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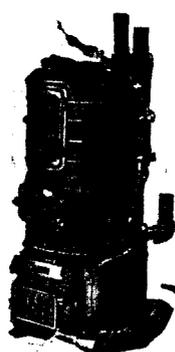
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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1893.

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to the more specific reports which are now to hand, Chancellor Von Capri-vi's speech in the Reichstag in support of his Army Bill was frank beyond modern precedent. It throws a lurid light on the situation in Europe that the parliamentary leader of one great nation feels it justifiable or necessary to arise in his place and describe the plan of campaign which it is proposed to follow "in the next war" with a great neighboring nation, going so far as to show how large an army would be required and what disposition would be made of it at the outset of the struggle. Under ordinary circumstances such a speech could hardly fail to have the effect of hastening, if not precipitating, the war, but it may be that the two nations are now so accustomed to look upon each other as inveterate enemies that all will be taken as a matter of course. In all probability the German Chancellor has skilfully touched the right chord. The belligerent spirit of the representatives has been

aroused and the Bill will be passed, either intact or in a slightly modified form. As soon as unhappy France has rallied from the effects of the Panama scandal, she will probably feel called upon to make some responsive effort to perfect the preparations on her side. Thus both nations will go on increasing their armaments to the utmost, laying still heavier burdens upon their tax-oppressed peoples and biding their time, until some untoward event brings on the life-and-death struggle. The pity and the shame of it all is that, notwithstanding the tremendous influence wielded by the clergy and the churches in both nations, we hear nothing of any effort or movement with a view to the settlement of the quarrel on some just and Christian principle, so as not only to avert the horrors of the coming war but to relieve the peoples of the terrible incubus that is crushing the very life out of the toiling millions in each country. The professed followers of "the Prince of Peace" are evidently too busy in intriguing to turn the necessities of the governments to account for the temporal advantage of themselves and the respective churches, to be able to give time or thought to the prevention of the carnage and miseries of "horrid war."

Two or three weeks since President Harrison issued a proclamation of amnesty to all Mormons who have been convicted of polygamy, on their promise hereafter to observe the laws of the country. This probably marks the end of the long struggle with the leaders of the "Latter Day Saints." Ten years ago Congress took up the question in earnest, by passing a statute imposing heavy penalties on the crime of polygamy, and appointed a Commission to govern the Utah Territory and see that the law was enforced. For a time there was some danger of a tacit defiance if not of open resistance, but, owing largely to the influx of "Gentile" settlers into the Territory bringing with them a strong counterbalancing public sentiment by which the officers of the law were presently supported, the Mormon leaders after a time perceived that discretion was the better part of valour. Their prophets were led to discover that the doctrine of a plurality of wives is no necessary part of the Mormon faith. In 1890 a manifesto was issued by Wilford Woodruff, President of the Mormon body, proclaiming that the Church would no longer uphold polygamy and calling upon its members to obey the laws of the United States. This was the beginning of the end. More than a year ago the officials of the Church presented a petition pledging themselves to a faithful observance of the laws in the future and craving amnesty for past offences. The prayer of the petition was approved by the Utah Commission, and the amnesty has now been issued. This will, it is thought, be followed by a successful movement for the admission of Utah as a state. To those who are suspicious of Mormon faith and fear

that statehood would lead to a resumption of the old practices, the satisfactory reply is that, so far at least as Salt Lake City and the other chief cities of the Territory are concerned, Utah is no longer under Mormon sway. The Gentiles now rule. The public school system in these cities has been taken out of Mormon hands and placed upon the same basis as in other parts of the republic. The history of Utah affords a good illustration, not only of the power of public sentiment under democratic conditions, but of the only way in which the State may legitimately interfere with the freedom of a so-called religious society. Congress took no note of the religious tenets of the Mormons. It made no proscription of any article of its creed. It simply said "Here is a law of the land forbidding a certain practice which is believed to be productive of great moral and social evils, injurious to the common wealth. So long as you are citizens of the United States, you must obey its laws, or suffer the penalties." The story has a valuable moral.

Our correspondent "W," in his moderate and courteous letter in our last number, quite misses the point of the article which he criticizes. If he will refer to it again, he will perceive that it did not touch the question whether "any endeavour to modify the hardship of the Manitoba school law through the intervention of the Governor-in-Council, on appeal under the provisions of section 93 of the British North America Act, would be a gross violation of the federative compact." We had already admitted in a previous article that Mr. Ewart's contention with reference to the intention of subsection 3 of the section referred to, might possibly be correct. If it be correct and provision is thus made in the Constitution for the intervention of the Governor-General-in-Council, then any legitimate action taken under that provision cannot be regarded as an invasion of provincial rights, and consequently would not come within the aim or scope of our article, to which "W" refers. That article was occasioned wholly by the intemperate utterances of some of the French-Canadian journals, which seemed to breathe a determination to compel the restoration of the Separate school and dual language systems in Manitoba, irrespective of the judgment of the highest judicial authorities. As no decision has yet been reached under the appeal, there can be as yet no hardship or violation of compact touching the provisions of the subsection on which the appeal is based. Under the circumstances we could, then, understand the violent language of our French contemporaries only as directed against legislation on the part of Manitoba, which, so far as yet appears, was strictly within her right as a province; and we thought the occasion opportune to remind our contemporaries that no province has a deeper interest in safeguarding the constitutional rights of the provinces than Quebec, and that

no one has been more strenuous and emphatic in insisting upon the observance of those rights so far as she herself was concerned.

Mr. Ewart's argument before the Privy Council, sitting in its judicial capacity, adds little or nothing to what he had previously urged before a Committee of that Council. Upon this we have already commented. Whether his reasonings were convincing to the members of the Council or otherwise, we shall know in due time. A prior question seems to be whether he was constitutionally justified in falling back upon the provisions of the B. N. A. Act for an interpretation which he certainly could not otherwise have read in, or into, the Manitoba Act. We do not know that the validity of his main contention depends upon the soundness of his preliminary arguments. If so it might not be difficult to show that those arguments contained and were largely based upon assumptions, some of which stand themselves sadly in need of proof. There is for instance, the fallacy upon which we have more than once remarked of regarding the public schools as Protestant, in the same sense in which the Separate schools are Catholic, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that under the provisions of the Manitoba School Act, the selection of teachers and general management of the schools within certain general limitations would be naturally and necessarily in the hands of Catholic trustees in those sections in which the population is mainly Catholic. A second assumption (which "W" also makes in his letter) is that Catholic parents cannot conscientiously send their children to the public schools, though the highest authorities of the Roman Church have formally declared the opposite within the last few weeks, in the United States. A third remark, which may be a little presumptuous in a layman, we will venture to make, viz., that as it seems to us, no one but a lawyer with a brief would ever have discovered in subsection 3 of the B. N. A. Act, any reference to a possible repeal of the very law whose existence the subsection predicates and for whose enforcement it seems intended to provide. Does Mr. Ewart give to the word "act" in that subsection its technical meaning of a legislative statute? To the lay mind that seems to involve something very like an absurdity. Would not the common-sense interpretation understand the provisions of the subsection as referring to judicial decisions and administrative or executive acts, under the established Separate school system?

The animated but thoroughly friendly discussion of the possibility of organic church union, which took place at the last meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association, was a sign of the times, so far as the kindly sentiments of the various speakers were concerned, but it can hardly be thought by the most sanguine friend of such union to have sensibly helped the movement. The two facts which stand out to the view of the on-looker are, first, that the spirit in which the discussion was carried on marks a distinct advance in the direction of true brotherly feeling between the representatives of the different denominations—and this may in itself be the better part of the desired union—and second, that the addresses themselves served but to set in a clearer light the radical differences of opinion in regard to fundamentals which seem to

render organic union impossible. On no one foundation principle did the speakers seem to be agreed. While one appeals to the whole Bible, and another to the New Testament, a third is profoundly convinced that history should also be taken into the reference. So long as there are such diversities of view with regard to the source of authority and law, there can be little hope of progress in the direction of unity in the conclusions reached. The divergence was equally marked in reference to the very nature of the church itself, which some conceived mainly as an invisible, spiritual entity, composed of all true believers, and others as a visible, organized body, continuous from age to age. Evidently the brethren will have to come nearer together in regard to first principles before they can hope to discuss minor matters of creed and ordinances and government, with any hope of agreement. By the way, those members of the conference who represented the congregational method of church government surprise us somewhat by their alleged readiness to treat the form of church government as a secondary matter. One would suppose that the difference between an oligarchical and a democratic organization between essential equality and a gradation of ecclesiastical orders was sufficiently broad to be important.

A good deal of allowance may probably be made for exaggeration in the despatches, else the situation in Egypt might be regarded as somewhat serious. Should the sequel prove the existence of any strong and widespread dislike on the part of the Egyptians to British ascendancy, the fact would add much force to the contentions of those who regard England's position in that country as a false one. Meanwhile it is, perhaps, more probable that the excitement is caused mainly by the influence of Russian or French agents and partisans, working upon the ignorance and want of experience of the youthful Khedive and those by whom he is surrounded. The fact, if it be such, that Germany, Austria and Italy all approve the action of the British Government is reassuring. The good faith or otherwise of England's retention of control beyond the time originally stipulated depends, we suppose, upon the consent of the powers concerned in the original agreement. With the three powers named approving her course as necessary and wise, England can afford to disregard the protests of France. Still, it must be confessed that the holding of the country by force of arms, contrary to the wishes of its people, would be an undesirable thing for a British Government, and above all, for a Liberal Government.

The death at his home in Fremont, Ohio, of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, has served to bring to mind again one who from being Chief Executive of a nation stepped at once into the seclusion of private life and passed almost from memory. Perhaps in no country but the United States is so complete a transition possible. There seems to be an unwritten law in that country which declares it beneath the dignity of an ex-President to continue his political career. The tradition was successfully violated by John Quincy Adams, who after his defeat for re-election wielded an influence as a member of the House of Representatives perhaps greater than he had wielded as President. But his example has not been followed and there is now no

career open to an ex-President unless, as in Mr. Cleveland's case, he is strong enough to again aspire to the highest office in his countrymen's gift. If the Presidents of the Republic were, as a rule, its leading statesmen in the sense in which the Premier and the leader of the Opposition are the leading statesmen in England and in Canada, this condition of things would be anomalous enough. Inasmuch as they are usually chosen from the second rank of political leaders, it is perhaps well and in harmony with true democracy that when their terms are over they should step to the rear and become again plain citizens of the Republic, undistinguished by rank or habit of life from those amid whom their lot is cast. The lesson thus afforded is an impressive one.

To the class of secondary statesmen Mr. Hayes belonged. He was not a great man like Lincoln, or a strong one like Cleveland. His administration, moreover, rested under a cloud on account of its defective title. Whether he did right to accept an office to which a commission authorized by the national Legislature to settle the disputed succession, and with whose appointment and conclusions he had of course nothing to do, declared him elected, or whether, believing, as his subsequent conduct showed that he probably did, that Mr. Tilden was the real choice of the people, he should have taken the heroic course of refusing the honors within his reach, is a question that still gives rise to bitter controversy in the American press and upon which we are not called to express an opinion. Mr. Hayes is admitted by his opponents to have been both an able and a well-meaning man. Few denied that he acted conscientiously in the course that he pursued. His private life was irreproachable and his administration free from scandal. His term will be remembered as the one which witnessed the withdrawal of the last Northern troops from Southern territory and thus the establishment of conditions under which the great national sore could heal more certainly and more rapidly.

THE COMING SESSION.

There is no lack of important matters to come before Parliament at its approaching session. First in importance is the vital question of tariff reform. From intimations given in Sir John Thompson's speeches and otherwise, it is pretty certain that changes more or less important will be proposed by the Government itself. It is, in fact, safe to assume that the Ministers are too wise to shut their eyes to the abounding indications that the people are becoming thoroughly impatient of the regime of high taxation. But whether the Government will attempt to forestall the coming storm by serious modifications, or merely to allay it by lopping off a decayed branch or two, is uncertain. In either event we hazard little by predicting that the period of protection as a fiscal policy in Canada is near its close. If the Government initiate important changes in the right direction, the people may accept them for the time being. But the breach will have been made in the wall. Having proved the benefits of unshackled trade in a few staples the people will not be slow to draw the inference that if free trade or a revenue tariff in a few articles of commerce is good, the same liberty with reference to many or all the commodities which they have to buy

and sell would be better. When a few foundation stones are removed the whole fabric will begin to totter to its fall. If, on the other hand, the Government shrink from drawing upon their devoted heads the hot indignation of the protected manufacturers who openly claim to have placed them in power, and attempt to satisfy the growing clamour with a few unimportant readjustments, the Opposition will have the opportunity of a political lifetime, and will prove themselves singularly incompetent if they fail to take advantage of the situation and make their way to the treasury benches.

Closely connected with the tariff question will be that of our future trade relations with the United States. It is not necessary to deny that the Government have made energetic and praiseworthy efforts to open up the British and other markets for some of those Canadian products which have been denied admission to the United States. In this case, too, the necessity for vigorous action has had a stimulating effect upon Canadian enterprise. Under any circumstances it is evident that Canada in the future will do more trading with Great Britain and other distant countries and to better advantage than hitherto. But after Canadian energy and enterprise shall have been laid under contribution to their full extent in developing trans-oceanic trade, the fact will remain that without access to the markets of the United States, a very large class of Canadian producers must suffer. What is imperatively needed for the general prosperity is the freest possible trade relations with our wealthy next-door neighbors. Given such relations, without detriment to the expanding commerce with Britain and with foreign nations, and who can doubt that Canada would at once enter upon a career of prosperity not exceeded by that of any people in the world.

But is free access to the markets of the United States attainable on any conditions which Canada could accept without sacrifice of duty or of self-respect? Singularly enough this is a question in regard to which we have directly contradictory testimony from the only two parties who are in a position to know. According to the version of the late conference given by Messrs. Blaine and Foster, the ex-Secretary, and the present Secretary, respectively, of the U. S. Government, the conditions offered were such as most persons would pronounce fair and reasonable, viz.: that the list of goods to come under the treaty of reciprocity must include manufactures as well as natural products, and that the tariffs must be mutually preferential. This would have involved discrimination to a certain extent against the mother country in common with all other nations, but such discrimination is of the very nature of reciprocity treaties and could not be objected to by Great Britain, who would be only too glad to see a revival of Canadian prosperity and progress upon such terms. On the other hand, according to the recollections of Sir John Thompson and our Mr. Foster, reciprocity was offered only on condition of Canada's adoption of the United States' tariff, which is of course a very different matter. This matter should be fairly faced and discussed during the session, not so much to settle the question of correctness of memory, which would be a delicate and unprofitable business, as to pronounce upon the desirability of now taking the American representatives at their word, and seeking a renewal of negotiations on

the lines which they have distinctly laid down. It is scarcely conceivable that the incoming Washington Administration will be less favourable to such an arrangement than the outgoing one. What attitude will our Government take, is one of the test questions.

A scarcely less important and even more exciting topic which may come before the House in some shape is that of the Manitoba schools. It is probable, however, that every effort will be made to prevent the tossing back and forth of this firebrand amongst the combustible material which abounds on the floors of Parliament. We suspect that the Premier's policy will be one of delay and masterly inactivity. The judicial inquiry which is now dragging its slow length along before the Privy Council will probably be made to subserve such a policy. Sir John Thompson is now credited in some quarters, not too friendly perhaps, with an intention to settle the struggle by giving to the representatives of the defunct Separate schools a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the Manitoba school lands. Surely an enemy is spreading this report. It is not unlikely, in any case, that an enemy will give him an opportunity to deny its correctness from the Government benches. Such an invasion, or rather evasion, of the constitutional right of the Province with reference to school legislation would arouse a tempest second in violence only to the tornado which would sweep over it, should it be announced that the Dominion authorities were about to compel the re-establishment of the Separate school system.

The fast North Atlantic steamship route, and the connected question touching the International railway is another of the large subjects which demand full and free discussion. Whether the Government will have any definite proposals to lay before Parliament does not yet appear.

The reports of the Caron and Temperance Commissions, bid fair, each in its way, to give rise to serious if not heated discussions. The presence of Mr. Tarte in the House has been supposed by some to be ominous of a new series of revelations, but the absence of threats and foreshadowings in the press, such as heralded the previous campaign seems against the supposition.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

A few weeks since, the London *Spectator*, in an article which reads too much like a half-apology for gambling, at least in its more fashionable forms, spoke of "the perpetual vitality and universal diffusion of the gambling spirit." "Probably," the writer said, "nine persons out of ten would be made happier by the knowledge that sometime within the next few weeks or months they will have the chance of winning an appreciable sum of money. It adds a little excitement to their lives, it sustains them under the pressure of present shortness of cash, it gilds the future with a contingent brightness." May we not venture to hope with a considerably larger percentage that nine out of ten the question of the manner in which the sum of money might be won would very materially qualify the joy of the anticipation?

The immediate occasion of the *Spectator's* article was the "Missing-Word" competition which for a time attracted so much attention in England and which was finally placed under

the ban of the Lottery acts by a judgment given by Sir John Bridge. The *Spectator* accepts the judgment as wise and necessary under the the circumstances, but, in so doing, bases its assent upon singularly narrow grounds. "In itself," it says, "a missing-word competition is just as innocent as a Derby sweepstakes at a club, and if the shillings paid bore the same proportion to the means of the players as is the case with the contributors to a sweepstakes, it would be just as innocent in its results." According to this view the crime is not in the thing itself, or in the aims and intentions of those who take part in it, but depends entirely upon the question whether those who engage in it can afford to risk the amount of money involved in what the court has declared to be a game of chance and consequently gambling, pure and simple. "The public is not concerned," says the writer, "how men spend their money provided it is honestly come by. But the public is concerned to prevent men—or boys—from being led on to spend money which is not honestly come by." In other words the Court was justified in declaring the practice in question a pernicious and a criminal practice, not because of anything wrong or evil in the thing itself, but because of the danger lest the passion to which it appeals might become so overmastering as to lead persons of limited means to procure money for the purchase of tickets by dishonest practices.

Such a view of the question is obviously superficial and if acted on would lead to class legislation of the most objectionable kind. The rejoinder which readily suggests itself is that every objectionable act or practice should bear its own burden. Let those who put their hands into the tills of their employers, or resort to other dishonest means of obtaining money to purchase tickets for "missing-word" competitions, be punished for the crime which they commit, rather than others prevented from the gratification of "a universal instinct," if the mode of gratifying it be innocent in itself and objectionable only by reason of ulterior consequences to which it may occasionally lead.

To those more radical reformers who regard the practice of gambling as in itself a vice and its consequences as only evil and that continually, the question takes on a much more serious aspect. Gambling has now come to be regarded by many of the best men in England as the national vice of Englishmen, if not of the British race everywhere. Whether and to what extent it may be practised among the wealthier classes merely as an exciting and fashionable amusement it is hard to say. Certain it is that the ruin and misery which it begets and in which it is probably more prolific than any other practice save that of drinking, are by no means confined to the lower or the poorer classes. In the United States, where it seems to be constantly breaking out in new forms, its source is by general consent to be found in the desire "to get something for nothing" which has been declared to be the great American vice. As such a desire lies at the root of every form of roguery, the practice of gambling, however fashionable in some of its forms, is at once classified as a member of a very disreputable family. True, it differs from most other devices having the same end in view in that the losing party knows and voluntarily, so long as he is in a position to be regarded as a free agent, takes his risk. Of course he always does so in the

hope that he may be the one successful in getting his opponent's property for nothing. This may palliate the offence, but can scarcely make it either innocent or harmless.

But while it might be easy to show that in its motive and aim gambling in every form is essentially immoral, something more than this is probably required to justify organized society in forbidding it by law. It is not the business of either law-makers or courts of justice to classify human acts as moral or immoral and to permit or forbid them accordingly. No enlightened citizen will permit the civil authorities to exercise lordship over his conscience. It is when the act or practice tends directly to the injury of society by depriving other citizens of their property without giving an equivalent, by incapacitating them more or less for honest industry, by corrupting their morals and provoking to such crimes as theft, robbery, murder and suicide, that it comes fairly within the cognizance of law-makers, to be prohibited with pains and penalties.

The most advanced modern legislatures and governments have not hesitated to bring certain forms of gambling within the area of practices to be regarded as criminal, but hitherto the lines seem to have been drawn with a good deal of arbitrariness and caprice. Distinctions are made where it is hard to see that any real differences exist. In England, where, as we have seen, the Lottery acts are rigid enough in some respects, and are strictly enforced, not only are exceptions made in certain respect—horse-racing for example—but the forms of gambling thus excepted are some of them practiced in the most open manner, sanctioned by the example of the highest persons in the realm, and tacitly approved even by Parliament itself. And yet no one, we think, can doubt that this one form of gambling is productive of more crime and misery of the kinds above described than could possibly result from all the "missing-word" competitions that could be carried on by all the newspapers in the kingdom. But the jewel consistency is not always conspicuous even in acts of parliament.

In the United States a determined effort is being made to bring gambling in all its more popular forms under the ban of criminal legislation. Some progress has been made. The Lottery act is scotched, if not killed. "The endowment orders are dying of their own iniquity." An act is now before Congress to prohibit the gambling "in futures" which has become so gigantic an evil in the republic. The prospects of its being passed are good, though it is naturally being met with the most determined opposition from interested parties. In the mean time, betting on horse races, or future prices of staple articles of trade, and on athletic games grows constantly worse. "The latest movement is taking shape, or rather seems about to take shape, in the organization of a National Anti-Gambling League." The deplorable effects of the passion, as seen in all grades of society, are certainly sufficiently alarming to warrant the union of all good citizens in Canada, as well as in the United States or England, in an organized and determined effort to put a stop to, or at least to stamp with the brand of illegality, every unmistakable form and phase of the gambling evil.

I regret often that I have spoken, never that I have been silent.—Publius Syrus.

"THE GRAVE OF ALL THINGS HATH ITS VIOLET."

When what is memory now was bitter pain,
In by-gone days when life and love were new,
I heard the echo of an old refrain
That smote me as a hollow jest, untrue;
For grief, it said, was fleetest than the day,
And fleetest grief was but love's threnody.

How strange I had not dreamed that grief
could die,
Or fade into a tender, far regret;
I had no thought of days when memory
Would soften down the fever and the fret.
When through salt tears I heard that old refrain
I did not dream that peace would follow pain.

But now the very rose that flushes there
Against her gravestone hath a charm for me;
The songs she sang ring sweetest on the air,
The books she loved I treasure lovingly.
Grief comes in many forms to claim us, yet—
"The grave of all things hath its violet."

EMILY McMANUS.

THE CAPTURE OF ACADIE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

During the war of 1812-14, the people of Nova Scotia and the New England States made frequent attacks upon each others coast towns and villages, so that truly eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. The temptation to privateering could not be resisted and the seafaring people of both countries, with or without license, fitted out armed vessels and preyed upon each others shipping and undefended coasts, with more or less success, throughout the war.

This was the condition of affairs on the 18th of July, 1813, when good old Benson D'Entremont stood on the deck of his schooner "Acadie," off the southwest coast of Nova Scotia and mentally calculated the probable profits on a certain liquid cargo beneath that deck, if he got it safely to land.

He was one of an historic family, was old Capt. D'Entremont. One of the race of French Acadians exiled years before when the English settlers of Nova Scotia decided the country was not large enough to hold two races and their French neighbours must leave. In the winter of 1756-57 a vessel hailing from some part of New England was wrecked off Cape Sable. James D'Entremont, Baron de Pobomcoup, in whose veins coursed the blood of the royal house of Bourbon, was in the wilderness hiding from the English foe. Out on the ice, on the coast, hunting seals, he saw the wreck and managed to save the lives of captain and crew, who eventually made their way home, deeply grateful to their preserver. The following spring, a British cruiser, sailing off the coast, led to the discovery of the hermit Baron, and he was captured with his family and conveyed to Boston, where he was thrown into prison. The captain he had rescued a few months before learned of the Baron's misfortune and made such representations to the Governor that D'Entremont was sent for. Broken in spirit and feeling that his torn raiment and shabby appearance ill befitted a representative of Le Grand Monarque, he declined to accept the invitation. His grateful friend discovered the cause of his refusal and presented him with a suit of clothes and a handsome walking stick, curiously

wrought with silver mounting and carrying in its handle a concealed dagger. Thus equipped, the Baron was prevailed upon to appear before the Governor, and from an exiled prisoner he became a welcome guest in the city. His knowledge of seamanship gave him ready employment in Boston and here he ended his days. His grave may still be found in Roxbury.

By this time a new condition of affairs made it possible for his sons return, unmolested, to their old Acadian home at Pabrico (a corruption of the old name Pobomcoup) in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, they founded a settlement. In that thriving village to this day may be seen, as a treasured heirloom, the curious dagger-cane presented to the old Baron, in Boston. It was one of these returned sons, Benson D'Entremont that we find on the deck of his schooner, at the opening of our story, in the Summer of 1813, on his way from St. Pierre-et-Miquolon, with a cargo of brandy. The wind had fallen almost to a dead calm, and a mile from him he could see another in the same plight. While he looked, a boat put out from the other vessel and pulled rapidly towards him. As they drew near he saw the boat was crowded with armed men. D'Entremont's crew consisted of two Acadians and two Englishmen, without weapons of any description. In a moment they were boarded without any pretence of resistance, and such a villanous looking crowd of cut-throats it would be hard to find elsewhere. Their vessel was a Yankey privateer, and without even bothering D'Entremont with questions as to his nationality or where his vessel was from, they bundled him into his boat with all of his crew but one, whom they meant to use as a pilot.

The coast of Lockeport Island was in sight, and D'Entremont's boat was headed there. He observed the privateer take a portion of his rough gang on board the Acadie and returned to his own vessel, which with a light breeze which sprang up got under sail and was soon out of sight. The prize crew on the Acadie seemed to feel perfectly secure as they dropped anchor where they were for the night.

D'Entremont and his three men arrived at Lockeport that evening and related their story. It was Sunday evening, and good Deacon Locke was on his way to "meeting," to lead in prayer and discourse on "the Word," when the little knot about the forlorn sailors attracted his attention. The Deacon was a tall, spare man of tremendous strength and undoubted piety; but such a frame and such a jaw as he possessed were never meant for peaceable pursuits, entirely. The audacity of the capture within sight of land seemed to fill him with thoughtfulness.

"So the rascals even anchored with their ill-gotten prize off our coast?" he enquired.

"Yes," replied D'Entremont, "and pity it is we had not a way of letting Shelbourne know where they be."

Shelbourne, then, was a military post and a city of about 13,000 people.

"Verily, it seemeth wrong that we should devote the Sabbath to thoughts of possible courage," said the Deacon. "Let us go to our wonted place of meeting, but good neighbor D'Entremont, tarry about for an hour so, till the darkness comes on and I may have a word or two more

with thee." The good Deacon repaired to his meeting and there long and earnestly expounded the Scriptures and prayer for preservation from "battle, murder and sudden death." But, when the meeting was over, he called to him two of his fold and held a whispered consultation. The result was that half an hour later the stalwart Deacon, with something suspiciously like a musket on his shoulder, and accompanied by two able-bodied "class-leaders, similarly equipped, marched to the cottage where D'Entremont and his crew were resting, and calling out the Acadian captain, the Deacon exhorted him thus.

"Neighbor, it grieves us to think that more shouldst have been robbed of the substance within sight of our very doors, and that too by the armed enemies of our King, God Bless him. The Lord forbid that we should counsel undue harshness, but, if by silence and stratagem we may encompass our enemy's downfall, for the time being and give him a chance to redeem his mis-spent life, I see no reason why we should not, even in the darkness of the hallowed seventh Day, seek so to do.

We have done our duty in prayer and exhortation and if so be that Providence should ordain that we may aid the wrongdoer and bring the transgressor to see the error he hath fallen into, before daylight comes upon us, why the Lord's will be done." Capt. D'Entremont stared in amazement at the muscular preacher as his meaning dawned upon him. "Do you mean to attack the pirates tonight?" he asked.

"Nay, we are not for bloodshed. But if it should chance that we may come upon them in the fancied security of their wicked possession, there we might peaceably overcome them. If they have taken for themselves more of that cargo of strong waters than is for their health, there it might please the Lord to deliver them into our hands. We have provided a few muskets and a hanger or two, in case ought should betide us that it be needful that we defend ourselves from the uplifted hand of the ungodly."

Behold, then, a boat-load of men, D'Entremont and his men, reinforced by the Deacon and his two friends, all armed to the teeth, put out from the shore. Pieces of sheep skin were used to muffle the oars, and they proceeded in thoughtful silence. After two hours rowing they could hear the privateer's prize crew aboard the stolen schooner singing and making merry. They had evidently been investigating and overhauled the cargo, sampling "freely. As the boat noiselessly neared the vessel, D'Entremont began to quake for fear his own man might chance to be on deck and be startled into some outcry. It had been decided that if the watch on deck, gave any alarm he must be shot down and a dash made for the deck before the remainder of the crew could scramble up. As luck would have it, the privateers felt so secure in their numbers and distance from any armed port, that they were all below having a carousal and compelled the prisoner to remain with them. The boat was pulled alongside, the crew softly climbed to the deck and fastened their boat to the rigging. Then three musket barrels were pointed down the cabin hatch-way, while the other men cheered, jumped about and made a noise as though the vessel were being boarded by a strong force of men. D'Entremont called to his own man be-

low to come on deck and bring up the hammer and box of nails. He was permitted to do so without interference from the surprised and terrified prize crew, who called out for mercy. They were ordered to pass up their weapons and this being done, the hatch was closed and nailed down. Awakening themselves of a breeze, the rescuers proceeded to Shelbourne. There the gallant Deacon was made the lion of the hour and the privateer's crew locked up. Two hastily armed schooners were sent out in search of the Yankee vessel but failed to sight her. The Deacon returned to his farm, family and meetings, while Benson D'Entremont lived to a good old age and is known in provincial history as the first French Acadian Justice of the Peace ever appointed by the British crown. His son, Simon D'Entremont, was elected to the Legislature of Nova Scotia and was the first of his race who ever occupied a seat in that assembly. PUBNICO.

THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

"Per Dio! Italia sara!" Wild words of helpless rage shouted by a young soldier prince, as he shook his sword towards the victorious enemy before whom he must retreat. The rain fell heavily that March evening as it had done through all that day of woe for Italy. The prince was protecting the rear of his father's army. It was the retreat from the fatal field of Novara.

And yet in that hour of all but despair, the dauntless purpose that was echoed these words, took shape in that young man's mind—took shape, and became the motto of his life, and led him in the course in which he never faltered until he was carried to his grave in the Roman Pantheon, amidst the lament of a nation,—Victor Emanuel, the first king of Italy.

Not that the house of Savoy wanted for proud ancestral mottoes. On many a battle field of Europe the war cry "Sempre avanti, Savoia" had been heard, for that hardy race, cradled in its mountains, has ever been, above all, a race of soldiers. Descended as legends say, from a fugitive Saxon prince, Berold, known, however, in Savoy as 'Humbert of the White Hand,' who in a sudden wrath had slain the empress, the family seems to have retained in its more southern home many characteristics of the sturdier Teutonic race, and to have supplied for generations famous warriors and generals to the larger nations around. England first missed one of its sons as Prince Consort to the difficile Elizabeth, for Duke Emanuele Phillibert, the famous general when offered her hand, declined it, on hearing that she was personally unwilling. Later on, a connection with England did come, and I daresay it would surprise many an English person to learn that the present king of Italy is a descendant of the Stuarts, the first of the house who took the title of king. Victor Amadeus married the grand-daughter of Charles I, daughter of that ill-fated Henrietta Maria, who with her young husband died a mysterious death attributed to poison.

In the general upheaval of the French revolution, and the Napoleonic wars, the king of Savoy took refuge in the island of Sardinia. These days of changes ended and Italy fallen into the slumber of de-

spair that came with that darkest period that followed 1812, Piedmont found herself no better off than her neighbours under the stern reactionary rule of Charles Felix. But the king was a childless man and all the hopes of the secret liberals were centered on his young cousin and heir, Charles Albert, the prince of Carignano. Poor Charles Albert always striving for the right—always failing to achieve—misunderstood by those he tried to help, the cold shade of his failure stands ever behind the glow of success of his son's making of Italy, and yet perhaps his manifold failures had their own ultimate share in that making, long after his exile's death.

He is described as being very tall and of noble aspect, with pale face, and manner grave and reserved almost to severity; and yet with a gentleness which gave it a great fascination to those who knew him well.

If he had not been a man of such chivalrous honour he might perhaps have escaped from the crowning disaster of '48. When after the first victories of the brave little Piedmont army, it waited for the promised Tuscan and Papal forces which never came to its aid, and wearied and overpowered by numbers, it faltered and gave way before the Austrian hosts, there might even yet have been safety for it, if Charles Albert would have consented to cross the Po. But to do so, would have been to abandon Milan to her fate, which he resolutely refused to do, and so he risked all for her rescue, only, after having been obliged to fly secretly from the city helping ingratitudes from the Milanese, that he was obliged to fly secretly from the city helped from a balcony by General La Mamora.

Then came the fatal 23rd of March, and the battle of Novara, to which he marched as to his doom. All the day before his aide-de-camp heard him muttering such sentences as he rode along as "Tout est fini pour moi," and as Mrs. Browning says in noble verse:

"Bursting that heroic heart of his
At lost Novara, that he could not die,
Though thrice into the canon's eyes for this

He plunged his shuddering steed and felt
The shy
Reel back between the fire shocks—"

And when night had come, and the combat and retreat over, he met his sons and generals and found that the only armistice obtainable, contained the dishonorable terms of giving up all Italian refugees to Austrian vengeance, he "

"Stripped away
The ancestral bennine 'ere the smoke had cleared,

And naked to the soul, that none might say

His lordship covered what was base and bleared

With treason, he went out an exile, yea,
An exiled patriot! Let him be revered."

It was in a few simple words that made known his decision, taking even his eldest son by surprise. "I have not been able to find death on the field of battle as I had desired; perhaps my existence now is the only obstacle to obtaining reasonable terms, and since there remains no means of continuing hostilities, I abdicate in favor of my son, Vittorio. The prince sprang forward

pale and agitated to remonstrate, the generals joined in, but the king was resolute, and set out that night with a single attendant for Oporto, where his exile's life was ended not many months afterwards by death. And so Charles Albert's brave struggle for Italy was over, and a younger hand was henceforth to grasp the sword that he let fall.

Travelling through Italy one is apt to grasp the innumerable piazzas and horsos when the name of Vittorio Emanuele has replaced older historic and local ones, at the statues and busts of that by no means classically beautiful profile that are everywhere met at the half finished monument to his memory whose scaffolding disfigures the Capitolian heights in so many Roman views. One grumbles and wonders what this man had done to thus endear him to the Italian people. One knows his faults—they were blazoned abroad to all Europe by many a foe of his own country—one knows that honour supplied the keen scheming brain. Garibaldi the arm swift to strike, and yet in this case the people have judged aright, Victor Emanuel was the real maker of Italy. Cavour's keen brain, Garibaldi's onslaught against tyrannical, the passionate popular impulse that stirred all Italy from Turin to Palermo, all these might have counted for nothing, but for that one man's dauntless, unflinching resolve to free his country from the Austrians, and to make of her a nation.

Victor Emanuel was twenty-eight when he came into his kingdom on that dark day for Piedmont. He was born and spent his childhood at Poggio Imperiale near Florence, to which his father was exiled after some Liberal outbreaks in Turin.

Here he met with the first of the many hair breadth escapes which were his lot through life, when his nurse accidentally setting fire to his bed curtains only saved his life at the cost of her own.

Here he met with the first of the many of Genoa, received a strict military training from their father whom they nevertheless adored with strong family feeling characteristic of the house of Savoy.

At the age of twenty-five, he is described in the appearance of a middle stature, broad shouldered, powerfully built, with a brown complexion, snub nose and heavy jaw; frank and simple in manners and yet not without a touch of soldierly dignity.

He was married while still young to his cousin, Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Archduke Ranieri, Austrian Viceroy of Lombardy. The marriage was looked on coldly by the Piedmontese on account of the Austrian connection, but the princess, a noble woman, was from the day of her marriage staunch to her husband and his country, in spite of any temptations that may have arisen from his neglect of her. Taking after his ancestors Victor Emanuel was above all things a soldier.

When in March '48 the war that was to have such a disastrous end was declared, he roamed to and fro like an uneasy spirit until he learned the welcome news that he was to be allowed to take part in the campaign, and when he first heard the cannon at Santa Lucia, his whole face lit up as he shouted, "Ah this is the music that pleases me." He caused great anxiety among the generals that his reckless exposure of himself might endanger a life so valuable to Piedmont. At Goito

when the weary dispirited troops were giving way, he dashed towards the guards crying out "With me guards, to save the honour of Savoy," and leading the charge changed the fortunes of the day to victory of which he himself carried the tidings to his father. But those days of hope were over, and the young king's first task was to try and make some possible terms of peace with the Austrians.

The outlook was a gloomy one. There was not a single Italian ruler who was not delighted at his misfortunes. Within his own state he found enemies equally malignant in the Jesuits and in Mazzini's fanatical republicans.

After one fierce outburst of grief on his father's departure, the king pulled himself together and faced the situation. He consented to interview with Radetzky, at which he spoke those brave words "Sooner than subscribe to such conditions I would lose a hundred crowns. I will call my nation to arms once more and you will see what Piedmont is capable of. My house knows the road to exile, but not of dishonour." At last the armistice was concluded and in spite of the king's endeavours, the terms were very bitter. But what he felt most was the cold reception given to him on his return to Turin, after meeting the hostility of Parliament he broke down in private into overwhelming grief. What the strain of those early days must have been may be guessed from the dangerous illness which struck the strong man down a month after his coming to the throne.

It was about this time that he acquired the name "Il Re Galantuomo," "the honest king," by which he has been so universally known. Massimo D'Azeglio used it once in talking to the king who was so pleased with it that when the Turin census papers were brought to him, he signed it under "Professor," and from that it passed into general use. But the affectionate Piedmontese name for him was "Barbo Vittorio," Uncle Victor.

It was soon after his accession that Victor Emanuel's long struggle with the clerical party began, the struggle which ended with his excommunication. This formed one of the great griefs of his life, for, a devout Catholic, any doubt thrown upon his reverence for religion touched him in his most sensitive point. In touching his long correspondence with the Pope one cannot but be struck with his evident intense desire for conciliation, and even up to the last when the king had taken up his abode in the Quirinal, and Pius IX. was making all Europe resound with his cries, the king crept on his attempts at conciliation, sending official messages to the Vatican on every appropriate occasion, doing all in his power to soften the inevitable to the head of his church.

It is one of the strangest facts about that period of upheaval, the personal liking that in spite of all official warfare, always existed between the Pope and the king. Through all those years of bitter strife there were kindly private letters that passed between them, and even when Victor Emanuel lay on his death bed, an excommunicated man, the Pope could not resist the truly Christian impulse that made him send his Pontifical blessing to the dying man whom he was so soon to follow. With this sentiment strong on the king's side, it was

thus no slight addition to his grief when the great blow fell, of the death of his mother, his wife, and his only brother, all within less than a month, that the clerical party should raise an outcry proclaiming his sorrows to be a judgement of heaven upon his persecution of the church.

Of his relations with the more fanatical clergy there are many anecdotes told. Cardinal Corsi, hearing king and Count were to visit Pisa cathedral had the great gates closed, but when the indignant crowd wished to force them, the king seeing a side door open, said, "Let us pass in here, my friends. It is the narrow way which, my friends." At Bologna also, the king found only the side door of the cathedral open, and a few of the inferior clergy within, but the bishop, being alarmed at the popular indignation, coming to apologize, the king said, "You were quite right not to inconvenience yourself, my lord. I do not go to church to visit priests, but to worship God." When the interdict was threatened, the king was warned that it could not take effect unless the document could be placed in his own hands. "In that case, be content," he said, "I see a priest looking as though he would speak to me, will put my hands in my pockets and never take them out until he has gone." When the Crimean war came, Victor Emanuel became a popular English hero. He visited England in '55 and received an ovation on his entry into London. It was a cold winter day with a bitter north wind blowing, but the king drove in an open carriage in full dress without an overcoat, and while everyone else appeared shivering and wretched, he alone seemed perfectly content. The queen decorated him with the garter and he was banqueted at the Guildhall.

All these first ten years of his reign were a breathing space before the final struggle with Austria. No real peace was possible while Italy lay under that iron yoke. At last in January '59 the war trumpet was sounded in the king's speech at the opening of parliament. "We are not insensible," he said, "to the cry of anguish—il grido di dolore—which comes up to us from many parts of Italy." A storm of mad enthusiasm followed these words. Deputies sprang on the benches and cheered, Italian exiles wept unrestrainedly.

This speech spread like wild fire all over Italy. Young men flocked across the frontiers in bands to join the Piedmontese army. Garibaldi offered his sword to the king. Ladies sold their jewels so that they might contribute towards raising troops. Cavour received a regal reception when he returned to Turin after successfully completing the French alliance. Not that this alliance could be one without a sacrifice. The emperor had determined that Prince Napoleon should marry Victor's daughter, and so it was necessary to hand over this shining child of fifteen, to the already well known name. The father faltered, but Cavour, who would have offered up anything under heaven to aid the Italian cause, made the Princess Clothilde see this absolute necessity of the step, and she, with a staunchness of heart equal to his own, consented and left her home and friends a true martyr for Italy. What insults and wrongs she endured are well known.

but when in the spring of '91 her husband lay dying in Rome, with a Christian forgiveness she came to his bedside doing her best to bring him to a Christian death. It was her first and only visit to Rome since the fall of the Temporal Power, and the princess was such a keen papal partisan that she would not stay at the Quirinal which she considered as papal property but took up her abode at a hotel.

It was a mild rainy morning as the Italian troops passed through Rome escorting the body of Prince Napoleon on the first stage of the last journey towards the stately Superga where he was to rest among the dead of the house of Savoy. As the procession passed I could think of nothing save the long martyrdom of a woman's life for her country's sake. But to return to '59, when Victor Emanuel was preparing amid a people's enthusiasm for the decisive struggle with Austria.

When the king decided to lead the army in person, and confided his children to the care of Count Negra, he told him, in the case of Turin being threatened, to save his children, and the Austrian banners captured by Charles Albert in '48, and that if he saved these, nothing else mattered. The king's reckless courage in the victorious battles of Montebello and Palestro caused great anxiety to his friends. In the latter as he led a charge, he was completely surrounded and cut off, when the Zouaves and Besaglieri with a shout of horror dashed through the enemy and saved him.

It must have been a glorious sight that dazzling June day, when the emperor and king rode side by side into Milan through throngs of rejoicing people past stately palaces garlanded with wreaths of red tulips and white camellias in their green leaves for the national tricolour, on to offer thanks in the great white cathedral over which that same tricolour floated. It was then that the victorious Garibaldi came to greet his king who pinned the gold medal for valor on his breast.

Soon after came the victory of Solferino, or as the Italians prefer to call it, San Martino, at which the king turned the fortunes of war with one of those shrewd jokes of his, so dear to his soldiery. His troops were faltering when the king called out, "My sons must take to San Martino, or the enemy will make us do San Martino." San Martino is the quarter day on which the Italians move, and the words raised a laugh even in that death storm.

It is well known how, just when all seemed gained for Italy, Napoleon faltered and insisted on the peace of Villa Franca, which required Victor Emanuel's whole powers to be put forth while he himself was suffering keenly from the disappointment, to soothe Cavour and Garibaldi into patience, and to persuade the unhappy people of the Duchies that they were not forsaken in their need. It was not until the following March that Tuscany and Emilia came under the king's rule and the new Italian nation numbered 11,000,000 souls.

There were many such triumphs still ahead of the king. His entry into Florence amid universal joy. The crumbling into pieces of the decayed Mopollitan government before Garibaldi's onslaught, and

his meeting the king with the greeting "Hail, King of Italy." Well might the Italian soldier at the review say, "Why should not our king be fat when he eats a province a day." But two coveted things remained to be desired.—Venice and Rome—and these had to be a certain time waited for though Venice came after the Austrian war in '66, and at last with the fall of France in '70, Rome became the capital of Italy.

In taking possession of Rome the king displayed great delicacy towards papal susceptibilities. Although the Italian army entered Rome on the 20th of September, the king only visited the city privately during the winter at a time of severe inundations, deferring his state entry as late as the following June.

When installed at the Quirinal, Victor Emanuel kept up the simple habit of his lifetime. Rising at five summer and winter, making only one heavy meal in the day between eleven and twelve, spending the night out at Villa Mirafiore which he had built for his Morganatic wife, whom he had married at the priests' insistence when on his supposed death bed at Pisa. So plain, not to say shabby was he in his dress that a Neapolitan street boy said, "the ministry load us with taxes, and yet have not the heart to buy Vittorio a new pair of trousers." One night he went to the opera in a grey coat and discovered that the Princess Margherita and a Russian princess were there. The predicament was grave, for a visit must be paid to their box. "I am all in black save the coat," the king said, "if someone would lend me a coat," and seeing one of his aide-de-camps, a young marquis, he sent for him, and laid claims to his. There was still wanting a white tie, and the marquis offered his, but the king, seeing one he preferred on the servant who stood at the box door, walked up to him and silently took possession of it for himself. Then smoothing his hair he asked naively, "Do I look like the king of Italy?" But it was among his own northern mountains that the king was his real self. Amidst the perils and fatigues of chamois hunting he seemed to expand with happiness. In the severest weather he slept under canvass and went without flannels or overcoat. On Sundays a priest was sent for to the nearest village and mass was said before the king's tent which all his party must attend.

But the years of activity passed away, and Cavour, La Marmora, and many another true friend had preceded him to the grave. At last in January '78 came the sharp, short illness, that finished the life of vicissitudes.

From all Italy came an irrepressible cry of grief for their first king. For eight days all business in Rome was suspended. Turin at once demanded the body of her own prince who had been forced to leave her in life, but public feeling was too strong. Humbert might send the king's helmet and sword to Turin, but he himself must not rest with his father and his kinsfolk on the Superga heights, but must lie in the capital of Italy, in the noble old Pantheon.

He was carried to his grave with stately pomp, a nation mourning as the long train passed down the Corso. His battle sword inscribed with the beloved name of 'Carlo Alberto', his old war horse draped in crape,

these told the tale of his life to the onlookers. "Father of his country" was inscribed over the door of the Pantheon where he rests under the incessant watch of his old soldiers.

How the Romans value that grave was shown last year by the fierce burst of resentment aroused by the foolish insult to it of one of the French pilgrims.

King Humbert did not come to the throne under circumstances to try his fortitude as that of his father had been tried. In spite of all divisions of parties a nation joined him in his passionate mourning for his dead father, and his heart was stirred at the warm greeting given to him as king. His proclamation on coming to the throne ended with the words "My sole ambition will be to deserve the good will of my people." And there is no doubt that he has succeeded in winning it, and that he is one of the most popular rulers in Europe. As a young man Humbert was not as popular as his father. With private faults of the same kind, Humbert always reserved and undemonstrative in disposition could not carry them off with their frank shrewd bonhomie, which kept Victor so in touch with his people.

He had been betrothed to an Austrian princess who had died, and was twenty-five when the match was arranged between himself and his cousin Margherita, daughter of the duke of Genoa. A burst of national enthusiasm greeted the marriage at Turin in April '68. The young princess with her sweet face and smile, was no foreigner, she was Italian, she was theirs, their princess, their first queen, and so the people bowed down and worshipped her as they have continued to do to this day.

There were great rejoicing over the wedding and it was at one of the balls given then at Turin that the late Emperor Frederick began his sentimental adoration for Margherita. A bit of her dress being torn while he was dancing with her, he drew out a house-wife from his pocket, and taking out scissors and pins, pinned up the rent, and cutting off a bit carried it off as a trophy which he always kept.

When the court took up its abode at the Quirinal, the Princess Margherita was thrown into closer contact with the king, and was often able to soothe him down into the necessary conventionality. But her position was a difficult one, for although the undoubted head of the court, she was perpetually encountering the jealous ill-will of the king's low born Morganatic wife. The Countess Nirasflore made many efforts to take her place as the king's wife, but these efforts were balked by universal consent. Still, the countess had enough power to frequently embitter the early Roman days for the young princess.

On Victor Emanuel's death, he was found to have left enormous debts. His unstinted charities, and boundless extravagance in horses, as well as the less noble weakness which caused him to allow such large sums to be got from him by different women, these had quite counter-balanced the simplicity of his personal habits. The nation, in the fresh enthusiasm of its grief, would have taken these debts upon itself, but Humbert refused the offer. He himself and no other should pay his father's debts. And he did so, with years of econo-

my, pensioning off the innumerable dependents, making gifts of horses from the enormous studs, which he would not consent to sell, to numerous staff officers. It is in the same spirit that the king has acted during these years of financial trial for Italy. A large portion of his income has been surrendered to meet the needs of the government, and the income offered to the prince of Naples was declined, the king paying his allowance out of his privy purse. This economical spirit is not shared by the queen, who, rumor says, has frequently received hints from the king to moderate a little, her lavish expenditure on dress, which he considers to be a bad example set in Rome. One Christmas, knowing her to be in difficulties, his present to her consisted of a package of receipted milliner's bills which he had paid and collected. It was not much more than a year after his accession on making his state entry into Naples that the king's life was attempted by a half mad cook named Passanate. He was seated in an open carriage with the queen and Prime Minister Carlioli, and if the latter had not seen the attack and flung himself forward, receiving a severe wound, the affair might have had a fatal termination. As it was the health of the queen suffered much, the shock causing a nervous melancholy which lasted for some months.

How much King Humbert is beloved in Rome is easily seen by anyone who watches the hearty greetings bestowed upon him by one and all as he drives through the streets in the high dog cart with plain dark liveries in striking contrast to the vivid scarlet ones of the queen's carriage.

He is almost always in plain clothes, his heavy moustache all but white now, and his massive irregular face marked by the same kindly frank expression that is seen in the portrait of his father. And well may the Roman people love him for many a day, he has been the first to their aid in peril. Last year when a house fell on some workmen, the king hastily dismissed the council he was holding, and rushing to the scene of action remained there for six hours until the last of the poor imprisoned men had been carried out. It was the same a few months later, when the terrific powder-magazine explosion wrought so much wreck in Rome, the king was one of the first to the field, carrying the wounded to his own carriage, giving clear directions in the scene of universal panic. There were many kindly jokes made this winter when a fire breaking out just as the king was dressing for one of the few balls which he can not manage to avoid, he rushed off to the scene of the disaster, thereby avoiding a ceremony which he detests.

The queen is devoted to music and seldom misses a good concert during the winter in Rome. But the king can hardly tell one note from another, and there is a tale told that when he wishes to stop the queen wearing glasses, which he particularly objects to, he has only to threaten a song, and she removes them at once.

In the matter of dyeing, or rather of not dyeing his hair, the king is also said to have got his own way, for when the queen after many hints and even requests had some bottles of Parisian hair dye, placed in the king's dressing room, and the only visible result was the apparition of her

own pet white French poodle converted into a glossy black one, she left off any further efforts in that direction.

The young prince of Naples, only child of the Royal couple is naturally the subject of much thought and interest to the nation, and the possibilities of his marriage are already much discussed. What a pity that difference of faith stands between him and the English Royal family. But though it would be such a brilliant match the daughters of the Prince of Wales now stands too near the throne for one of them to marry a Roman Catholic, while a future queen who was a Protestant would be an impossibility in Italy. The prince resembles his mother both in face and figure, having her long body and short legs. His headquarters are in Naples, where he works hard at his military profession, makes himself popular in society, and, altogether, is a good boy, in contradiction to his cousin, the Duc Aosta, at Florence, who sometimes plays the 'naughty boy,' getting into debt, bestowing his affections where he ought not to bestow them, and causing much worry to his uncle and guardian, Humbert. It is the young man who can boast of the unique distinction of having wished to marry his step-mother or perhaps more correctly, of having had his fiancée, Princess Letitia Bonaparte taken from him as his father's wife.

It is said since his father's death, he has made several efforts for a papal dispensation to marry his father's widow, but certainly so far without success.

Between these two cousins lie the future of the House of Savoy. Let us hope that they may maintain its old renown, and its proud motto, "Sempre Avanti, Savoia."

ALICE JONES.

Florence March '92.

ANITA.

Your eyes are like blue stars,
Still shall I say:
Love is ephemeral,
Burning as violet bars
Over the bay,
O'er the hill's emerald,
Out of the day.

Your cheeks are like soft fire,
Still, is it true:
Burn they 'neath other eyes
Into flames brighter,
As this red hue
Brimming the sunset skies
Under the blue?

Your lips—need I ask you:
Have others touched?
Ah! no—
Love of my life, to you
Here will I swear,
Eternal love—
Thou and thy God above,
Behold how fair.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to begin the publication, in their subscription department, of an edition, for subscribers, of the works of Fenimore Cooper. The set will be termed the Leather-Stocking Edition and only 1000 copies are to be printed. It will be completed in 32 volumes, octavo, handsomely printed from entirely new type and on selected paper. The volumes will contain original designs by a number of well known artists. The first group, comprising six volumes, will be ready for delivery in February.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

It has been said and generally assented to that poetry possesses three great themes—love, war and religion. From the exhortation at the commencement of the Iliad to the "Arma virumque cano" of the Æneid, right on to the triumphant pseudo-classicism of the Henriade, war has been the chosen theme of the epic. War in its broader sense as signifying conflict against men, against nature, against gods. Paradise Lost is such an epic as well as the tale of the Trojan War. Love has had its place in the epic but not the seat of honour. The love of the fair-cheeked slave girl Briseis prolonged the Trojan war, the love of Argive Helen produced it, but love is not the centre of the Iliad. The history of Dido is a love story which rings true to life amidst the monotonous tears of her "pious" deserter but Dido is not the heroine of the Æneid. The place of religion in the great epics of the world, pagan and christian, is undoubtedly of the last importance. It is said that one reason accounting for the innate difference in spirit between the Iliad and the Æneid is that the former is a production of sincerity and the latter of scepticism. That to the one Aphrodite was a beautiful reality while to the other Venus was an artist's dream. The inference to be drawn is obvious.

The drama implies action and in it there will be always the conflict implied in action. But while the epic is to a certain extent an objective account of what took place in reality or in imagination, the drama introduces an essentially subjective element—motive. Sometimes, as is indeed the case in real life, the motive is love. The drama has been intimately connected with religion from the master-pieces of Æschylus and Sophocles to our own mystic operas and interludes. The human interest was, however, never quite eliminated and with Euripides the most sceptical of the great three, it was paramount; while the tendency in modern times has been so obvious that according to some self-constituted authorities the drama and the church are not only separate in interests but directly antagonistic to one another. And yet "Esther" is a drama as is also "Athalie." On the whole we may consider the subjective interest of the drama to be religious as exemplifying the constant struggle between the two sides of our nature, the good and the bad, shewing at the same time the essential differences between the two. Voltaire produced the Merope a drama without love but which of us does not prefer his "douce et tendre Zaire?" Yes, this also can claim its share in the drama as in the epic. If in the epic and the drama love and religion have been subordinate in a certain degree to objective description in the one case and objective analysis in the other, it is in lyrical poetry, necessarily subjective, that they claim the right of standing alone.

Lyrical poetry in the form of hymns is the embodiment of the purest emotion felt by the individual who recognises a personal deity. These lyrics, the product of awe and reverence must be judged, like all poetry, by their spontaneity. It is by reason of their very simplicity that some of these hymns are cherished amongst the noblest lyrics of any language. And by this standard and by this alone must the lyrics of love be judged. For in this respect more than in any other form of poetry, sincerity is the touch-stone of worth. The vague sentimentality which is couched in words vague as itself, will die away and with it the

PARIS LETTER.

sickly love-song it evolved. But there are some lyrics that deserve to be remembered and which it is perhaps difficult to forget.

Out of many such we would mention one or two which possess in our opinion at least, a tenderness and beauty not often surpassed. The first of these is the "Chanson de Fortunio," that graceful lyric of the poet who spoke always as he felt.

Mais j'aime trop pour que je te die
Qui j'ose aimer
Et je vieux mourir pour ma mie
Sans la nommer.

writes de Musset, "Sans la nommer," involuntarily one repeats it, was it only a phrase born of an emotion fleeting but true, or, in the depths of that wayward heart did the "child of the age" feel, what no one ever suspected, a passion that despair itself could not kill? Deeper and more pathetic still is a lyric of Mme Desbordes Valmore:—

Un tel secret valait toute son ame
S'il l'avait su.

In this, one seems to catch the inmost secret of a young girl's heart. The refrain "S'il l'avait su" lingers in our ears, the sad resignation of it in our hearts. It seems almost as if it should not have been written but only spoken. It is an exquisite lyric but it is also a confidence. There is a poem by Felix Arvers from which we quote the following stanza which seems in the main idea somewhat similar to that of Mme Valmore and not altogether untinged with the unrest of de Musset:—

Mon ame a son secret, ma vie a son mystere
Un amour eternel en un moment concu :
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai du le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais su.

In all three there is the same resolution—that of suffering in silence. There are brighter lyrics in existence but none which reveal more clearly in every line the desire of a human soul to express itself in words which with its sorrow are its own.

THE WINTER DIKES.

O'er stretch on stretch of flat, of gleaming grey,
Froth-headed billows onward, landward leap,
Storming the dikes as foes once rushed to
heap,
Destruction on the homes of famed Grand Pie.
The dikes stand stark and still in stern array,
Resolved the meadows of the French to keep
Hallowed from touch of fierce hosts of the
deep.

Winter's cold hands on all the landscape lay—
Crow's croak, sere grass, white, ceremonial
snow,
Mirroring clay like eyes that glass in death,
From which exudes fine frost as frozen tears—
While over all obscuring mists do brown
That dull tho' Acadian story of their breath,
All nature mourns and doubts through roll-
ing years.

W. G. MACFARLANE.

Acadia University.

The Railway Review tells of a novel method of laying foundations in swampy soil recently employed by an American engineer. The building to be supported was a low, wooden one, which it was proposed were set in the storage of machinery. Casks were set in holes in the ground along the line of posts, and were filled to the depth of about one foot with iron turnings. The posts were placed in the casks, which were rammed in place. A solution of salt and water was slowly poured over the turnings, under the action of which they solidified into a hard mass. The heat of the oxidation of the iron was so great that the posts were charred. This also served to act as a preservative, and to that extent the iron turnings are probably superior to concrete under similar conditions.

What a pity that—

"If all the year were playing holidays.

To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Statisticians, moralists, and relieving officers attest that a New Year's day resembles a foretaste of the millennium, here at least, and Paris, according to Victor Hugo, is the universe in brief. The police have no occasion to make arrests; every person finds some employment; fewer people die; the cabman make 50 per cent higher receipts; the beggars are allowed to go about as they please; no one is hungry; horses receive fewer lashings, and mothers-in-law are veritable angles of the household. To still further illustrate the efficacy of the holiday of the first of January, Rochefort uttered no Red Indian screams for the head of M. Coustans; M. Drumont refrained from using his scapel on the Jews; M. Andrieux revealed no more corrupt legislators; Jules Ferry was not anatomized; no allusion was made to a new poison having been found in Barm de Reinach's remains, and the latest residence of Dr. Herz was not made known.

Per contra, the cold was intense; tipsters complained it froze occasionally their grog, a much surer test of low temperature than the caking of the mercury in a thermometer. Citizens displayed no marked anxiety to remain outside doors, once the compulsory visitings were made, the custom any mutual admirations terminated, and gifts bestowed on the stand and deliver lines of eternal friendship. The churches were anything but thronged, but then piety scored well on Christmas morning. Places of amusement were well patronized, an annual side split is as necessary as a yearly outing. The Boulevards' fair was not a money making occasion for vendors; except those selling very cheap toys, and sweetmeats generally of English manufacture. No booth-holder did more than pay his way, and he might consider himself lucky did he do so. Unsold stocks will do for next year's novelties. Either people had no money, or they had taken a pledge not to expend any. Many employees and artizans received for their New Year's gift a notice that their services had to be dispensed with, business having declined. The most singular illustration of hard times was the next to desertion of the food shops. I passed through the working-class fauburgs: the absence of Pantagmelian; preparations for the day was painfully conspicuous; the popular restaurants never hired for stomach baiting so many legs of mutton, quarters of beef, poultry game, and fruit. The good things did not draw. On previous festivals these cooking and feeding establishments would be thronged by a public feasting, or giving orders for commodities to be sent to homes. And at the central markets; where artizans and their wives are accustomed to make their purchases for the day we celebrate they were on the present occasion conspicuous by their absence also.

The Panama scandal is gradually becoming less burning. So far as public opinion is concerned, a few more legislators culpable of corruption will not make much difference; only all who have dipped into the Canal Company's cash box either directly, or indirectly, whether for personal

relief, or "the honor and glory of the Republic" must be handed over to the Philistines for execution at the general elections next October. No influence can now bar the revelation of the last vestige of the corruption. Nor is it in the power of the authorities even supposing they desired to close the flood gates, to arrest the denunciations, as the proofs exist independent of their control. Opinion has made up its mind, that the "old gang" of ministerial parties and sect-leaders must give way now to new and better men. M. Floquet has resolved not to offer himself for re-election as Speaker of the Chamber; it is a pity a phase of Panamism thus compels this losing prematurely of a promising career; he was a popular public man. He will be succeeded either by Messrs. Maley, Brisson, or Meline. For the succession of M. Carnot, the betting is now on M. Cusimlr-Perier.

This gentleman is 45 years of age, and grand-son of the celebrated premier under Louis-Philippe, and whose sudden death by cholera in 1832 was a calamity for France; his monument in Pere le Chaise cemetery is amongst the most majestic in that city of tombs. His grandson has a brilliant record; he is a distinguished lawyer though not practising. In 1870-71, when 23 years of age and captain in the mobiles, he took part in all the combats around Paris; he was at the side of his colonel, the Marquis de Dampiene, when the latter was mortally wounded at Bagnaux, and amidst a shower of bullets carried away the body of the Marquis. Entering on active political life on the cessation of the war, he graduated, as under-Secretary, in the several departments of the State. He is a sound republican, one who desires the republic to be so in fact, and not in name. He accepts democracy, universal suffrage, and parliamentary institutions. He is a sound financier and a model chairman of committees. He belongs to no Little Bethels; of his own, and rather indifferent about cultivating political friendships. These draw-backs he is rapidly overcoming. When the bill was introduced for the exiling of the Comte de Paris, he declined to take part in the debate and the vote, out of respect for his grand-father's relations with the Orleans family.

The material consequences of the Panama catastrophe are known and have done their work. But more serious for the nation is the rejection of the Swiss commercial convention, which involves as a consequence, the breaking of trade relations with Belgium. The French do not comprehend the nature of their disasters; they hug themselves in the security of having locked out foreign importations, their home industries are placed on a sound footing; they never ask where are the markets for the surplus of their manufactures, and when magazines are glutted, how labor is to be remunerated. The evil is done and cannot be remedied until the general elections return an ultra protectionist Chamber. And as the electors to all appearance will have their attention engrossed sweeping away the "old gang" of parliamentarians, the life and death question of a recast tariff will be over-looked.

In the very heart of hard-working Paris, at 35 Rue St. Denis, a singular Lodging House has been opened. It is close to the mansion where Eugene Scribe was born, and is reported to have been once the property of the poet Iodelle. Who prided him-

self upon having no religion, who boasted that his only god was his stomach, and who ridiculed alike Catholics and Huguenots. The building later served as a depot for a wholesale dealer in wines and alcohols. The present tenant is one Fradin, who has been associated with many schemes for feeding the hungry thousands at the smallest cost. His refuge house only opens at midnight; then all who can pay four sous are admitted to sit on forms, lie on the floor, on the stair cases or in the cellars; the rooms are dry and thoroughly heated. Each client receives a good bowl of nourishing soup, included in the four sous; an additional basin of soup, or a portion of meat, or a glass of wine, or a glass of black coffee, costs two sous each. As a room becomes filled and the occupants souped, the proprietor after surveying the apartment, wishes the inmates good night, locks the door, till six in the morning when all must depart. The unfortunates are all well conducted. There are no complaints, no loud talking, most of the short time at their disposal is employed stitching their rags together with twine and packing needle; or caring for their wounds of many years standing. Other private refuges charge four sous for a rope slung bed, but no soup is supplied, and at six in the morning the "painter is cut," and the lodgers gain at once their feet.

Chicago had better look to its preserved meat laurels. Some months ago, a Norwegian tried to convert Parisians to potted whale. It did not please. Now Australians are not only sending legs of mutton, but some samples of preserved kangaroo: the new oxtail is praised as a capital element for making soup.

In addition to discovering anarchists, who even dare to blow him up in his stronghold, the Prefect de Police has to keep an eye on haunted houses, and evil spirits other than anarchists. History records strange showers. Meteorology is the least known of Sciences of red snow, of locusts, of sulphur, of ashes, and of boulders but from a house in the import Rue Blanche, there are nightly showers of empty bottles. The police and chemists have tried in vain to solve the ghost enigmas; try wizards. In any case the times are out of joint.

Among the best skaters in the Bois de Boulogne, is a Scandanavian; he wears a shirt composed of the skins of sea-birds, and his stockings are made of dog's skin.

In the Madeleine Market, the crack one of the city, there are now ten stalls unoccupied in the central alley; while two fresh stalls, in the same division, have been opened for the sale of broken victuals.

"Dynamite sausages," are the latest novelty for presentation to mothers-in-law. In Pasteur's native town, his name was given some years ago to a street. Later on visiting his birth place he attended chapel, and the name of his street was altered. M. Weber draws the attention of lady singers who wish to preserve their time to playing on a wind instrument, say trombone, bag-pipes, or cornopean. Z.—

Affection endeavours to correct natural defects, and has always the laudable aim of pleasing, though it always misses it. —Locke.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROPOSED TRANSFER OF THE INTERCOLONIAL TO THE C. P. R.—A MARITIME VIEW OF THE MATTER.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—I am pleased to notice that The Week has placed itself on record as opposed to the gift of the I. C. R. to the C. P. R., and I am further pleased to know that you are prepared to open your columns to the consideration of so important a subject. I gladly avail myself of the privilege thus offered but personally would prefer that an abler pen than mine should give expression to the views of the Maritime Provinces.

That such a transfer of the I. C. R. is probable many believe, others doubt that the Government would attempt to do such a thing. It may safely be assumed that any indifference which exists on this question here is largely due to the latter opinion.

Can it be doubted that the C. P. R. people are striving to get the I. C. R.? What are the facts? It is admitted by Mr. Shaughnessy that the C. P. R. want the I. C. R. They have not got an all Canadian route. The Grand Trunk and the I. C. R. form a rival route; hence they cannot have a monopoly. Monopoly was one of the chief features in the organization and life of the company.

The appointment of Mr. Haggart as Minister of Railways. (Can it be doubted that he owes his position to the C. P. R.?)

The general policy of absorption of other lines by the C. P. R. The probability of the United States withdrawing the bonding privilege and hence the interruption of the C. P. R. business on their road through the State of Maine. The C. P. R. have always received what they asked for.

The proposed establishment of a fast Atlantic service by the C. P. R. General rumors uncontradicted by Government authority.

In view of all this the public are quite justified in keeping a watchful eye to the movements of the C. P. R. and the Government.

In Nova Scotia the policy of building and operating railroads, by the Government was adopted at an early date; and the road from Halifax to Windsor, and from Windsor Junction to Truro and Pictou, which now forms part of the Intercolonial system, was constructed and paid for by the Government of Nova Scotia before Confederation, so that the policy of Government ownership and operation of Railroads was established in this province previous to the union.

The British North American Act Sec. 108 enacts that "The Public works and property of each Province enumerated in the third schedule to this act shall be the property of Canada." Schedule three includes Railways. Further on in the same act we find the following:

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

"(145) Inasmuch as the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have joined in a declaration that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is essential to the consolidation of the Union of British North America and to the essent thereto of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and have consequently agreed that provision should be made for its immediate construction by the Government of Canada. Therefore in order to give effect to that agreement, it shall be the duty of the Government and Parliament of Canada to provide for the commencement within six months after the Union of a Railway connecting the River St. Lawrence with the City of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and for the construction thereof without intermission, and the completion thereof with all practicable speed."

It will be observed that the construction of the I. C. R. was recognized as "essential to the consolidation of the Union of British North America and to the assent thereto of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

That the I. C. R. was to be a road owned and operated by the Government: that it was not to be a money making speculation in itself:

that it was to open up trade and confer a number of other blessings and privileges upon the people of the different Provinces, were Stock arguments and promises made to the people or rather to their representatives by the promoters of the Union.

Are we assuming too much when we ask that that which was declared in our act of Parliament to be essential to the assent of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, should be preserved and carried on in its entirety?

Furthermore; inasmuch as this proposition was submitted to the Legislatures of the different Provinces and approved by them while they were yet separate Provinces, can the status of the road be changed without the consent of the Legislatures of the Provinces or of the people by vote at the polls? I humbly submit that it cannot be done constitutionally in any other way than by such assent being given.

But this is not a question for the Maritime Provinces alone. It concerns and affects the people of the West more than it does us dwellers by the sea. Your great highway, the St. Lawrence, is closed to navigation from November until May, and the I. C. R. is the only outlet to the sea over Canadian territory. Without this road, you of the West, for about six months of the year, would be depending on the kindness of a foreign country for the transit of freight, passengers and mails to the seaboard.

Again; to what extent is this road used by the Maritime Provinces to ship its products to the West? How much fish, hay, potatoes, grain, gypsum, coal, iron, fruit and other products of this eastern section of the Dominion find their way west over the I. C. R. Practically, for trade purposes, the rails might as well be taken up north of Moncton, so far as Nova Scotia and the greater portion of New Brunswick are concerned. But one has only to be a little on the road to see the great advantage it has been to the people of Ontario, and Quebec in forwarding their products, manufactures, &c. to the markets of the Lower Provinces and for shipment abroad. Let it not be understood then, that this is a sectional question. It belongs to and nearly concerns the whole Dominion and the west has more reason to fear the results of the transfer than has the east. The east were forced to pay their share in the enormous cost of constructing the C. P. R. We naturally look for some compensation. How are we to be requited? By handing over to that gigantic corporation the road the public construction and ownership of which was declared by an Imperial act as "Essential" to our assent to the establishment of the Confederacy?

But it is argued we are to get compensation by way of a fast Atlantic service. It is true it is going to cost the Dominion \$750,000 a year, but this is only a trifle! What advantage, pray, will the fast service be to this province? As a sentiment it might be a good thing to have, if somewhat costly. But in the way of business and material advantage it would be perfectly worthless. A fast Atlantic service cannot handle freight and the passenger is merely step from the deck of the steamer to the train and from the train to the deck of another steamer. Where is the profit to accrue to us?

But why the necessity to transfer this road to the C. P. R.? It is not paying is the answer. Who ever said it was to pay? Are the canals of the West paying? Is the Post Office department paying? And so we might refer to a number of other things which are provided for the convenience of the public which are not paying. But it may safely be asserted that for a long time a systematic waste has been going on in the management of the I. C. R. "Political exigencies" have been allowed to over-ride every other consideration. The use of the road at Election times in the interests of the dominant party by the wholesale issue of free passes and even the running of special trains to carry electors to the polls free; the purchase of supplies at an exorbitant price; the loss on hauling the C. P. R.'s cars from St. John to Halifax; unnecessary advertising in party organs and a score of other things which might be mentioned account, in large part, for the apparent deficit on the road.

The section of the road from St. John to Moncton, to Halifax and from Truro to the Strait of Canso must be paying if the work of the other lines in the Maritime Provinces are to form any criterion for judging of the facts. The loss, if loss there be, must be on the section north of Moncton; and as this is the section which connects the Maritime system with that of the west the argument holds good that the loss cannot be charged up to the Maritime Provinces.

It is submitted that an honest effort should be made to properly manage the road either by means of a commission or otherwise before any propositions can be considered for a transfer on the ground of economy to the Dominion.

Now what is the position as to the cost to the Dominion?

The C.P.R. has been subsidized in cash and lands to the extent of at least \$100,000,000 by the Government, besides other annual grants for contracts etc.

This \$100,000,000 is a free gift. The Dominion has not a dollar's worth of assets to show for this vast expenditure. Now it is proposed to give them the I.C.R., which cost the sum of \$53,000,000, while the Dominion must still pay the interest on the cost of the construction!

What if there be a loss on the road now? We have to look to the future in matters affecting a country, and surely if this Dominion is to amount to anything more than it does at present there must be better times ahead for the I.C.R. After treating this road as a valuable asset which went toward reducing the gross debt, surely the Government cannot now stultify themselves by giving it away on the plea that it is worthless. Could they not bond the road as well as the C.P.R.?

May, more, is it not already bonded to the holders of Dominion debentures who have purchased them since its construction—it being the property of the Dominion?

Again; it is clear that if the C.P.R. gets possession of the road, they will not operate it at anything like the rates now prevailing. They are looking for money and no consideration outside of that will enter into their management. The idea has been suggested that with Government control the rates could be kept at a reasonable figure. Government control indeed! The C.P.R. could make and unmake Governments at pleasure, and it is perfectly idle to talk of checking them by means of Government control.

Again; it must be admitted that with the I.C.R. in possession of the C.P.R. no Government would think of constructing another line over the same route nor could any company be formed to undertake it. The result would be an absolute railway monopoly during all the time the St. Lawrence is closed. What that means let those who have had some experience answer.

But space will not permit me now to pursue this question at greater length. We at the East will look to the West to assist in blocking any attempted transfer of our inter-Provincial highway, and we trust we may not look in vain.

Yours truly,
A. G. M.

CANADA; A CHEAP COUNTRY TO LIVE IN.

To the Editor of the WEEK:

Sir,—Among the numerous causes to which the depression in its business and the exodus of its people are very frequently attributed, is the N. P., and the great cost of the necessaries and conveniences of life, alleged to result from the operation of the customs tariff. The remedies often proposed are free trade with England, or reciprocity with the United States; that for the former of which its advocates claim, that it would make Canada so cheap a country to live in, that all cause of discontent would be removed, and the people would at once become prosperous and happy, and would no longer have any reason for leaving the country. The supporters of this policy carefully avoid furnishing any particulars of the items on which this reduction of cost would be effected,

or the amount of saving in each case; they vaguely assert, that this reduction would be equal to a large per centage on the whole of a family's income, and would leave it to be inferred that the saving would apply to all or nearly all of the family expenditure. Such random assertions are grossly misleading, as a very slender investigation of the subject will expose this absurdity.

To illustrate, take the case of a tenant farmer, mechanic, or laborer, with a wife and four children, making a family of six who rent a house or farm. As to rent, municipal taxes, educational and religious appliances, no people in any Anglo-Saxon country are more economically or efficiently supplied than the industrial classes in Canada. Would free trade effect any economy here? In furnishing their house, all the tables, chairs, bedsteads and bedding sideboards, bureaus, wardrobes, mirrors, tubs, pails and other woodenware are likely to be of Canadian manufacture and nearly all made of Canadian material, and can be bought at as low prices as they could be procured under free trade, except as to that small portion of their cost which consists of the glass, oil and varnish and small articles of hardware on which customs duty had been collected.

The stoves and stove furniture, carpeting, table covers, etc., cutlery, crockery and glassware, would all be somewhat dearer than under free trade.

If a thorough inventory were taken of all the average furniture of such houses as are referred to, and from this inventory a carefully prepared list made out of all the articles and material employed in making these articles, on which duties had been paid, it would rarely be found that the import value of all the dutiable articles amounts to \$30, the duty on which would be about \$25. As most of the furniture would last from 10 to 20 years or even longer, the annual contribution of the family to the public revenue, for furniture and renewals would be about \$3.

In the articles of clothing; Canadian tweeds, flannels, underwear, common hosiery, cotton shirtings, gingham, dincens, boots and shoes, and furs are all of as good value as goods of like quality and durability could be imported for, even free of duty. Of imported goods, the family would probably buy some hats, caps, bonnets, some dress goods, hosiery, millinery, gloves, books and stationery, amounting in all to probably \$50 in each year, the duty on which would be about \$15.00.

Much the larger proportion of any family's expenditure is for groceries and provisions. In groceries; Sugar, tea and coffee are admitted free of duty. All the dutiable groceries which such families require to buy consist of a few raisins, currants, spices etc., the duties on the yearly supply being less than 50cts.

In Provisions; flour, oatmeal, barley, butter, cheese, milk, pork, lard, beef, mutton, veal, fowls, fish, fruit, vegetables are all procurable, of as good quality and at as low prices as they could be under free trade.

Fuel; Anthracite coal is now admitted free of duty.

Coal Oil; Owing to the heavy duty upon this article the average consumer has to pay much higher prices than he would if free of duty. In most cases this excess of cost in each year may amount to as much as \$2.50.

Summary:—

Excess of annual cost of furniture, owing to tariff..	\$3.00
“ “ Imported goods, “	\$15.00
“ “ groceries, “	\$0.50
“ “ coal oil, “	\$2.50
Annual burden on family, arising from tariff.	\$21.00
“ per capita	\$3.50

In the case of a mechanic, he will have to pay in addition to the above, the extra price charged for his tools of trade, arising from the customs duty on such of the tools as may have been imported, or from the duty imposed on the material (steel, iron, etc.) from which the Canadian-made tools are manufactured.

In the case of the farmer, he will have to pay in addition to the ordinary expenditure, higher prices for his farm implements, wagons, buggy, harness, horse shoeing and other blacksmith work, bindertwine, wire fencing etc.

The whole excess so paid forms an important item, but only a small proportion of this expenditure can be called an outlay of annual occurrence.

The vague talk of cheapening the necessaries of life and so producing prosperity and contentment does not bear investigation. An examination of the subject shows that the great proportion of the taxes levied in Canada falls upon the wealthier classes, who purchase freely of expensive imports, fine and fancy goods and luxuries, and another large proportion is levied upon the tobacco, beer, whiskey and wines consumed.

There is absolutely no warrant for the assertion that Canada is a dear country to live in, or for the contention that free trade would materially reduce the cost of family maintenance. It is absurd to maintain that the tariff has been the cause of the exodus, as the additional expenses created by its operations would hardly influence any family or individual to remove from one locality to another in the same country, much less to emigrate to a foreign country. Some policy more efficient than a slight reduction in the cost of a few of the necessaries of life is required for infusing more vigor into commercial, agricultural and industrial pursuits, by means of which the deplorable exodus will put an end to.

Probably some advantage might accrue from a reduction in many of the customs duties levied upon imports from Great Britain or other countries which may admit Canadian products on liberal or reasonable terms; but great care will require to be exercised in order to prevent this country from being flooded with the trashy shoddy cloths and the slop ready-made clothing and boots and shoes of the sweat-shops of European cities, where immense quantities are made "to sell but not to wear."

Canada is not a dear country to live in, nor are the industrious classes burdened with heavy taxes; on the contrary, it is a remarkably cheap country, and the people's imposts are light. That there is much depression may be true. In order to remedy this, the principle aim of its statesmen should be in the direction of creating more work and better wages, by encouraging the expansion of existing beneficial industries, and by aiding in the development of our yet unemployed resources.

ROBERT H. LAUDER.

ART NOTES.

The following is a correct list of the pictures selected for the World's Fair from the exhibition now being held in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists:—

- Monarch of the Prairie (American Buffalo), F. A. Verner.
- Boston Stump, Miss G. E. Spurr.
- Gathering Plums, Charles Alexander.
- Evening, F. M. Bell-Smith.
- A Peasant Girl Drinking, Charles Alexander.
- The Old Cure, Sidney Strickland Tully.
- On Guard, T. M. Martin.
- Autumn in Brittany (Pont Avon), W. E. Atkinson.
- The Foreclosure of the Mortgage, G. A. Reid.
- Comrades, W. A. Sherwood.
- Miss Mabel Cawthra, E. Wyly Greer.
- Chrysanthemums, Mrs. M. H. Reid.
- At Duty's Call (The Country Doctor in Canada), Paul G. Wickson.
- Cattle, Milking Time, F. A. Verner.
- Awaited in Vain, Ernest E. Thompson.
- Christobel, Mrs. M. B. Sereiber.
- A Sweet Penitent, Fred. S. Challenger.
- Ah! There, T. Mower Martin.
- A Pumpkin, Mrs. M. E. Dignam.
- The Venetian Bather, Paul Peel.
- Forty Winks on a Sunday Afternoon, Fred. S. Challenger.
- Moonlight, W. E. Atkinson.
- Marechal Neil Roses, Fred. S. Challenger.
- Oxen (The Last Load), Owen P. Staples.
- Portrait of Miss Louise Le Feure, Miss Sidney S. Tully.
- In the Studio, Miss. J. M. F. Adams.

Gossips, J. W. L. Foster.
 Fairy Tale, Miss Laura Muntz.
 Rhododendrons, Robert F. Gagen.
 The Glazier of Selkirks, M. Matthews.
 Cape Trinity, F. M. Bell-Smith.
 Mount Begbie at Revelstoke, B. C., M. Matthews.
 Heather Land, C. M. Manly.
 A Clear Morning, Frenchman's Bay, Maine, R. F. Gagen.
 Birch Trees, Coast of Maine, J. T. Rolph.
 Gaspe, Cleaning Fish, F. McG Knowles.
 Lifting Mists, Kicking Horse River, M. Matthews.
 Land of the Peach and Vine, C. M. Manly.
 Canadian Fruit, W. Revell.
 Rapids, Above the Falls, Miss G. F. Spurr.
 Twilight, (Late), Miss E. May Martin.
 Duck, D. Fowler.
 Stork, D. Fowler.
 Landscape, D. Fowler.
 St. Clair Marsh, F. A. Verner.
 Interior Westminster Abbey, H. Martin.

A good deal of dissatisfaction having been caused by the publishing of incomplete and in correct lists in various reviews the committee who have made the selection for the Chicago exhibit, think it best that the official list should be given to the public. This decision was come to too late for last week's issue, so will appear in this number. We have it on good authority, that should the space allotted to pictures in the Canadian exhibit be too small, room may still be made for any work of special merit in some other part. This would give a more effective setting to some pictures, especially a large one, than if placed with the others.

In an article last week on "Evolution of the Arts," exception might be made to many of the statements, unless "Art" is limited or defined in some way. The evolution of art in pictures and literature is different from that of decorative art or architecture. "It is a general law that when art has reached a certain level, marked by the creation of high masterpieces, a period of imitation sets in followed by the period of decadence." We have passed that stage, and now, instead of being "imitative rather than original" pictorial art becomes original rather than imitative. Never was nature studied more closely, never was she interpreted more directly. As it is true that never "has civilization been as high as now," so is it true that never has this branch of art been less "commonplace," more individual. In manufactures, in architecture though, the semi-barbarous nations have indeed produced masterpieces, each people in its own peculiar way; such directness of motive, such simplicity and purity of design as is shown in the fabrics of the east, in the pottery of some of the earlier nations, in the architecture of many ages, each the outgrowth of its own wants, could not fail to produce good art.

It would be interesting to pick out and compare the work of our artists who never work without a model, from that of those who seldom use one. The work that has been felt vividly in the consciousness of the artist as he lays on each brush stroke, is far different from that which is only a hazy ideal in the mind, helped out perhaps with photographs. How can that appear real to the onlooker which has never been so to the artist? The realism of to-day is destined to evolve a higher idealism than has yet been obtained. The advice that one of Barrie's newspaper men gives is wide, "They" should write of the things they have seen.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Since the retirement of Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell has had no peer in the realm of comedy on the American stage. His appearance at the Grand on the first three nights of this week in "Peaceful Valley" added several triumphs to the success which already crowns his career. His

acting of the leading part—that of an unsophisticated youth, carrying about with him, for the most part, a rather verdant atmosphere—was, it is needless to say, admirably executed.

Next week Marie Wainwright, the clever comedienne, will appear. "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It" are on the programme.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The experiment of giving opera at popular prices has been successfully tried in this city. At the Academy, which is to be congratulated on the satisfactory outcome of the very laudable departure, during the present week, two old but ever-welcome operatic productions, "La Mascotte" and "The Bohemian Girl," were accorded fairly creditable renditions. In the latter Miss Edith Barton's acting in the role of the queen of the gypsies overshadowed all the associated characters. She had an exceedingly keen intellectual conception of her part. Her representation of the conflicting emotions—love and hate, triumph and despair—surging in the passion-seared heart of this wandering, implacable virago was at once clever and luminous. The utter sense of desolation and abandonment which permeated every line of her song in the second act secured an almost perfect delineation. Mr. Frank D. Nelson, who played the part of Count Arnheim, also did some conscientious acting. His powerful, resonant baritone was heard to advantage. The other members of the company did some meritorious work, while the chorus showed signs of careful training.

There is little to record in the way of musical performances this week, although the Toronto Vocal Society gave their first concert of the season, on the evening of Jan. 17th inst. The Committee however, were so discourteous as not to send tickets to the "Week," which prevents a detailed account of the performance. We deem this explanation necessary to those of our readers interested in musical affairs.

An interesting concert was given by the choir of Carlton St. Methodist Church last Thursday evening, the 19th inst., assisted by George Fox, violinist, J. D. A. Tripp, pianist, and several others of well known talent. The choir again demonstrated their right of being classed among the number of excellent choirs in the city, and owe their present state of efficiency to their leader, Mr. D. A. Cameron.

The choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church, — A. S. Vogt, organist and musical director—will repeat the cantata Gaul's "Holy City," on Feb. 9th. It will be remembered when the above choir gave this work, its first representation in Toronto some weeks ago, the press and public were most demonstrative in expressing their approval of the capital performance, and splendid singing of the choir, and will no doubt be pleased to hear the work again by the same body of excellent singers.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser is about to inaugurate a course of winter entertainments which deserve the recognition and support of Toronto audiences. The "Kleiser's Star Course" will include five entertainments, the first of which will be given on Thursday, February 16th, when the Rev. Robert Nourse will make his first appearance before a Toronto audience. Mr. Nourse's dramatic characterizations from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" have been lauded all over the United States and we feel sure that this most humorous and agreeable lecturer will meet with unmixed approval in Toronto. Mr. Kleiser is also in communication with other well known public entertainers such as George Kennan, General Lew Wallace and Marshall P. Wilder.

A most thoughtful, and cleverly prepared essay, on the "Pedagogical aspect of piano teaching" by Mr. Edward Fisher, of this city, appears in the January number of "THE ETUDE" published in Philadelphia. In this article, Mr. Fisher shows his broad and catholic spirit, and a knowledge which only comes from an experience gained by keeping up to the progressive methods of today, and by wide reading on everything pertaining to

the subject of piano teaching. The day of narrowness in Art has long since passed away, particularly in those who can really call themselves musicians and artists, and to be a successful teacher in the highest sense of the word, absolutely demands a knowledge as Mr. Fisher says, "not only of music, but of human nature, art, science, philosophy, and many other subjects."

There are many private teachers of music in Toronto, not connected with either of the music schools, who are doubtless doing in their own quiet way, much for the benefit of music, by fostering a taste on the part of their pupils for the best compositions adapted to their requirements. For instance—there are, Boscovits, August Anderson, Faeder, Walter H. Robinson, Miss Williams, Warrington, Miss Knapp, and many others, whose names are unknown to me. But notwithstanding all this, there are many charlatans whose taste is vitiated, and whose knowledge is the most primitive, teaching wrong systems, and acquainting their dupes with music the most trashy and common, but fortunately this class is becoming more and more scarce, as the march of true art advances, and develops among the people.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CHARMS AND SECRETS OF GOOD CONVERSATION, By Theodore B. Schmauk. New York: John B. Alden, Publisher, 1892.

"Language" says some wise man, "was given to us in order to conceal our thoughts." We ourselves have invented conversation in the faint hope that we may be suspected of thinking. This little book, however, treats upon "good" conversation, the charms of which are illustrated by frequent quotation. It is a pleasant, amiable book and no one will be the worse for reading it.

MR. WITT'S WIDOW, by Anthony Hope-KING ZUB, by Walter Herres Pollock, MAD TOUR, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, BARRACK ROOM VERSES, by Rudyard Kipling. Price 50 cents each. New York: United States Book Company, 1892.

These four volumes belong to the admirably printed "Strathmore Series" of the United States Book Company. They are worth a good binding and, with this addition, they would be fit for the shelves of any library. The first book on the list is by an author whom we do not remember to have met before, but whom we shall be glad to see again. The plot is not wholly original, as we have met with a similar situation before as the turning point of a story, but it is extremely well worked out, and the whole book is well written. "Mr. Witt's Widow" is a very rich woman and is engaged to a man of good family who is poor. A suspicion of dishonesty on her part when she was little more than a child leads to results which the reader will discover to be not quite so disastrous as they promised to be.

"King Zub" is one of nine very pretty stories by Mr. Walter Herres Pollock, but the longest of them, and perhaps the most interesting. "Sir Jocelyn's Cup," is written in collaboration with Mr. Besant, and "Mated by Magic" with Mr. Brander Matthews, whilst the last but one, "Three Meetings," is translated by Mrs. Pollock from a French version of a weird story by Ivan Tourgenief. "King Zub" is a queer and powerful story.

Mrs. Riddell's "Mad Tour" is, as we should expect from her, a very clever bit of writing, although, for the subject, rather too long.

But the book of the four is undoubtedly Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads and their verses." There are, of course, readers to whom the realism of Tommy Atkins and others will be unpleasant, but for all who have appreciated Mr. Kipling's tales we may say that here is a rich treat, and for all who can feel the power of real poetry there is much to delight. Let the reader begin with "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "The Young British Soldier," "Pagett M.P." and the "Overland Mail." We do not say that these are the best, but those who have read them will not be likely to stop there.

PERIODICALS.

The January Idler opens with a curious story by Arthur Sperry, the title of which is "Quong Tin." A. Conan Doyle contributes the story of his youth under the heading of "Juvenilia." "A Little Misunderstanding," by Allen Upward is most amusing. The 9th chapter of the "Novel Notes" appears in this number and very good it is. From one point of view at least Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde pale before Smythe and Smith. "John Burns at Batterssea," contributed by Raymond Blackway, is the opening sketch of a series entitled "Lions in Their Dens." Amongst much more that is readable in this number we would call attention to "My Partners," by Rose Ayscough.

"After the Festa" is the name of the frontispiece in the February issue of The Magazine of Art. It is an original etching by David Law, R. P. E. Claude Phillips contributes a paper upon "Current Art," with six illustrations. An engraving of E. J. Poynter's, "When the World was Young," appears in this issue, to which is attached a sonnet by Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. A second paper on "The Portrait of Lord Tennyson" is contributed to this number. After a few remarks upon the illusions of life, the critic concludes this most interesting paper with the following words: "But the portrait of the poet we love, after we have once satisfied ourselves of its authenticity, is the source of never-ending comfort and delight; the eyes on the canvas seem charged with his own beautiful thoughts; the lip seem to be murmuring his own beautiful words."

Julian Ralph commences the January number of Harpers with "The Old Way to Dixie," a descriptive paper relating to the "most alluring and refreshing journey that one tired man ever enjoyed." Theodore Child contributes a sparkling article upon a sparkling subject, "Proletarian Paris." "The Parisians," says this writer, "are so democratic that Hottentot ladies and dethroned kings can circulate freely in the streets without attracting the slightest attention. Even Oscar Wilde," he adds, "in the palmy days of his vestimentary eccentricity, passed unnoticed in the streets of Paris." "Horace Chase" is the title of a serial by Constance Fenimore Woolson, which is commenced in this issue. Richard Harding Davis is the author of a good short story entitled "The Romance in the Life of Hefty Burke." Edward F. Waite contributes a paper on "Pensions, the Law and its Administration."

"Earlscourt: A Novel of Provincial Life," is the title of the new serial in the January Black-Woods. John Boyd Kinnear contributes a paper on "Profitable Farming, and Employment of Labor." "Summers and Winters at Balmawhapple. No. 1—Mark's Return," is the name of a very interesting contribution to this number. "The French article from the pen of Archer P. Crouch, "A Victim of Circumstances," is well told, and contains some really clever character drawing. In "Recent German Fiction," after giving full credit to "the patient industry of the Germans," the writer observes: "But precisely this exhaustiveness, which causes him to excel in almost every branch of erudition or science, it is a terrible handicap when brought to bear on the lighter sides of literature." Notwithstanding this, his paper deals with some most interesting modern works.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings commences the January number of the International Journal of Ethics with a paper entitled, "The Ethics of Social Progress." Mary Emily Case, professor of Latin, Wells College, asks the question, "Did the Romans Degenerate?" The writer's conviction is that "when some violent catastrophe lays low a nation in the dust, even then its spiritual treasure is not destroyed, although the form of national existence is lost. All the best which it has wrought out lives again in the new growths which spring up from the old root, and so it was

with Rome." Richard M. Meyer is the author of a most interesting paper upon "German Character as Reflected in the National Life and Literature." "In psychological insight, the Germans," says the writer, "far surpassed the Romance nations, who always identified a character with a particular quality. In like manner, the German study of national psychology stood far in advance of the native characterization by epithets common in former times,—'The Faithless Phœnician,' 'The Cunning Armenian.'"

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson," is the name of the frontispiece of the Magazine of Poetry for January. Nettie Leila Michel gives a short sketch of Thomas Buchanan Read. Helen Hunt Jackson is discussed by Jeannette Ward. Mary Ware is the subject of a paper from the pen of Col. Benjamin F. Sawyer. Harriette G. Pennell is taken up by George Newell Lovejoy. Amongst the selections from this author's works is a poem entitled, "Through Dreamy Days in Autumn Woods," from which we quote the following stanza:

And here and there, above, below,
Still gleamed the colors summer wore;
Æolian breezes sang to us,

Along the path we wandered o'er,
Through dreamy days in autumn woods.

Eva Marie Kennedy in a paper on Tennyson says, "His verse exemplifies the ornate in poetry." We have no doubt as to the meaning of this criticism, but "ornate" is emphatically not the word to use.

"H. M. S. 'Blake' in the Dry Dock, Halifax," is the title of the frontispiece of The Dominion Illustrated monthly for January. Stuart Livingstone contributes a very clever story entitled "Told in the Ballroom," which is followed by "Regret," a remarkably pretty little poem from the pen of Sophie M. Almon—Hensley. "Cricket in Canada," is continued in a paper by G. G. S. Lindsey. Alice Jones writes a short but interesting sketch of "The Misericordia in Florence." "Choirs and Choir Singing in Toronto," is the subject of a valuable article by S. Frances Harrison. F. Blake Crofton quotes from the first chorus in the Antigone apropos of the defeat of the Republican party. He might have quoted another passage from the mouth of Creon still more applicable, but then, as he shrewdly remarks, Sophocles "is not usually counted among the prophets." For the rest, his "Scraps and Snaps" is one of the most readable contributions to a first-rate number.

William G. Kingsland opens the January number of Poet Lore with a paper entitled "John Ruskin as Letter-Writer." Samuel D. Davies draws a parallel between "Shakespeare's Miranda and Tennyson's Elaine." We cannot feel that the writer has added in any way to the charm which surrounds these heroines, but his analysis is in the main undoubtedly correct. "The Wheel of Fortune" is a translation by Anna Robertson Brown, of the Thornton Morte Arth r. "The Democracy of April" is the name of a paper recently read before the Browning Society of Boston by Charles G. Ames. This is followed by "A Study of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' and 'Sixty Years After,'" by P. A. C. This will undoubtedly be useful to the teachers, for whose benefit it has been written, but as a profound study of these great poems we cannot regard it. "The Norwegian Peasant Lad and His Dream—Tune," translated by E. D. Girdlestone from Bjornstjerne Bjornson, appears in this number.

J. E. Redmond, M. P., commences the January For nightly with a paper upon "The South Meath Election." "That the Catholics of Ireland," says Mr. Redmond, sentimentally, "are determined not to permit an ecclesiastical ascendancy in their country's politics is proved beyond doubt by this Meath petition." W. J. Corbet follows with an uncompromising paper on "The Increase of Insanity." After dwelling upon the abnormal increase and its attending evils, he observes: "The writer feels quite safe, however, in asserting from previous knowledge that, with the exception

of 'hereditary predisposition,' intemperance is the most fruitful exciting cause of lunacy." Lepel Griffin contributes an interesting paper entitled "The Amir of Afghanistan." "Tierra Del Fuego" is the subject of an article from the pen of D. R. O'Sullivan. The writer gives a graphic account of the Fuegians "in a state of almost complete nudity, and with no domestic ties other than bind a hard-worked and ill used slave to a merciless and brutal taskmaster. Surely," he exclaims, "on this wide earth there are no people so cruelly circumstanced and so utterly devoid even of the meanest pleasures of existence as these miserable inhabitants of the Land of Fire." David F. Schloss contributes a valuable paper with the significant title "The Dearness of 'Cheap' Labor." Miss March—Phillips is the author of a paper on "Small Farms," which is certainly worth reading. Sir Julius Vogel, K. C. M. G., concludes a most readable issue with "Social Politics in New Zealand."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

The Earl of Aberdeen, it is stated, will succeed Lord Stanley as our next Governor-General.

The new proprietors of The Pall Mall propose to publish a monthly magazine early this year.

A novel entitled "Red Diamonds," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., will appear serially in The Family Circle early in the new year.

After March The English Illustrated Magazine passes under the control of Mr. Edward Arnold, who has bought it from Messrs. Macmillan.

Zola's new novel, "Docteur Pascal," which brings to an end the long history of the Rougon-Macquart family, will make its first appearance in the Revue Hebdomadaire.

The Home Publishing Company, 3 East 14th Street, New York, will issue early in February a reprint of that most successful story by Gilbert Parker, "The Chief Factor."

"The Private Life of the Great Composers," by John Frederick Rowbotham, just issued by Messrs. Isbister & Co., should have an attraction for musical circles. It is liberally supplied with portraits.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the Magazine of American History, died recently at New York. She was a voluminous writer. Her chief work was a history of New York city.

Mrs. Burnett, in a charming chapter of her serial, "The One I Knew the Best of All," gives (in the February Scribner) her recollections of the books which most influenced her imagination in childhood.

Professor Montgomery, of the University of Utah, has returned from a ten days' trip in southern Utah, bringing with him human skeletons, stone and bone implements of prehistoric manufacture, and specimens of ores, minerals, rocks and fossils for the University.

It is announced that John Ruskin, the celebrated writer on art, will never do any more work. The disease of the brain, which has for some time affected him, is increasing. He is docile and generally quiet, but has a delusion that he is surrounded by enemies who are awaiting a chance to assault him.

We regret to hear of a report which tells us that perhaps the most gifted of modern novelists is dying of consumption. Robert Louis Stevenson has done so much excellent work, and has entered into the lives of so many of us, that his death in the island of Samoa would seem a personal loss to no small number of the English speaking world.

Sarah Janette Duncan, whose facile pen is well known in the columns of the Week, is the author of a serial now appearing in the Saturday Globe. The success of this Canadian author is as conspicuous as it is deserved, and "The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib" are sure to arouse the interest of that large body of human beings who call themselves, somewhat vaguely, readers of fiction.

The "Life and Speeches of Sir Henry Maine," just published by Mr. John Murray, has the names of Sir M. E. Grant Duff and Mr. Whitley Stokes on the title page, the former as author of the brief memoir prefixed to the speeches and minutes, and the latter as selector and editor of these last. A fine and 'speaking' portrait of the famous jurist is given as a frontispiece.

The February instalment of the Autobiography of Salvini, now appearing in the Century, contains an account of his early experiences as an actor with Ristori, of his arrest as a spy by the Austrian Government, of his service as a soldier under Garibaldi, and of his first great success in tragedy. He pays a tribute to Pope Pius IX., and at the same time criticizes his political action in 1848 and ridicules the censorship of the stage in those days.

In "The Survivals of Christianity: Studies in the Theology of the Divine Immanence," shortly to be issued by the Macmillans, Dr. Charles James Wood compares Christian doctrines with those of other religions and with the various forms which Christian doctrines have assumed in the several stages of their historical development. After showing how the pure teachings of Jesus and his apostles have been affected by contact with other modes of life and thought than theirs as well as by the general inheritance of pre-Christian ideas, the author proceeds to express emphatically constructive views upon important religious and social questions of the present day. It is an earnest, instructive work.

Discouraging pleasantly on literature as an art, Mr. Andrew Lang offers the "private opinion" in Longman's that "the exercise of translating, from dead languages or living, is a part of education in the art literary which can hardly be overestimated. It teaches the value of words, it discourages the slattern, it compels you to press the last drop of meaning out of the original, and to endeavor to understand the genius of your own language." The born literary artist, Mr. Lang thinks, will like preliminary exercise of this kind; men who are not born artists will not take pains to read or translate, but will sit down quietly and say, "Go to, let us write a romance," or "Go to, let us reel off articles for the papers." Thus the literary aspirant may determine whether he is a born artist or no.

A "Library of Economics and Politics," to be edited by Professor Richard T. Ely, is announced by Crowell & Co. The volumes are to be brought out at irregular intervals, and it is stated that a high standard of excellence will be maintained in the series. The volumes at present arranged for are "The Independent Treasury System of the United States," by Professor David Kinley, of the University of Wisconsin; "American Charities: A Study in Philanthropy and Economics," by A. G. Warner, Ph. D., Superintendent of Charities for the District of Columbia, and Professor-elect of Economics in Leland Stanford, Jr., University; and "Repudiation of State Debts in the United States," by Professor W. A. Scott, of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Ely will himself contribute two volumes, one on "Socialism" and one to be called "Suggestions on Social Topics."

It may be that Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's monumental work on "The History of Early English Literature," recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, will awaken an enthusiasm for Anglo-Saxon in quarters where its study has hitherto been neglected, says the London Literary World. He has certainly done his part towards a revival. "Of what kind the early English poetry is, what feelings inspired the poets, what imaginations filled their hearts, how did they shape their work—that is the vital, the interesting question; and to answer it the poetry itself must be read." A translation made in any one of our existing rhyming metres seems to Mr. Brooke as much out of the question as a prose translation. He has, therefore, invented a rhythmical movement which, while permitting literal translation, expresses, he thinks, with some little approach to truth, the proper ebb and flow of Anglo-Saxon verse.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NORTHERN SONG BIRDS.

We have no regular night-singers in Michigan, and, so far as I am able to learn, America does not equal the Old World nightingale, although we have diurnal songsters which excel. The famous English naturalist, Gilbert White, records three species of birds which sing at night in the British Isles. They are the reed-sparrow, which sings among the reeds and willows, the woodlark, singing in mid-air, and the nightingale, as Milton describes it,—

"In shadiest covert hid."

There are several species of owls, which roll forth or screech out their notes at night, and also numerous shore-birds and water-fowl that issue their varied calls, and especially these latter are to be heard during the season of migration, as most birds are partial to night travel spring and autumn. Then, too, our well-known whip-poor-will confines his not unmusical but monotonous jargon to the hours of darkness, while the scream of the night-hawk breaks on the ear between the setting and rising of the sun. But these birds are not, strictly speaking, songsters, although their notes undoubtedly fill their requirements as to harmony and expression. The plain, domestic little chipping sparrow sometimes favours us with its simple reverberating chatter in the darkest of nights. The notes hardly deserve the name of song, but heard issuing from the surrounding gloom, the simple refrain commands our attention from its oddity at the unusual hour. The woodpecker not rarely quavers forth its plaintive effort, sounding in the deep shade like a wail from a departed spirit. This favourite singer is a remarkably early riser, as he is also late in going to rest, and I have sometimes thought that his musical efforts at night were the result of an error on his part—an idea strengthened by the fact that the notes are rarely heard more than once during the night, and moreover the song is only occasional. Two others, which are sometimes heard to burst forth in ecstatic melody, are the hermit and Swainson's thrushes. They are transients in my locality, but nest to the north of us. If I could describe the songs of birds, so that others could appreciate them as I do, I would feel that a partial acknowledgment had been made to the divine melody issuing from these birds' throats. We often hear that the best singers are the ones of plainest plumages, but this is assuredly not so in all instances. If one is permitted to listen to the sweet song of the scarlet tanager in the night, it will be acknowledged that the brilliant coat of the songster does not compare in point of excellence to the owner's refrain. These birds are the only species which sing during darkness, in Michigan, that I have met with, and not one of them is a regular night-songster.—By Dr. Morris Gibbs, in Science.

"TWO OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES."

Let me say, in closing, that the growth of pauperism, if not of poverty, seems to be due in part to the decay of two old-fashioned social virtues. One of these is family affection. The individualism of the last half-century has weakened the family bond. There has been so much talk of men's rights and women's rights and children's rights, that the mutual and reciprocal duties and obligations of the family have come to be undervalued. Families do not cling together quite so closely as once they did; esprit de famille is wanting. For this reason many persons, who ought to be cared for by their own kindred, become a charge upon the public. This tendency ought in every way to be rebuked and resisted. The shame of permitting one's flesh and blood to become paupers ought to be brought home to every man and woman who thus casts off natural obligations. All public authorities and charitable visitors should enforce

upon such delinquents the scriptural judgment: "If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever." The other old-fashioned virtue to which I referred is the manly independence which is the substratum of all sound character. Why this virtue is decaying, there is no time now to inquire. But one of two causes are not remote. The first of these is the habit of regarding public office, not as a service to be rendered, but as a bounty to be dispensed. The mental attitude of most office-seekers is the attitude of mendacity. The spoils system is built upon this view of office. It is evident that there is a large class of influential persons who wish to be dependent upon the public. Dependence is thus made respectable. This sentiment diffused through society affects its lowest circles, and makes it a little easier, down there, for a man to become a dependent upon the public treasury.—Washington Gladden, in The Century.

ARABIAN GOLD-DIGGERS.

The evidence is, I think, conclusive that the gold-fields of Mashonaland formed one at least of the sources from which came the gold of Arabia, and that the forts and towns which ran up the whole length of this gold-producing country were made to protect their men engaged in this industry. The cumulative evidence is greatly in favour of the gold-diggers being of Arabian origin, before the Sabaeo-Hittite period in all probability, who did work for and were brought closely into contact with both Egypt and Phoenicia, penetrating to many countries unknown to the rest of the world. The Bible is full of allusions to the wealth of Arabia in gold and other things. . . . The testimony of all travellers in Arabia is to the effect that little or no gold could have come from the Arabian peninsula itself; it is, therefore, almost certain that the country round Zimbabwe formed one at least of the spots from which the "Saurus Arabum" came. Egyptian monuments also point to the wealth of the people of Punt, and the ingots of gold which they sent as tribute to Queen Hatshepsut. No one, of course, is prepared to say exactly where the kingdom of Punt was; the consensus of opinion is that it was Yemen, in the south of Arabia. But suppose it to be there, or suppose it to be on the coast of Africa, opposite Arabia, or even suppose it to be Zimbabwe itself, the question is the same; where did they get the large supply of gold from, which they poured into Egypt and the then known world? In Mashonaland we seem to have a direct answer to this question. It would seem to be evident that a prehistoric race built the ruins in this country, a race like the mythical Pelasgi, who inhabited the shores of Greece and Asia Minor, a race like the mythical inhabitants of Great Britain and France, who built Stonehenge and Carnac, a race which continued in possession down to the earliest dawnings of history, which provided gold for the merchants of Phoenicia and Arabia, and which eventually became influenced by and perhaps absorbed in the more powerful and wealthier organizations of the Semite.—From The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland. By J. Theodore Bent, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. Longmans, Green, and Co.

CULLED FROM THE OLD YEAR.

Lewis S. Butler, Bruin, Nfld., Rheumatism.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N.B., Lockjaw.
By McMullin, Chatam, Ont., Goitre.
Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Walsh, Ont., Inflammation.
James H. Bailey, Parkdale, Ont., Neuralgia.
C. I. Lague, Sydney, C. B., La Grippe.
In every case unsolicited and authenticated.
They attest to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE

AN ACT OF HEROISM FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After years of suffering he is Restored to Health—A story of interest to Canadians.

Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight year old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed and received deserving commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and sister, Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia street, which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly had passed out of the mind of the writer until a few days ago, while in Saratoga he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1892.

I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly,

EDWARD DONNELLY,

71 Moravia street, Auburn, N.Y.

Immediately on returning to Auburn our reporter called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

Moravia street is one of the pleasantest suburban streets of Auburn, and No. 71 is about the last house on it before reaching the open country, and nearly two miles from the business centre of the city.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Donnelly, "come into the house, I will tell you all about my case and how Pink Pills cured me, and will be glad to do it and to have it printed for the benefit of others, for I am sure I owe my restoration to health and happiness wholly to those simple but wonderful Pills." And then in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N.Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F.A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth street, on the East River. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir, I am sure I should have died long

ago if Pink Pills had not saved my life, and I wouldn't have cared then for my sufferings were so great that death would have been a blessed relief; but now, thank God, I am a well man again and free from pain and able to be happy.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the first of last June, 1892, my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up into my vitals and I must say that I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking the medicine ("It was Iodide of Potassium," said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I read of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed Pills before, but I thought if they could cure another case of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once, following all the directions closely. In a few weeks time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Sts.—(more than a mile) where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Potchin, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West, he left a prescription with Dr. Hyde, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes, at an entire cost of less than \$10.00. (My other treatment cost me a pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life

as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well, I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country, but instead of dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would, at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here."

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world. Why when I was sick and before I took them, if I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also wore the ruddy flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Our reporter then called upon Chas. H. Sager Co., druggists, at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances, which had come to their knowledge, where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making most wonderful cures. These 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 headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to the pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers wish to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES.

Where the Finest Specimens of the Mammoths are to be Found.

Many Californians regard their tall trees as the chief glory of the State. The most celebrated of the big tree groves or forests is in Mariposa County, about twenty miles from the Yosemite Valley, thirty miles south-east of the Town of Mariposa and 140 miles almost due east of San Francisco. This grove is composed of over 400 giant trees, the largest of which are thirty feet in diameter and 300 feet high. The grove covers a space of a half-mile wide by three-quarters of a mile long. Botanists call the mammoth tree the sequoia gigantea. It is found only in California, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, between latitudes 34 degrees and 41 degrees. It is a cone-bearing evergreen, and received its botanical title from Endlicher, the German botanist. It grows at a height of about 4,500 feet above the sea level. The first specimens discovered were a cluster of ninety-two, covering a space of fifty acres in Calaveras County. When the Californians first announced the discovery of the big trees, the world was inclined to doubt their existence. There are seven big tree groves—three in Mariposa containing 184 trees over fifteen feet in diameter, and 300 smaller trees, one in Tuolumne County, one in Calaveras County and one in Tulare County. In every grove there are giant cloud-sweepers, from 275 to 376 feet high and from twenty-five to forty feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled show by their rings an antiquity of from 2,000 to 2,500 years. The Calaveras grove attracts more visitors than the others, because it is more accessible. There are ten trees in this grove thirty feet in diameter. One of the trees, which is down, is estimated to have been 450 feet high and forty feet in diameter. It was the hoary monarch of the grove and died of old age, say 2,500 years. A hollow trunk, called the "Horseback Ride," seventy-five feet long, gets its name from the fact that a man may ride through it upright on horseback. Just after the discovery of the grove one of the largest of the trees, ninety-two feet in circumference, was cut down. Five

men worked twenty-two days in cutting through it with large augers. On the stump, which was planed off nearly to the smoothness of a ball-room floor, there have been dancing parties and theatrical performances. For a little time a newspaper called the Big Tree Bulletin was printed there.

One tree in the Tulare grove, according to measurements by members of the State Geological Survey, is 276 feet high, 106 feet in circumference at the base, and seventy-six feet at a point twelve feet above the ground.—(Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

DR. WINDTHORST

In the course of his long career Prince Bismarck found sturdy opponents, worthy of his steel, in two men, both of whom, if small in body, were big in brain. The one was Adolphe Thiers, the other Ludwig Windthorst. For exactly twenty years did the late leader of the Centre or Ultramontane party uphold the cause of the Catholic Church in the German Parliament. He never wavered in his opposition to the Falk Laws of 1873 and 1874, and the last victory he gained was won only the other day when he succeeded in rejecting the compromise offered by Herr von Gossler in the matter of the Sperrgelder—the ecclesiastical pensions confiscated during the Kulturkampf—a defeat which has resulted in the Minister's resignation. Writing in Harper some few years back, Mr. Herbert Tuttle thus described Dr. Windthorst: "Puny in size, almost deformed, ugly as Socrates, he is an antagonist before whose wit the boldest Deputies tremble, and under whose assaults even the great chancellor loses his coolness and self-command." The man who, in 1869, took part in the Berlin Lay Council, the majority of which drew up an address to the German bishops, opposing the doctrine of Papal infallibility, thoroughly understood the art of driving parliamentary bargains. As a tactician he was unsurpassed. "He who tries to dupe me must rise very early in the morning," the little man once told the House, with a knowing twinkle in his eye, and the members laughed at Prince Bismarck's discomfiture. Success; it may be said, has crowned the career of the "Pearl of Meppen." The closing days of his long life were cheered by the consciousness that the struggle which he had waged so persistently and so dexterously—waged, too, in the beginning, against heavy odds, with the great Premier in the plenitude of his power—is on the eve of settlement. Starting as the chief of a small and prescribed faction, Herr Windthorst leaves the Centre the largest individual party in the Reichstag. It is now 117 strong, and its influence has been greatly increased by the resistance which, under the able leadership of its late chief, it has successfully opposed to the May Laws.—Manchester Examiner.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The attention of labour in England is chiefly concerned at present in providing for the lack of employment which is beginning to be seriously felt in many industries. The municipalities and local governing bodies will probably lend a much more sympathetic ear to the proposals to provide work for the out-of-work than they have done in previous years. The Durham miners, by seven to three on a mass vote, have declared against a legal eight hours' day. The Railway Amalgamated Association, by more than two to one, have rejected an eight hours' proposal and declared in favour of a ten hours' day and a six days' week. The Church Congress discussed the Labour Question, but no Church, Established or non-Established, has responded to the challenge of the president of the Trades Congress on the subject of unnecessary Sunday labour. The hopes of the workmen are turning more and more toward the municipalization of everything that pays. The London County Council, by a decisive majority, has voted in favour of taking over nineteen and a half miles of

street railway, which at present pays 8 1-2 per cent. They intend not merely to own but to operate the line; and Mr. Burns calmly announced that they hoped to establish before long a universal penny fare, and at the same time secure their employees humane conditions of labour. It will be a great experiment—this of carrying passengers, as the post office carries letters, for a penny a piece, regardless of distance.—From the "Progress of the World," December Review of Reviews.

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. **Sick Headache** "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." **Sour Stomach** GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., at Calgary, N. W. T.," will be received at this office until Friday, 3rd February, for the general works required in the erection of Post Office, &c., at Calgary, N. W. T.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of E. Johnson, Calgary, and after Friday, 15th January, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. amount of tender must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, E. F. E. Roy, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, } Ottawa, 7th January, 1893.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

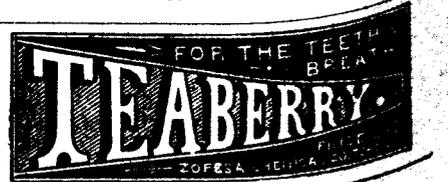
John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No griping, no violence, no reaction afterward that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way, they cure permanently. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

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In an article in Science, Mr. Stevenson remarks upon the jealousy of infants. Would you not place an infant of ten months upon a higher standard of development than a dog? Yet dogs are jealous. My brother owned one, a well-grown, bright fellow, who was usually upon excellent terms with my kitten, but showed jealousy if the kitten was petted in his presence. On one occasion I held the kitten in my arms and purposely patted and praised it, while the dog's eyes kindled ominously at the pretended neglect of himself. Suddenly the kitten jumped from my arms to the floor, and before I could interfere the dog had seized and shaken its little life out of it. I mention this as simply an instance. I believe that even birds show jealousy and sulk if too much notice is given a mate or a rival.

It was Mr. Emerson who said, "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system like the clock, runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

Renan is the fountain head of much of the milk-and-watery agnosticism of the day. The mental attitude towards "revealed religion" exhibited by the characters of so many novels is greatly due to his influence. Without his aid it would never have become popular with the general reader, who knows less of the "higher criticism" than he does of astronomy. Yet his influence as a theological writer is already on the wane. The public is satiated with Robert-Elmerism, society has ceased to be interested in the "serious doubts of candid souls," agnosticism is no longer talked in drawing-rooms by young ladies and gentlemen anxious to be thought clever. In short, religion is settling down into fresh channels, after a quarter of a century's friction with Darwinism, Strauss, and the fashionable agnostics.—European Mail.
Week fillups

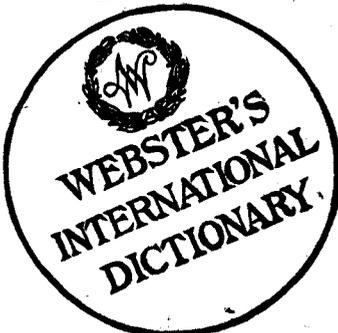
A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the millions of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

W. J. Waggener, Professor of Natural Philosophy, State University of Colorado, Boulder, writes: "During the present year I have tried the experiment of making diagrams and pictures, for projection by the magic and the solar lantern, by printing the same with the ordinary printing press and engraved blocks, on sheets of transparent gelatine. The results were gratifying even beyond the expectations which I had long entertained for the process. It is safe to say that by this means excellent lantern-slides from diagrams and engravings of nearly, if not quite all kinds, can be made and multiplied as rapidly and almost as cheaply as paper prints. Having assured myself of the usefulness and the novelty of the process, I wish that its use may bring the unlimited benefits and pleasures of projected pictures to many who cannot afford the more expensive ones now in use. Especially I hope that all schools may soon be able to make use of this means of instruction. No patent will be asked for this process, but all are invited to make free use of it."—Science.

REV. SYLVANUS LAND.

Of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

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Christian Guardian: The opening of the Exhibition on Sunday will deprive thousands of the needed day of rest. It means that the Exhibition will be used to compete with the churches for the attendance of the people on Sundays. It means that the sanctions of national authority shall be thrown around the open violation of the Sabbath. This cannot be done without tending to break down the sacredness of the Lord's Day all over the country.

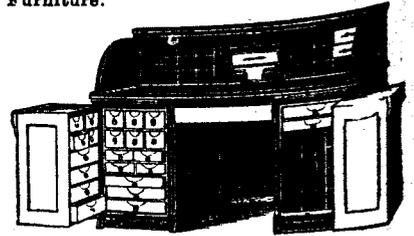
The secularizing of the Sunday for months at the Exhibition will have almost as demoralizing an influence in Ontario as in the State of New York. The general observance of Sunday is a wall of protection around religious work and worship. To break down this wall is to open the gates for an influx of demoralizing laxity, that would work great mischief to religion and morality.

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M. Zola, recently in The Figaro, replying to some of the critics of La Debacle, insists that the Emperor rouged his cheeks at Sedan. The Emperor's friends, he says, have talked as if to have done so would have been humiliating—"the role of a buffoon." "On the contrary, this seems to me a great mistake. I find the act superb, worthy of a hero of a Shakespearean play, heightening the figure of Napoleon III. to a tragic melancholy of an infinite grandeur." That is a characteristically French exaggeration. We presume M. Zola means that it is noble of the Emperor to take the trouble to conceal from his troops his desperate physical weakness; but even granted that it was a prudent thing not to show a cheek of ghastly pallor, we fail to see that it was heroic. M. Zola further attacks his critics for being angry with him for stating the whole truth about the war. To do so was, he declares, a duty. France was nearly ruined because she believed in the French trooper "as the conqueror of the world, singing as he runs across fallen Kingdoms." He resolved to teach his fellow-countrymen that war was "a thing too serious, too terrible for us to lie about." "I concealed nothing. I sought to show how a nation like our own, after so many victories, could be so miserably beaten, and I wished also to show out of what depths we have raised ourselves in twenty years, and in what a blood-bath a strong people can be regenerated. My profound conviction is that if the falsely patriotic lie begins again . . . we shall again be beaten." That, at least, is sound advice.—The Spectator.

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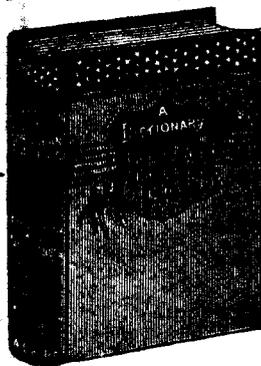
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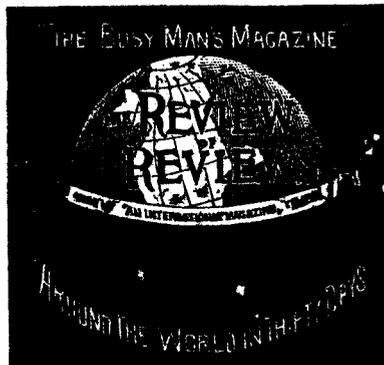
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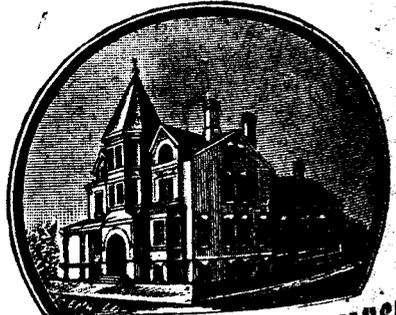
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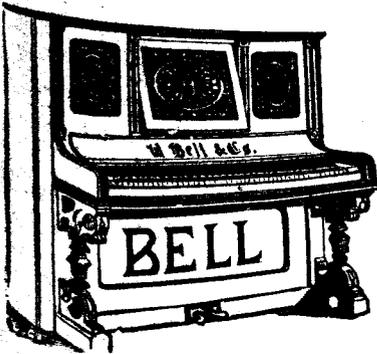


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