it may not be regarded as a first consideration, it is important that a vessel should have high speed, so that she may be in a position, after weighing the strength of her enemy, to choose between fighting or living to "fight another day." Heavily-clad battle-ships are not very fast steamers, but the cruisers require speed. The following table explains itself :—

	Above 20 knots.	19 knots.	18 knots.	17 knots.
Britain.....	16	11	12	20
France.....	2	12	13	5
Germany.....	6	3	2	0
Italy.....	13	2	10	5
Other European Nations.....	20	1	11	5

Germany's 20-knot boats are all torpedoes or small boats. Britain's fast boats are much larger and more powerful than the others. France, on the other hand, has heavier 19-knot ships than the other nations ; while Italy in 18-knot boats carries off the palm both as regards size (the aggregate tonnage being 84,940 tons) and fighting powers. Britain's 17-knot boats aggregate 80,730 tons.

THE CLIMATE OF JAPAN.

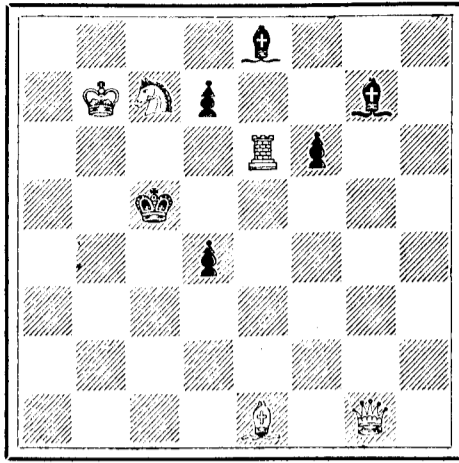
REALLY it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the ever green peaks of Nippon ; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighbouring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiū-Shiū—which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan ; but it has certainly divine caprices ; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, during the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots, and the other subtropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows ; indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have lurked, like the inhabitants, to "wait till the clouds roll by." Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camelias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plum-blossoms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.—*Sir Edward Arnold, in December Scribner.*

ONE triumphs over calumny only by disdaining it.—*Mme. de Maintenon.*

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 525.

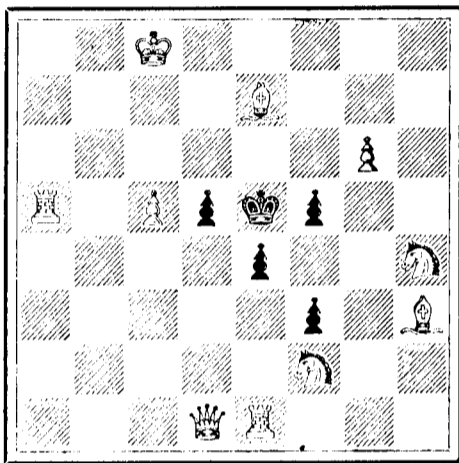
By B. G. LANS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 526.

From *Pictorial World*.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| No. 519. | No. 520. |
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q-R 4 | 1. P-R 4 |
| 2. Kt-R 7 | 2. moves |
| 3. Q mates | |
| | if 1. K-B 8 |
| 2. Q-B 6 | 2. K-Kt 8 |
| 3. Q-R 1 mate. | |

GAME PLAYED AT MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB, NEW YORK,

in the match between Messrs. Gunsberg and Steinitz.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|------------------|-----------|
| STEINITZ. | GUNSBURG. | STEINITZ. | GUNSBURG. |
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. |
| 1. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 | 15. K-B 2 | Kt x K P |
| 2. P-Q B 4 | P x P | 16. K Kt-R 4 | Kt x Kt + |
| 3. P-K 3 | P-K 4 (a) | 17. K x Kt | B-K 3 |
| 4. P x P (b) | Q x Q + | 18. P-B 4 | Kt-B 3 |
| 5. K x Q | Q Kt-B 3 | 19. P-B 5 | B-Q 4 |
| 6. B x P | Kt x P | 20. P-K Kt 4 (f) | B-K 2 (g) |
| 7. B-Kt 5 + (c) | P-Q B 3 | 21. K-B 2 (h) | B-K 5 + |
| 8. B-K 2 | B-K 3 | 22. K-Kt 3 | Kt-Q 2 |
| 9. Q Kt-B 3 | Castles Q + | 23. P-Kt 5 | P-B 3 (i) |
| 10. K-B 2 | Kt-B 3 | 24. B-Kt 4 (k) | Kt-B 4 + |
| 11. Kt-B 3 (d) | Kt K 4-Kt 5 | 25. K-R 3 | R-Q 6 + |
| 12. R-B 1 | B-B 4 + | 26. P-Kt 3 | Kt-R 5 + |
| 13. K-Kt 3 | Kt-Q 2 (e) | 27. K x Kt | R-Q 5 + |
| 14. P-K 4 | Kt-B 4 + | 28. P-Kt 4 | R x P + |

NOTES BY STEINITZ.

- (a) In the old style as played by Labourdanais and McDonnell.
- (b) B x P was played by the two masters in note (a).
- (c) Played by me against Tschorgin. It keeps Kt from going back to B 3. It is better though to retire B-K 2 at once.
- (d) P-K 4 or P-K B 3 was the right move here. The move made loses by letting too many adverse pieces in against the King.
- (e) A very fine move, forcing the gain of a Pawn.
- (f) This is a bad move. Kt-K B 3 was the proper play.
- (g) Also a very fine move.
- (h) Forced, as Black threatened to win a piece by Kt-Kt 5 + nor could Kt Padrance as it would be lost by the same sally.
- (i) Very fine play as White's Pawn cannot advance without creating an opening for the adverse Rook.
- (k) B-K 3 was now the only defence. The move made draws White into the mate which is accomplished in a most ingenious manner.

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I HAVE somewhere read that conscience not only sits as witness and judge within our bosoms, but also forms the prison of punishment.—*Hosea Ballou.*

BELIEVE, if thou wilt, that mountains change their places but BELIEVE not that man changes his nature.—*Mohammed.*

THIN SOLED shoes are said to be the greatest propagators of disease among women.

DESPATCH is taking time by the ears ; hurry is taking it by the end of the tail.—*H. W. Shaw.*

IN this world nought which comes stays, and nought which goes is lost.—*Mme. Switshine.*

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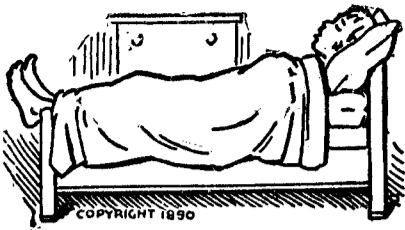
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