

# THE WEEK

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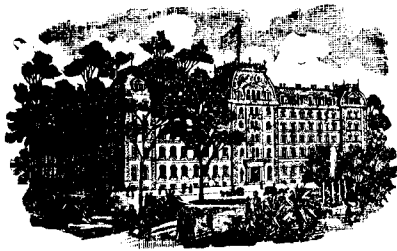
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST, 11th, 1893.

No. 37.

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

It can scarcely be doubted that the United States Congress, now assembled in special session, will promptly repeal the Sherman Act. As we write, a report is being the rounds to the effect that President Cleveland will recommend the fixing of some temporary standard or ratio of value, by which he hopes to be able to coerce Great Britain and other nations, to whose silver policy the present difficulties are attributed. It seems unlikely that Congress will be so ill-advised as, while hastening to repeal the one attempt to give a fictitious value to silver which has brought such disaster upon the nation, to enact other legislation with a view to the same end. The President himself, no doubt, sees clearly the impossibility of maintaining any fixed ratio of value between gold and silver, and it must be evident that any attempt to set up a temporary and variable standard can only have the effect of prolonging the uncertainty and retarding the restoration of confidence at home and

Pending the action of the United States Congress, now assembled in special session, it is of some interest to be able to gain a correct notion of the political strength of the States which have a direct interest in the silver question. From a paragraph in a New York weekly we learn that the silver-producing States are seven in number, viz.: Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and South Dakota. To the votes of the electors of these States may be added those of the people of North Dakota and Wyoming, whose populations are mostly in favour of the coinage of silver. The total voting strength of these nine States is 457,518, less than one twenty-sixth part of the total of more than twelve millions of voters in the Union. On a basis of population it is evident that the combined votes of all these nine States would not be very formidable. But these States, instead of electing four Senators, which would be their numerical proportion, elect eighteen, more than one-fifth of the whole number. This fact accounts for the strength of the silver interest in the Senate.

"Peace with honour" is seemingly the outcome of Lord Rosebery's firmness and Lord Dufferin's tact, in the Franco-Siamese affair. But certainly not "with honour" is the peace which the French Government has forced upon Siam. No one of the Great Powers is given to overmuch magnanimity in dealing with a weak nation, but most of them have some sense of shame, if not of fairness, which restrains them from open spoliation, without at least a plausible pretext, if not a real provocation. It has been long since the civilized world saw the Government of a "Christian" nation manifest so flagrant a disregard of justice and so undisguised a reliance upon brute force as have marked with infamy the course of France in her dealing with Siam. One of the most hopeless features of the case is the fact that the people seem to have approved the Government's course, and goaded it on in its outrageous demands. It is difficult to understand what infatuation, unless it be an insane determination to be victorious somewhere, could have impelled a people so sensitive to the opinions of others, thus to earn for itself the disapprobation, to use no stronger term, of the Christian world. Certainly a worse policy for a country in the position of France can scarcely be conceived than thus to forfeit the respect of those whose sympathies she may at any moment need. If mere greed of territory were the ruling motive it has almost surely

overleaped itself, for it is in the last degree likely that either China or Great Britain will permit her to take possession of the important region which she has forced Siam to cede, though it was not hers to give. If either a desire to make electioneering capital at home, or a violent jealousy of Great Britain's commercial success and prestige abroad, was at the bottom of the movement, both objects have probably been defeated, as it is altogether unlikely that she will be permitted to take possession of the territory in question, as it is certain that she will not be permitted to throttle British commerce in that region.

A somewhat celebrated case in the history of the creed struggles which are rife in some of the great Churches of the United States, has again entered on a critical stage, after it had been supposed to be amicably settled. We refer to the trouble with Mr. Noyes, a missionary in Japan, who has for years been seeking appointment, or for whom appointment has been sought by his friends, from the American (Congregational) Board of Foreign Missions. Mr. Noyes is the son of a devoted missionary. He is a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and is held in high esteem by all who know him, as a man of unblemished character, superior ability and earnest Christian spirit. The tinge of heterodoxy which has hitherto prevented his acceptance by the Board is the expression of a hope, which, he says, does not amount to a belief, that in the future state those who have not in this life received the Gospel, may have some opportunity of accepting its provisions. In short, he holds, in a hesitating manner, the doctrine of future probation, not as a dogma to be preached, but as a personal view which commends itself to his mind and heart, and for which he thinks there is some scriptural basis. On this ground he has been refused appointment by the Board. Recently, however, a committee appointed by the Board and empowered to deal with the case, having erroneously got the impression from a letter to his brother, that Mr. Noyes had given up or modified his "hope" in the matter in question, reported in favour of his appointment. Subsequently, having learned from his own frank statement, that his views on the point in question had not changed, the committee withdrew its recommendation and refused to approve his appointment as a missionary. This has given rise to much dissatisfaction in the "liberal" section of the church. It is not

for us to discuss the question on its merits. One finds it hard to believe that so amiable a heresy should be deemed sufficient to debar a Christian minister from labouring as a missionary among the heathen, under the auspices of a great Church. The temptation which such a policy offers for intellectual dishonesty, or for concealment of personal opinion, is not the least objection which suggests itself.

Though there can be no reasonable doubt that unwise silver legislation is the chief cause of the terrible financial depression which now exists in the United States, and that the prompt repeal of the Silver Act will do more than anything else within the power of the Government to restore confidence and prosperity, it is by no means unlikely that the protectionists are right in attributing the panic in part to the dread of tariff reform. On that hypothesis, no less than on the other, the situation affords a striking object lesson in regard to the evil of any legislation which makes the industries and business affairs of the nation more or less dependent upon acts of the Legislature. One great cause of the stability of British commerce, her success in colonization, etc., as compared with France and other European nations, can easily be found by those who are willing to search with minds free from prejudice, in the fact that in Great Britain the channels of industry and business enterprise are left open, and private individuals and companies learn to rely upon their own energy and foresight for that success which the Frenchmen, e. g., think can be gained only through the agency of the Government. It is not those American industries which have grown up independent of bounties and protective tariffs which are in danger of becoming paralyzed at the prospect of tariff reform. When the National Policy was first under debate in Canada one of the strongest arguments of its opponents was derived from a forecast of this very fact, that when once a considerable part of our manufactories became accustomed to rely upon the artificial props supplied by a protective tariff, it would be very difficult to return to a sounder system without giving a violent temporary shock to the business of the country. The fact that reform is difficult or dangerous, is no argument against reform, but rather for hastening it, though it may be a valid reason why reform should be brought about cautiously and skilfully, so as to give the least possible shock to the system enfeebled by unhealthy coddling.

"Borderland" is the suggestive title of a new Review, the first number of which has been published by Mr. Stead, that most original and indefatigable of journalists. The object of the magazine is declared to be "the scientific verification of that life and immortality which were brought to light nineteen hundred years ago." In pursuit of

this object Mr. Stead proposes to inaugurate an era of genuine scientific investigation of a class of phenomena which, he declares, have never yet had applied to them the methods which have revealed to us so much of the marvels of the physical universe. "If," he says, "mankind had investigated steam and electricity in the haphazard way that it has investigated the spiritual world, we should still be travelling in stage coaches." He proposes to examine into spiritualism as electricians examine into electricity, though, as the Christian World is unkind enough to intimate, Mr. Edison did not commence the investigations which have wrought and are still working such marvels, by starting a popular magazine. "But Mr. Edison is not a journalist." Mr. Stead's venture has drawn out a very interesting volley of criticisms, many of them given in reply to the editor's solicitations; some of them refreshingly frank in their expressions of opinion. The views of the clergy range all the way from that of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, who says: "the intelligence which uses your hand is the devil," to that of the Bishop of London, who "has come across no prima facie case," affording ground for investigation. Among special students of such phenomena, Right Hon. Arthur Balfour, who is President of the Psychical Research Society, thinks that if "the intention and effect of this undertaking be to promote a strictly scientific investigation into this subject, it cannot be otherwise than useful." Max Dessoir prophesies: "you will cultivate a dangerous amateurism, and the spectre you will raise you will never be able to lay." Professor Geikie fears Borderland may tend to increase the population of our lunatic asylums. Professor Ray Lankester, with characteristic politeness, observes: "I do not consider you are in any way qualified to deal with this question;" while Dr. Fitzgerald, of Dublin, reminds Mr. Stead that the lands bordering on Borderland are hysteria, lunacy, etc., and that "people without a sound scientific scepticism, like Theosophists, are as useless as scientific investigators as archbishops."

The Hawaiian question may come up in the United States Congress before the close of the present session in a somewhat new form. The Provisional Government of the Islands has framed another treaty, to take the place of that which was withdrawn from the consideration of the Senate by President Cleveland. The new proposals are contained in five articles. The first cedes to the United States the rights of sovereignty over the Hawaiian Islands, the second transfers to her the Government property and lands; the third provides for the appointment by the President and Senate of a United States Commissioner to reside in the Hawaiian Islands, with power to veto any Act passed by the Local Government, which is, thus conditioned, to

be continued as at present constituted for five years; the fourth prohibits Chinese immigration and also prohibits Chinese laborers now on the Islands from entering the United States; the fifth provides that the United States shall assume the public debt of Hawaii, but that the latter shall continue to pay the interest thereon. To say nothing of fundamental principles, which should be sacred to Republicans, such as the right of the natives of the Islands, as well as of the foreigners who have settled there, to be consulted in the matter of a transfer of their territory and allegiance, there are other features of this proposal which it would be hard to harmonize with the boasted freedom and equality of American citizenship. We need only refer to the anomalous provisions which would prevent Chinese laborers, presumably citizens, in one part of the Republic from entering any other part of it, outside of the particular district in which they chanced to be located at the time of the annexation. Whether citizens or not, in what would this be better than Russian serfdom? It is by no means certain, however, that these new proposals will be submitted to Congress by the President. Much will depend upon the report of Commissioner Blount which will, it is understood, soon be laid before the Government. President Cleveland may probably be trusted to move deliberately and to do justly in the matter. The one spur that would arouse popular excitement afresh and prick the sides of the Congress is so far wanting, viz., the evidence of a desire on the part of Great Britain or any other nation to interfere. One would almost imagine from the tone of some of the American papers that they are half inclined to take it as a grievance that no interference of the kind is being attempted.

#### IS VIVISECTION JUSTIFIABLE?

This question, which has for years been so earnestly discussed in England and on the continent of Europe, and to some extent in the United States, has hitherto attracted little attention in this country. This is due, probably, not so much to any lack amongst us of sentiments of pity and mercy for the lower animals when subjected or believed to be subjected, to excruciating agonies by the will of man, as to the fact that the practice has not been known to exist to any considerable extent in Canada. It is possible, however, that painful experiments upon living animals may be more common in Canadian laboratories than is commonly supposed. Certain it is that the practice is growing rapidly in other countries and is pretty sure to grow in our country, and especially in the absence of a powerful public sentiment to check it. While in the Mother Country it is deemed necessary for the sake of humanity to

strict the practice by stringent regulations enforced under license and inspection, there is not, so far as we are aware, in Canada any regulation or limitation in regard to it. We make this statement with reserve, as we are writing where the statute books are inaccessible. But we have never heard of any case coming before the courts under such legislation.

Our attention has just now been called to the subject by an article in a prominent American weekly, by Dr. Alfred Leffingwell, criticising a paper which recently appeared in a southern periodical "from the pen of one of our most distinguished physiologists, Professor Wesley Mills, of McGill University." In this paper, according to Dr. Leffingwell, Prof. Mills, while passing well-merited condemnation upon certain needless forms of cruelty perpetrated by the agriculturist and the stock-breeder, and in the general treatment of animals we doom to die for our food, treats with a reserve which is disappointing, the subject on which he, "as an expert, as a professional physiologist, as an authority to whom one might naturally turn for information," that of vivisection. On this subject Prof. Mills is, it seems, exceedingly reticent and discreet. The reader is informed that "at McGill University every department of the subject of physiology is 'experimentally illustrated,' that of these 'experiments' many are of a kind susceptible of ready mutilation by the student; that Prof. Mills' laboratory is supplied with the most modern apparatus — kymographs, myographs, records, and various electrical appliances for demonstrating experiments in connection with nerve and muscle," and all so arranged as "to permit students assisting and taking part in these demonstrations." But on the nature of the experiments themselves, or on what he would consider an abuse of vivisection, Prof. Mills sheds scarcely a ray of light. His clearest hint which Dr. Leffingwell shows to be either doubtful or misleading, that "it is but rarely, nowadays, that vivisection is performed except under the influence of an anæsthetic." The nearest approach which Professor Mills makes towards offering an opinion is in the following non-committal statement: "There is room for difference of opinion on certain points, as, for example, the extent to which vivisections at all painful are to be revealed for the sake of instruction," etc. The Canadian public we venture to say, equally in the dark as to whether and to what extent painful vivisections are performed in the laboratories connected with our other institutions of learning, to say nothing of private experiments. Probably this is simply because no one has taken the trouble to enquire and to publish the facts. Turning for a moment to the general subject, on which, like Dr. Leffingwell, we should have liked much to have Prof.

Mills' opinion, it has always seemed to us to involve three points—the amount of suffering inflicted, the utility of the practice in medical and surgical science, and the question whether, assuming the utility, the end justifies the means.

In regard to the first point, notwithstanding what is said touching the general use of anæsthetics, it seems impossible to doubt that the suffering involved has in many cases no limit save the utmost capacity for suffering which the nervous structures of the various animals render possible. With regard to the nature of the various operations performed in the name of science, it is necessary only to remember that they involve every form of cutting, starving, burning, freezing, creating artificial disease, mutilation by crushing or removing brain, spine, stomach, liver, kidneys, spleen, bones, etc., which scientific ingenuity can devise, the immediate object being often not to destroy life at once, but to prolong it as long as possible. As to the use of anæsthetics, the official returns in England, as quoted by Sidney G. Trist, in a pamphlet recently published, show that in 1892 out of a total of 3,960 experiments 2,239, or considerably more than one-half, were performed without anæsthetics. But a little further consideration makes it clear that in very many cases in which the original operation is performed with anæsthetics, the statement of the fact is delusive, inasmuch as the animal is often kept alive for periods varying from a few hours to days, weeks, and even months, in order to afford opportunity for studying at length the effects of the mutilation. What boots it for the experimenter to say that this or that operation—say cutting down to the spinal cord—was rendered painless by the use of anæsthetics, when as a matter of fact the animal was kept alive for hours or days, in some recorded cases for weeks and months, after? It would be the height of absurdity to suppose that it was kept under anæsthetics during all this time.

To many who have not paid attention to the *cons* as well as the *pros* of this question, it will, we dare say, appear the height of ignorance or presumption to question the great utility of these experiments upon living animals in enabling physicians and surgeons to diagnose and heal or relieve a thousand and one of the maladies to which the flesh is heir. Yet it would be easy, did space permit, to quote authorities of the highest standing who doubt or deny the usefulness of vivisection as an aid in therapeutics. One sample must suffice: Prof. Lawson Tait, who stands unquestionably in the front rank in his special department of medical science, said but a year or two since: "I have given a great deal of attention for many years to this subject, and the more I know of it the more I become satisfied that nothing whatever has been gained by vivisection." To the same purport might be quoted Dr. Charles Bell Taylor,

F.R.C.S., Sir Charles Bell, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Dr. Morgan Davies, and many others of the most eminent men in the profession. We are aware that these are probably in the minority among scientific men in holding this opinion, but their testimony is sufficient to show that the utility of the practice is still in doubt.

But granting for argument's sake that discoveries made by means of vivisection have proved more or less useful in medical and surgical practice, there are still many who are ready to maintain that the end does not justify the means—that the power given to man in virtue of his higher faculties over the lives of the inferior animals does not carry with it the right to subject them to excruciating torture for any purpose whatever, that the moral evils sure to be the outgrowth of such a practice far outweigh any possible good that can result, either in more skilful treatment of disease or in the increase of scientific knowledge. Among those holding and warmly advocating this view are such men as Chief Justice Coleridge, Canon Wilberforce, Sir Charles Bell, and many other men of the highest standing in the learned professions.

It would unduly prolong this article to attempt to show the various grounds on which this conclusion is reached; such as the utter repugnancy of the higher sentiments against taking what is regarded as a selfish and cruel advantage of our superior position, the dulling and deadening of the finer sensibilities which must result not only from the practice itself, but from the witnessing or even the knowledge of it; the inevitable tendency, already it is said alarmingly apparent, to extend the sphere of experimentations to human subjects in hospitals, etc. It is greatly to be desired that Prof. Mills, or some other of our teachers and demonstrators of science, should take the public into their confidence and tell them to just what extent vivisection is practiced in Canadian laboratories. It may be asked, too, whether it is not time that the matter was made the subject of parliamentary enquiry, with a view to ascertaining whether there may be need for legislation in regard to it in Canada.

SEA SKETCHES FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.

All along the rock-bound coast of this little Maritime Province the beacon lights gleam brightly. On the Bay of Fundy coast the bold red sandstone headlands are crowned by white-towered buildings, whose lights flash out a cheery signal to the mariners tossed and buffeted by its turbulent tides. All told, great and small, there are one hundred and sixty-six lighthouses in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. The majority are square, wooden buildings, with a tower and firm granite foundations. On the Atlantic coast there are a number of octagonal buildings gaily painted in stripes, and all have a very neat and ship-shape appearance. The highest lights are those of Isle Haute and Cape St. George. The Isle Haute

light is on a rocky islet in the Bay of Fundy and is three hundred and sixty-five feet above tide water and visible twenty-five miles. Cape St. George is on Northumberland Strait and is three hundred and fifty feet high. But it is to the lighthouses on the Atlantic coast, that dreaded granite coast, that our thoughts turn—to Sambro, and Sable, and Little Hope and Ironbound—what thrilling dramas have been played out under the lamps that shine so steadily far into the darkness. Tragedies of wreck and storm and death.

In sunny summer days, when the sea is shining, clear and blue as the sky above, and the flashing wings of the gulls reflect a brightness as of polished silver—when the passing steamers leave long, straight streams of smoke on the horizon—when the sails of the fishing smacks hang listlessly, and the bare-necked, bare-armed fishermen pull busily at the lines, for the fish have set in and the sea is full of silver gleams. In days such as these it is hard to realize that the sea can be otherwise than calm and beautiful. But we who know it so well do not forget days in the Autumn, when the screaming gull flew inland, when the great moving mass of ocean was a dull, dark purple, and each wave tipped with greenish white foam, when the sky was as dark as the sea, with gleams of uncanny white light breaking through the banks of wind-torn clouds, when the returning fishing smacks ran charily under bare poles, for the varying wind blew in great gusts, when the long wail of the automatic buoy sounded like a funeral knell to the fishermen's wives in the cove. And when darkness settled down, the dense darkness of a stormy night on the coast, the lights along the shore flashed out their signal stars to guide and warn the weary mariner.

The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest in the world. The water deep and free from obstructions, and secure and safe when once within. But the approaches to the harbour are perilous in the extreme, owing to the inhospitable rockbound coast, which, on the western approach, is a sheer wall of granite grey, and bare and desolate. At the foot of the cliffs are jagged and sharp splintered rocks showing through the water. The currents foam and seethe around these rocks, sending up showers of spray which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow in the sunlight. Halifax occupies an important position as the chief naval station in North America. Its grand dry-dock and advantages as a coaling station, making it a port of call for many ocean steamships, especially in winter.

Sherbrook Tower, an immense round granite structure on Meagher's Beach, guards the eastern entrance to the harbour. Near this entrance is Devil's Island with two lighthouses, one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the island. There is also a lighthouse on the Imperial property of George's Island just in front of the city.

Chebucto Head light stands at the western entrance to the harbour, it is a revolving white light. There is a red light at Herring Cove, and four and-a-half miles beyond Chebucto Head on a rocky islet, Sambro Light sends its steady beams twenty-one miles far out at sea.

Besides its fine lighthouses Halifax Harbour has all the modern aids to safe navigation—buoys, fog bells, fog trumpets, automatic buoys, and on Sambro explosive bombs fired every twenty minutes.

High up on the cliffs are perched the homes

of the fishermen, little hamlets with hardly a tree or shrub, only the vastness of sea and rock and sky. The stranger who visits the fishing village of Prospect is sure to be shown the spot where the White Star steamer Atlantic went down; one of the most terrible marine disasters in our century. The steamer was bound to New York with more than a thousand passengers. Coal ran short and the captain decided to put into Halifax for a fresh supply. Through some blunder the harbour's mouth was missed, and before daylight on the morning of April 1st, 1873, the steamer struck on Marr's rock, Prospect. So soon after striking did the vessel sink, that many of the passengers slept peacefully into eternity—not a woman was saved, and only one child, a little boy whose parents were drowned.

In the grey and stormy dawn, the fishermen of Prospect saw the masts and small portions of the hull of a great ship among the breakers. The wreck was crowded with human beings, and every wave that washed over it carried down some struggling, worn-out victim. A strong wind was blowing, the sea was running high, and those clinging to the wreck were covered with frozen spray. The inshore rocks were coated with ice and the high sea and bitter cold made the work of rescue very dangerous, but through the heroic exertions of Officer Brady of the Atlantic, and the Rev. Mr. Ancient, Church of England minister at Prospect, and his brave volunteers, all those who had survived the cold and sea were taken off before sundown. The homes of the fishermen were thrown open and their kindness shown in every way that was possible. In the meantime the news had been carried to Halifax. It was the first day of April, and when the rumour spread through the city "that a great steamer, bound for New York, had been wrecked at Prospect and several hundred lives lost," it was thought to be only one of the stories common to the day. When confirmation came, the city was stirred as never before. Steamers were despatched with provisions and clothing for the living, and coffins for the dead. The shore was strewn with bodies tangled amongst the rocks and seaweed. Strong, stalwart men, fair women, and little children, were laid in rows on the rocks for identification. In a few days strangers were pouring in from all parts of the United States in search of the bodies of loved ones. A deep trench was dug near the church, and the unclaimed, unknown dead were buried there to await the great day when each shall give account for himself. Other steamers have gone down near the harbour's mouth, and many lives have been lost, but at no time has the loss of life been so great as in the Atlantic disaster.

Within range of Meagher's Beach light are the dangerous Thrum Cap shoals. Here, on the 23rd of November, 1797, the fine frigate La Tribune went down, and two hundred and fifty brave men calmly met their death. The circumstances have been graphically told by Dr. McMechan in the story "At the Harbour's Mouth." The loss of La Tribune, like that of the recent terrible disaster in the Mediterranean, seems to have been a great and needless sacrifice of human life. One thing noticeable in the stories of these two great disasters is, that devotion to duty in the British sailor, is as steadfast now as it was one hundred years ago. We read of those on La Tribune—"There was no panic; the men did as they were ordered; discipline prevailed."

Accounts of the Victoria disaster tell us "That the Chaplain died trying to save the sick. The Admiral stuck to his post. All the men listened to the call of duty and did their best. There was no panic even in the face of death."

On a high bluff opposite Thrum Cap York redoubt with its frowning battlements. Woe to the enemy within range of its cannon. It is also the Imperial signal station, and a sharp lookout is kept for passing craft. Below the fort and clinging to the steep sides of the hill is the pretty fishing village of Purcell's Cove, with its white houses, little garden patches, and here and there stunted, blown first and lily bushes, a long, winding road leads up to the Fort; and the sea view is one of the finest in America. Well up on the broad, bare hillside is a little burying ground. Here, those who have come home to die are buried. In the burial grounds of our fishing villages the graves of women and children are generally more numerous than those of men. They that go down to the sea in ships, the fathers, and brothers, and sweet-hearts, and how many of them go down forever. In choosing this spot there must have been a touch of nature akin to that shown in the choice of Salvation Yeo's last resting place in Bideford Churchyard. "For here can be seen the ships come in and out across the bay and the long, green waves of the Atlantic rolling in, and at sunset the great lighthouse opposite catches up the last dying rays of light and flashes them forth with messages of hope and cheer. "Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

CHRISTINA ROSS FRAME

TENNIS.

The interest in lawn tennis, both on the part of players and on that of spectators, seems to have been peculiarly keen this year where ever tennis has been played. At the All England championship, the accounts of which have just reached us, every seat was occupied and the playing seems to have equalled the enthusiasm evinced in it. Here in Canada we have lately been held three important tournaments: A local Toronto one, upon the grounds of the Victoria Club; that of the Canadian Association, on the excellent courts for the Ontario championship at Hamilton. The Toronto cup was carried away for the second time by Mr. Boys, of Barrie; the championship of Canada went to Mr. Avery, of Detroit; and, curiously enough, the latter was defeated by the former in the match for the Ontario championship at Hamilton, which finally fell to Mr. Fuller by default. But such changes in the fortune of war are common on the tennis court, as those who in the games on Toronto lawns watched the varying failures and successes of Messrs. Gordon McKenzie, Matthews, Boys, and Avery, had abundant proof.

Tennis is essentially a modern game, suits the prevailing fashion in habits and customs so exactly that there is nothing strange in its wide-spread popularity. An important and close match can be played to a finish from one to three hours, in which respect tennis shares with football, lacrosse, and baseball, (if the last is in any way to be classed

the first which Yet an attract most f tively requir tively their o or two will su that kin and win But to be su upon ut colental appropri Oxford —in fac fair con enjoyab soon, th take a p thusiast part the advanta tages suc have be requir nation of more sta youth up every ye gon; yet markab which n masculin wriats an these day sifers ar fink, an laje, an on the ter game ad Not th on the which or —exercis ou of fi child's pl revere is ay, to th "sayer" some thou learn, req ions of m tery th fac there our gam in such activity. is the b player are shall hav a. The pec calls freetimes- ally of vo ment of the "I thought sports, bu tting to t the ball " necessarily known







ers lasted 159 years, the same length of time nearly as the dynasty of the Valois. It commenced 23rd September, 1688, and continued till 18th March, 1847, when dynasty was abolished; the last member was the son of the Sanson that executed Philippe-Egalité, the father of Louis Philippe. In 1792, Sanson was accused of being a "moderate" in politics; he was thrown into prison, but was conveyed in a carriage to the scaffold when the guillotine was to play; the work over, he was led back to prison. His assistant, Legros, to show he had no "moderation," slapped the bleeding face of Charlotte Corday when her head fell into the basket. He was imprisoned for that outrage. Sanson had a salary of 10,000 francs a year, plus 3,000 francs as a New Year's gift. It was the "Grand Sanson" who operated from 1788 to 1795; he executed Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, Chénier, Baron Frenck, etc., etc. He "retired from business" disgusted, and set up as a market gardener.

THE STAG.

(From "Nehilakin," an Okanagan Legend.)  
 So sound, so light as the far chickadee  
 Calling, the stillness startled. Softly trod  
 The hunter, crouched 'neath the snow-laden  
 boughs;  
 Then creeping on, as the still panther creeps,  
 Till from his stealth he maddens, springing  
 hot,  
 Unsheathing fangs from velvet, and alighting  
 To fiercely grip and tear the trembling doe.  
 Ever in shadow of some hoary tree  
 Inconstant lurking; now impatient grown,  
 And wrathful that he nothing saw, nor heard  
 Even a sigh. So all the woods were mute  
 Then, lo! an airy throb! A stir proclaimed  
 The hunter's heart beat quicker as he heard  
 The onset of swift hoofs in wild approach,  
 Drinking the crusty jewel of the snow.  
 To look her cimmerian prison, with free face  
 She whitened o'er an open space, where came  
 The timorous children of the wilderness.  
 Arch-necked and antler-brow'd, they clustered  
 close  
 And huddled curious where Nehilakin,  
 Welcomed by the scabbed hemlock's drooping  
 boughs,  
 Waited intense the quarry drawing near.  
 He thrilled to see conspicuous, in the glow  
 Of the full height'ning moon, a monster stag.  
 Never such marvel met the hunter's eye!  
 Advance! superior of his timorous mites,  
 With beamy front majestic—statue-struck,  
 As his huge frame were granite—there he  
 stood,  
 Brightly devised—a creature of delight!  
 How nobly fashioned! Of what part superb!  
 The stars,  
 True brow high-branched, seemed amorous of  
 the stars,  
 And coldly-throned they sit; his glossy  
 breast  
 Of graceful amplitude, instinct with power!  
 Moved with a sudden passionate delight  
 And as he saw, the hunter drew his bow  
 Then forth an arrow swiftly to the string;  
 And faced the lordly quarry. Startled not  
 The stag, nor seemed surprised, nor fled, nor  
 shied,  
 Nor glanced a look of terror; but aloof  
 Held himself in dreadless majesty.  
 And on his slayer gazed with mild reproach.  
 A something divine in him there stood revealed;  
 In his aspect; human subtly concealed.  
 Never was brute's so godlike, never bearing  
 So nobly assured, so strongly chaste;

And ne'er such loving sweetness of reproof  
 Was seen in any creature of the wood  
 He stood collected as he faced the heavens,  
 Instead of mortal foe;—as saints may stand,  
 O'erlooking all the wrongs and lusts of time,  
 So fit to bear what evil may befall:  
 As martyrs meet their fate; as maidens walk,  
 Where lecherous eyes glance noisomely, or  
 The deadly serpent lieth unperceived,—  
 Betwixt their guides celestially attired.  
 The hunter quailed and languished, as if smit  
 By the large lusted eyes, serenely clear  
 As the soft planet that the lover names;—  
 Eyes mystically deep, and pitiful  
 As those that look on Death, and see her walk  
 With her pale sisters, Sorrow and Despair;  
 Yet lofty-lone in their austerity,  
 As orbs, unwilling witnesses of fate,  
 That sadden with august intelligence,  
 As knowing that unmeet for man to know.  
 That fixed gaze disturbed him—something  
 swerved  
 And thrilled his arm offensive. Ill the aim!  
 Yet loosen'd was his string, his arrow flown.  
 The quick it reached not, yet the quivering  
 barb  
 Was buried in the flank.

Nehilakin,  
 Clouded in sense, with blurring eyes, then felt  
 Himself keen-stricken. As he swoons and  
 reels  
 To earth who hath been smitten by the sun,  
 Prone on the snow the ghastly hunter fell,  
 Transpired by many an agonising throb.  
 Then, as he fell, reaching to save himself.  
 His outstretched hand clutched a lean shunk,  
 his hand  
 Itself its clinging fingers lost, and grew  
 Instantly hooped and horny; his smooth skin  
 Hairy became and shag'd, while his high brow  
 Grew low and narrow, with tall antlers crown-  
 ed;  
 And strangely seemed a long, protruding face  
 To grow upon him, bestially inclined.  
 Painfully came over his misted brain  
 Sense of his altered being, mingling dim  
 With awful memory of what once he was.  
 Quick from the purple-stained snow he sprang;  
 And looked about him wild'y; for he heard  
 A sound of floating deep within the glade;—  
 'Twas his companions. Then a mocking laugh  
 Re echoed pitiless, where they withdrew,  
 Retreating, and retreating till 'twas lost.  
 Bitterly to his altered self he came,  
 And ranged—a wounded stag—a man no more.

The heavens are hidden,  
 And silent and awed;  
 The shadows of terror  
 And doom are abroad;—  
 Haste—haste—thou fleet creature!  
 Ah, whither shall flee  
 The spirit that lieth  
 So stricken in thee!

How proud were thine antlers!  
 How beaming thine eyes!  
 How high thou wert tossing  
 Thy front to the skies!  
 Did spirit so godlike  
 Lark in thy life's cell,  
 Like the nautilus-soul  
 In its delicate shell!

And is the brave wrath  
 That hath seized thee so poor  
 That terror can shake thee,  
 Nor peril allure!  
 Ah, what hath surprised thee,  
 And caused thee to start,—  
 What shame and what anguish  
 Thou timorous heart!

Thou rankest in darkness,—  
 Uncertain thy way;  
 Thou treadest all lonely,  
 The paths of dismay;  
 Thy joy and thy beauty  
 Companions could share;  
 But who hath partaken  
 Thy grief and despair?

Ah, why wilt thou quiver?  
 Why batest thy breath?  
 There is many a soul  
 In the valley of death;

With sighs as with blossoms  
 The shadows are strown;  
 Then why wilt thou fancy  
 Thou goest alone.

As dust that is swept  
 By the hurricane flies,  
 On, on through the forest  
 Nehilakin hies!  
 The Manitou's breath  
 Hath the star-tapers blown;  
 And the moon to her cloudy  
 Pavilion hath flown.

The heavens are hidden,  
 And silent, and awed;  
 The shadows of terror  
 And doom are abroad;—  
 Then haste thou fleet creature!  
 Ah, whither shall flee  
 The spirit that lieth  
 Sore stricken in thee?

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Valuable lessons are to be learned from the doings of the Irish secret societies in the State of Pennsylvania. A writer in the Quarterly Review calls attention to the fact that many well-meaning and intelligent Englishmen and Scotchmen, who deplore the condition of lawlessness and of organized crime common in Ireland, are just now apt to be influenced by the argument, that the Irish outrages are the product of English rule, and that, if once the authority of the hated Saxon were removed, Ireland would sink into a condition of social peace. "Remove," it is said, "the influence of England, and Irishmen will no longer countenance murder and outrage, or combine in secret societies to defeat the ends of justice." The history of the Molly Maguires shows how utterly fallacious is this argument. In Pennsylvania the Irish were never trodden under the heel of the Saxon conqueror. Law did not present itself to them in a foreign garb. They were neither persecuted, despised, nor suspected. Instead they were the favoured citizens of a commonwealth, in every way sympathetic with their political and social aspirations—a commonwealth in which their existed no trace of landlord, or Protestant or aristocratic ascendancy, and in which every office and function of government was controlled by popular election. Yet when a colony of Irishmen gathered together in Pennsylvania, the political and social configuration of Ireland was exactly repeated, and the condition of one of the counties of an American State became that of Clare or Kerry during the crisis of an agrarian agitation. It is the most foolish delusion to imagine that Irishmen only defy the law in Ireland, or that England is responsible for the tolerance of crime which they display. By withdrawing English influence from Ireland we shall in no way prevent the growth of organizations such as those of the Molly Maguires. There is only one way to eradicate lawlessness in Ireland. Irishmen tolerate outrage because they are suffering from an arrested social and political development. Ireland was still in the throes of anarchy when England and the rest of Europe were being painfully taught the needs and uses of good government. Ireland in fact is, as regards law and order, some three hundred years behind the rest of the United Kingdom. But she may still learn her "civil drill" just as England learned it. All that is necessary is to persist tirelessly, and yet at the same time sympathetically, in the work of education.

The task is by no means an impossible one. What is required are time and patience. That, no doubt, is a less sensational remedy than the establishment of civil war by Act of Parliament, but is one, we submit, which is likely to prove far more effective than Mr. Gladstone's Bill for the better government of Ireland.

A COMMON PHRASE.

There are many sayings, slangy some of them—at any rate frequent—which slip glibly off our tongues with little or no thought as to their significance and the ideas they are capable of suggesting to those who hear them uttered. In this class we hear very often—far too often—the praise “too much like work.” It comes from the lips of the young and giddy as well as from those who are old enough to know better than to give expression to anything that has a tendency to encourage sloth and laziness, or the enervating and debilitating habit of inactivity, so fatal to success in life.

Are we to take this common utterance as a sign of the spirit of the times? We trust not, and yet what are we to think? A distaste for work is fairly stated, and people do not repeat sentiments like this without meaning something. Work should be enjoyable, congenial, natural, healthy; it should absorb a large proportion of the time of every human being who desires to be something better than a cumberer of the ground. But mistakes, fatal errors, have been made, are being made daily and hourly in choosing work, or being persuaded or tormented into accepting work unsuitable to the individual. We see examples all about us—sad to behold—and wonder, when any special case attracts our attention and awakens our sympathy, whether this man sinned or his parents, that he should be bound for life to uncongenial employment. Immured it may be within office walls, chained, as it were, to a desk where the very soul of the man pants for water brooks, and the active out-of-door life possible in many avocations.

The life of a farmer under present advanced conditions should possess great attractions, but still we see no diminution of the influx of young men and women to the cities from the country. The more intellectual of the former swell the professional classes to so large an extent that it is becoming a problem how they are all to find honest livings; and the latter, with the bulk of the first mentioned who do not aspire to professions, crowd into offices as book-keepers, stenographers, etc., until there is a plethora of candidates for situations. A large proportion of the women also become “sales-ladies,” and some few—not half enough—enter domestic service, which should be an honorable and respected employment.

Too great stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of choosing wisely when the time comes for a man or woman to decide how to make a living. Thoreau says, “the world is a cow that is hard to milk,” and while this is perfectly true, is it not possible that not knowing how on the part of the milker, will stand very much in the way of his obtaining that which he desires? A hard milker can be made much worse by going about it in a wrong way. As the richest portion of the milking—called he “stripping”—comes last of all, we may fairly conclude that the lesson for us is not to cease our efforts too soon or we will have to go without our cream. It is work, hard work,

sure enough, to keep on, but then there is the reward, and labour sweetens life if only it be the right kind of labour.

It is a perverse condition of affairs which produces such sayings as the one under consideration. A little reflection will convince the most thoughtless that it is so, and that a remedy should be sought.

There are people in the world who like instead of milking the cow, to pat the poor creature and say “so bossy” while somebody else does the work.

When adopting a life avocation the taste and natural bent of the individual should be taken largely into consideration, but the condition of the ranks into which he proposes to enlist should not be overlooked. If they are already filled or overcrowded it would be better to seek some other opening unless the inclination is very determined.

A false notion prevails that it is more respectable to belong to one class of bread-winners than another. The cut of a man's coat and other articles of apparel do more towards furthering him in life than they have any right to. “A man's a man for a' that.” When will the time come that people will not be judged—and many a time condemned by their clothes. Is it coming at all? Yes, we say. The world does move, thank the Lord, and we have left behind many things once apparently as firmly rooted as this vain show of clothes: There was a man once who was imprisoned for months as a punishment for kissing his wife in public in the city of Boston when meeting her after a long separation. The immorality of such a proceeding was not to be tolerated. It has been thus with many things which we now take no notice of, and circumstances which now arouse our indignation will in process of time undergo a similar change. The pleasure of work—to come back to the subject—should need no dragging forth to the light, for it should be apparent. It is only because of the lamentable mistakes that things are turned topsy-turvy and people need to be told that work is not hardship if chosen aright. We see how miserable most people are who have nothing to do. They are not one whit happier than those who earn their bread according to the primeval curse—by the sweat of their brows.

Idle people are a nuisance to those who work. Many who have nothing to do but go to their meals cannot do that without keeping others waiting. Work, rather than a curse, is a blessing. A favorite pursuit is the savior of many from grief and trouble that would otherwise break down the spirit. The trouble is—the same old trouble—that what would be the favorite pursuit is seldom the means of making a living—the thing most people work for. Any and every other consideration than the gratification to be obtained is allowed to weigh in a pot-boiling undertaking. Suppose for once that money-making is left out of the question, and a man decides to do what he likes best and can do best and feels to be his own business *par excellence*, will he not win success in the end? Is it not reasonable to suppose that if a sufficient number of young people had a fixed right idea about this that it would come straight and that all would be enabled to mind their own business with success, instead of dragging out a wretched existence *trying* to mind somebody else's, while somebody else is likely enough doing the round man in the square hole. “Mind your own business” is the key-stone of the arch of an honest life. Find out early

what your own business is, young people of Canada, and stick to it, even though difficulties perplex for awhile. Our young nation requires that every man—ay, and every woman—mind their own business and do their duty. Only so can we become great. Every patriotic individual should feel the obligation to become as perfect a citizen and subject as is possible. Let every man be a brick, and our wall will not be weak.

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS

DUMB POETS.

Souls there are with strength too faint to beat Their music out; like shells upon the strand Within their hearts they hold the music sweet

Of many a tone from many a distant land Yet send no cry across the waters deep. To pierce the maddening mystery of the world,

And smite the hearts of hard-faced gods who keep Their knowledge fast, although their bolts are hurled.

Oh deep and true though inarticulate! The vastness of the world may move within Such pure unbroken hearts, early and late.

Ended to-day, yet ever to begin, In living deeds they write a song to sing, When distant ages shall their plaudits ring.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—I like, and agree generally with your articles on the effect of the fall in silver in your now last No. ;—but I am not so sure as to what you say about the appreciation of gold. As an article in the Century, cited in the Review of Reviews, speaks doubtfully on the point, I say: “If the appreciation of gold had been the cause of this decline in prices, it ought to have affected all prices. This has not been the case. There has been no common ratio of decline. Some prices have fallen but others have risen. Among the latter, are those of labour, which is bought and sold more than anything else on the face of the globe. The prices of labour, and of all the larger class of products or services which are exclusively advanced. A given amount of gold does not buy more but less of domestic service and manual and professional labour generally than it did formerly. It buys no more of horses and other domestic animals, of pictures, of handwoven lace, of cut glass, and it pays more of house rents, which depend largely on the price of land. Retail prices have generally not fallen in proportion to the decline in wholesale prices. If there had been an appreciation of gold due to a scarcity, all these prices ought to have shown a decline in common with others. Then too the decline should have been common to all countries which has not been the case; careful comparisons showing that the average fall in France and Germany has been less than in Great Britain, and greater in the United States than in any other country. I believe this statement of facts to be correct, and I agree with the inference that the fall in value of silver has arisen from its greatly increased production and not from appreciation in the value of gold; and I agree with you that the chief cause of the uncertainty and uneasiness in the money market and business of the United States, is the unsettled state of their currency, and the feeling that at any time debts, public or private, may be paid in a greatly depreciated currency, at heavy loss to the creditor. The President has called Congress to meet on the 7th of August, and we shall then probably know what his intention will be done. All parties seem to think the

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Act requiring the Government to purchase enormous amounts of silver monthly ought to be repealed; but it is said that one party will not allow this to be done, except on condition of free coinage of silver, which means a deluge of silver coins of which no one can tell the value or the amount, or whether the coinage of the tons of silver now in the possession of the Treasury is to be included. I am glad the President decided to call Congress earlier than he at first intended. Let us wait patiently for the result: I hope it will include the abandonment of the two standards system, which is about on a par with the ancient plan of basing the standard measure of length on that of the reigning king's foot. In the two short articles which I sent you on Bi-metallism and you inserted in February last, I have stated my views on that subject, and I see no reason to alter them. All that has occurred since, has more firmly convinced me of their soundness. A silver standard is objectionable from its extreme inconvenience though possible; but the two standards plan is impossible, or so difficult to work as to be nearly so. Some time ago a gentleman with a Spanish name proposed in the Forum a Board of Experts to sit in New York and fix at short intervals the relative market price of gold and silver, by which money transactions and the respective values of the two metals should be regulated;—an honest plan but rather difficult of execution. Congress may perhaps hit upon something better.

Ottawa, 24 July, 1893.

W.

(Note.—This communication came too late for insertion in the No. of THE WEEK for which it was intended.—Ed.)

THE SCOTTISH TONGUE.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—A graceful writer, who signs himself "W. C. K.," in a recent issue, while largely agreeing with me in my views as to Dialect Literature, takes exception to my calling the Scottish tongue a "dialect." Please allow me space for a few paragraphs by way of explanation and defence, which I shall make as brief as possible, as the subject is one of no great importance, and which I do not care to deal with except in a general way. I would premise also that I have no desire to enter upon a controversy, and at the same time admit that in what follows, I may possibly have been led into error by my familiarity from boyhood with Scottish literature.

It seems to me that "W. C. K." has misunderstood me in my reference to the poet Burns, when I made use of the phrase, "to go further back." Now, it was not the earlier Scottish poets I had then in my mind, but merely Burns' immediate predecessors—Ramsay, Ferguson, etc., who were largely the sources of his inspiration. So that it was still open for me to coincide with my unknown friend in his view that Scotland once had a national language of her own, if I chose to do so. Now if "W. C. K.'s" contention is that Scotland had once a national language—"a sister tongue," as he calls it—for two or three hundred years up to the union of the two crowns at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but that after that event the language soon relapsed into the position of a dialect, and almost exclusively by Scottish writers employed only occasionally in poetry and sweet song—then there is very little in dispute between us.

But can Scotland, even in the palmiest days of her history, be said to have possessed a tongue, so differentiated from that of the sister kingdom as to be properly styled a national language? Although a good deal can be said in favour of this view, and "W. C. K." has said it well and eloquently, yet it seems to me from the standpoint of what little knowledge of the subject I have happened to pick up, a view that can scarcely be successfully maintained.

"W. C. K." admits that the Scottish and English tongues were originally (he says in Chaucer's time, i.e., the 14th century) substantially one. This is only what we should have expected from the similarity of origin of the two peoples, and from the circumstance

that the early Scottish writers naturally took those of England for their models. This fact is also recognized in the circumstance that writers and compilers, like Dr. Percy and those employed by the early English Text Society, have included in their collections the works of Scottish poets. The Scottish writers themselves do not seem to have claimed for their language a very high status. Works of importance were still written in Latin up to the time of the Reformation; the first prose work of any consequence in the vernacular being Bellenden's translation of Boece's Latin History of Scotland, in James V.'s reign. It seems even more true of early Scottish than of English literature that it was the poets who took most kindly, as Lyndsay expresses it, to "indytyng in the vulgare toung." A comparison of the works of the early English and Scottish poets will convince any one that they are written in substantially the same language. Books in those days, when learning was circumscribed, were few, and intended only for the better classes of the community. It was not till the Reformation and the more general diffusion of knowledge (for which Scotland is so much indebted to the much maligned John Knox—perhaps the greatest name in her history) that books began to be written for the common people. A large proportion of what was written in the vernacular (usually of Edinburgh, or the central portion of the country) was of a humorous character. James I., e.g., wrote a book called "The Kingis Quhair," which is generally classed as an English poem. To him also are attributed (I think correctly) two poems, which he perhaps did not care to acknowledge, being of a humorous character, written for the common people, in the vernacular, viz., "Pebelis to the Play," and "Chrystis Kirk on the Grene." Now the most striking difference between these two poems (perhaps the most distinctively Scottish and the most difficult to read in the language) and the "Kingis Quhair" by the same author, is the free use in the former of words of a local origin and significance, most of which soon became obsolete. Otherwise there is little essential difference between them; the order of words, the construction of the sentences, is the same; and the same grammatical rules would be found to apply.

I would add that it is common in Scottish literature to find words used by one writer and rarely met with in any other, testifying to the local character of much of the writing. I agree with "W. C. K." that the early language of the two countries changed less rapidly in Scotland than in England. Would my friend, then, hold that Scottish is just old English with dialect variations? Perhaps not. It seems to me, however, that the Scottish tongue can scarcely be said to have ever attained the consistency and finish of a language, and the points of difference between it and English are so few as scarcely to entitle it to be called a "sister tongue." Without attempting to illustrate, the following are the chief points of difference that occur to me. In the alphabets perhaps the only difference is the use in old Scottish of the letter z to represent the consonantal sound of y—still to be seen in the name Dalziel, where its existence sometimes puzzles people. As to grammatical forms the Scottish literature abounds in what we would call solecisms, i.e., the frequent use of the singular for the plural of verbs, etc. Two or three old forms of expression are of constant occurrence, such as the use of the termination is to represent both the plural of nouns as well as the possessive case singular. Although the language in the time of the Stuart kings was still harsh and rugged, there was even then a tendency manifested to drop some of the consonantal sounds, as in the case of the second and third person singular of verbs. Then as to orthography, there was never any fixity or uniformity, its vagaries being even greater than in early English, in which I remember meeting with the little word one spelt in three different ways within the compass of a page or two of Chaucer. As to the words in actual use, I think an examination would show that about two-thirds are English words sometimes slightly disguised, and even of the remaining one-third, a proportion is

also English disguised somewhat more effectually. It seems to me, therefore, that whatever the language might have developed into, had it not been for the disastrous defeat of Flodden Field and the subsequent fusion of the two nationalities into one, the Scottish language up till that time can scarcely be said to have attained the status or dignity of a distinct national language. In other words, it was simply English with Lowland Scottish vernacular or dialect variations. Take the phrase which "W. C. K." quotes from Knox, "pentad bredd"; this is just a variation of "painted board." It is very true that Scottish poets of a later day speak of their "ain auld mither tongue"; but here every word is of English origin, "mither" being also found as "moder" and "muther" in the older poets. I would also remind "W. C. K." that all Scottish writers did not employ this national tongue. Drummond of Hawthornden wrote his fine sonnets and elegies in the pure English of his day. So also Sir Wm. Alexander of Menstrie, Earl of Stirling, wrote his long-winded Monarchieke tragedies, sonnets, etc., in the same language. And so little faith had that scholar and genius, George Buchanan, the Erasmus of the Scottish Reformation, in his native tongue, or even in English, that he made use of Latin to ensure lasting fame for his compositions. Coming down to later times we find men like James Thomson, John Home, Dr. Beattie, and others, neglecting the tongue to which they were born and bred, and boldly going up to London, as it were, and winning laurels in the literature of what must have been to them, at least in youth, if "W. C. K." is right, a foreign tongue. I question very much the statement, which "W. C. K." may of course, have accepted in good faith, that the poet Burns, in the polite society of Edinburgh, made use of the "guid braid Scotch" of his own poems. He at all events was not obliged to, for he could write very good English.

In more modern times, or since the days of Ramsay and Burns, the language of the south of Scotland, as exemplified in her literature, may be said to be, in comparison with the ancient form of it, a "fancy language," restricted in its use almost exclusively to poets and rhymesters. Its leading characteristics are the disuse of the harsh consonantal sounds, and the use of the broad a, and the diminutives of nouns. It is just these features, I would remark, that have made the Scottish tongue so suitable for poetry and song, in which Scottish literature is richer than any other, in proportion to its volume. As an illustration of the change which the language has undergone from its early crude, harsh and rugged state, take the well-known phrase from Burns: "Scots wha hae." Now, this would have been expressed in the ancient tongue somewhat thus: "Scottismen quhilk hev," or rather "hes"; for the singular form of this verb was almost invariably used instead of the plural.

I would warn my friend "W. C. K." that he had better not assume for the tongue, in which are written those fine ballads and lyrics which we both so greatly admire, the proud posit on in which he would evidently place it, or he may get into trouble. There is a Scottish language, spoken by a considerable—and somewhat passionate and touchy—portion of the Scottish people, by no means to be overlooked. They inhabit the northern part of Bonnie Scotland. Now, there is a Scottish language for you, said to have been the very language spoken in Paradise.

It seems to me that "W. C. K." is confounding modern with ancient Scotch in the regret which he expresses that so much of a heroic song and ballad has been written in a language difficult to be understood. For sweet, pathetic song-power, and for sly humour, the Scotch of Lady Nairne cannot be surpassed, and is readily understood by any intelligent English reader. As to there being anything vulgar about it, the genius of Scott, Burns and others has long ago raised it above all that. That is in no sense a vulgar tongue which the Queen of England (God bless her!) delights in, as is shown by her writing to ascertain the authorship of the sweet little

lyric "She Noddit To Me," at present going the rounds of the press.

On the whole, then, the Scottish tongue seems to me to be merely in the position of a dialect of English, but a dialect differing from most others in having been ennobled by so many writers of genius, and producing such a rich and varied literature as the dialects of no other country can exhibit. What a powerful influence it has had upon the people of Scotland in connection with the system of education which John Knox was largely the means of establishing; and I might also add in connection with that Church—yes, that gloomy religion!—which when all was corruption and chaos in the old system, he set agoing again after the model of its early founders! Where among the common people is there such an appreciation of the beauties of literature from the humorous to the sublime, where are intellects more keen and bright, and hearts more tender and true than in Bonnie Scotland? I should like to have given some quotations, illustrative of the Scottish tongue at various periods of its history; but as this communication is already too long, will keep them in reserve.

WILLIAM KAY.

Toronto, Aug. 8th.

SONNET.

In lapse of years there lacketh lapse of love. Each age to birth great sons of song are brought, Each wizard with his wand enchains a thought, A myriad times in moulded words to prove How forms most apt do from his grasp remove, Who in the after time with love is fraught With cruel love's immortal pain unsought. He, late-born, follows some familiar groove. So, dear, as best befitting, classic strain I quote, whose wild rich music mournful tells The story of the faithful virgin heart That cannot quench its love though fickle wane The love to her once sworn in Ida's dells. I made a master's words express my part.

A. T.

THE FUTURE OF ALUMINIUM.

The elegant winged figure with which Mr. Gilbert has adorned the summit of the bronze fountain designed and cast by him for the centre of Piccadilly Circus, possesses an interest separate and apart from its merits as a work of art. The statue, which was originally intended to be cast in bronze, is made of pure aluminium, and the brightness and beauty of the material, which has all the appearance of frosted silver, together with a suggestion of lightness quite peculiar to this new and exquisite metal, must be apparent to the least observant passer-by. Its employment in such an important piece of outdoor decoration in London cannot fail to draw attention to what, among those who are at it all beforehand with the world in the pursuit of practical science, is among the most eagerly discussed questions of the day—the probable future of aluminium. Even apart from its material uses, there is enough in the nature and history of the metal itself to make it a subject more than usually attractive to the imagination. Its very existence is an example of the possibility of the inconceivable. As we know, it does not exist in Nature in any form perceptible by the senses. There is no such thing as an aluminium nugget or aluminium dust. It cannot be crushed out or washed out, or even burnt out of the earth, except with the aid of the electric furnace at a temperature of 6,000° Fahrenheit; yet it is present in every load of London clay, and wherever else clay-beds lie it exists potentially in quantities and over areas to which even the coal-measures cannot be compared either for richness or extent. When once obtained from the clay, its peculiar properties are more obvious and striking than

those of any other material. It is beautiful to the eye, whiter than silver, and indestructible by contact with the air. It neither rusts nor tarnishes; is strong, elastic, and so light that the imagination almost refuses to conceive it as a metal, the connection between heaviness and strength being almost as firmly established in most minds as that between heaviness and warmth, and refusing to admit any comparison between the comfort afforded by an eiderdown or a sheepskin; the weight is little more than one-third of the corresponding bulk of iron, and of course far less than that in the proportionate amount of silver, gold, or lead.

The so-called "aluminium gold" of which watch-chains and trinkets were commonly made some years ago, is merely an alloy of copper containing a small per-centage of aluminium, which gave to the copper brightness and hardness, with absolute freedom from tarnish. "Aluminium bronze," the material of which the Austrian field-guns are constructed, also contains only some 6 per cent. of aluminium, though the material so produced is of extreme hardness and value for the purposes for which it is used. But the value of pure aluminium—light, strong, non-corroding, lustrous and beautiful to the eye inoffensive to the senses of taste and smell, and so malleable that (like gold) it can be beaten out into thin foil or drawn into fine wire—is such as to offer an inducement to the discovery of a cheap and simple method of extracting the boundless store in the clay-beds of the world, hardly exceeded by the desire to discover the philosopher's-stone itself. Nowhere, indeed, does the old fancy of the transmutation of metals come nearer an apparent realization than in the change from masses of shapeless clay into white and shining blocks of silvery aluminium. Even now, with the existing methods of elaborate chemical treatment, or the intense heat of the electrical furnace, pure aluminium can be bought for 2s. per pound in Germany, and at 2s. 6d. per pound in England. Good gun-metal—not the rubbish which is sold as "brass" for door-knobs and curtain-poles, and other household fittings—costs 6d. per pound. But as the quantity of aluminium represented by a pound-weight is three times that of an equal weight of copper, the cost of the aluminium, bulk for bulk, is in the proportion of 9d. to that of 6d. for the copper. Compared with the so-called brass, it is already equally cheap and equally strong, with far greater lightness and beauty.

The present cost of aluminium, though still higher than any of the cheap metals, has brought it within the range of everyday life; and its present uses, limited as they are, necessarily bear some relation to the great question of the future of the new metal, and the possibility of realising the hopes of the metal-worker and the engineer. For all personal equipment which must be carried by the owner, aluminium is rapidly taking the place of every other metal. Its lightness is its obvious recommendation in this case. In the German cavalry, even the stirrup "irons" are now made of aluminium. The men's water-bottles are also of the same light and strong material. In binoculars for field use, and all kinds of scientific instruments for distant and toilsome expeditions, such as Dr Nansen's Arctic journeys, or observations on high mountains, the same metal takes the place of the heavier brass, when the saving in weight so secured

may often make the difference between scientific success or failure. Nearly all the small articles of luxury and ornament usually made in silver or brass are now produced in aluminium, though where weight is not a drawback the gain is rather one in appearance than in construction. But aluminium thimbles, pen-holders, paper-knives, flasks, or cups are so far superior to those made of the ordinary materials, that no one who has once made use of them in the new metal will readily return to the older form. A far more important and significant step is the recent construction of large aluminium launches on the Lake of Geneva, and of the aluminium house at the World's Fair at Chicago. In the first case, the object proposed was double—the gain of nearly two-thirds in lightness in the hull, which in the case of a pleasure-boat with small engines, would naturally result in a greater comparative gain of efficiency than in the enormously over-engined torpedo-boat or fast cruiser, and a reduction of the surface-friction by the use of a smooth, polished, and non-corrosive material. Both these results are said to have been obtained, though the gross preponderance in cost of the aluminium over the best steel, renders its use for such purposes at present beyond the sphere of practical commerce. The aluminium house, also, should contain the elements of constructive success. So light and though a material is better suited for the construction of a movable home than any other. Moreover, aluminium, which itself possesses a high degree of specific heat, does not readily absorb heat itself, and thus is not liable to the objection to iron buildings in hot countries. But apart from light decorative purposes, such as balconies, cupolas, finials, and verandahs, is as a roofing material that aluminium should be most welcome to the builder. In plates, scales, two-thirds lighter than copper, and not corroded by air, and undimmed even by the sulphur of London smoke, it should make a roof fit for a palace of romance. The human elements of health and comfort in the home hardly less important than its external defence against the weather—pipes, cisterns, taps, and gutters, now made of iron which rusts, or lead which poisons—would be more enduring and far more healthy if made of this light and durable metal, which might also take the place of all water-holding vessels now made of heavy brittle earthenware, or painted tin. An aluminium bath is among the probable luxuries of the next century. But it is not as a mere accessory to comfort and convenience that the development of the new metal should be of use at sea that its most marked quality of lightness obviously fits it. The marine engineer, and the naval architect, who are already looking in this direction for a reduction in the weight which is inseparable from loss of efficiency, whether in speed of metal which, when mixed in the proportion of 1 to 50, gives to aluminium-bronze a hardness and toughness which make it almost as strong as steel, and which, if the proportion could be reversed, and the strength preserved, would reduce the weights of ships' machinery alike by two-thirds. That is a problem which awaits the metallurgists for solution. The reduction in cost, judging by analogy, can only be a question of time and research. The best steel now costs little more

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than gold per pound; while aluminium is fifty times that price. But aluminium exists in far greater quantities than iron, is more widely distributed, and neither the limits of time nor the history of metallurgy forbid us to conjecture that, as the world has seen its age of stone, its age of bronze, and its age of iron, so it may before long have embarked on a new and even more prosperous era the age of aluminium.—*Spectator*.

ART NOTES.

British Royalty has for once broken with its traditions of sending to Vienna for an artist to paint its portraits. Mr. Luke Fieldes, it is reported, has just completed portraits of the Duke of York and Princess May, and is at work on a three-quarter length of the Princess Wales, which has been commissioned by the Duke of York.

The deplorable condition of many of the masterpieces in the Louvre—even in the Salon Carré—was recently called attention to by the art critic, M. Louis Cardon, with the result that the matter has had the immediate attention of the authorities. Mr. Orrock's alarm-note in respect to the English pictures in the National Gallery has not been so respectfully treated.

Public Opinion tells us that, those who would like to see how the Duchess of York looked in 1887 should visit the Edwin Long Gallery in Bond Street, where a portrait of her by the deceased academician is now on view. It has been specially lent to the collection by the Duchess of Teck. Here also may be seen Long's last picture, "The Parable of the Sower," a work which was never exhibited in the Royal Academy.

From the Magazine of Art we learn that, the death of Edwin Booth was so well foreseen that a man was ready to take a mask of his face, from which Augustus St. Gaudens is to model a bust, perhaps for the players' club, which naturally holds its benefactor and first member in high honor." From the same magazine is the following, on what a tremor of joyful anticipation do we start on a sketching trip: how sad is the homeward journey, and alas! how disappointed are the results for the most part. Nature never there, ever beautiful, ever confiding, but she is too lofty and too deep for us; she baffles us and we cannot seize her meaning; again and again we try, we are never tired of it until our life's end, and then we humbly and reverently lay down our pencils and confess that we are nothing worth—but we have been happy in the effort, supremely happy; what can we ask for more?"

M. Andre Michel, writing of the Salon of the Champs de Mars in the *Athenaeum*, disapproves at considerable length the work of the Impressionist school represented in the exhibition. His remarks on this head are singularly just. Of impressionism, he says: "It is the legitimate child of landscape. The artist, in plain air, 'sub Jove crudo,' after having learned to paint clearly, has freed their brushes from all the bitumen accumulated by the romantics, and rendered them more and more attentive and sensitive to the modulations of light. Some of them have grown to study it with exclusive predilection. What they have wished to do has been to paint clearness in the deep sky, how it glints and shimmers upon objects. The objects themselves in their individuality and proper form are less than the illumination which gives them value. Theodore Rousseau used to study a tree—a given tree, a given oak, a given beech, a given poplar at a given spot. He used to make a portrait of it as of a human being. 'If the trees do not think,' he remarked, 'they excite us to think.' For the

Impressionists the tree has been no more than an impenetrable mass upon which the rays strike and mingle. Surfaces are only associated reflections; there is but one definite command in the work of the seven days, 'Fiat lux.' On that day the Eternal worked for the painters.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane Theatre in London is to be torn down. Alas for historic associations, but joy to comfort! Dinky and faded it is to be sure and about as well ventilated as Noah's Ark was with its one window a cubit square in the roof. Drury Lane is a landmark in English theatrical annals. Here among hundreds of others, were the triumphs of Kemble, Garrick, Egan and Macready. This old building has heard the greatest vocalists of the past three centuries. Two hundred and sixty years of life in London must have given the old theatre a varied experience. Smoke and fog have blackened it and rain and wind have eaten into the stone ornaments until the outlines are blurred and the tracery effaced. When this spot first saw a theatre the Pilgrim Fathers in America had just begun to feel at home in their new continent. Their humanizing policy of Indian extermination and witch burning was barely in working order when the foundation stone was laid. To turn from the old to the new for a moment—what a palace of comfort is Daly's new theatre!

This week I heard "Walkure," "Siegfried," "Meistersinger" and "Amy Robsart" by De Lara. This was the first performance of this work. It is not an original work. The love songs are without doubt the strongest portion of the opera. This is to be expected from a man so popular with the skirted half of humanity. Men in general consider De Lara a very effeminate musician. A woful lack of balance in scoring and an evident inexperience in placing climaxes mar the production. De Lara has a fluent melodic gift of a very sentimental kind, but that the composer of the "Garden of Sleep" can also become a successful opera composer has yet to be proved. De Lara has not taken melodies or even phrases bodily from other composers. His theft is more serious. He has stolen the first causes of affects from deeper and more original thinkers. The general public will more quickly recognize the appropriation of a melody than the imitation of an effect; but musicians know that the latter fault bespeaks incapacity far more loudly than the first does.

Some of the singers in the German opera are prone to wander away from the pitch. Alvary, splendid actor that he is, occasionally gets out of tune when he tries to sing softly in that peculiar throaty tone he sometimes makes use of. Mrs. Moran-Olden has the irritating habit of beginning her notes a third too low, and then sliding up to them. She reminds me of the soprano singers of a chorus in Toronto (and I am sorry to say elsewhere also) who had the same pernicious tendency. My humorous friend Jeffers, the choir-master, assured me that the soprano part in all the choir books was smooth and greasy on account of the sopranos having slid so often up to their notes.

I am very happy to state that the Wagner performances are always crowded. It also affords me extreme felicity to chronicle the fact that "La Favorita" was sadly neglected by the London public.

Knowing, as I did that my critical powers were unequal to the task of properly judging of this gorgeously rich score and the excessively complicated nature of the tonic and dominant harmonies of the work, I betook me far away. Do not, O gentle reader! fancy that I am one of those unfortunate individuals who consider no music real music unless signed R. Wagner. I'll venture to say that I know Bach's chorals and Gluck's operas as well as you do. I have as much conservatism about me as most Englishmen have. Let us stick to the old if it has intrinsic merit. Let us shun the new if it only wears the mask of novelty. But Donizetti—bah!

I made an attempt to hear Irving in "The

Merchant of Venice," but I could not get near the theatre. This is Irving's fifteenth year of management, and one of the most successful he has ever had. To get a seat at all it is necessary to book from one to six weeks in advance. He sails very shortly for America. I am sorry that Berlioz' "Faust" will not be given this year. Mascagni has conducted two of his operas before the Queen, who took a very deep interest in the works and in the young composer. A special train took the company to Windsor, where Her Majesty attended the performance. The Queen's admiration for the operas has somewhat soothed the composer's impatience with the British critics. He now says that "I Rantzau" was not intended to be performed as an opera, but as a "domestic drama," with musical accompaniment." Hem! A full orchestra including trombone, tuba, cymbals and organ make a rather formidable domestic musicale. Rather a musical family I should think!

However, let that pass. Mascagni returns to Italy this week, surprised at the few rehearsals the English orchestra required. In a recent interview he said, I have given now three operas in three years; in a few months I shall give a fourth one, next year the fifth, in 1895 the sixth, and so on, as long as it will please Providence to fill my brains with ideas and keep my body in good health. I work eight to ten hours every day, and I hope to go on so until I am sixty at least.

When the stage gets to be a bore to him he may find that to produce an opera every year, is not so easy a task as it now appears to be with the glamour of success and novelty tingling his imagination.

The opera season is about over, and for a few weeks my letters will be perhaps less newswy, but I hope more interesting, as I am going over again some of the old haunts of the great men who have made historic London of the past.—*Clarence Lucas, in Musical Courier.*

LIBRARY TABLE.

A COMPLICATION IN HEARTS. By Edmund Pendleton. New York: The Home Publishing Co.

This is a bright story of a young American who is ambitious to bring about moral reform in the politics of his country. He is elected on the Democratic ticket and goes to Washington full of youthful determination to accomplish his objects, but alas! he falls in love with the charming and beautiful Madame De La Tour, and hence arises the "Complication in Hearts." The story is told in an attractive manner, and is sufficiently strong to enchain the interest of the reader. It is a pleasant book for an idle hour.

BOSTON ILLUSTRATED.—Edited by Edwin M. Bacon. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Mr. Bacon's work as the compiler of a dictionary of this famous New England City has qualified him to edit most satisfactorily this beautiful historic guide book. The illustrations by Mr. Charles H. Woodbury are chastely and artistically executed and the maps leave nothing to be desired. The print, though small is beautifully clear, and appended to the book is a full dictionary index. We know no guide book to Boston at all comparable to this, and to the British, foreign or Canadian visitor we confidently commend it as not only being exceptionally good but also as being quite up to date.

THE RUSSIAN REFUGEE. By Henry R. Wilson. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 1893.

This is a distinctly good story; but in our humble judgment it is too long. More than 600 rather closely printed pages, make up a novel of greater length than most people can stand without skipping, and skipping is not a process to be commended as a rule. Still for people who like a long story, this is a good one. The Russian refugee is a venerable old gentleman of a hundred and twenty years of age, and, although he holds a subordinate

place in the story proper, he is a quite necessary factor in the working out of the problem. We rather object to the villain of the piece being named Henry Esmond. That is a name which should not have been desecrated.

**SUMMER TOURS.**—By the Canadian Pacific Railway, 7th edition. Issued by Passenger Department, C.P.R., Montreal, 1893.

We have yet to see a guide book more clear, concise and satisfactory than this. Here we have under the same cover all that full and varied information so often needed and so often sought for in vain by the anxious and bewildered traveller. We cannot imagine any person of common intelligence failing to find in this compilation such information as he may require relating to his proposed trip over any portion of that vast aggregation of railway and steam-boat lines known as the Canadian Pacific Railway. Let his purpose be to travel from Toronto to Montreal, or round the world, this book will tell how to go, what it will cost him, and, by illustration and letterpress will simplify and familiarize the trip to him before he starts. Merchants, sportsmen, tourists and others will find here a most helpful and welcome guide in the true sense of the term.

**TAVISTOCK TALES.** By several writers. New York: Tait & Company, 1893.

This is in every way, one of the prettiest volumes we have taken in our hands for a long time. It contains eleven tales by ten different writers. Of these nearly all are very good, and some are first-class. The place of honour is conceded to Mr. Gilbert Parker, who has already won for himself a great reputation as a story teller, and especially for his stories of the Hudson's Bay Country. His tale is the first and the largest in this volume—"The March of the White Guard," and it is a very touching and pathetic story. We have seldom read a better of its kind. Most of the other stories are not unworthy of a place in the same volume. We might instance "Sunshine Johnson, Murderer," by Mr. Luke Sharp; "Pensee," by Miss Rose Metcalfe, a tale of the great French Revolution; "The Man from the Four Corners," by Mr. G. B. Burgin, and several others, "Feelers of Love," "To the," etc., quite worthy of a place in the volume. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne and others are excellent.

**THE ATLANTIC FERRY.**—By Arthur J. Maginnis. London: Whittaker & Co., and G. Bell & Sons, 1893.

Mr. Maginnis has in this excellently printed and copiously illustrated volume of some 200 pages sought to give an ordinary reader or passenger an idea of the routine, forethought, and general arrangements necessary to carry on a great steamship line, to set forth the various efforts of noted merchants and scientists to initiate and carry on such a service, and also the nature and results of the more remarkable examples of vessels and machinery which they have employed. When we say that the author and compiler of this work is a gold medallist and member of the institution of naval architects it will be seen that he is quite at home in his subject. Detailed information is given relating to early Atlantic steamers and to the various British and foreign lines. The working of the lines, the character of their machinery and various particulars relating to their conduct, manning, cost of building and running, records of speed, funnels, flags, signals, etc., are discussed and a large amount of instructive and interesting information is given in this useful volume. Now that so many persons are from time to time crossing the ocean, an authoritative and inexpensive book like the above should supply a public need.

**AT THE RISING OF THE MOON: IRISH STORIES AND STUDIES.** By Frank Mathew. New York: Tait Sons & Co.

This delightful little book is written in a clear and vivid style. The stories, although not of exceeding interest, are decidedly Irish, and taken together with the author's bright

way of narration, make the book worthy of perusal. The character sketches and descriptions are charming, leaving nothing to be desired in terseness and vividness.

The book opens with a description of the Reverend Peter Flannery, the parish priest of Maher, of whom the author says: "He is one of the slimmest looking and the gentlest of men." One of the most charming things in this sketch is the christening of the foundling at "The House of the Umdar," in the down-pouring rain, commencing with "Patricius, ego te baptiso," and the description of the priest's attempt to keep the child quiet—thus: "Be hushed now, vick machree, son of my heart; ah! be still, Patrick. Be aisy, ye cantankerous little cur."

Another piece of description indicative of the author's style and worth reciting is the proposal of Shane Desmond to his Kitty, and the following dainty bit: "Her blush was the light of a sunset on snow. She was a spray of wood-anemone, keeping dowy and dainty in the dusty thoroughfares of life."

The book abounds in other similar charming novelties. A further portrayal difficult to pass over without mention is the description of the funerals in the sketch "Their Last Race." Thus, "The women were crying bitterly, keening like an Atlantic gale; the men looked as sober as if they had never heard of a wake, and spake sadly of the dead man and of what a pity it was that he could not see his funeral;" and further, "There is no knowing how it happened, but the funerals began to go quicker, keeping abreast; then still quicker, till the donkeys were galloping and till every one raced at full speed and the rival parties broke into a wild shout of 'Aug hovanna abu; 'Meehal Dhu for ever' for dead men were racing—feet foremost—to the grave," etc. And again: "the hearses were abreast; neck to neck they dashed across the trampled fighting place, while the coffins jagged and jolted as if the two dead men were struggling to get out and lead the rush; neck to neck they reached the churchyard and jammed in the gates," etc.

We highly recommend the book to readers for its purity of style and its delightful novelties.

**PERIODICALS.**

Among the subjects which receive intelligent and helpful discussion in the Journal of Hygiene for August are Alcohol, Gymnastics, Magnetic treatment, and the relation of Hygiene to women and to consumption.

Those two deservedly popular and readable periodicals, The Quiver, and Cassell's Family Magazine, are respectively filled this month with well selected and diversified matter. The serials, short stories, miscellaneous papers, poems, and departmental notes, and comments will meet the requirements of a variety of readers. We know no better magazines for the family—pure, instructive, and entertaining, they are models in their class.

Outing, for August, has an assortment of reading matter which is not at all disappointing. E. W. Sandys has a characteristic sketch, entitled "The Madam's Chicken Shoot;" Mrs. Denison gives us a glimpse of old and new Tipperary, and Lenz, a short sketch of his visit to San Francisco; A. P. Beach has a vivid description of a blue-fish outing on the Jersey Shoals. Many other bright papers appear in this number, among them may be mentioned, "Cycling on Mount Washington" and the interesting contributions to the series: "The Racers for the America's Cup," and "Kings and Queens of the Track."

Henry L. Dowes contributes an interesting historical paper to the Atlantic Monthly, for August, entitled "Washington the Winter before the War," the title is somewhat misleading, as it is the City, not the President, who is referred to. Olive Thorne Miller has a delightful bit of natural history in her article on the Jay. William Davies, in writing of the teaching of the Upanishads, sapiently (?) says: "A person might be a Brahmin in faith with-

out abandoning Christianity, and a Brahmin might be a Christian without sacrificing anything of his creed, or, as he would call it, knowledge." Short stories are supplied by Ellen Olney Kirk and A. M. Ewell. The Petrarch studies lose none of their interest in this number. Biographical, historical, poetical and other articles, together with the usual departments, make up an excellent number of the Atlantic.

"Dittisham on the Dart," is the title of the etched frontispiece to the August Magazine of Art, by David Law, very charming in effect rendered, although use has evidently been made of engraver's tools. "The New Gallery," by Frederick Wedmore, and "The Royal Academy Exhibition," by the editor deal with these exhibitions. J. E. Hodgkin, R.A., writes most interestingly and to the point in "Sketching from Nature: A Word to the Inert." One of the finest existing examples of Rembrandt is given to illustrate the short article on "Hendrickie Stoffels," by John Forbes White. Professor Herkimer writes in a most appreciative way of "J. K. North, A.R.A.;" and the remaining articles "Two Famous Chargers," "Street Balconies in North Italy," well illustrated, "Photographic Method of Drawing," and "Sir John Gilbert's Gift to the City of London," although quite up to the mark, may not have so many interested readers.

The poetry of the August Century is excellent, Frank Dempster Sherman contributes an octet "The Poet;" Thomas Bailey Aldrich six quatrains and R. W. Gilder, an impressive sonnet, "At Niagara." That the memory of Phillips Brooks is still green, the frontispiece portrait and the selections from his letters to children in this number, prove. Art is well represented here, too, in copies of Winsor Homer's "Fox and Crows" and F. E. E. Ewell's "Little Nell" from the group, "Dittisham and Little Nell," La Farge's Artist Letter from Japan; E. F. Fenollosa's paper on "Contemporary Japanese Art" and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's sketch on Anders Zorn, from a Swedish etcher, all of which are profusely illustrated. Stephen Bonsal has a descriptive article on "Fez, the Mecca of the Moors;" Thomas J. Mays writes of Brounina as a cure; Relief work of the younger Tolstoy among starving Russians, is the subject of what Jonas Stading writes. Serials, short stories add as well to the attractiveness of this summer number.

**LITERARY AND PERSONAL**

A reprint of another of Mr. Grant Allen's famous short stories, "Dr. Palliser's Patient," appears in the 'Handy Novels' series.

We congratulate our valued contributor, Miss Machar, on the great success attending her most enjoyable reception at Fernhill on the 28th July.

Cranston & Curtis, Cincinnati, have in press a book from the pen of Rev. Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., Chancellor of C. L. S. C. entitled "The Holy Waiting."

The vacancy created in the committee of the London Library by the election of Lord Tennyson as president has been filled by the election of Walter Pater.

D. Appleton & Co. will issue shortly, "The Truthful Woman in Southern California," by Miss Kate Sanborn, and "From the Rivers," pictures of life in India, by Mrs. A. Steel.

"The Complaining Millions of Men," by Edward Fuller which is published by H. S. & Brothers last week, is described as an American novel of more than ordinary power dealing with the relations of capital and labor.

For the new Van Twiller Edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History," announced by the Putnams, Mr. E. W. Kemble has prepared 225 drawings. A special edition of one hundred copies will be printed, with proofs of full page illustrations on Japan paper.

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With the issue of the 8th July, the popular sportsman's paper *Forest and Stream* began the twenty-first year of publication. The *Forest and Stream* was the pioneer journal on this side of the Atlantic devoted to shooting and fishing, and in a review of their work the editors note the marvellous growth in popularity of these sports.

A Unionist rival to the famous Eighty Club is in the field—'The United.' Mr. A. J. Balfour is taking a prominent part in connection with it. It might have followed the American parallel more closely by calling itself 'The Union League,' after the clubs formed in New York and elsewhere at the time of the Civil War—to 'save the Union' on the other side.

The second volume in Distaff Series of books, written, edited and made by women, is published by Harper & Brothers, under the title, 'The Literature of Philanthropy.' Its editor is Mrs. Frances A. Goodale. It will be followed about the middle of August by 'Early Prose and Verse,' edited by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle and Mrs. Emily Ellsworth Ford.

Charles R. Hildburn has compiled a quarto volume of about 500 pages on "The Issues of the Press in New York, 1693-1783." It contains the full titles and whenever the originals were accessible the collations, of 1,500 items, and reproductions in facsimile of fifteen of the most important books printed in New York before 1784. The edition of this useful bibliography, now printing, is limited to 450 copies.

Sheridan's great grandson has placed at the disposal of Fraser Rae the carefully preserved papers of Sheridan which Moore inspected but could not print. Mr. Rae will use this material in expanding his biography of Sheridan which has been long out of print. The material includes letters that passed between Sheridan and his first and second wives and those written by him and the Prince of Wales, as well as a corrected copy of "The School for Scandal."

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, have nearly ready "Shakespeare's Female Characters," by Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), "Across France in a Caravan," by John Wallace, with fifty illustrations; "Where We Went Gipsying Across the Sea," by William Went Lent, in two volumes; "Pictured Palestine," by the Rev. H. Neill; "Memoranda Sacra," by Prof. J. R. Harris; and "Women's Thoughts from Famous Women," and "Men's Thoughts, from American Statesmen."

We regret to note the death of Mrs. Gilly, sister-in-law of our valued contributor, Senator Boulton, which sad event took place at Shellmouth, Manitoba, a brief few weeks since. Mrs. Gilly had resided with the Senator and his family since 1880, having accompanied her sister, Mrs. Boulton, to the North-West in September of that year. The late Mr. T. D. Gilly, whose widow she was, came to Canada in 1871, after having served for twenty-nine years in the "Home Office" in London, the most important branch of the English Civil Service. He journeyed with Senator Boulton in 1880, to Manitoba, and died shortly after his arrival at Portage la Prairie.

The second season of Kleiser's Star course will be held in the Pavilion Music Hall. The following are the dates: 1893, October—The Ovide Musin Grand Concert Co. November—Legene Field, the Poet-Journalist. December—Russell H. Conwell, in "Acres of Diamonds;" or, Where to get Rich and become Great. 1894, January—James Whitcomb Riley, the Northern Poet, and Douglas Sherley, the Southern Author, in "An Evening from their Own Works." February—Robert J. Burdette, the celebrated Hawk-Eye man, in "Our Mission in Mars." March—A. A. Willits, the brilliant orator of Dayton, Ohio, in "Sunshine." Subscribers have first choice of seats. No new names will be accepted after list is closed. Applications are to be made to, Grenville P. Kleiser, 82 Yonge Street, Toronto.

A contribution to Canadian biographic literature, will during the present month be placed

upon the market by the Methodist Book and Publishing House, in a Life of the late Senator John Macdonald, founder of the dry goods house of John Macdonald & Co. The matter for the book has been prepared by Rev. Dr. Johnston, late of this city, resident now in Washington D.C. It will include extracts from Senator Macdonald's writings and public addresses, and will be embellished by photographic portraits and several illustrations. Senator Macdonald filled a large place not only in the commercial, but in the political and religious life of this country; and a well-written sketch of his life such as this promises to be, will be welcomed as preserving to us the memory of a prominent Canadian.

Mr. Grant Allen's last book contains a collection of his more recent short stories, mostly those, he says, that have been written to please himself rather than the editors to whom they were submitted. 'Ivan Greet's Masterpiece,' which gives its title to the book, will be remembered by the readers of *The Graphic*, and so will 'Karen.' 'The Conscientious Burglar,' in *The Strand Magazine*, and 'Pallinghurst Barrow,' in *The Illustrated London News*, are doubtless also familiar to large circles. There is a pathetic passage in the preface as follows: 'Many of these stories I like myself. I hope "The Pot-Boiler" and "The Minor Poet" may soften the hard heart of the man who reviews me for *The National Observer*.' Messrs. Chatto & Windus have issued it uniform with other volumes by this author.

To readers and admirers of "Ben Hur," it will be pleasing to learn that a new story from the pen of its author, General Lew Wallace, will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Bros. in the United States and England, and the Methodist Book and Publishing House in Canada. This new story is entitled, "The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell," and like General Wallace's preceding works, it is an historical romance. The story begins in 1395; its continuous movement, however, is in a period from 1445 to 1453, the date of the conquest of the old Byzantine capital by Mahommed II. The assault and sack of the city, and Mahommed's entry into Sancta Sophia (the final degradation of Christianity in the East), forms the catastrophe of the book. Speaking generally the book is a tale of love, war and religion. The incidents are natural, rapid in occurrence, astonishingly varied, and from first to last subservient to the catastrophe. While Minister to Turkey, General Wallace was afforded exceptional opportunities for the collection of those materials which he has woven into romance, and in "The Prince of India" the result appears in all the realism of a style which gave to "Ben Hur" a popularity that indicates for the new book an immediate and large demand.

HUMDRUM OCCUPATIONS.

The Prince of Wales, in the interesting little speech which he made at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in opening the National Workmen's Exhibition, lamented the effect of the subdivision of labour in depriving the labourer of any opportunity of taking pride in his work. If a man only makes a small part of any product, he said—for instance, the head to a pin, or even the pin to a head—he can hardly throw his mind, still less his soul, into that very fragmentary achievement. The consequence is that the maker of such fragments finds it impossible to express his higher nature in the work by which he lives. He becomes a mere mechanic, a mere drudge; and though the consumer benefits, and benefits largely, by this subdivision of labour, getting both vastly cheaper and generally vastly more effective products by means of it, the operative suffers, having nothing to do into which he can really pour his heart and soul.

The Prince of Wales is quite right in his inference; but it may fairly be doubted whether to the majority of men it is a great misfortune to have an occupation which does not absorb the attention and elicit the character of the man, as any artistic occupation absorbs his attention and elicits his character. Are humdrum occupations without great advantages? Consider only that almost all occupations, even when requiring at first very considerable skill and delicacy of manipulation, tend to become humdrum so soon as the art is acquired of doing them with the highest efficiency. Unless the method of doing them has to be varied in every separate case, the art soon becomes a sort of tact hardly requiring the serious attention of the artificer. Look at a woman with even the most elaborate fancy work. As soon as her fingers are well trained to it, and discharge their function as they ought, you see that she hardly needs to think at all of what she is doing, and that heart and soul wander off to the topics which interest her most. You see a smile steal over her face as she remembers her children's quaint little vagaries, or she sighs as she thinks of the dying mother or the anxious husband. Her heart and soul are no longer in the mere work, elaborate though it be. The stitch has been thoroughly learnt, the practice of it is merely automatic—"reflex action," as the physiologists call it—and the heart and soul are at liberty to expatiate on any subject which most deeply interests her. In a word, even the difficult technique in which she is engaged, has become for her a humdrum occupation.

Now, when Nature takes so much pains to reduce the organization of even the highest skill to an automatic process, is it likely that there can be any great misfortune in the mere fact that a constantly increasing proportion of the work of the world tends to become automatic, and falls naturally into the character of humdrum work? We suspect that it is no misfortune at all, that it may be on the whole a beneficent provision for liberating the heart and soul of the worker to dwell on the class of subjects which best feed—or, at all events, in the higher class of minds best feed—the heart or the imagination. We remember hearing how three sisters, all of them women of a good deal of intelligence and warmth of character, were once comparing their favorite occupations. One of them said she enjoyed her music so much; another that reading poetry was her chief delight; while the third, and certainly the cleverest of the three, said: "Well, for my part, there is nothing that soothes me so much as patching an old chemise." The truth was that that not very intellectual occupation set her mind and heart free to dwell on the thoughts and objects which most deeply interested her, while at the same time giving her the soothing feeling that she was doing something useful, and contributing to the economy and comfort of the household. Indeed, we doubt very much whether it is either always, or often, a great blessing to have for your chief work in life that which takes up your whole attention, and admits of no excursions beyond its range. It may be a very great blessing when the subjects of thought on which the mind chiefly dwells are of a very painful and unnerving kind. But in nine cases out of ten, this is not so; and the only effect of an occupation which concentrates the whole energy of the mind, is to exclude from a man's thoughts those casual glimpses of his fellow-creatures'

interests and feelings by which mainly he comes to understand them, and to realize that that there are a good many competing interests in the world, and that he is not the very centre of creation.

We believe that what are called the engrossing and intellectual occupations are by no means those which most promote the health and unselfishness of the soul. As it is not an engrossed mind which catches the most vivid glimpses of the beauty of Nature, so it is not an engrossed mind which catches the most vivid glimpses of the needs and characteristic attitudes, and unsatisfied desires of the people about us. What Wordsworth says of Nature is equally true of man :-

“Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress ;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.”

It is humdrum occupations which best minister to this “wise passiveness.” Who has not experienced those flashes of new insight in the course of a solitary walk or ride or other purely automatic proceeding, which seldom, or never, come to us when engaged in what requires our full attention? It is the humdrum occupation which best liberates the heart and soul and imagination of man to muse on that which fills it with life and energy. From Joseph and David onwards, how many stargazing shepherds have become poets or astronomers or shepherds of the people in the higher sense? And though, of course, these greater results of humdrum occupations are relatively rare, how much of the humanity of man has grown up in the musings on each other's needs and interests which the soothing humdrum occupations of knitting or netting, or the carpenter's shop, or the cobbler's awl, or the tailor's or seamstress's needle, promote.

We cannot believe that Nature takes so much pains to organise into a sort of automatic mechanism such large portions of our life, if that process does not tend to stimulate the growth of the gentler affections and to give the heart and soul a liberty and spontaneousness of insight they could not otherwise acquire. If even the sharp Yankee enjoys the perfectly useless whittling of a stick for the purpose of soothing his mind with the mere appearance of work, while his active wits are engaged in pondering the next attack he shall make on the witless world, we can well understand how a useful occupation which is purely humdrum and makes no draft upon the attention, soothes the mind while it muses on the growing needs of children or friends, or on the strange medley of human joys and griefs, and hopes and wants. Engrossing occupations frequently injure the mind by the self-importance they are apt to produce, and still more, perhaps, by rendering it unfit for those leisurely side-glances on the world about us, in which the best experience of man is gained. Even the poet's highest thoughts, even Shakespeare's finest reveries, seem to be the fruit not of hard study, but of those careless flashes of insight which it the best effect of unexacting humdrum occupations to promote. The men who throw their whole heart and life into their ordinary occupations are very apt to have a poorer reserve of vividness and insight for their human relations, than those who feed their souls on life's various visions while they occupy their fingers with a useful and fruitful but unexacting toil. And even if the work they do be hardly of a kind in which they can take

pride, may not that be all the better for them? After all, we are in many respects only parts of a great whole, and to feel that we are only parts of a great whole, is very good as promoting humility, and because it does not stimulate our vanity and excite our self-approval. —*The Spectator.*

TO A MUSICIAN.

Nature hath shower'd her blessings on thy head  
And touch'd thy soul with music. By thy hand  
The trembling strings ring out in raptures grand

Rare songs of joyous love that wake the dead,  
Dull space with echoing sounds and shed  
Their beauty o'er our hearts. The lit le band  
Who wear the crown of genius in the land  
Of Arts call thee their brother. All is said.

Live long thy power that such sweet music brings

To soothe life's cares and make the heart forget  
Its share of this world's pain. All nature sings  
To drown the cry of death that ringeth yet  
In every ear, and summer's garland flings  
To outlive time, like thoughts to music set.

SAREPTA.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

We are so accustomed to think of America as the New World, that the assertion of a recent writer that “America is also an old world, and compares well with other countries in this respect,” comes upon the reader with something of a shock. But when we find how lavishly the remains of prehistoric races are scattered over the length and breadth of the North American continent, we realize that ancient monuments are no more numerous on this than on the other side of the Atlantic. And when we consider the works left by the lost races, we are constrained to admit that the prehistoric relics of America are as interesting as any yet discovered within our own borders. The American archaeologist is, it is true, confronted with a great and peculiar difficulty. His continent is covered with remains of prehistoric races; but historic time for him begins at least no earlier than the landing of Columbus, and the mystery which must always envelope a people who have left so little in the way of written records commences for him but four centuries ago. On the other hand, we have clear evidence that some of the early inhabitants were contemporary with the mammoth and the mastodon; and in South America, at any rate, remains of cliff-dwelling races are associated with the bones of no fewer than forty-four animals now entirely extinct. Many interesting notices, more or less fragmentary, have from time to time appeared relative to the wonderful architectural relics of the Cliff-dwellers of Colorado, and to the no less wonderful pyramids and earthworks of the Mound-builders of the Mississippi. But the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America has been marked, among other things, by the publication in one volume of all that has yet been made known of the Mound-builders—a volume of which it is not too much to say that it is one of the most interesting of all archaeological records. When the relics of this vanished race first began to attract attention some forty years ago, it was thought that the silver sword-scabbards, iron knives, and Hebrew inscriptions then brought to light, were traces of a highly civilized “people who had migrated from some historic country.” Lately the current of opinion has been tending

quite the other way, and some authorities appear to think that the real Mound-builders, who had nothing to do with the modern implements which had been “intruded” among their remains, were, after all, mere savages. But it is the view of many eminent American antiquarians that these early races—Mound-builders, Cliff-dwellers, and others coeval with them—“constituted a cultus which differed essentially from any other now known to history.”

The works of the Mound-builders are most abundant in the Mississippi Valley. They are found, it is true, in other parts of the continent, but nowhere else do they occur in such profusion or such magnitude. From the Red River to Florida, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, the whole ground is strewn with their remains. In Ohio alone, there are ten thousand mounds for burial, or for the foundations of dwellings, and more than fifteen hundred enclosures surrounded with earthen walls. Some of the mounds are acres in extent. Monk's Mound, the great tumulus of Cahokia, near St. Louis, rises by four platforms to a height of a hundred feet, and covers sixteen acres of ground. Some tribes, evidently hunters by occupation, using tools and weapons made of unsmelted copper and meteoric iron, have left, in addition to the ordinary conical mounds, huge earthen gorges, not only of beasts of the chase—elk and moose, wolf and panther, goose and wild duck—but of hawks and swallows, of lizards, snakes and tadpoles. One such figure of a serpent is nearly five hundred yards long. Other tribes, apparently more warlike, have left earthen walls, some of which are still thirty feet high, and enclose as much as four hundred acres of ground. The actual mounds which are so numerous served in many cases for burial, and were so used by successive races. In some instances it is clear that interments continued even into historic times. Of two mounds in the same group, one contained the skeleton of a medicine-man with a modern looking-glass, perhaps not fifty years old, in its hand. Another mound in the group contained the skeleton of a child with a string of beads on its wrist and a pair of sweetmeats at its head; while trees of at least three centuries' growth were growing in the ground above. That these structures have been used by successive races is well illustrated by a mound in Illinois, in which, lying underneath recent Indian interments, was the skeleton of some long-forgotten Jesuit priest, with a rosary of Venetian beads about his waist, and a silver crucifix still in his hand.

There must have been several entirely different races of Mound-builders, to judge from the wide differences in the style and materials of their works. In the upper part of the Mississippi Valley the mounds are mainly burial-places. In Wisconsin, many are in the shapes of animals. In other districts the mounds contain chambers roofed with logs. The Gulf States are remarkable for their earthen pyramids. At one point on the Lower Mississippi is a group of eight, one of which covers six acres of ground. Its sides correspond to the points of the compass, and it is surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep. In Ohio are a great many so-called sacred enclosures, some of which are of large extent. Not a few of them consist of a square and two adjacent circles, and look like gigantic

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metrical figures. The stone forts are larger still. The walls of Fort Ancient are still twenty feet high and three miles and a half in length, enclosing a space of one hundred and forty acres. An immense number of relics have been collected by various explorers. Few, perhaps, are of greater interest than those lately taken from a mound on Paint Creek. At the base of the tumulus, which was five hundred feet long, were domed chambers, four or five feet high. In one of these was a skeleton, evidently of some distinguished warrior. On its head, fastened to a sort of helmet, were wooden antlers, covered with copper. Over it were strewn pearls, ivory teeth, and claws of eagles. At its side lay a pipe, an agate spear, head, and canes covered with copper. Other skeletons in the same mound were clad in copper armour, decorated with elaborate and beautiful designs. Here, too, was found a copper axe—still sharp, 40 lb. in weight, and bearing traces of a golding. In a burial-mound on the Iowa river, in a district which was inhabited by hunter tribes, were found three chambers, roofed with logs, and in the central room eight skeletons were seated on the floor, each with a drinking-cup at its feet. In a mound on the Scioto river—a huge tumulus 160 ft. long and 90 ft. wide—were twelve chambers, each containing a skeleton.

A remarkable point is the size of the trees which are sometimes found in these old works. Some were felled in Ohio which had been growing for five centuries on the long-deserted ramparts of an old fort. One tree that grew on the wall of a fort in Ohio had 550 rings in it. This does not, it is true, imply a really high degree of antiquity; but there seems no reason to doubt that the early Mound-builders were contemporary with the mastodon, if not with the mammoth. Many pipes have been found which clearly represent the latter; while remains of the former have been found, so recent that the turf-cutters greased their boots with marrow taken from the bones. Among the bones of a mastodon dug up in Missouri were discovered the arrow-heads which, as it lay helpless in the bog, had been shot at it by hunters. Near it were the stones they had hurled at it, while the ashes of fires they had lighted round the carcase were still bespattered against it 6 ft. high. Much excitement was caused in 1866 by the discovery of what is known as the Calaveras skull, at a depth of 130 ft. below the surface, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada—a clear proof, as it was at first thought, of the vast antiquity of man on the American continent.

Almost more extraordinary was the "Nampa Image," a tiny figure of a man of baked clay, that came up in a sand-pump from a depth of no less than 320 ft. It is now recognized that the skull owed its burial to accumulations of dead debris, and that the clay figure came from an unsuspected Indian mine. Two very remarkable stone slabs, called the Davenport Tablets, which it is said were dug up in Iowa, were inscribed, one with a cremation scene, including thirty figures of men and animals; and the other with archaic-looking characters. Many of these characters, however, are now seen to be taken from the Roman, Arabic, Phœnician, and Hebrew alphabets, and both tablets are regarded as spurious.

The civilization of the Mound-builders was at one time thought to have been equal to that

of Tyre or Babylon or Egypt. It was even confidently asserted that here were the relics of the ten "Lost Tribes"—a suggestion we may well remember, since out of it grew the gigantic imposture the "Book of Mormon." It must, however, be admitted that there are points in the work of the Mound-builders, in their effigies and pyramids and "sacred enclosures," which strongly support the view that America was at some remote period visited by successive waves of invaders from Europe, from the coast of Asia, even from Mongolia. Rites such as prevailed in Phœnicia in Old Testament times were widely practised on the North American continent. The more closely the relics of the lost races are examined, the more clear becomes the evidence that their worship combined elements of Druidical, of Hittite, and of Phœnician ceremonial. The faiths of the Far East, the worship of fire, of the serpent, and of the sun, extensively prevailed throughout the whole area occupied by the Mound-builders. Their relics abound with symbols which, in the Old World, "belonged to the secret mysteries, the mysteries that were so full of cruelties and degradations."

It is here then among objects associated with their religious observances, that we must look for the key to this great problem—the problem as to who were this strange people, and from what sources the North American continent received the first impulses of its ancient civilization.—*The Spectator.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PENGUINS.

Penguins are the strangest creatures ever seen. They are supremely funny as they quack and strut about with their padded feet over the snow, or, coming to a slope, glide swiftly downward toboggan-fashion upon their breasts. If one lands on the piece of ice they are resting upon, they approach fearlessly with a threatening "Quack! quack!" For their inquisitiveness they, too, often received the handle of the club, for it was soon found that their flesh greatly resembled that of the hare, and upon them we had many a tasty and substantial meal. The emperor penguin is very difficult to kill; he will live after his skull has been most hopelessly smashed; the best way to put an end to them is to pith them. Six of us one day set out to capture one alive, and so strong was the bird that five with difficulty kept their hold, and, after he was bound with strong cords and nautical knots, he flapped his flippers and released himself.—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

THE LAND OF VOLCANOES.

In the Japan and Kurile islands, according to Professor John Milne, not less than 100 volcanoes still preserve their form and craters, and as many as fifty of them emit steam. The great eruptions, which have been recorded number 233, the greater frequency, as with earthquakes, having been during the colder months of the year. One line of vents more than 2,000 miles long, begins in Kamtsatka and passes through the Kuriles, Yezo and down by Houshiu to the ever-smoking Asama, where it is joined by a line running to the southwest through the great Fujisan and Oshima, till it reaches the Ladrones, a distance of 1,200 miles. The last line begins near the gigantic crater of Mount Aso, and extends 1,300 miles through Formosa to the Philippines. The lavas are all magnetic, and the soil of the country, consisting largely of decomposed lava, is in many cases so filled with grains of magnetite that a brush of this material will be collected on a magnetized knife scraped over a garden walk. The most famous of the volcanoes is Fujisan. On its summit at a height of about 13,400 feet, Professor Milne has made observations with a

tremor measure that tend to prove that the great mass of the mountain is actually swayed by the wind!

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE FARMER.

In Mr. W. H. Lucy's book, the "Diary of the Salisbury Parliament," there is a story relating to Lord Rosebery and one of his Scotch guests which is worth quoting. In the month of May 1889 there was an evening party in Berkeley Square; and in the early part of the day Lord Rosebery had met in Piccadilly a Scotch farmer, with whom he had some acquaintance, and he asked his friend to "look in" in the course of the night. The farmer duly presented himself in something that resembled his idea of an evening dress. All went well until the Scotchman got into the supper-room. After eating of a variety of delicacies, he lighted on an ice-cream—a form of nourishment that was new to him. Having taken a large spoonful, he managed to conceal his discomfort. But, seeing his host, he thought it his duty to inform him of what had taken place. "I don't suppose you know, my lord," he whispered loudly, "but I think I ought to tell you—there has been a mistake somewhere and this pudding's froze." Lord Rosebery grasped the situation in a moment. With perfect courtesy and with a pretty appearance of critical inquiry, he tasted the ice-cream. "So it is," he said; "that's very strange;" and then, after speaking to one of the servants, he returned, and said to the Scotch farmer, "It's all right; I am told this is a new kind of pudding they freeze on purpose," and taking his friend's arm, led him out of the room.

THE LATE ROBERT LOWE'S VIEWS ON IRELAND.

"Ireland is the problem of problems to the English statesman. In its future, the future of our empire, of our race, of our civilization is wrapped up. It is to be feared that we do not sufficiently estimate the enormous interval between our relations to Ireland and those towards the dearest and most favoured dependency of the British Crown. Much as we may talk of our colonies, they are, all, justly called by our law the foreign dominions of her Majesty. They are subject, indeed, to the control of Parliament, but that control is rapidly becoming merely nominal. If the matter is closely examined the benefits we derive from them are far less than the benefits they receive from us. . . . If we once taxed them, they now heavily tax us. The United Kingdom is the Cinderella who does all the work of the Imperial household. The fairy tale is reversed and the younger sisters have enslaved the elder. . . . It cannot be too earnestly impressed on the mind of England that Ireland is not a colony: never can be treated as a colony; never can be for weal or for woe anything else than an integral and vital part of the British empire, whose union and amalgamation with Great Britain, so far from being like the union or independence of a colony, a matter of small account, is a matter which we cannot permit for a single moment to be called in question. This difference between Ireland and all the rest of the Empire depends on its proximity to us. If Cato could work upon the fears and passions of the Roman Senate by exhibiting to them the figs which he had gathered with his own hands at Carthage, only three days' sail from the Tiber, what should be the feelings of an English Parliament when the distance is measured by three hours instead of three days? Were Ireland a country capable of maintaining itself in independence, the case might be likened to that of the dominions of the Plantagenets in France: but we know only too well from the violent factions which divide the country, from its poverty and the large portion of it that lies, and probably always must lie, useless, that its strength is in no proportion to its size; and that if it ceased to be the partner, on perfectly equal terms, of the empire of Great Britain, Ireland would infallibly fall into the hands of some Power who would use it as a post from which to direct attacks upon our coast and our commerce.—*The Spectator.*

THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair ;  
It stands in a corner dim ;  
But a white-haired mother gazing there,  
And yearningly thinking of him,  
Sees through the dusk of the long ago  
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,  
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,  
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,  
Sometimes a pencil and slate,  
And the lesson is hard to understand,  
And the figures hard to mate ;  
But she sees the nod of his father's head,  
So proud of the little son,  
And she hears the word so often said,  
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,

When a child with sunny hair  
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,  
At her knee in the little chair.  
She lost him back in the busy years,  
When the great world caught the man,  
And he strode away past hopes and fears  
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,  
Like a picture out of date,  
She sees a head with a golden gleam  
Bent over a pencil and slate,  
And she lives again the happy day,  
The day of her young life's spring,  
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,  
The centre of everything.  
—Margare E Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

Though possessing all the pride and prestige of the house of Hapsburg, with the blood of Maria Teresa in her veins, and tenderly devoted to her own native land, the Queen of the Belgians has so thoroughly identified herself with the country of her adoption that she is apt to forget sometimes that she has other ties. Music and painting are a solace and a recreation to Her Majesty, who is very bright and cheerful among her whole household. She likes to improvise little concerts at which her ladies have to take part as performers ; the Queen herself plays the harp. The opera and the fine concerts given so frequently in Brussels are zealously patronized. The annual fancy fair held for charitable institutions, when the first ladies of the land vie with each other in producing works of art, finds always in her a faithful contributor, and the paintings signed "Marie Henriette" are eagerly sought for at a high price. And so she identifies herself with her people in their good works, their joys and their sorrows. Queen Marie Henriette has often been spoken of as a wonderful equestrian, and so, indeed, she is. All who know Brussels must be familiar with the pretty pony carriage and its beautiful little Hungarian horses, dark cream colour, with black manes and tails. They are all bred on her own stud farm, and sometimes when royal visitors are staying with Her Majesty two or three carriages may be seen driving to the Bois de la Cambre with four horses and outriders, the horses all identical.

TENNYSON AND THE LAUREATESHIP.

It may interest people to learn that an opinion was once elicited from Lord Tennyson on the subject of the successorship to the Laureateship. A fellow country-man would have hesitated to put the question to him, but, about eight years ago a young Japanese gentleman ventured to do so, and was courteously answered. The speaker suggested the name of Robert Browning, who was then still living. The Laureate replied that he did not think Browning, though indubitably the greatest living poet, was the best candidate available, as he only wrote for the few, and the poetry of a Laureate ought to be of the sort that appeals to a wider public. Pressed for a further opinion, he added that, in his view, the next Poet Laureate ought to be Matthew Arnold.

BOOKS IN ODD FORMS.

At Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps, one of the most curiously original collections of books in the world. It is really a botanical collection. Out-wardly each volume presents the appearance of a block of wood, and that is what it actually is ; but a minute examination reveals the fact that it is also a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture ; the other side shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed full description of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in this collection.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind ; discretion the key to it ; and it illustrates all other learning, as the lapidary does unpolished diamonds.

PREJUDICES AND OBJECTIONS DISAPPEARING.

DURING the past few years the people of Canada, and, in fact, of the whole world in general, have looked with more favour on the subject of life insurance, and it can be safely said to-day that a great many of the old-time prejudices and objections against it are gradually disappearing.

Nearly all business men will agree that stocks, bonds, and other securities will at times depreciate in value, but a life insurance policy in a responsible company will always be worth its full face value at maturity.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, whose name is favourably known over the whole of this continent, considers the subject of life insurance a theme of vital importance, and which should engage the attention of every sound and sensible-minded man. Other gentlemen of equal ability to the reverend gentleman named have also pronounced their views in a similar manner in regard to the subject.

When such eminent men as those referred to speak so favourably and with such emphasis in regard to the importance of the subject, we think any one with ordinary intelligence should not be opposed to it on any moral ground whatever.

The reports issued by the insurance department from year to year show that the leading Canadian life companies have made rapid strides in the volume of new business, insurance in force, assets, and surplus for their policy-holders, and this is particularly noticeable in the case of the North American Life Assurance Company.

To any desirous of placing insurance on their lives, the following suggestions are offered :

- Select a Company which is successful.
- Has ample assets over and above all liabilities.
- Has a competent, experienced, and economical management.

Is known to be prompt in the payment of its death claims.

Can offer a choice variety of plans—investment and otherwise—to select from.

The North American Life Assurance Company, head office in Toronto, Ont., possesses all the above-named requisites, and persons contemplating insurance will do well to communicate with that Company.

The Kentucky papers are discussing the question of eating just before going to bed. They are divided on it, but are unanimous in favour of a drink.—New York World.

Chemists turn scrap iron into ink, old bones into lucifer matches, the shavings of the blacksmith's shop into Prussian blue, fusel oil into oil of apples and pears, the drainings of cow houses into fashionable perfumery, beggars' rags into new pilot coats, cess-pool filth into ammonia, and tar waste into aniline dyes and saccharine. In Paris they first utilize rats to clear the flesh from the bones of carcasses, then kill the rats, use up their fur for trimmings, their skin for gloves, their thigh bones for tooth picks, and their tendons and bones for gelatine wrappers. These are a few of the things *Iron Industrial Gazette* names among the products converted into use by the chemist and inventor.

Canada's Book Store.

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AUGUST 1893.

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MONTREAL.

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THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AS A PLOUGHMAN.

Among the most interesting annual ceremonies observed in China is that of "driving the plough," by which the Emperor of that country shows his respect for agriculture. According to the "Hupao," of Shanghai, the custom was observed a few weeks ago with the traditional pomp. At the break of day, His Majesty, accompanied by a brilliant suite, left the palace in the capital to proceed to one of the summer residences of the Imperial family outside the city. Crowds thronged the streets through which the procession passed. The houses were gayly decorated, the pavements were laid with carpets, and flags floated from almost every window.

On the field about the summer residence, the destination of the Emperor, altars had been erected to the gods of agriculture. When the procession approached these, the Emperor stepped aside and made the traditional sacrifices. Breakfast was then served to the party in the summer palace. After the meal, His Majesty and attendants returned to the field, about the great masses of people had gathered.

The part of the ground which the Emperor was to plough was bounded by poles, flying flags, ensigns and colored ribbons. At the four corners of the enclosure were piles of wheat and other kinds of grain. In the middle of the field a number of courtiers, in magnificent costumes, and and two rows of white-bearded peasants, each carrying an agricultural implement took their stand. At one end of the field was the plough to which an ox, covered with a great yellow cloth, the Imperial color, was hitched.

At the appointed time the ruler of the Flower Kingdom took hold of the plough handle with his left hand, holding a great whip in his right. At each side, as he drove the beast about the field, strode two soldiers of the guard. Behind him walked several members of the suite who scattered the seed about in the furrows. It took the Emperor only a few minutes to drive around the enclosure. After he had finished his usual task and retired to a pavilion near by to rest, three imperial princes and nine members of the court, one after another, whipped the beast from starting point to finish. As the high favor in which His Majesty held farming had thus been demonstrated to all China, the Emperor and his attendants returned to the palace and sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

The custom of "driving the plough" has been observed in China for centuries. Chinese chroniclers say that it was introduced by the Emperor Wu-Wang in the year 1122 B. C. Another ceremony almost as interesting is observed by the Emperors of China each year. When the leaves of the mulberry tree are ready to be used as food for the silk worms, the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting, on a day set apart for the ceremony by the Emperor, pick a number of leaves from a mulberry tree in some public place in order to show a good example to the women of the Empire. The great pomp accompanies the ceremony.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

A PROMINENT MINISTER RELATES HIS REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE WITH THE GRIPPE.

How He Was Affected And How He Was Cured. An Article That Everyone Should Read And Remember. From the Philadelphia Item.

Rev. Thomas L. Lewis, who resides at 2549 Nott Street, and is pastor of the Richmond Baptist church, relates a very interesting account of his experience with the grippe and how he secured relief by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Lewis is thirty-nine years old, and is recognized as one of the most popular preachers of Philadelphia. He is an alumnus of Bucknell College

at Lewisburg, Pa., where he attained the degree of Master of Arts. With his other work, he edits and publishes The Richmond Baptist, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the Church. He looks upon the practical side of life, both preaching and publishing, the importance of good health, and when asked to tell what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for him, he went before Eugene Ziegler, a Notary Public, at 2738 Nott street, and cheerfully made affidavit to the following narrative:

"I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, two weeks ago this Sunday. I had the grippe for more than two weeks. I had great trouble during that time with my eyes and head. The disease also affected my appetite and my stomach. It required great determination and effort on my part to do my work as pastor, and I did it when I should have been in bed.

"In a week's time the effects of the grippe were completely removed. I then continued the remedy on account of my stomach difficulty, being confident that it would remove that. I want to recommend the use of Pink Pills to all those who are affected as I have been. I believe they will build up grippe patients.

"As for myself, I cannot say too much for them. I went on the scales two weeks ago to see what I weighed, and again to-day, wearing the same clothing. I found I had gained two pounds—a pound a week.

"On account of the sedentary habits natural to my occupation, and to some internal injuries sustained years ago, I have had a severe stomach affection, and have been troubled, beside, a great deal, with indigestion. Since taking the Pink Pills my appetite has improved, my digestion is better, and my stomach has been relieved of its pain.

"I was struck accidentally in the stomach by an iron bar, and once I was kicked by a mule in the same place. It was 20 years ago when I was first hurt. Since that time I suffered much from stomach difficulties. I was treated frequently, but not cured. I feel better now than at any time since I was hurt, and I am so pleased with my improvement that I am glad to let the public know of my bettered condition. I have heard of other cures effected by the Pink Pills, but I prefer to speak only of my own case. Thos. L. Lewis.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 29th day of April, A.D., 1893.

Eugene Ziegler. Notary Public.

(seal) The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the sufferings of humanity than any medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest servant of the present age.

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Distress After Eating

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Sick Headache

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Heart-burn

My business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Sour Stomach

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Although prepared in quantity and handled in the drug trade as a proprietary article, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice. So great was their efficacy, that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all, at a price which anyone could afford to pay. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and made he had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure, without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

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MIDSHIPMAN LANYON—JUNE 22, 1893.

"Midshipman Lanyon refused to leave the admiral and perished."—Times, June 30, 1893.

Proud are our tears who see thee dauntless stand,  
Watching the great bows dip, the stern uprear,

Beside thy chief, whose hope was still to steer,  
Though Fate had said, "Ye shall not win the land!"

What joy was thine to answer each command  
From him calamity had made more dear,  
Save that which bade thee part when Death drew near,

Till Tryon sank with Lanyon at his hand!

Death only and doom are sure: they come, they rend,  
But still the fight we make can crown us great:

Life hath no joy like his who fights with Fate

Shoulder to shoulder with a stricken friend:  
Proud are our tears for thee, most fortunate,  
Whose day, so brief, had such a golden end.

—Theodore Watts, in the "Athenaeum."

THE WORST SLUMS IN THE WORLD.

A few days after my arrival I was fortunate enough to meet a group of earnest social reformers, who were discussing the condition of the lower strata of Chicago life. One of them, a friend of mine connected with a University settlement in East London, and well acquainted with the darkest districts in the metropolis, startled me by saying that he had found worse slums in Chicago than he had ever seen in London. "Our rookeries," he said, "are bad enough, but they are at least built of brick or stone. Here, however, the low tenement are mostly of wood, and when the wood decays or breaks away the consequences are more deplorable than anything we have in London.

This was the testimony of a visitor. It was confirmed by the testimony of resident sociological experts. One of these was a lady, at present engaged by the national government in investigating and reporting on the life and homes of the poor in Chicago. The awful state of things she described greatly surprised me, and I suggested that it was due to the presence of the large foreign element.

"On the contrary," she replied, "the very worst places in the city are inhabited by native Americans." And she showed me the official chart of one of the lowest streets, on which the tenements were marked white when occupied by native Americans, black when occupied by foreigners. The rooms to the front which possess the worst character were white.

These carefully ascertained facts knock the bottom out of the complacent assurance which I have since so often heard expressed, that foreigners were responsible for the darkest shades of Chicago life.

"Is this state of things allowed by law to exist?" I asked.

"Certainly not," replied the lady; "it exists in that contravention of every municipal ordinance."

"Can nothing be done to enforce the law?"

"The very men whose duty it is to enforce the law are the nominees of the classes interested in violating it."

"Can you not rouse the churches to combine and put a stop to this municipal corruption?"

"The churches!"—the lady spoke with infinite scorn—"the proprietors of the worst class of property in Chicago are leading men in the churches. I have more hope of arousing the poor Polish Jews to a sense of their civic duty and opportunity than the churches. The Poles, poor as they are, and ignorant, do want to lead a decent life."—From the "Civic Life of Chicago," by an Englishman, in August Review of Reviews.

The Prussian Government is making an experimental boring in the Rybnik district of Prussian Silesia which, at the depth of a mile and a quarter is still progressing.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hamilton Spectator: The government doesn't need the money; the people want the St. Lawrence islands kept as a national park; the government is supposed to represent the people. It is odd if the representatives of the people cannot be induced to do as 999 out of every thousand of the people want them to do.

The Montreal Daily Witness: The government madly persists, in spite of the protests of practically the whole press, including many papers usually most devoted to the praise of the present Administration, in its determination to sell the Thousand Isles. They tell us now that they are only going to sell half of the islands, and those the smaller ones. This makes no difference either in principle or in practice. More than half would not have been bought except by the merest speculators. The proposal of the government is now so obviously against the conscience and demand of the country that it is hard to imagine anything but pressure from private interests as the cause of the government's fatuous defiance of public opinion.

The Kingston News: As the Thousand Islands are already a national park, it would cost little more than a stroke of the pen at Ottawa to turn them into a superb and imitable national park. It would be a crime against the whole people of Canada, speculators excepted—or, worse than a crime, it would be a blunder—to let the present opportunity pass without taking the step so obviously demanded by the occasion and the circumstances. The Federal Government of the United States—behind the times, as we think, in some points—has its Yellowstone and Yosemite national parks. The State of New York—so slow in taking up Lord Dufferin's suggestion of an international park at Niagara Falls—has not only overtaken its duty in that quarter, but has set apart nearly the whole of the Adirondack mountain region as a colossal State park. Ontario has kept pace with New York State at Niagara and in the new Algonquin Park. The Dominion Government has not a single pleasure-ground within the reach of the masses of Ontario and Quebec. Let the Indian title to the Thousand Islands be extinguished by purchase or exchange. Then let a Commissioner be stationed in Kingston or Gananoque—if a trained landscape gardener so much the better—authorized to make any disposition of the islands consistent with their proper destiny. And then, because of its proximity to Kingston, let Grit and Tory unite in styling the new Paradise "Macdonald Park."

Montreal Star: Mr. Goldwin Smith has written another warning note, now that the Siam spectre has stalked away, in which he invokes the magic power of the monosyllable "if" to warn us of what might have been. "Nor," he says, "is the war cloud yet dissipated, though it has lifted. On the contrary, it still lowers dark and ominous, and to all appearances England is being drawn more deeply into European entanglements, which, as the military tension is becoming intolerable, can hardly fail in the end to bring about an outbreak in Europe. The Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Germany have each of them their finger on a button which any day they may press, and by pressing which they may—supposing England to be involved in the European conflict—bring severe loss and suffering into Canadian homes." It is the old story of attempting to frighten a man with the evils of living into committing suicide. There is an undoubted possibility that Britain may get into a war on the hopelessly weak side, when her navy may be sunk and Canada captured as a spoil of battle. And then what would be the result? Does any one imagine that Canadians could be successfully submitted to a foreign tyranny if the United States remained unconquered and free to the South? Nothing of the kind would be attempted. The worst that could happen would be that we might be sold into annexation to the American Republic; which is precisely the thing that Mr. Goldwin Smith would have us to do, to ward off the grave peril of which his preventative would be the climax.

A WORD TO THE POOR "PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS."

Poor people of moderate means! Note what he wants you, except the real estate speculation; and he wants you only to empty your pockets for him, and to leave you to die of cheap plumbing in the poor little shanty of a house that he builds to suit your moderate means and his immoderate greed. Nowhere are you welcome, except where contractors are digging new roads and blasting rocks and filling the sunken lots with ashes and tin cans. The random goat of poverty browses on the confines of the scanty, small settlement of cheap gentility where you and your neighbor—people of moderate means like yourself—huddle together in your endless, unceasing struggle for a home and self-respect. You know that your smug, mean little house, tricked out with machine-made scroll-work, and insufficiently clad in two coats of ready-made paint, is an eyesore to the poor old gentleman who has sold you a corner of his father's estate to build it on. But there it is—the hard business of life for the poor—for the poor and the little poor, and the unappealing all, the moderately poor. And yet you must live, oh, people of moderate means! You have your loves and your cares, your tastes and your ambitions, your hopes and your fears, your griefs and your joys, just like the people whom you envy and the people who envy you. As much as any of them, you have the capacity for pain and for pleasure, for loving and for being loved, that gives human beings a right to turn the leaves of the book of life and spread out its lesson for themselves. I know that I know it well; I was beginning to find it out when I first came to that outpost suburb of New York, in the trail of your weary army. From "Tiemann's to Tubby Hook," by H. C. Bunner, in the August Scribner.

DID YOU, TOO, HAVE A LOVE LIKE THIS?

If you ever were a decent, healthy boy, or if you can make believe that you once were such a boy, you must remember that you were once in love with a girl a great deal older than yourself. I am not speaking of the big girl with whom you thought you were in love for one little while—just because she wouldn't look at you, and treated you like a little boy. She had, after all, but a tuppenny temporary superiority to you; and, after all, in the bottom of your irritated little soul, you knew that you knew that, proud beauty that she was, she might have to lower her colors to a little sister before that young minx got into the first class and—comparatively—fine dresses.

No, I am talking of the girl you loved who was not only really grown up and too old for you, but grown up almost into old-maidhood; and too old perhaps for anyone. She was, of course, quite an old maid, but she was nearly an old maid as to be out of all active competition with her juniors—which permitted her to be her natural, simple self, and to let you be the real charm of her womanhood. Neglected by the men, not yet old enough to be lectured by the men, after the manner of motherly old maids, she found a heavy and genuine pleasure in your boyish friendship, and you—you adored her. You saw of her as others saw, the faded dulness of her complexion; you saw the wee crows when she gathered in the corners of her eyes when she laughed; you saw the faint touches of white among the crisp little curls over her temples; you saw that the keenest wind of Fall brought the red to her cheeks in two bright spots, and that no soft Spring air would ever bring her back the rosy, pink flush of girlhood; you saw these things as others saw them, and indeed, you did not; you saw them as others could not, and they only made her the more dear to you. And you were having one of the best and most valuable experiences of your boyhood, to which you may look back with whatever life has brought you, with a sense that has in it nothing of regret, of deprivation, of bitterness."—From "Tiemann's to Tubby Hook," by H. C. Bunner, in the August Scribner.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "MR. W. BOAF" and other fragments.

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**IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER**

**PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.**

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious

**B B CURES BAD BLOOD**

This complaint often arises from Dyspepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is a most prolific source of suffering, causing

**BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,**

Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood and drives out every vestige of impure matter from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 53 Boils in 8 months, but was entirely cured by 3 bottles of B.B.B., and is now strong and well. Write to him.

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Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils prepared for musical examinations. Harmony and counterpoint taught by correspondence.  
**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.**

**WEST BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.**  
No 2718 St Catharines St. West, Montreal.

This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and Mrs. [Name], has been well and favorably known for the past twenty years, and will be re-opened on Thursday, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers is employed, and while all the English Branches, Latin, and Mathematics are thoroughly taught, number and French receive special attention. The number of resident pupils is limited, and every effort is made to make school life as home-like as possible. Applications to Miss Lawder, at above address, and circulars will be sent and further information given, if required.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: that where a man can live, there he can also live well.—Marcus Antoninus.

**FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.**  
Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in certifying that after suffering severely for 15 months from diarrhoea, which came on after childbirth, previous to which I had suffered from dysentery for some months, I was cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.  
Annie M. Gibson, Brillapatam, India.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A report from the Illinois State Prison, at Joliet, says that there are 1,400 convicts within the walls, and fully one-third of them have consumption in a light or bad form. Nearly all deaths of persons in the penitentiary have been caused by consumption.

An engineer at Milan, Italy, is said to have discovered a method of producing hydrogen gas on a large scale at a cost of only one cent a cubic meter, or about thirty six cubic feet. The intense heat derived from a hydrogen flame and its freedom from smoke or ashes makes this story important.

Dr Bowdler Sharpe suggested in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution of London that there was once a great continent with its centre at the South Pole, now submerged under 2,000 fathoms of ocean. It embraced, he said, South America, Madagascar, Mauritius, New Zealand and Australia; and thus is explained the existence of the cognate struthious birds that now exist, or once existed, in those countries.—*New York Sun.*

A foreign patent has been issued, according to *Hardware*, for a horseshoe of the ordinary shape, with apertures extending through it, located between the positions usually occupied by the nails, the holes for the latter being as usual. Through the apertures mentioned, rubber studs project, which, in turn, are fixed to a strip of rubber or leather, which intervenes between the metal shoe and the well of the hoof, and through which the nails are driven in the operation of shoeing.

An ingenious general information machine has been set up in a railway station of Melbourne, Australia. By pressing different electric buttons the following among other things will appear: A list of the best hotels in the city, a list of the plays at the theatres, with their play bills, a list of the omnibus routes and the cab fares to the various points of interest. The principle of the machine is capable of indefinite expansion; and doubtless it will soon be introduced in this country.—*New York Tribune.*

Statistics just published by Professor Dezler of the Zurich Polytechnic School, regarding the uses of electricity in Switzerland, show that at the close of 1892 there were in operation 562 electric light installations, 53 plants for the transmission of power, 121 batteries of accumulators and 1,056 dynamos and electromotors. The total capacity in kilowatts was 20,623, the number of incandescent lamps was 115,926 and of arc lamps 1,746. There were thirty-eight firms engaged in electrical works, seven of which were established last year.

Moulded blocks of concrete are being used in Germany to curb or line wells and other vertical shafts in the earth. They are shaped, naturally, to form segments of a circle or oval. Flutings and channels help keep them in position when first laid. Then there are vertical drill holes to admit metal rods, and the latter are intersected and pinned in place by other rods, going out rapidly through similar holes bored horizontally in all the blades. Cement properly applied to the joints, and concrete is packed in between the outer surface and the surrounding earth.

The problem of manufacturing a non-corrosive paint for the bottoms of steel and iron warships, which has been vexing the Navy officials for a long time, has just been satisfactorily settled. A paint was invented in Germany several years ago which had the desired properties, but as the Government requires, American made paint on American warships, it could not be used. Now, however, the German paint plant has been removed to this country and United States cruisers will now have non-corrosive bottoms. The question of suitable paint for use in salt water has troubled all countries, the Japanese alone having had a non-corrosive article. This is a lacquer whose composition they keep secret.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Unlike the Dutch Process



No Alkalies — OR — Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.**

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

**NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.**

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs. It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing.

**RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.**

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

**INTERNALLY.**

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

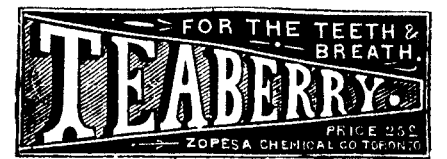
**A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS**

A half a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

**MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER Fever and Ague Conquered.**

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists. **BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."**



MISCELLANEOUS.

It is the fine souls who serve us, and not what is called fine society. Fine society is only a self-protection against the vulgarities of the street and the tavern — Emerson.

Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections; for love which hath ends will have an end, whereas, that which is founded on true love will always continue. — Dryden.

The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and they are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of the storm, and not so easily lulled to rest. — Longfellow.

Florence Nightingale has just celebrated her seventy-third birthday. Though for many years confined to her house by constant ill-health, she is ceaselessly at work for the welfare of her fellow-creatures.

THE SAMBRO LIGHTHOUSE

Is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hartt writes as follows:—'Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good. I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known many lives would be saved.'

Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn; but a neatness and purity, like that of the snowdrop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives what amiability is to the mind. — Longfellow.

WHAT SAY THEY?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.

Mrs. Harriet Strong, of Whittier, Cal., last year imported pampas grass from South America to her ranch and raised 3,000,000 plumes. These make handsome decorations. One million of these were sent to the World's Fair. She has exported over 650,000 to Europe. — New York Sun.

To cure nervousness your nerves must be fed by pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. Take it now.

Some time ago the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston opened an educational department, and offered a series of prizes to those who will point out the largest number of errors in the series of schoolbooks now in use in the colleges, universities, and public schools. The effort is a very commendable one.

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Dear Sirs,—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken.

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At the age of seventy-five, one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our earthly eyes to set at night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. — Goethe.

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Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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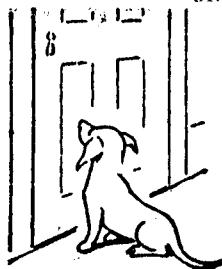
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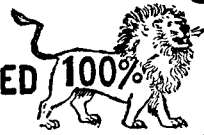
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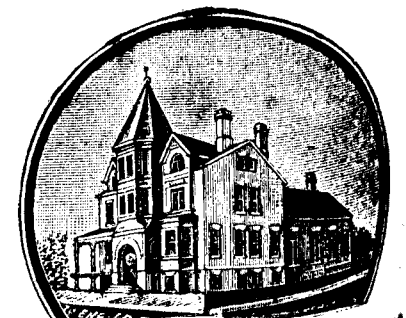


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