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EVERYBODY who loves the country and who is fortunate enough to be able, if he does not live in it, to visit it for a few weeks during the summer, must deplore the scarcity of the birds, which ought to be one of the chief sources of pleasure to the rambler in the fields and woods. Cowper has sung:—

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature.

This solace, too, is almost utterly wanting in the dells and glades of Ontario, or at least of any part of it which we have been able to discover within reach of the busy toiler in the city. Here, alas! it is no longer true, however it may have been in the past, that "ten thousand warblers cheer the day." On the contrary, one may walk for miles along the country roads, or sit for hours on the borders of the most promising wood, and scarcely have either the eye regaled with beautiful plumage, or the ear with delicious song. We do not suppose that it was always so. No doubt it is the gun of the ruthless sportsman which has desolated the groves once the sacred haunts of the feathered songsters. As one realizes this he can well sympathize with the indignation of Burns when he saw the wounded hare limping past him, and is almost ready to adopt his strong words in regard to the "murder-aiming eye" which has wrought this cruel havoc. All this is, however, a little aside from our purpose, which was suggested by a timely article in the *Rural Canadian*, calling attention to the facilities now provided, under the new game law passed by the Ontario Legislature, for the protection of their fields and woods from the ravages of the amateur sportsman. Under the provisions of this law it is quite within the power of every owner or occupier of a farm to prohibit trespassing on his land in search of game. The Act is primarily intended for the protection of game birds and animals of all kinds, which have been almost exterminated in many parts of the Province, but its provisions are equally available in defence of the songsters and other small birds. Every owner or occupier of a place, large or small, in the country, should acquaint himself with the ample provisions of this Act and use them for the purpose for which they are intended. If this is done with tolerable firmness, we may hope in the course of a few years to

see a great increase in game and birds of all kinds. An abundance of the former might become a source of considerable profit to the farmer, while the return of the latter would add greatly to the charms of the country as a place of resort by pleasure-seekers of refined tastes and feelings. The *Rural Canadian* has done a service in calling attention to the matter. We hope it will keep it before its readers.

THE date of issue of this number of THE WEEK is that of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of the four Provinces which formed the nucleus of the Canadian Confederation. In some respects the expectations of the promoters of the original union have been more than realized. In others truth compels us to admit that they have been seriously disappointed. The rapid extension of the bounds of the Dominion until they reached, as they do to-day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and embrace every foot of territory in British North America, unless the Island of Newfoundland comes properly under that description; the accomplishment of the magnificent feat of uniting Halifax on the east with Vancouver on the west by a double band of steel, such as that which constitutes the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with all that its existence implies; these and some similar events in the history of these twenty-five years, betoken a development more rapid than the most sanguine advocates of the union of the four original Provinces could have anticipated. In the course of these events there has also been brought to light a wealth of national resources, as well as an extent of territory, far surpassing the largest anticipations of the founders of the Dominion. Twenty-five years ago, though the Hudson's Bay Territory was not literally an unknown land, and though several of the Fathers of the Confederation were already anticipating its admission, sooner or later, into the nascent Dominion, we do not suppose that anyone, unless possibly a few servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, had anything approaching to a just conception of the immense extent of rich wheat-producing prairie land which lay untouched by the plough, awaiting the opening up of the vast northern region to immigration and settlement. In these respects, at least, the expansion of the Dominion has been greater and more rapid than could have been conceived by its original founders.

BUT while the opening up of the North-West and the union with British Columbia have developed possibilities of national greatness far beyond the dreams of the most ardent of the nation-builders who met in the memorable Quebec Convention, truth compels the sorrowful admission that in some other respects the reality has fallen far behind the expectations of those who foresaw in the union of the Provinces the promise and potency of rapid national growth and progress. In 1867, the people of Ontario and Quebec and those of the Maritime Provinces in the East were strangers to each other. It was the fond hope and prophecy of sanguine advocates of union that a few years of working together under a common political system would weld all together, in the oneness of a community of interests, sympathies and national ambitions. It was also fondly anticipated that as a consequence of such a process of assimilation and integration there would spring up a warm, stalwart Canadian patriotism, the outgrowth of the common exercise of the larger powers of self-government which were one of the conditions of the change. Above all it was confidently expected that the young nationality thus ushered into being would, by the freedom and excellence of its political institutions as well as by the richness of its natural resources, attract to itself so large a share of the vast stream of immigration then as now setting westward across the Atlantic, that its population would increase by leaps and bounds. Had any pessimistic opponent of Confederation predicted that after the lapse of a quarter of a century the population of the Dominion would not have at least been doubled, he would probably have been scouted as an unpatriotic and faithless croaker. Scarcely less disappointing than the slow increase in population has been the equally slow growth of national and patriotic feeling. It must be confessed that the spirit of provincialism still dwarfs that of

Canadianism; that there is manifest but little of the drawing together of the people of East and West, in sympathy and aim, and in pride of nationality, which was anticipated in the early days of the Confederation. No stronger proof of this is needed than the fact that the patriotic people of the city of Toronto have deemed it necessary to apply to the City Council for a vote of a few thousand dollars in order to enable them to celebrate in some befitting way the coming First of July. A spontaneous joy in the recognized blessings of Confederation would have needed no such artificial aid to manifest itself on a holiday occasion. We make no attempt at present to point out the causes of this deplorable lack of both national increase and national enthusiasm. But it may serve some good purpose to call attention to the facts and ask each of our readers to form his own conclusions in regard to the causes and the possibility of applying effective remedies. Are those causes merely accidental and removable, or are they, as a good many think, inherent in the nature of the colonial status, proving the incompatibility of true national feeling and development with the inferiority of colonialism?

WE have received from a friend and occasional contributor a copy of the Constitution of "The Volunteer Electoral League of Montreal." The objects of this league, as defined in its constitution, are: To revise and perfect the voters' lists; to encourage the nomination of candidates of known integrity for public office; to use all legitimate means to secure their return; to prevent fraudulent and dishonest practices in elections; to follow up and prosecute, to the full extent of the law, those detected in any violation of the Election Act; to suggest and promote any legislation, approved by the League, having for its object the purity of elections. These aims will commend themselves to every true Canadian. There is in Canada to-day no truer and no wiser patriot than the man who devotes his influence and energies successfully to the work of detecting, counteracting and destroying, so far as in him lies, the germs of corruption which have fastened themselves upon almost every feature of our political system and are preying upon the very vitals of national character. We have not space to describe at length the modes of working by which the League proposes to promote its objects. The plan of organization seems, however, to have been well thought out, and if equally well carried into effect in any given locality or ward, must go far towards rendering impersonation and some other of the grosser forms of fraud which are unhappily so prevalent, well nigh impossible. If we have a doubt as to the propriety of any feature of the scheme, it is with reference to the provision for keeping secret the work of the League, and for making it a close corporation by the use of the secret ballot in the admission of members. But it is quite possible that these provisions are indispensable for the accomplishment of the work of the League. We do not pronounce against them off-hand. But they suggest a query as to the possibility of the League some day falling under the control of unworthy men and being used for selfish or sinister ends. For this reason we are not sure that we should not prefer, and we do not see why it may not be quite feasible, the formation of a national society, somewhat on the plan of the American Institute of Civics, or perhaps rather in some measure combining the work of that society with that of the American Institute of Ethics. A grand work might be done in Canada within the next few years by some such organization, working along educational lines, and by free use of press and platform,—for we are convinced that to the want of political and moral education and thoughtfulness, more than to an utter lack of the higher qualities of character, the corruption which all good men deplore is very largely due. We do not know to what extent the Montreal League contemplates work of this kind, or whether it aims at more than local operations. But even with a vigorous national society there would always be room and necessity for the work of vigorous local organizations. We admire and approve the noble aims and patriotic spirit of the League, and should be glad if organizations with similar objects were speedily formed all over the Dominion. Our correspondent, Mr. H. B. Ames,

kindly says that any reader of THE WEEK desiring a copy of the Constitution of the League, may obtain it on application to his address, 131 Bishop Street, Montreal.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON assured a deputation who waited upon him a week or two since in the interests of the prison reform movement that the Federal Government was prepared to co-operate with that of Ontario in giving full effect to the recommendations of the Prison Reform Commissioners. Two of these recommendations are of special importance. The first is that such changes be made in the laws defining the prerogatives of the Dominion Government in criminal matters, as are necessary in order to confer upon the Provincial Government and its officers all requisite authority to pardon, parole, apprentice, board out, and generally deal with and exercise control over all children and youths sentenced or committed to or placed in the reformatories and industrial schools of the Province, whether such sentences or commitments may have been made under the provisions of Dominion or Provincial laws. This recommendation is of primary importance. The fatal defect in our criminal administration in all the past has been that it is so largely a policy of punishment rather than of prevention and cure. One of the most hopeful tendencies of the age is that which manifests itself in various forms of effort to snatch the children from the environments in which so many thousands of them in every great city are being trained for lives of vice and crime, and train them up in habits of industry and virtue. He who rescues an incipient criminal from the school in which he is being developed into a full-fledged enemy to society, and trains him up for a life of honest industry, really renders a much greater service to society than he who merely secures the apprehension and conviction of a hardened offender against human and divine law. The reason is clear. In the first case the man is not merely rendered harmless; he is made useful. In the second place society is the richer by the whole amount of the damage the potential criminal would have done had he become an actual criminal, plus all the good he performs after being transformed into an upright citizen. Nor is this the whole of the gain, by any means. To the sum thus found must be added the further amount reached by adding together all the influences for evil he would have wielded as a criminal and all the influence for good he has wielded as a virtuous and law-abiding citizen. Multiply the sum total of benefit thus conferred upon society by the rescue of a single boy or girl, by the whole number of boys and girls who might be thus rescued by the faithful use of all the influences and appliances which could be brought to bear under the best attainable conditions, and we may get some conception of what may one day be accomplished in raising the level of modern life to a higher moral plane.

THE second recommendation of the Prison Reform Commissioners is based on the same grand principle which seeks to reform law-breakers instead of simply punishing them. It has to do, however, with an older class of offenders. The proposal, to which the Minister of Justice is said to have given a cordial consent, contemplates the establishment of a Dominion Reformatory for men—first offenders—between the ages of sixteen and thirty. The proposal has its origin in the well-known and deplorable fact that under present arrangements it often happens that young men who have been convicted of a first felony or serious misdemeanour are thrust into association with the most depraved and hardened criminals in the Toronto Central Prison, Kingston Penitentiary, or some similar institution, with the almost inevitable result that they are dragged down rapidly towards the level of those with whom they are thus placed in contact. There seems now good reason to hope that an institution may shortly be established in Ontario in which it will be possible to test the efficacy of the indeterminate sentence and other motives which may be brought to bear under proper conditions for the reformation of young men who have made the first false step, but many of whom may be very far from being utterly depraved, and may gladly avail themselves of a place for repentance and a chance for recovery when such are brought within their reach.

THOUGH some of the worst features of the Redistribution Bill have been modified during its passage through committee, it is yet no doubt far from being such an arrangement as an impartial commission would have

made to secure the end in view. Notwithstanding the unfairness of the last redistribution, which is now generally admitted by the Conservatives themselves to have been grossly unjust to the Opposition, and which it naturally follows must have placed the latter at a disadvantage, the present Bill, as now amended in committee, will, according to the figures of the last elections, add considerably to the strength of the Government—a fact which makes it sufficiently obvious that it is still a partizan measure. A fair though humiliating inference is that the duty of making the decennial redistributions cannot be safely entrusted to any partizan Administration. The naive declaration of one of the Government supporters, in the course of the debate, that the Government could not be expected to accept an amendment which would deprive them of a supporter, makes this clear so far as the present Government is concerned. The Bill was discussed throughout with open reference to the effect it would have upon the strength of the respective parties, though nothing can be clearer than that a Government actuated by a high sense of duty and honour would refuse to allow such a consideration to enter into their treatment of such a question. As there is no sufficient guarantee that any other Administration which may be in power ten years hence would be more just or magnanimous, the question raised by Mr. Davies, whose contention has since received the endorsement of some of the ablest lawyers of both parties, becomes one of living interest. Hence Senator Boulton's proposal to move for a reference of the Redistribution Bill to the Supreme Court, in order to test the constitutional point, becomes one of great political importance. Why should not all parties concur in this motion, and thus obtain an authoritative opinion upon a question which must be authoritatively settled sooner or later?

WE do not suppose that it is ordinarily of much use for an independent paper to enter into argument with one which exists for the defence and propagation of a certain policy. In looking over the editorial columns of our contemporary, the *Canadian Manufacturer*, a week or two since, we were struck with the severity of its censure of a new paper which it speaks of as the organ of the Canadian Press Association. On reading further we discovered that the head and front of the new paper's offending seemed to be that it advocated, or proposed to advocate, a reduction of the duty on baking powders, with the undoubtedly selfish purpose of securing for the papers whose representative it claimed to be, a return of the advertising patronage, or a part of it, which had been destroyed in consequence of the monopoly resulting from the high tariff in question. This proposal was denounced in the *Manufacturer's* most vigorous English as unpatriotic, selfish, and in every respect unworthy of Canadian journalism. It so happened that the writer of the paragraph in THE WEEK had not seen a copy of the new journal thus assailed, and had no knowledge of the merits of the baking-powder controversy, save that gained from the *Manufacturer's* article. It is, we hope, unnecessary to add that he did not and does not know whether THE WEEK ever had a baking-powder advertisement in its columns or not. But, being accustomed to see from time to time articles in the *Manufacturer* advocating new duties, or increase of duties on certain articles of commerce, partly at least with a view, as we suppose, to promote the private interests of the manufacturers whose cause it advocates, we set ourselves to discover, if we could, the essential difference between the two cases. We were curious to know why it was a crime for the one paper to advocate a decrease of a certain duty in the interest of its clients, while it was highly virtuous for the other to advocate an increase of the duty on some other commodity in the interests of its clients. Failing to satisfy ourselves on the point, we appealed to the *Manufacturer* for help. It must be, we suppose, due to our own obtuseness, but though our contemporary has very kindly devoted two or three articles to lead us into the light, and has evidently struggled hard to repress its impatience with our stupidity, we are sorry to be obliged to confess that we are still unable to see the fine point. Our mentor expends a good deal of just resentment, it is true, upon the wickedness of "singling out for destruction" a Canadian industry, "waging a war of extermination" upon it, and so forth. But all this is surely suppositional, if not wholly irrelevant. The question, as we understand it, is simply whether the legitimate aim and effect of a protective tariff—we come down or mount up to the protectionist ground for the nonce—should be to prohibit importation and estab-

lish monopolies. This is what we infer has been done in the case of the baking powders. What about the revenue? Why should so high a tariff be needed to stop importation and competition, if that be the legitimate object? Are American powders better than the Canadian? Are they cheaper? If the one or the other, has the Canadian consumer any rights at all in the matter? We respectfully suggest to the new journal that it make haste to drop the question of private interests and argue its case on high patriotic grounds. Might it not profitably take a leaf or two from the *Manufacturer's* sound and able dissertations on the sugar question?

A CORRESPONDENT in England, evidently an American, expresses great surprise, apparently not unmixed with contempt, at the manner in which the English party papers are conducted on the eve of a great campaign. They actually, he says, print at length the speeches of their political opponents, as well as those of the leaders of their own party! To those not accustomed to more cowardly methods this seems no doubt to be simple British fair play. The reading of the letter reminded us how grossly unfair and un-British has been the course of some of our Canadian party papers in this respect, during the current session of Parliament. It has been nothing unusual to find in the so-called report of a debate, certain papers of this class giving at length the speech of a member of their own party, then informing us in a single line that Mr. So-and-so made a feeble speech in reply, and going on to give the speech of another of its party friends. We hear a good deal in these days of the educational influence of the press. Newspapers certainly have it in their power to become one of the best and most potent of educational agencies. But what kind of educational work is that done by a paper which thinks itself doing its duty to its patrons by giving them one-sided glimpses of questions in the manner described? It is reasonable to suppose that a large number of the subscribers to such a paper take no other. They, therefore, never see a fair presentation of the views of the other side in politics. We have often wondered that intelligent subscribers could be found to tolerate journalism so palpably unfair. It is evident that British readers would not do so, for the writer referred to tells us in tones of wonder that the subscribers actually read these long reports of the speeches on the other side as well as on their own. Many readers, interested in knowing the whole truth in regard to public questions, cannot well afford to subscribe to two dailies, and yet they are forced to do so or condemn themselves to hear perpetually but one side of every public question.

THE enthusiastic nomination of Cleveland by the Democratic Convention pits against each other for the Presidential contest the strongest candidates in the respective parties, and can scarcely fail to result in a close and exciting contest. Where the parties are so evenly balanced, guesses as to the outcome would be idle. The election of the next President of the United States is probably in the hands of the "Mugwumps," or Independents. The battle is not so much a struggle between the men, or a race for the spoils, or even a trial of strength between the parties—though it is undoubtedly each of these things to a considerable extent—as has often been the case on previous occasions. It is probably, to a greater degree than for many years past, a contest of principles. The issue is clearly defined. It is Protection *versus* Free-trade; or, to speak with more precision, it is Protection, with trade-reciprocity as its adjunct, *versus* a tariff for revenue only. The clearness with which the Democrats have defined the issue in this respect is remarkable, and we venture to say, unexpected. The emphasis with which the Convention rejected the compromise, or, to use the expressive though not very elegant Americanism, the "straddling" article proposed by the majority of its Committee, in favour of the bold declaration formulated by the minority, shows that the reciprocity attachment which the shrewd ex Secretary caused to be appended to the McKinley Bill has not proved so effective a counter-irritant as we had supposed. The shrewd Democratic delegates in the Convention must feel themselves safe in counting on a very strong anti-protection sentiment when they deem it good tactics to "denounce Republican protection as a fraud; a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few," to "declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to enforce and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue

only," and to "demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government, honestly and economically administered." A bolder challenge on the question of economic principle is not often heard on the eve of a decisive party struggle. The developments will be watched with great interest by the people of all enlightened countries, the world over.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE Redistribution Bill which was debated *ad nauseum* on its second reading passed through committee in a comparatively short time. But that this good luck attended the Government, was not because the Opposition receded from their position. They clamoured long and loud—first, against the Bill *in toto*, and then against the details. In my last letter, I mentioned the concessions made by the Government to the Ontario members. Col. Denison submitted an amendment, to the section dealing with West Toronto, providing that the constituency should be divided into two, but after some discussion Sir John Thompson declined to agree with the member for West Toronto, and the amendment was lost. Mr. Cockburn never allows the House to lose sight of the fact that in his eyes there is but one city in Canada really worth the name, and that is Toronto. Holding this view, it was quite natural that he should think his beloved city was not fully represented; but he could hardly expect that the Government would take him seriously, when he moved that each ward of the city return a member, which would entitle the city to six seats in the House.

In the matter of Quebec, the Government was most unexpectedly generous, making so many alterations, as to wring from the lips of the fiery member for Montmagny the admission that as far as it affected that Province the Bill was fair.

Prince Edward Island was the Province that the committee had the most interesting debate upon. The island is small, and within its four borders there are only about 200,000 people, not much more than the great city of Toronto; but if the Province is not populous it is at least ambitious. Six members represent the Province in the House. And, compared with any other six members, they can hold their own. The Liberals predominate. There is first of all Mr. Davies, who is not only the leader in the island, but is also one of the foremost of the Opposition procession for reform. Then there is Mr. Perry and Mr. Yeo and Mr. Welsh, all good men and true, and all solicitous for the welfare of the island. Mr. Welsh gave himself away, as the term goes, the other day, by asserting that Prince Edward Island had never had a bit of luck since she was confederated with the Dominion. After this came a long debate. Prince Edward Island men and Maritime Province men talked on the subject, and occasionally an Ontarioan who had never seen the place, but of course thought he knew everything, made a wise speech on the subject. The end of it all was, that—although Mr. Davies protested that he was gerrymandered, and that the Bill, as far as it affected Prince Edward Island, was, only and solely, initiated for the purpose of excluding him from the House—the Bill passed. Sir John Thompson refused to accept any amendment to the Bill, as he said it was formed for the simple purpose of giving justice to Prince Edward Island.

It is probable that Sir Richard Cartwright will move a vote of want of confidence in the Government in connection with the Caron matters. Sir Richard has the idea, whether he is right or wrong, that all the Conservative members, collectively and individually, are corrupt and unscrupulous. There is no right, he says, in them, right or left. They are altogether corrupt.

It is not to be supposed that the great majority of men who represent the Dominion of Canada in the House of Commons are unprincipled. That would be an enormous admission. But we do suppose that many of them, in their eagerness to preserve the representation of their counties, often forget the principles of Christian ethics and morality, which should guide them. However, it is not the purpose of this letter to preach a sermon, and it would be well, as the end of the session approaches, to put ourselves upon record as saying that we believe, in all sincerity, that, with all their faults and failings, the House of Commons at Ottawa is made up of fairly good men, and that as long as party government lasts men must be loyal to party.

No men have been so roundly abused as these members of the Commons. That abuse is unjust. They are only fallible men, subject to like passions, as their fellows, and, taking them all in all, they do tolerably well.

It would not be amiss, also, as this session draws to a close, to pay one word of tribute to the way in which Sir John Thompson has lead the House. No man has been more violently attacked. Yet we ask any man who has sat day after day in the gallery to point to us a man who has more conscientiously fulfilled the duties imposed upon him than the leader of the House of Commons. Generally a man's religion is counted a matter which concerns him alone. A man may become a Presbyterian or a Methodist. He may turn from one to the other, and no one says a word. But Sir John Thompson has been publicly attacked for changing his religion. Those who have followed most closely Sir John Thompson's life are of the opinion that his change of religion was made in perfect

sincerity. And those who are more concerned with his statesmanship than his religion, candidly admit that he has led the House of Commons this present session with consummate ability.

T. C. L. K.

THE LATE DANIEL LOTHROP, THE BOSTON PUBLISHER.

THE name of Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, is familiar to many Canadians from the books and periodicals bearing the imprint of his well-known firm, which have been widely circulated throughout the Dominion. As he never gave the endorsement of his name to any publication of doubtful influence or *morale*, it was generally felt to be a guarantee for good and pure literature. This guarantee was all the more valuable, because he did not aim at purveying so much for the "cultured" few, as at diffusing among the American people a class of reading not too high for their enjoyment, but yet elevating and profitable in its tone. To do this required a peculiar combination of qualities, and Daniel Lothrop seemed to have been fitted with just the qualities needed for his chosen work.

Mr. Lothrop came of a good New England Stock, one of those sterling Puritan families which have been the backbone of all that is best in the United States. His father was a New Hampshire patriot, who had taken an active part in the formation of the Free Soil Party, and he himself was always an earnest and sincere lover of his country, desiring, through the agency of good books, to purify its life at the fountain head.

Mr. Lothrop's first choice was the ministry, his religious principles being strong at an unusually early age; but circumstances and the "divinity that shapes our ends" eventually led him in a different and certainly not less useful direction. As a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent, for many years, he came sufficiently in touch with the younger portion of the reading public to know their needs and the inadequate extent to which those needs were met. In many quarters he met with little sympathy in his purpose, and even with very misplaced success; but he met them with the prediction, speedily verified: "The time will come when you will acknowledge that children and young people have a right to the thought and consideration of the greatest and best writers of our time." In the many high-class books for young readers which issued from his press, as well as in the interesting and successful periodicals for children which he established, he showed how fully he acted upon his own conviction.

He was, naturally, especially interested in the growth of a native literature, but he was quick also to recognize foreign writers of the stamp he wanted. Several of the best works of George Macdonald, for instance, with whom he was on terms of personal friendship, were reprinted by him. And, as there is a class of purchasers who will buy volumes of "selections," especially when charmingly illustrated, he showed good judgment and great taste in compiling such collections, both as to the letter press and the artistic work. Many beautiful gift books yearly tempted people to buy and probably read—fragments of literature of a high order, which, except in fragments, they might never have looked at. And, so far as it goes, the influence of such books was a factor in the education of the people.

His activity as a publisher, seeking treasures new and old, brought him into very close and interesting association with some of his country's greatest writers. The venerable Whittier, whose poems he loved, was a revered and beloved friend, with whom he frequently enjoyed sympathetic talk, and who expressed his own sense of loss in writing to the bereaved wife—when the sudden blow had fallen—the touching words: "Let me sit with thee in the circle of mourning, for I, too, have lost in him a friend."

While the contemplative side of his nature drew him towards men of deep spiritual insight, his shrewd practical intelligence and mastery of business relations made his experience and advice valuable to others of a very different type. He recently spent a good deal of time in Washington in the interests of the publishing trade, and Mr. Blaine did not hesitate to avail himself of Mr. Lothrop's experience and sagacity. To him was due no small share of the credit of stimulating the publishing business of America and raising it to its present proportions, and, more especially, that of making Boston the great publishing centre that it is to-day.

While an American of the Americans, Mr. Lothrop was by no means uninterested in Canada and Canadian traditions. When the present writer first planned a series of "Stories of New France," Mr. Lothrop gave a ready response, and proved an enterprising and efficient publisher. He was ready, later, to take another book, also intended for young people, on somewhat similar lines, which will very shortly appear. Miss McLeod's "Stories From the Land of Evangeline," and some of Professor Roberts' poetical publications have found a publisher in him.

Mr. Lothrop was twice married. He early lost his first wife, who was an invalid during most of their married life. After a long widowhood, he was united, in what seemed an ideal "marriage of equal minds" to a lady who, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Margaret Sidney," had become well known to him as a writer for his periodicals, and some of whose pleasant books he had already published. Sympathy of taste, feeling and aims drew them together, and their married life was as complete in its

happiness as any earthly relation can well be—especially as a little "Margaret Sidney" grew from infancy into happy childhood to brighten the charming home. Mrs. Lothrop entered with enthusiasm into her husband's plans for the diffusion of pure literature, and her busy pen was always working in the same direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop spent their winters in Boston, and their summers, for a number of years past, at the summer home he had purchased at Concord—partly on account of its lovely situation and surroundings, partly on account of its interesting associations as the home, for many years, of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The Wayside" is an unpretending, though quaint and charming home, reverently kept much as Hawthorne had left it. Under the shelter of its steep, wooded ridge, and from beneath its shady elms, it looks across the fragrant meadows to the woods that enshrine the lovely little "Walden Pond." Every spot in the vicinity teems with historical and literary associations, and Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop enjoyed these to the full. Just a year ago, the present writer spent two never-to-be-forgotten June days amid its beauty and verdure, receiving from the hospitable host and hostess a warm welcome, as well as most efficient *cicerone* ship in seeing all that was beautiful and interesting in the vicinity. During an evening of quiet talk by the low-crackling wood fire—for Mr. Lothrop's health was, even then, much impaired by the ravages of the fiend *grippe*, and the evening was cool enough to make a fire desirable—the conversation turned to subjects which, in this transitory world, can never be far from any thoughtful mind. Then the deep and earnest seriousness which underlay his practical business shrewdness came to the surface in his quiet, suggestive remarks, and in his sympathetic and feeling recitation, from beginning to end, of "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer," by Whittier—one of his favourite poems, which was on his lips in his last hours. It was evident that the profound humility, faith and love of the poem expressed that which lay deep in his own heart, and had given high aim and purpose to his life. And the closing lines of the "Prayer" well expressed the upward growth of his own life:—

What thou wilt, O Father, give,
All is gain that I receive—
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birthright as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find, in thine employ,
Peace, that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

That this beautiful poem lay very near his heart could easily be seen by the ease with which he recited it, only now and then hesitating for a next line. Its aspiration was undoubtedly his own, and explained the growing gentleness, "sweetness and light" of his later years. When the last call came, as it did, suddenly, this was his aspiration still; and not only the expression, but the spirit of the dying faith in which he entered into the shadow. When told that his earthly work was done, he said cheerfully, putting aside his longing for more years in his family and in his work: "If God does not think it best for me to be spared, it is *just right*," and the words showed that he had learned the best lesson of all. But, though passed away from earthly things, his "works do follow him." If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is to be accounted of service to humanity, surely he who multiplies *good thoughts* and diffuses their influence over thousands of souls and hearts may be accounted, in the truest sense, a benefactor to his race. And that he should continue steadfast to this high aim, in spite of all the temptations offered by a sensation-loving public and a money-making age to turn aside from it, is no mean test of a noble manhood.

FIDELIS.

A PERSON, apprehensive of danger from lightning, happening, during the time of the thunder, to be in a house not secured by conductors, would do well to avoid sitting near the chimney, near a looking glass, or any gilt picture or wainscot. The safest place is in the middle of the room, so it be not under a metal lustre suspended by a chain, sitting on one chair and laying the feet up in another. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and, folding them up double, place the chair upon them; for those not being so good conductors as the walls, the lightning will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding when it can go through a continued better conductor—the wall. But, where it can be had, a hammock or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the wall on every side, and from the ceiling and floor above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever, and one which, indeed, may be deemed quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning.—*The Family Doctor.*

THE CITY.

Canst thou not rest, oh city,
That liest so wide and fair;
Shall never an hour bring pity,
Nor end be found for care?

Thy walls are high in heaven,
Thy streets are gay and wide,
Beneath thy towers at even
The dreamy waters glide.

Thou art fair as the earth at morning,
And the sunshine loveth thee,
But its light is a gloom of warning
On a soul no longer free.

The curses of gold are about thee,
And thy sorrow deepeneth still;
One madness within and without thee,
One battle blind and shrill.

I see the crowds forever
Go by with hurrying feet;
Through doors that darken never
I hear the engines beat.

Through days and nights that follow
The hidden mill-wheel strains;
In the midnight's windy hollow
I hear the roar of trains.

No sound of lute or tabor,
Where singing lips are dumb,
And life is one long labour,
Till death or freedom come.

Ah! the crowds that forever are flowing—
They neither laugh nor weep—
I see them coming and going,
Like things that move in sleep.

Grey sires and burdened brothers,
The old, the young, the fair,
Wan cheeks of pallid mothers,
And the girls with golden hair.

Care sits in many a fashion,
Grown grey on many a head,
And lips are turned to ashen,
Whose years have right to red.

Canst thou not rest, oh city,
That liest so wide and fair;
Shall never an hour bring pity,
Nor end be found for care?

Ottawa.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDORE BELL.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

MANY roses were still in bloom, but, spite of many hints, Coristine's button hole remained empty. He admired the pinks, the carnations, the large-eyed pansies, "like Shakespeare's winking Mary-buds," he said, but all in vain, save a civil answer. The Day-lilies and the sweet-scented pure white and Japan lilies, the early Phloxes, the Honeysuckles against the arbours, and many other floral beauties he stopped to inspect, and wondered if Mrs. Carruthers would mind his gathering a few, although the house was full of flowers. His companion did not satisfy his wonder, only answering that she thought flowers looked so much better growing. Then he pulled himself together, and answered naturally, joking on the tall Scarlet Lychnis, now almost a garden flower of the past, which boys call scarlet likeness and scarlet lightning, and ran on into accounts of botanical rambles, descriptions of curious plants, with here a little bit of reverent natural theology, and there an appropriate scrap from some flower-loving poet, or a query as to where the worshippers of Wordsworth had got, if they had left "The Excursion" for the smaller pieces on the Daisy, and the Celandine, the Broom, the Thorn and the Yew. In thus talking he gained his end without knowing it, for, instead of a mere routine lawyer and impulsive Irishman, Miss Carmichael found in her companion an intelligent, thoughtful, and cultured acquaintance, whose society she thoroughly enjoyed. Occasionally an unconscious and half-timid lifting of her long eye-lashes towards his animate, handsome face thrilled the botanist with a new, if fleeting, sensation of delight. As they passed through a gate into a hill-side meadow, at the foot of which ran a silvery brook, they were made aware of voices in song. The voices were two, one a sweet but somewhat drawly female soprano, the other, a raucous, loud, overmastering shout, that almost drowned the utterance of its companion. The masculine one furnished the words to the promenaders, and these were:—

Shayll we gaythurr at thee rivyerr
Whayerr bright angel feet have traw-odd?

"Do you know who these are?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"If I thought he knew as much tune," replied Coristine, "I should say he was The Crew."

"Oh, tell me, please, who is The Crew?" Thereupon the lawyer launched out into a description of his travels, so comical a one that his fair companion laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and she accused him of making her break the Sabbath. "No," she said at last; "that is not Sylvanus, but it is his brother Timotheus with Tryphosa. They are sitting in a ferny hollow under these birches down the hill, with a hymn-book between them, and as grave as if they were in church. Do you not think, Mr. Coristine, that that is a very nice and proper way for young people to improve their acquaintance?"

"Very much so, Miss Carmichael. May I go in and get a hymn-book? I can run like a deer, and won't take a minute over it. One will be enough, won't it?"

The lady laughed a little pleasant laugh, and replied: "I think not, sir. We are not servants, at least in the same sense, and the piano and organ are at our disposal when we wish to exercise our musical powers."

"Snubbed again," muttered Coristine to himself; then aloud: "I wish I were Timotheus."

"If you prefer Tryphosa's company to mine, sir, you are at liberty to go; but I think your champion of Peskiwanchow would object to such rivalry."

"Oh, I didn't mean what Tryphosa."

"You do not know what you mean, nor anybody else. Let us return to the house."

As they sauntered back, the lawyer suddenly cried out: "What a forgetful blockhead I am. I have had ever so many business questions to put to you, and have forgotten all about them."

"Had you not better leave business till to-morrow, Mr. Coristine?" asked the lady, gravely, almost severely.

"Your father's name was James Douglas Carmichael, was it not?" asked Coristine, ignoring this quietus.

"Yes," she answered.

"He came to Canada in 1848, and was, for a time, in military service at Kingston, before he completed his medical studies. Am I right?"

"How do you happen to know these things? My father was singularly reticent about his past life; but you are right."

The lawyer opened his pocket-book and took out a newspaper cutting, which he handed to his companion. "I found that at Barrie," he said, "and trust I have not taken too great a liberty in constituting myself your solicitor, and opening correspondence with Mr. MacSmail, W.S., regarding your interests."

"It was very kind of you," she answered; "do you think it will bring us any money, Mr. Coristine?"

"Yes; it must bring some, as it is directed to heirs. How much, depends upon the wealth of your father's family."

"They were very wealthy. Papa told mamma to write home to them, but she would not. She is too independent for that."

"Will you sanction my action, and allow me to work this case up? Your mother cannot be an heir, you know, save in a roundabout way; so that you, being of age, are sole authority in the matter."

"How do you know I am of age?"

"I don't; but thought that, perhaps, you might be, seeing you are so mature and circumspect in your ways."

"Thank you for the doubtful compliment. I am of age, however."

"Then will you authorize me to proceed?"

"With all my heart."

"Do you know it makes me very sorry to become your solicitor?"

"Why?"

"Because henceforth ours are mere business relations, and I, a struggling junior partner, must be circumspect too, and stand in proper awe and distant respect for a prospective heiress."

"Do not allow your reverence to carry you too far to an opposite extreme. You have been very good during most of our walk, and I have enjoyed it very much."

As she tripped in at the French window, Coristine could not reply. It is probable that he ejaculated inwardly, "the darlin'!" but, outwardly, he took out his pipe and sought consolation in the bowl of the Turk's head. While patrolling the long path down towards the meadow, he heard a low whistle, and, proceeding to the point in the fence whence it came, found Mr. Rawdon, as pale as he well could be, and much agitated. "Look 'ere, Mr. Currystone," he said, "I've bin down to Talfourds and a good bit further, and I find a fellow called Nash 'as bin about, plottin' to 'urt my business along of that brute of a Chisholm. They can't 'urt it much, but I can 'urt them, and, wot's more, I will. 'Ow I found out wot they're about is my haffair. I hain't got no time to lose, so you tell the genniwin Simon Pure Miss Do Please-us as I'll hoffer 'er a thousan' dollars cash for that there farm of 'ers till to-morrow mornin'. 'Er haccptance must be hat the Post-office hup the road hany time before ten o'clock, and the deed can be drawn hup between you and me and the Squire just has soon thereafter as she pleases. Ha, ha! pretty good, eh? Miss Do Please-us, she pleases! Bye, bye! Mr. Currystone, don't you forget, for it's business."

The Grinstun man stole along the meadow fence and travelled over the fields, back way, towards the Lake Settlement. Emptying his pipe, the lawyer found Miss Du

Plessis and at once announced Mr. Rawdon's proposal, which he urged her not to accept. She said the land was certainly not worth any more, if it were worth that amount, and that a thousand dollars would be of much immediate use to her mother. But Coristine reminded her that Colonel Morton was, in all probability, with her mother now, and begged her at least to wait until their joint opinion could be procured. To this she agreed, and further conversation was checked by the arrival of Marjorie, the five young Carruthers and Mr. Michael Terry.

The whole party sallied out of the windows on to the verandah, the lawn, and thence out of the front gate, where they found the dominie in a state of radiant abstraction, strutting up and down the road, and quoting pages of his favourite poet. He had just completed the lines:—

And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

The lawyer went up to him before he came near and hissed at his friend, "What about our compact?" to which the dominie, with a fierce cheerfulness, replied, "It is broken, sir; shivered to atoms; buried in oblivion. When a so-called honourable man takes a young lady walking in garden and meadow alone, and breathes soft trifles in her ear, the letter, the spirit, the whole periphery of the compact is gone. Your conduct, sir, leaves me free to act as I please towards the world's chief soul and radiancy. I shall do as I please, sir; I shall read Louisa and Ruth and Laodamia and the Female Vagrant, none daring to make me afraid. A single tress of ebon hair, a single beam of a dove-like eye, shall be enough to fortify my heart against all your legal lore, your scorn, your innuendos, your coward threats."

"Wilks, you're intoxicated."

"Such intoxication as mine is that of the soul—a thing to glory in."

"Well, go and glory, and read what you please; only add the Idiot Boy to the Female Vagrant and you'll be a lovely pair. I'm going to do as I please, too, so we're both happy at last."

Thus saying, the lawyer returned to Marjorie, while the dominie stood stock still in the road, like a man thunderstruck, repeating: "The Idiot Boy, the Female Vagrant, a pair!—and he was once my friend! A pair, a pair—the Female Vagrant, the Idiot Boy!—and that slimy, crawling, sickening caterpillar of a garden slug was once known to me! Truly, a strange awaking!"

It was now six o'clock, the time under ordinary circumstances for tea; but the circumstances were extraordinary, as the Squire, Mr. Nash and the minister had to be waited for. The party was in the road waiting for them. "Look, Eugene!" cried Marjorie; "there's Muggins. Here Muggy, Muggy, good doggie!" Muggins came on at full speed, and, striding at a very respectable pace, his master followed.

"Ow, Mr. Coristine, sow glad to see you again, I'm shore. I was delighted to see you bringing two straye sheep into the true fowld this morning. I howpe Miss Marjorie will turn out a good churchwoman; woun't you now, Marjorie?"

"I'm not a woman, and I won't be one. A woman wears dirty clothes and a check apron and a sun-bonnet. We've had a charwoman like that in our house, and a washerwoman; and in Collingwood there's a fish-woman and an apple-woman. I've seen them with my very own eyes. I don't think it a bit nice of you, Mr. Brown, to call me a charwoman."

"I said churchwoman, my dear, not charwoman."

"It's the same thing; they scrub out churches. I've seen them do it. And they're as old and ugly—worse than Tryphena!"

"Hush, hush, Marjorie!" interposed Miss Du Plessis; "you must not speak like that of good Tryphena. Besides, Mr. Perrowne means by a churchwoman one who is like me, and goes to the Church of England."

"If it's to be like you, and you will marry Eugene and go to the Church of England, I will be a churchwoman and go with you."

Mr. Perrowne glowered at the lawyer, whom, a moment before, he had greeted in so friendly a way. Coristine laughed, as he could afford to, and said: "I'm sorry, Marjorie, that it cannot be as you wish. I am not serious enough for Miss Du Plessis, nor a sufficient judge of good poetry. Your friend wouldn't have me at any price; would you now, Miss Du Plessis?"

"Certainly not with that mode of asking. How unpleasantly personal children make things."

Muggins and the young Carruthers were having lots of fun. He sat up and begged for bread, he ran after sticks and stones thrown by feeble hands, he shook paws with the children, had his ears stroked and his tail pulled with the greatest good-nature. Right under the eyes of the still dumbfounded dominie, his owner accompanied Miss Du Plessis into the house, while Coristine prevailed on Marjorie to sing a hymn with a pretty plaintive tune, commencing:—

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her infant
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

The old soldier left his grandchildren with Muggins and came to hear the hymn. "The Howly Vargin bliss the little pet," he ejaculated, and then crooned a few notes at the end of each verse.

"Fwat is it the Howly Scripchers says, sorr, about little childher an' the good place?" he asked Coristine.

The lawyer took off his hat, and reverently replied: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The veteran crossed himself, and said: "There niver was a thruer word shpoke or in wroitin', an' fwat does the childher, the innicents, know about Pratishtants an' Catholics, till me that now?"

As Coristine could not, the pair refilled their pipes and smoked in company, an ideal Evangelical Alliance.

Soon the waggonette came rattling along the road, and Marjorie ran to meet her Uncle John and the minister, with both of whom she was a great favourite. Mr. Nash also had a word to say to her: "You remember scolding me for not going to church when I was Mr. Chisholm? Well, I've been there this afternoon, and Mr. Errol told us we are all getting ready here for what we are to do in Heaven. Now, you're a wise little girl, and I want you to tell me what I will be able to do when I get there. It can't be to hunt up bad people, because there are no bad people in Heaven. What do you think about it?"

"I know," answered Marjorie, gravely; "play chess with dead uncles and ministers, and teach tricks to the little children that never grewed up."

"Out of the mouths of babes!" ejaculated Mr. Errol, who overheard the conversation; then continued: "Could anything be truer? The training in observation and rapid mental combinations, which has made you successful in your profession, is the foundation of your prowess on the chess-board. Your skill in every sort of make-up enables you to manipulate handkerchiefs and oranges for children's amusement. The same training and skill our Father can turn to good account in the upper sanctuary."

"Thank you, Mr. Errol, thank you, Marjorie, my dear. Perhaps the good God will be kinder than we think, and find some use for a poor, lonely, careless detective." Mr. Nash was unusually thoughtful, yet still had an eye to business. He made diligent enquiries about Rawdon, and, at last, getting on the scent through Miss Du Plessis, found out all that Coristine and Timotheus had to tell of him. The latter had watched the working geologist slinking off in the Lake Settlement direction across the fields and by bush tracks. Mr. Terry and the children, having partaken of tea, remained out in the front with Muggins, and sang some more hymns, Marjorie leading their choir. The rest of the household, reinforced by Mr. Perrowne, who, much to Wilkinson's disgust, monopolized Miss Du Plessis, sat round the ample tea-table. In a shamefaced way, as if engaged in an illegal ecclesiastical transaction, the English clergyman mumbled: "For what we are about to receive," and the evening meal proceeded. The Squire had ceded his end of the table to his sister, and had taken his post at her left, where he talked to the dominie, his next neighbour, and across the table to Mr. Errol. Perrowne flanked the hostess on the right, and Nash on the left. Miss Du Plessis sat between Perrowne and Wilkinson, a stately and elegant bone of contention; while the lawyer had the detective on one side and Miss Carmichael on the other. As that young lady had something to do with the arrangement of the table by Tryphosa, in the matter of napkin rings, it was, if Coristine only knew it, a mark of her confidence in him that she permitted his presence on her right. Nevertheless he profited little by it, as she gave all her conversation to the minister, save when the attention of that elderly admirer was taken up by her uncle. As Perrowne was compelled to be civil to Mrs. Carruthers, while Mr. Nash entertained the lawyer, an opportunity was afforded the schoolmaster of improving his acquaintance with Miss Du Plessis, of which he took joyful advantage, feeling that in so doing with all brilliant beings, whom he inwardly characterized as a clerical puppy and an ungrateful, perfidious, slanderous worm. Neither the puppy nor the worm were happy, as he joyfully perceived.

The meal was over, and they were preparing to have early evening prayers for the sake of the children, when a vehicle drove up, and a burly form, clad in navy blue broadcloth with a plentiful trimming of gilt buttons, descending from it, came along the path towards the house, accompanied by Marjorie.

"It's papa!" she cried to Carruthers and his wife, who had gone to the door to see who their visitor was, and call the children in. It was the Captain, and in the buggy, holding the reins, sat The Crew. "Don't sit grinning there, you blockhead!" shouted the ancient mariner to Sylvanus; "hev ye been so long aboard ship ye can't tell a stable when you see it? Drive on, you slab-sided swab!" The Captain's combination of lumbering with nautical pursuits gave a peculiar and not always congruous flavour to his pet phrases; but Sylvanus did not mind; he drove round the lane and met Timotheus.

"We have just finished tea, Captain," said Mrs. Carruthers with her pretty touch of a cultivated Irish accent; "but Marjorie will tell Tryphosa to set yours on the table at once."

"All right, Honoria!" growled Mr. Thomas; "I'm in port here for the night, and I'm a goin' to make fast; so be I hev to belay on to the lee side of a stack of shingle bolts. Now, Marjorie, my pet, give daddy another kiss, and run away for a bit. John, I want you right away."

With the latter words, the Captain took the Squire off to the far end of the verandah, and sat down with his legs dangling over among the flowers, causing his brother-in-law to do the same. "John," said he, taking off his naval cap, and mopping his forehead, "you're all goin' to be murdered to-night in your bunks, else I wouldn't ha' quit dock o' Sunday."

"Whatever do you mean, Thomas?"

"I mean what I say, and well to you and yourn. Sylvanus was down at Peskiwanchow, gettin' some things his brother left there, when he shipped for you. There's a bad crew in that whiskey mill, and, fool as he is, he was sharp enough to hear them unbeknown. Says one of 'em, 'Better get out the fire-engines from town,' and he laughed. Says another, 'Guess the boys'll hev a nice bonfire waitin' for us, time we get to Flanders.' Then the low-down slab-pilers got their mutinous heads together, and says, 'The J. P. and the bailiff's got to be roasted anyway, wisht we could heave Nash in atop.' I've left the cursing and swearin' out, because it's useless ballast, and don't count in the deal any more'n sawdust. Now, John, what do you think of that?"

"It looks serious, Thomas, if your man is to be depended on."

"My man depended on? Sylvanus Pilgrim to be depended on? There's no more dependable able-bodied seaman and master mill-hand afloat nor ashore. He's true as the needle to the pole and the gang-saw to the plank. Don't you go saying wrong of Sylvanus."

"I must take Nash into confidence with us, and call up your informant," said the Squire, leading the Captain into the house and setting him carefully down at the tea table, where Mrs. Carruthers waited upon him. Then he locked up Sylvanus in the kitchen, and told him to report as soon as he had taken his supper. "We have no time to lose, Pilgrim," he added, "so let Tryphena alone till our talk is over. She'll keep."

"I ain't agoin' ter presume ter tech Trypheeny, Square, an' I'll be along in a half tuck," replied The Crew.

Next, Nash was found smoking a cigar, and talking very earnestly with Mr. Errol about presentiments, and sudden remembrances of childhood's days. He dropped the conversation at once when business was mentioned, and, in a few minutes, the Squire's official room contained five men, with very serious faces, seeking to come to a full understanding of what seemed a diabolical plot on the part of some spiteful malefactors. Four of these have already been indicated; the fifth was the lawyer, who proved a useful addition for pumping Sylvanus dry and taking careful notes.

While the consultation was in progress, a gentle tap came to the door, and, following it, a voice that thrilled the lawyer, saying, "May I come in, uncle; I have some news for you?" Carruthers opened the door, when Miss Carmichael told him that young Hill, the girls' brother, had arrived with another man, and wanted to see him immediately on special business that would not wait, and that they seemed to have been out shooting. The Squire went out and returned with Rufus and Ben Toner. The former related how Ben had gone to afternoon meetin' to tell what he knew of the conspiracy to clean out all the scabs in Flanders, and have trade run smooth. Coristine examined his old patient, who readily responded, and Nash, who was now Chisholm in beard and moustache, helped the interrogation. Toner's information, like that of Sylvanus, came from accidentally overhearing the talk of four men in a waggon, driving Flanders way during church time, while he was fishing in the river.

"I heerd 'em say as they'd be a big blayuz afore mornin', and as Squier Cruthers, and the bailiff, and Nash, and a raivenue gaal, had got to go to kingdom come. One on 'em says he seen Mr. Nash and got a hit off his stick. He's a goin' to lay for him straight and for them two walkin' spies likeways."

"What made you look up Rufus?" asked the lawyer.

"I thort the raivenue gaal might a been one of his sisters that's here. Besides, he's got a gun, and so have I, and I'm a goin' to be true to my word, Doctor, to you and the bailiff too, ef I have to shoot aivery mother's son of them vilyins."

The Captain and Sylvanus, with Rufus and Ben, all testified to the moving of several teams, with rough-looking characters on board, along the roads that led towards Flanders, and the Lake Settlement in particular. The Squire and Mr. Nash had noticed the same.

"Ben," said the latter, taking off his disguise, "I think I can trust you. I am the detective Nash."

Toner started, but quickly recovered himself, and, rising, gave his hand to the man of aliases, saying, "You kin, Mr. Nash, s'haylp me. Old man Newcome swears he's a goin' to hev your life, but he won't ef I'm any good."

The detective shook hands warmly, and, taking Ben aside, found that he had no personal knowledge of Rawdon, the Newcome of whom he spoke being apparently the go-between. The intimacy between them, which was near ruining the young man, had come about through Toner's attention to Newcome's daughter, Sarah Eliza. "But," continued the unhappy lover, "the old man's been and had Serlizer off for more'n a year, and puts me off and off and better off, till I just up and wouldn't stand it no more. I ain't a goin' to sell his stuff, nor drink his stuff, nor hev nawthun more to do along of his gang, but I'd like to know where Serlizer's put to, and I'm here and my gun, with a lot of powder and shot and slugs, for the stummik of any gallihoot as lays a finger on you, Mr. Nash, or the doctor or the gals."

Returning to the group, the detective urged immediate defensive action, leaving the offensive till the morrow. The Squire at once looked up his armoury, consisting of a rifle, a fowling piece (double-barrelled) and a pair of heavy horse-pistols, with abundant ammunition. The Captain reported that Sylvanus had a shotgun (single-barrelled), and that he had brought the blunderbuss with which he

fired salutes off the *Susan Thomas*. Coristine answered for the revolvers carried by himself and the dominie. The clergy were called in and the situation explained, when both volunteered for service. Mr. Perrowne had a very good gun at his lodgings; and his landlady, whose father had been in the army, possessed a relic of him in the shape of an ancient carbine, which he was sure she would lend to Mr. Errol, with bayonet complete. He went for them, under escort of Rufus and Ben. When Mr. Terry was told, he begged for his son-in-law's "swate-lukin' roifle," and was as cheerful as if a wedding was in progress. Finally, Timotheus got the fowling piece and the Squire looked to the priming of his pistols. Mr. Nash, of course, had both revolver and dirk knife concealed somewhere about his person. Then Mr. Errol conducted family prayers, the children were sent to bed, the ladies briefly informed of the situation, and the garrison bidden a more than usually affectionate good-night.

CHAPTER IX.

The Squire Posts Sentries—Sylvanus Arrests Tryphosa—Change of Watchword—Nash Leads an Advance—The Cheek of Grinstuns—The Hound—Guard-room Conversation—Incipient Fires Extinguished—The Idiot Boy—Grinstun's Awful Check—The Lawyer and the Parson Theologize—Coristine's Hands—Doctor and Miss Halbert.

THE full strength of the garrison was twelve able-bodied men, of whom five carried fowling pieces, one a blunderbuss, another a carbine, another a rifle, and four were armed with pistols. The Squire was in supreme command, and Mr. Nash was adjutant. They decided that the garrison as a whole should go on guard for the night, that is, from ten o'clock till six in the morning, a period of eight hours, making, as the Captain put it, four watches of two hours each. Thus the remaining ten were divided into two guards of five, and, as the morning guard, from four to six, would probably not be required, it was determined to put those who had most need of rest on the companion one from twelve to two. These were Captain Thomas, the veteran Terry, the two parsons, with Wilkinson, who was thrown in simply as a pistol man, the only other of the kind being the lawyer. With ammunition in their pockets, or slung round their shoulders, the first guard sallied forth under the Squire's guidance. Coristine was left to watch the front of the house behind the shrubbery bordering the fence, and keep up communication with Nash, who patrolled the road on horseback. Ben Toner's station was the path running parallel with the palings on the left of the garden, beyond which was an open field, not altogether destitute of stumps. Sylvanus was posted on the edge of the meadow, at the back of the garden and out-houses; and Timotheus, on the right of the stables and connected buildings. Just where the beats of the brothers met, there was a little clump of timber, the only point affording cover to an advancing enemy, and to that post of honour and danger Rufus was appointed. Having placed his men, the Squire returned to the guard-room, his office, and ordered Tryphosa to bring refreshments for the guard, to which he added a box of cigars. The guard discussed the cold ham, the cheese and biscuits, and, in addition, Mr. Errol indulged in some diluted sherry, Perrowne and Wilkinson in a glass of beer, and the Captain and the veteran in a drop of whiskey and water. The Squire took a cigar with those who smoked, but maintained his wakefulness on cold tea. Every half hour he was out inspecting the sentries. Coristine had suggested that the friendly answer to a challenge should be Bridesdale, but, lest the enemy should hear this and take advantage of it, all suspicious persons should be required also to give the countersign, Grinstuns. The dominie sneered at him for the latter; but, when he saw his friend sally forth with loaded pistol to the post of danger, his enmity died, and, rising, he silently shook hands with him at the door. Returning to the guard-room, he breathed a silent prayer for his friend's safety, and then fortified his inner man with the fare provided. Conversation accompanied the impromptu supper, and the subsequent cigar or pipe, at first led by the divines, but afterwards taken clean out of their mouths by the Captain and the veteran, who furnished exciting accounts of their experience in critical situations.

The Squire had gone out for the second time to inspect the sentries. It was eleven o'clock. Coristine, who was first visited, reported a sound of voices at the back of the house, and Toner confirmed the report. The commander-in-chief hastened to the gate leading into the hill meadow, and perceived a figure struggling in the strong grasp of Sylvanus. The sentinel's left arm was round the prisoner, and the gun was in his right hand. As they came towards the gate, the Squire heard piteous entreaties in a feminine voice to be let go, and the answer: "'Tain't no kind o' use, Tryphosy, even ef ye was arter Timotheus an' not me; that ain't it, at all. It's this: yer didn't say Bridesdale when I charligned yer, nor yer couldn't bar-sign Grinstuns. All suspicious carriters has got to be took up, and, ef that ain't bein' a suspicious carriter, this mate on the starn watch don't know what is. I'm rale sorry for yer, and I'm sorry for Timotheus, but juty is juty and orders is strict. Come on, now, and let us hope the Square'll be marciful."

"What is the meaning of this nonsense, Pilgrim?" asked the commander, angrily.

"It's a suspicious carriter as can't give no account of itself, Square. She might ha' been shot as like as not, ef I hadn't gone and took her pris'ner."

"Let the girl alone, and don't make a laughing stock

of yourself. You've already said the passwords loud enough for any lurker to hear, so that we'll have to change them as because o' your stupeedity. Be serious and keep your eyes and gun for strange folk, men or women."

Tryphosa fled into the house, whither Tryphena—who, falling into the same error, had crossed the beat of Timotheus—had already betaken herself, being driven off the field by the more sensible and merciful younger Pilgrim. When the Squire had completed his rounds, he returned to the guard-room, and, telling the story of Sylvanus' folly, which roused the Captain's ire, showed the necessity for new watchwords and better instruction of sentries.

"It maun be something the lads and all the rest o' us ken weel, Squire. What think ye o' Cricket and Golf?" asked Mr. Errol.

"I am afraid that Ben Toner might not know these words," put in the dominie.

"What?" cried Mr. Perrowne, "do you really mean to say that this—ah—Towner needs to be towid what cricket is?"

"I fear so," Wilkinson answered; with the effect that no heathen could have fallen lower in the parson's estimation than did Ben.

"I say good, ship-shape words are Starbud and Port," growled the Captain.

"In Sout Ameriky it was Constitution and Libertad," suggested Mr. Terry.

"Pork and Beans 'll no' do; nor Burdock and Blood Bitters; nor Powder and Shot," said the Squire, ruminating; "for the one ca's up the tither ower nayteral like. What say ye, Maister Wilkinson?"

Wilkinson was taken aback by the suddenness of the question, and blurted out what had been only too much in his thoughts: "Idiot and Boy."

"Capital!" "Well said!" "The very thing!" "Jest suits Sylvanus!" the various voices responded; and the Squire went out to the sentries to make the desired change. The lawyer chuckled when he received the new words, and all the other sentinels repeated to themselves the poetic terms "Eejut and Boy."

It was just on the stroke of midnight, time to relieve the guards, when the distant sound of pistol shots in rapid succession fell simultaneously on the ears of Coristine, Ben and Sylvanus. The lawyer, stepping hastily to the house, called out the armed inmates, and in another minute or so Nash came galloping up. "Stay where you are, Squire, with your sentries; and, you other men, look to your loading and come on with me. I've been fired at by a waggon load of them." The five unposted men hastened out into the road and away after the detective to the left. After going a short distance, the adjutant called a halt, and told the veteran to advance in military order. "Now, min," said Mr. Terry quietly, "extind about tin paces from aich another to the lift, an' Oi'll be the lifthand man. Thin kape wan eye on me an' the other before yeez, and advance whin Oi advance undher cover av the stumps and finces and things. Riddy now—extind!" The movement was well executed, and, as the veteran was eager for the fray, he led them more rapidly than it could be thought the old man had the power to run, until they reached the spot where the waggon had halted. It was gone, without a sign; so the gallant skirmishers re-formed in the road and marched back to quarters. When they arrived at the gate, Coristine could not resist the temptation of a challenge, unnecessary as it was. The dominie was leading, and him he hailed: "Who goes there?" With momentary hesitation, Wilkinson answered in the same undertone:—

"Friends."

"The word, friends?"

"Idiot."

"The countersign, Idiot?"

"Boy."

"Pass, Idiot Boy, and all's well!"

(To be continued.)

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

I AM going to offer, through the columns of THE WEEK, some observations on the political situation in Canada. No apology need be necessary for this. The affairs of a nation are always worthy of reflection, and just now it seems to me there is especial need of frank statements. As I am not in any way associated with Dominion politics, except as an elector, nothing I can say will have any further significance than the opinion of an individual.

The result of the last general election was a close call. The Government was sustained by a narrow majority—about twenty-four, I think, would be a fair statement of the actual majority in the Commons that could be relied upon by the Government. That election I cannot but regard as a violation of sound principles and savouring of party trickery of a most unfair and objectionable character. To suddenly spring an election without reason just on the brink of a census, and when the electoral lists were two years old, and full of names which had ceased to have a qualification, and without the names of multitudes who were qualified, can only be characterized as an outrage. No popular verdict can change the moral aspects of an action like this. No question is settled until it is settled rightly, and ethical laws are immutable and cannot be changed, nor their violation condoned by any popular verdict whatever. The cold, impartial judgment of history will be that this sudden dissolution was dictated by chicane and wholly without justification.

The elections were safely over, however, and the Government had a working majority. To secure this they had the benefit of the enormous prestige of Sir John A. Macdonald; the advantages of superior organization, larger means and exercise of the vast patronage of the Ministry. The result showed that public opinion was very dubious in regard to the maintenance of this Government in power. Spite of the loyalty cry, all too effective, but really absurd, they came through with a very small plurality in the popular vote. In eleven constituencies the Government majority was under fifty, namely: Bagot, 43; Brome, 3; North Bruce, 30; East Grey, 19; L. Islet, 6; North Middlesex, 6; East Peterboro', 28; Prince Edward, 21; Shelburne, 19; South Victoria, 25; South Wentworth, 1. Total 201. A change of 102 votes would have destroyed the Government and made the parties even in the Commons.

Very soon after the elections, Parliament was assembled. Disaster began, then, to dog the heels of the Ministry day after day. First and greatest came the death of Sir John Macdonald, the leader and commanding figure of the Conservative Party. With his death came the terrible revelations in connection with the Department of Public Works, which certainly shocked the country for a time. At the same time irregularities of a very grave character were discovered in connection with the Department of the Interior; the Printing Bureau, which did not leave the Minister, Mr. Chapleau, altogether unscathed, and the Post Office Department, which set afloat ugly rumours respecting the Post Master General. The Oochrane investigation revealed a condition of affairs in one constituency which could not fail to disgust every man who had any sense of honour or any regard for ordinary decency in public life. The next great blow was the census returns, which were, indeed, astounding. They showed that the older Provinces of the Dominion had made little progress during the past ten years, and that little was in cities and towns. The Maritime Provinces had made no increase at all, and nearly half of the finest counties of Ontario had actually retrograded. The great county of Pictou, N.S., with its large coal industry and its iron and steel works, its glass works, foundries and other industries had actually retrograded to the extent of a thousand.

Here was the first crucial test of the value of the National Policy as means of national progress and prosperity. Before its operation all sections of Canada increased at the rate of from fifteen to twenty per cent. every ten years. Now the average rate was about eight per cent., except in the new Provinces of the North-West, where growth is entirely exceptional. The returns were conclusive so far as the agricultural industry is concerned. It meant that the farmers were not developing, and the country generally not making satisfactory progress. It meant also that large numbers of our people had left and were leaving the country. This has always been to a certain extent the case, since it is the fortune of Canada to be situated beside a country having unusual and enormous attractions, industrially and otherwise; but the avowed aim of the National Policy was to check this, and keep Canadians at home. It was a remarkable revelation that during the past ten years the exodus had been greater than ever. Between 1851 and 1861 the United States had been relatively as attractive as now, and yet the population of Nova Scotia increased in those ten years twenty per cent. Between 1861 and 1871, under similar conditions in respect of the United States, the growth of that Province was seventeen per cent. Between 1871 and 1881 there was still an increase greater than the natural increase of the Province about fourteen per cent. But between 1881 and 1891 the increase was only two per cent., while the natural increase of births over deaths must have been more than six times as great. As a consequence it is manifest that over 50,000 people left Nova Scotia during the past ten years for the United States—for practically all who leave go there. The Maritime Provinces as a whole fared even worse. New Brunswick made no increase at all, and P. E. Island actually retrograded, though it is one of the most productive sections of the world, and with a people unsurpassed in enterprise, industry and thrift.

Such a condition of things tells its own tale. It must be met; it is useless to attempt to explain it away. One can talk of additional bank deposits, but this means nothing. In many sections of Canada banks have only recently been introduced. The establishment of bank agencies in small towns and villages everywhere is a recent invention. Before that, thrifty persons kept their money locked up in their trunks, and when a person wished to farm he went to some prosperous person for a loan. Now all accumulations are put into the bank and all loans made through the bank; but it does not follow that any more money is in the country, because the bank deposits have increased. The most absolute test of success in any country is numbers. The increase of the population is conclusive proof of prosperity; the falling off of population is final evidence of deadened misrule. This rule of course applies to young and growing countries. It may, indeed, happen that in an old country like England, France or Belgium, population may be stationary, or even fall off, because of overcrowding. No such condition exists in any section of Canada. But it is a remarkable circumstance that in England, where population is very dense, and where emigration has been steady for many generations, the population for the past ten years actually increased more than that of the five older Provinces of Canada. We have an enormous terri-

tory inviting settlers; England's land is nearly all taken up; Canada has spent hundreds of thousands on immigration; England has rather encouraged emigration. Canada is a scattered country, offering land free; England is a densely populated country, with every foot of land at a high price, and cities and large towns everywhere. Yet it is actually the fact that England increased more in population during the past ten years than the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. Island. Not only more, but at a greater ratio—a larger percentage.

No one, therefore, can seriously argue that the result of the census was not a knock-down blow to the policy of restriction in Canada. You may write books, make speeches, carry constituencies, and shout in triumph, but that will not avail to save the National Policy. It is a failure. The census settled the matter, and put it out of the range of serious debate. It is quite true that a majority of the electors of Canada might be induced by various means to vote to-morrow that it was a great success. But I do not hesitate to hold that this would count for nothing. The voice of the people may be the voice of God, but the first voice isn't, at all times, by any means. The ultimate voice of the people is, and we have not heard that yet, and neither the philosopher nor the historian are greatly concerned as to whether this comes sooner or later.

I do not covet the title of pessimist, but I am ready to bear it with all the consequences if truth is involved in it; and I am therefore free to say that several great evils and dangers surround Canada at this moment, and one of them seems to call for observation at this point. Moral cowardice is essentially characteristic of the Canadian people at the present time. The tendency of the hour here is to worship success, regardless of the meaning by which it is attained. In the minds of most persons it is enough that a party leader wins an election. It is considered visionary to state a principle, and pronounce it unmistakable. If one goes beyond figuring what will answer to carry an election this year he is going out of the range of "practical politics." The issue in a constituency at an election may be "Is the National Policy serving the best interests of the country?" If this issue could be voted upon by intelligent men, free from prejudice, and after full and honest discussion, the judgment at the polls might weigh much. But, if one of the powerful concomitants in the election is an imprudent promise of a railway through a part of the constituency, in the event of the Government candidate being elected, and another, a gang of heelers distributing money in vast sums to debauch the poorer and less principled of the electors, I decline to recognize the voice of God in the verdict. Practical politics we must have, and moonshine is always valueless in political contests, but it is true, nevertheless, that moral laws exist and economic laws prevail, and that none of these can be set aside by any means whatever without the inevitable consequences. Let us, then, not be bound down to the wheels of temporary success. Let us have the courage to think and the manliness to avow our convictions, whether the ballot-boxes of to-day endorse our views or not.

The result of the session of Parliament—a long and memorable one—ought to have been the destruction of the present Government. Their fiscal policy stood discredited by the incontrovertible logic of statistics; the abominable system of corruption, which every intelligent person in Canada has known as a moral certainty to have been the basic principle upon which Sir John A. Macdonald maintained power, was at last made tangible and exposed to public view by evidence the most clear and conclusive. The whole country was shocked. The independent press, with one voice, cried out against it; and at last the pulpit began to thunder, which was an encouraging token that public opinion was not utterly dead. The voice of the civilized world was heard in condemnation, and any person reasoning from general principles would have been certain that the bye-elections would have settled the fate of the Government. The event showed that they did, but in a way little expected by good men. They not only retained their own seats, but they went forward for two or three weeks sweeping constituencies which were naturally Liberal, so that instead of a majority of twenty-four they are now able to boast of a majority of sixty.

There must have been a cause of several causes for this extraordinary result, but these must be discussed in another article.

J. W. LONGLEY.

Halifax, June, 1892.

PARIS LETTER.

PHYSICAL education in France is progressing by leaps and bounds—naturally. The *Petit Journal* takes the lead in this necessary amelioration of the national character; it gives prizes from its own well-filled treasury, and accepts and distributes those contributed by individuals sympathetic with the movement. A walking match from Paris to Belfort is the latest contest organized, and is now being executed, and some thousands of citizens escorted the competitors outside of the city. Of the 1,136 Richmonds who entered the field, but 880 actually started for the 43 prizes. The distance from Paris to Belfort is 267 miles, and the winners are declared in the order of their arrival. The race is open to "all comers," provided they be French. Each competitor is measured and weighed, given a certificate which displays at the same time his photo. At fixed stations along the route controllers mark on the certificate the hour of the owner's arrival.

The competitors may dress themselves as they please, and be of any age and weight; one man is 80 years; plenty boast of 60 summers; but the majority are aged from 25 to 35. There are civilians and soldiers, postmen and acrobats, globe trotters and telegraph boys. One man in flannel costume is accompanied by his dog; a second sports a new tourist's outfit; a third swears by his old clothes; eight out of ten carry a stick; one man is inseparable from his umbrella—he hates railways as they kill pedestrianism, and he must walk 46 miles a day to preserve his health. The majority wear flannel caps with a descending flap over their necks; the Stanley or Indian army hat has many admirers. There was one man, 26 years of age and weighing sixteen stone, who had a knapsack and something like a Robinson Crusoe outfit; his aim clearly was to resemble Falstaff by "larding the lean earth" as he walked. A few competitors were in blue smocks. There was even a waiter in shirt-sleeves and bare-headed, who evidently thought no more of doing 267 miles than of bringing up a bottle of wine from a cellar.

One of the happiest and most popular events of the week has been the visit of some 90 sanitary inspectors from the United Kingdom, in response to the invitation of the *Société Française d'Hygiène*. They were accompanied by their active chairman, Mr. Hugh Alexander, and met in Paris by their honorary president, Dr. Richardson, the eminent London physician, on whose shoulders the mantle of Sanitary Chadwick has fallen, and who did not hesitate to personally assist in bringing the delegates and the French hygienists into touch for the advancement of a common cause, not alone of international, but of universal, salubrity. The visit was a continuous object lesson, where the comparison of plans and the weighing of ideas were guided by the light of practical experience. The visit has enabled the delegates to mark the advance their country has made in sanitation, and what yet remains to be done, while sympathetically attracting the French to push boldly forward on the same successful lines.

And France, that is, her Hygienists, did receive her British guests right royally; it was more than a technical reception, it was a positive fraternization with which the Government had nothing to do. Let peoples, not Governments, cement alliances, and the latter will never be broken. Dr. de Pietra Santa, the veteran sanitary reformer, the Chadwick of France; Messrs. Joltrain, J. de Pietra Santa, and also Dr. Nicholson, Paris correspondent of the *London Academy*, and who writes and speaks French like his native tongue, received the delegates on their arrival. Next day a meeting was held, presided over by Surgeon Péan, the first surgeon in France, who was aided by Dr. Richardson, where a few papers on practical sanitation were read. Then commenced the series of visits to the several municipal sanitary establishments: that for the gratuitous disinfection of bedding materials, where the several processes and precautions employed were rehearsed. Then the night refuge was visited—one of the total of ten in Paris, and where 250 houseless of the male sex are sheltered three nights consecutively, once every two months; their clothes being fumigated, and themselves soaped and hosed. The dépôt for the ambulance vans is well organized; in case of accident or the recognition of a patient suffering from a contagious disease, the telephone at once summons the van, conveys the patient to hospital, and the bedding to be fumigated. Diphtheria is the prevailing and most deadly infectious disease, the result of unsanitary homes, and perhaps of heredity.

The visit to the sewers was extremely interesting and instructive, and was rendered more so by the zealous attention of the young and able engineer, M. Georges Bachmann, *chef* of the sanitary service of Paris. It was a new world for the visitors railing and sailing in subterranean Paris. To exhaust the inspection of the sewer-system involved a visit to the suburbs of Asnières, where the exit of the sewage into the Seine is effected, save that portion, about one-fourth of the total, which is tubed across the river to irrigate soil on the island of Gennevilliers, devoted to the culture of vegetables, fruits and nursery gardens. The excess of sewage, after percolating through the soil, drains off into a pure stream, with only a slightly saline flavour. This suburban excursion was by boat, and was agreeably enhanced by an excellent lunch; appropriate international speeches, full of warmth and sterling earnestness, and instrumental and vocal music followed.

Having experienced the air in underground Paris, the delegates naturally desired to visit the Eiffel Tower; all save thirty-seven of them ascended to the third storey, when they desired to mount to the attic, reserved by M. Eiffel for his private use. M. Eiffel was at that moment doing the honours of his attic with a visitor. The latter, as the delegates could not speak French, translated their request to M. Eiffel, who immediately signed the necessary permission to peep into the attic sanctum. "I like dear Old England, and we all owe her so much!" added the volunteer interpreter, who was no other than King Oscar of Sweden. The delegates then gave his Majesty three cheers, the first ever heard on the summit of the tower, and that must have sent that observing astronomer, M. Jansen, on the hill of Mendon close by, to consult his seismograph. The visit to Paris wound up by the French Hygienists entertaining the delegates at a magnificent banquet at the Grand Hotel, where the eminent Surgeon Péan presided and delivered a felicitous speech, to which Dr. Richardson replied in excellent French and in equally happy terms. The visit has attracted much notice among

the French, who there see that the hand and the heart of England can be reached and gripped wholly apart from speculative politics and politicians.

The Fête de Fleurs was not a pecuniary success this year; as a rule the weather ever mars it, and this is the more regrettable, as the object, exclusively under the auspices of the press, is intended to raise funds for the families of those whose bread-winners have perished in the rescue of victims of accidents.

The visit of President Carnot to Nancy has had for effect, to demonstrate the sagacity of the French in their relations with their neighbours, the Germans, while demonstrating their own strength in the common sentiment of patriotism. Since the crushing out of Ravacholism, the disturbers of the peace wisely hide their diminished heads. The trip to Nancy was also remarkable for the failure of another noisy minority to breed complications by displaying Russian flags. The Roman Catholic clergy, whose attitude many were anxious to note, proved that they had thoroughly accepted the common sense doctrine and orders of the Pope, not to mix up politics with religion. Z.

CANADA.

YOUNG men and Nations mark ye well,
Freedom is Heaven, Dependence Hell.

My Canada, to thee I cry,
A wanderer from my country—
Self-exiled, my parental tie
Clean cut, shall love thee till I die.

O wake thee, Canada!—God please!—
From lethargic and slothful ease
Shake thee! The flaming future seize;
Flaunt now thy banner to the breeze.

While maunders whine of country old
And call thee "child," and bid thee hold
Her petticoats, let this be told:
Thy children wander from thy fold.

Does the strong son, valiant of pace,
Sit in the dust and hide his face;
Cling to his mother, shirk his place
In the world's stern and vigorous race?

Long hast thou sought the languid lane
Of dull dependence; long hast fain,
Mistakenly, declared it gain
To drowse the day, supine, inane.

Look at thy past in England's trail!
Thy history, 'tis a pigmy tale;
Thy noblest Song, a baby's wail,
Laughed at by Nations free and hale.

Nor epoch-doing, foul nor fair,
From thy lean record pages stare,
Weak monotint! Unflecked thy hair
By the clear, bracing frost of care.

Responsibility's the nerve
That stirs the world, makes bold reserve,
Drives fear from man so that he serve
At cannon's mouth, nor ever swerve.

Art thou a suckling still to creep,
Contented, when thy neighbours leap;
Dependent still to snore and sleep
While equals sow and spin and reap?

God save! In manhood's stalwart stay
Thy feet are set, thy glorious day
Is far past dawn! See how the ray
Of sun long high illumines thy way.

Arouse! from pealing spire and dome
Fling out thy flag, that all who roam
From the Atlantic to Pacific foam
May tread an independent home.

Broad-breasted land, whose giant girth
Spans, sea to sea, the half of earth,
Wake to a day of power and worth!
Wake to thy heritage by birth.

JAMES BARR.

THE ARCHIC WOMAN—III.

AS the reader is already aware from Madame Lalage's letter, we had a dinner at her house on the evening of the day the deputation was introduced to Mr. (now Sir John) Abbott by Mr. Dickey, M.P. It was one of the most interesting dinners which has ever taken place at Ottawa. "Yes, the Prime Minister received us well." "With two Prime Ministers with us we should soon have the franchise throughout the Empire." "Our trampled sex." "Exquisite." Over expressions of this sort the voice of Glaucus soon imposed itself as he said:—

"Horace says there are times when the people see what is right, and times when they err, which is about as safe a piece of obvious commonplace as anything that ever

was impressed by his stylus, or fell from the pen of Macaulay. However whimsical and impulsive the people may seem to be, their conduct is determined by laws as certain in their operation as those which govern the physical universe. Dogs love to-day with the same unchanging devotion as Argus. The lion is the same as when he entered the ark. Man to-day is very like Noah and his sons. Under the same external conditions human nature will always present the same phenomena. Thousands of years hence men will live in the midst of a splendid civilization in Africa, among whom we should find ourselves at home, and many hundred years ago lived men who would be at home with us to-day. Notwithstanding all our prating about progress, human nature is always the same. This may be humiliating, but it constitutes the charm of history, and were it otherwise, history would cease to be instructive. Politics can, therefore, be made a subject of scientific study. The knowledge thus gained may, like other knowledge, be turned to good or bad account, according as the statesman is animated by high or low motives. If he aim solely to do those he rules good in the highest sense, he will set himself a noble task, but one the people themselves will render difficult; if his end be purely selfish, he may succeed and even with happy incidental results; if his motives be mixed, as most men's are, partly self-aggrandisement, partly the benefit of the people, he is, if adequately endowed and equipped, and the opportunity comes, likely to be entirely successful and will do much entitling him to the just gratitude of the nation."

"But," said McKnom, "whatever may be his place in the moral scale, no man can for long rule a people unless he have the ruling faculty, which may be improved by education and study. His position and the nature of his mind have their peculiar temptations and dangers. The discovery of the leader or ruler is like so much that is controlling in human destiny the work of opportunity. It is clearly not the work of human insight, for it is positively ludicrous to see the doubt and distrust with which a man is regarded to-day whom to-morrow the distrusters crown. The foolish things of the world are chosen to confound the wise, and the stone that the builders rejected becomes the head of the corner."

"Bravo!" cried Gwendolen.

"Bravissimo," said Madame Lalage. "But we have heard enough of the archic man. Is there no man here gallant enough to propose the health of the archic woman?"

Up rose Rectus and said: "Madam Lalage, Mr. Lalage, ladies and gentlemen. I give you the Archic Woman," and he coupled it with the name of Gwendolen. We all drank the health enthusiastically. Gwendolen rose and said:—

"You must excuse me—I will"—and she laid her white hand on the old man's shoulder—"ask my dear friend, Mr. McKnom, to take my place."

The old man seemed touched. He stood up. There was a "wee drop" in that blue prophetic eye, but it was not wine. He seemed for a moment embarrassed. We cheered him. The look of tender sadness was replaced by a smile, and from the curious, classical, philosophical, phantastical and humorous recesses of his well-stored mind he poured forth with a cadent eloquence the following reply:—

"Now that women are becoming senior wranglers, doctors and barristers; want to vote and almost capture Lord Salisbury in England and Mr. Abbott in Canada; seeing that one of the first novelists of the day is a woman, as was one of the first of the last generation; seeing, too, that in all times they have made successful rulers of states; bearing in mind, moreover, that the female spider is the larger and fiercer insect and is wooed at the peril of death; that also the leader of the Buffalo herd was always, not a bull, as is ignorantly supposed, but a cow; and taking cognizance of the fact that women are the true aristocrats of social life, and exercise absolute sway in the drawing-room, not to speak of the terrible tyranny a woman can exert over a lover, and the dismal despotism she sometimes imposes on a husband; the historic memory, too, crowded with bloody wars, frays and battles and sieges, all for her, and taking no note whatever of the trivial duel in which many a brave fellow has closed his eyes forever because two fair orbs were all too fair to look on

*Glyceria nitor
Splendentis pario marmore purius;*

and noting the great statesmen and warriors who have come to grief through woman's love, from Mark Antony to Parnell—may not the time have come for man seriously to consider whether, should the scope of feminine activity be enlarged, he shall be able to preserve even a shred of freedom? Talk of the secrecy of the ballot-box—let woman once become a politician and before her glance it disappears. Talk of bribery and corruption and undue influence—can a Minister of Justice devise legal chains for a woman's whisper, affix disabilities to her smiles, or measure the wreck of electoral independence her eyes can work? (Cheers.)

"Ere man (he went on lifting his right hand and pointing with the forefinger) is utterly disestablished and disendowed, discredited and disrowned, snubbed, subordinated and enslaved; on the threshold of his power's decay; touching that abyss of social and political revolution made imminent by the dangerous change in the sentiments of statesmen as to the true status of woman—that abyss where man 'the lord of creation,' shall lie and rise

no more, let us pause and perpend the tremendous influence for good or for evil a single woman—"a weak woman"—as the cant phrase runs, may exert over her own and succeeding times. (Hear, hear.)

"Hardly does a capital or court exist to-day, hardly has one existed for nineteen centuries, where a society so cultured can be, or could have been found, as that of Rome in the time of Augustus. To get anything like it we have to go to the Athens of the Periclean age. Statesmen as sagacious as Macænas can be named—but when has a statesman been able to surround himself with such a galaxy of men of genius? Still some might maintain for this a parallel could be had. But where shall we find shining amongst these the more dazzling stars of women highly cultivated, well read in the best reading of their time—the best reading of all times? The writings of Horace and of the elegiac poets; of Cicero; of the historians lift the curtain from a stage where we see women of surpassing loveliness, well acquainted with Greek literature and with Latin literature, skilled to sing and play, full of grace and wit. The description given of Sulpicia in the letter of compliment addressed to her by Tibullus on the 1st of March, the Matronalia, when gracious messages and graceful gifts were sent to matron or maid, bodies forth the 'infinite variety' of many a lady of that day.

*Illam, quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor—*

I hardly dare attempt a rendering, and poor is the following:—

Whate'er she does, where'er her footsteps stray,
A thousand graces round each movement play.

And Sulpicia could write as well as Tibullus himself—witness the brief, beautiful little poems in which now she wishes openly to avow her love for Cerinthus; now repents of an appearance of coldness,

Ardores cupiens dissimulare meum,

because she wished to hide the warmth of her feelings; and now declares her unwillingness to leave Rome on her birthday because all the beauty of wood and stream and lea would be overshadowed with gloom because Cerinthus would not be there:—

*Invehis natalis adest, qui rure molesto,
Et sine Cerintho tristis agendus erit.
Dulcius urbe quid est? an villa sit apta puella,
Atque Arcetino frigidus annus agro?*

Numbers of freed-women were highly cultivated and beautiful like the Hetairai at Athens—but with these we are not concerned. In good society the young noblewomen were well-read in the masterpieces of Grecian art, and wrote and sang, and met in equal converse with young men of high birth, the greatest of whom such accomplished wits as Ovid—one of the finest and brightest young gentlemen of his time. In men and women literary and artistic accomplishments were combined in extraordinary perfection with personal fascination. ('Hear, hear,' from Professor Glaucus.)

"It is clear from Horace's great national odes that there was a desire on the part of Augustus, and on that of all thinking men, to restore, if possible, the old Roman simplicity and virtue. The lady who was, before she had thrown off all restraint, at the head of young Roman society, had she fallen in with these noble dreams, might have infused a serious purpose into the lives of those around her by moving herself along the lines of high intent. But Julia—the most highly cultivated, the most brilliant, the most beautiful woman of her time, and distinguished by her rare personal and mental gifts as highly as by her imperial station—saw no meaning in life of larger significance than the rose-foam of its pleasures, or profounder than the ebb and flow, the joy and pang of delight. And she gave the tone to the fashionable world of Rome—the tone to the gay young writers who catered to the fashion of the hour. Hence it is that Ovid, whose writings are a mirror of society, has every gift of the poet—but heart. Good taste, readiness of wit, quickness of resource, duplicity had taken the place of good faith, manly gravity, matronly dignity and female worth. His love is of the shallowest vein, and his 'Ars Amandi' is a didactic poem, full of wit, with fine bursts of genuine poetry, in which he teaches the most vile of all arts. Carefully planned and composed, abounding with Attic salt and beautiful passages, so that it was a favourite with the grave Milton, it is the most striking index to the morals of the fashionable world of the day. Ovid is not driven to mockery and cynicism as Lord Byron was by real or fancied wrongs, and Byron seems at times ashamed of 'Don Juan.' But Ovid gives no hint that his work needed any apology. A man who knew what married happiness was, he has no trace of the old Roman respect for family life. Unrestrained to enjoy—this is the key-note of his writings, and this is embodied in the life of the beautiful woman, the daughter of an emperor, of a race prolific of great men, the wife of princes, whose end was to be banished to a barren isle by a father who could no longer either for his own or his people's sake, brook her disorders. (Here Irene sighed.)

"Who can doubt but that had she had the spirit which animated such Roman matrons as the mother of the Gracchi—of thousands who added dignity and beauty to Roman homes in earlier days—the tone of Roman fashionable society would have taken tint and temper from her and the brilliant young noblemen, and noblewomen would have lived lives more useful to themselves and the world,

and the poets of society would have 'moralized their song'?" (Loud cheers.)

Glaucus: "Is it not Pascal says, if Cleopatra's nose was turned the hundredth part of an inch the history of the world would have been wholly different?"

McKnom: "My friend Glaucus has given us an instance of a lady who, Heaven knows, was powerful enough. Beaten—at the mercy of the conqueror—a glance of her eye, and the victor of a hundred battles, the master of the world, is at her feet. It will not be inappropriate to conclude my speech by saying that I lean towards granting the ladies the right to vote—and the only question is whether we might not make with them a treaty of reciprocity, and insist that if we give them the right to vote they shall abandon some of their existing privileges. (Laughter.) A committee composed of the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Laurier and the 'mover,' whoever he may be, might meet four of the ladies taking a lead in the movement. The number of beaux a fashionable beauty, allowed to vote, should be allowed to have would be a question of nice deliberation. (Laughter.) What privileges a handsome young widow should be permitted to retain would be a grave and complex question. (Renewed laughter.) Under what circumstances a matron should have the franchise would raise delicate issues. What offences on her part would entail disqualification? If for instance her husband ratted from her party, or utterly refused to support her favourite candidate, and she threatened to give him cold mutton for dinner for a whole week, would this be an offence entailing the loss of her franchise? (Cries of 'certainly,' and 'hear, hear.') A number of questions bearing on canvassing, personation, treating, would come up. Suppose a lady to act like the fair Devonshire in Fox's election, would it void the member's seat? (Cries of 'yes' and 'no.') Under what category would it come? Bribery? Undue influence? Coercion? Or would a new offence be created—osculation?"

"Osculation? (A voice, 'obfuscation'; and laughter.) These are difficult matters, but not beyond solution if we have a really efficient committee. The last point would give infinite scope for the fine analytical faculty of Mr. Blake. A kiss could not be bribery, because nothing of tangible worth passes (a laugh); nor coercion, for nobody need be kissed unless he likes; nor undue influence—for the very essence of undue influence is that those using it shall be able, by reason of some spiritual or temporal relation, to affect to the hopes or fears of the other party. Looking at fears—it would seem to bring it within the bounds of the definition, but only if there should be a menace to kiss (cries of 'oh,' and 'shame,' and laughter); hopes, too, might be appealed to by, say, a great heiress. It's a very nice question. It is obvious that a great deal would depend on the lips themselves (hear, hear); then a good deal would turn on the position of their owner; what estate she was possessed of. After all we have only touched the hem of this great question; ripped up a gusset, so to speak, of a complicated matter; for, if kissing is to be tabooed, what about hand squeezing? Altogether, the question is full of difficulties. The one thing certain is that the ladies have immense power for good or evil now, and no enfranchisement will add to their capacity for raising and ennobling society—none to their power of bringing the tragic element into human affairs, unless, indeed, taking part in elections should coarsen them, in which case that peculiar influence, now so potent for good or evil, might be greatly impaired. Voting is not an unmixed good—and we see men constantly apply a different standard to their conduct in an election from what they would in the ordinary affairs of life. The man sighs and does it, and cries with our friend Ovid in that same poem, the 'Ars Amandi':—

*Videò meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.*

I see the good and I approve it too,
And yet perversely I the bad pursue."

(Loud and prolonged cheers.)

A burst of eulogistic comment followed, and "the old man eloquent" looked greatly pleased. Gwendolen looked and spoke her thanks, and Irene threw in her smiles.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE CRITIC.

THE Astronomer Royal for Ireland, Sir Robert Ball, discusses in a most interesting paper in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* that often-discussed and vexing rather than vexed question, the duration of terrestrial habitability. He points out that "the question as to the continued existence of man on this globe resolves itself eventually into an investigation as to the permanence of the heat supply"; passes in review, with that light but firm touch which shows mastery of the subject, the sources from which heat is derivable; shows that the problem turns on "the possibility of the infinite duration of the sun as a source of radiant energy"; and concludes, from calculations made by Professor Langley, that "the race is as mortal as the individual, and, so far as we know, its span cannot under any circumstances be run out beyond a number of millions of years which can certainly be told on the fingers of both hands, and probably on the fingers of one."

Often as this startling conclusion has been repeated, just as often is it just as startling. The mortality of the

individual is tame in comparison; for though a man dies, his works do follow him; there is a continuation of his energy in his accomplished achievements, his wealth, his progeny, his memory, his thought, his good, and, alas! his evil. But when the race ends, what is there? Mind, we say, cannot exist without matter, and we mean matter of a certain degree of organization. But when matter becomes disorganized, inert, mindless, what is left?

It is curious and it is disappointing that the question seems always to be discussed from its physical aspect only. Sir Robert Ball is content to leave the momentous issue he has reached with the simple sentence last quoted. It is enough for the physicist to know that some day this planet will be dead and all life on it extinct. He busies himself chiefly with calculations on the continuance of the supply of heat, and is satisfied if he come within some half-dozen millions of years. But will the metaphysician rest here?

Looking at it purely from its secular aspect, and putting aside for the time the theory of a new heavens and a new earth, what thoughts will not Sir Robert Ball's conclusion suggest? Man, or the highest evolved successor of man, with all his progress, all his thought, and all his art—which is but the concretion of thought—will, in some quite measurable period of time, be simply as if he had never been. This generation works that it and the next may live. For what shall the last generation work? Towards what goal shall all effort strive? This earth one day, it matters little how long hence, will lose its heat and its habitability, will be moistureless, its oceans ice, its soil dead, its night undawned upon. Is then all man's progress progress towards annihilation, a blind hastening towards a sheer wall of eternal negation, a leaping into a silent abyss of universal nihilism? Strange! life appears, it knows nothing of itself, whence it came, what it is; yet it is impelled onwards, with toil and turmoil, turbulent and tumultuous. Whence the impulse, whither the impulse? The question is oppressive in its stupendousness; its utter inexplicability makes us shudder, and the very recognition of our ability to ask it terrifies us.

There are philosophies that give an answer. Theosophy talks of spiral evolutions, of migration from planet to planet, of life in other worlds than ours. But of such science takes no thought. Enough for science that this rotatory globe is man's habitat, and that man and his habitat will ere long be a dark, rolling mass of moving death. And yet we talk of poetry as a thing divine, of art as foreshadowing the eternal, of thought as a glimpse into the infinite. Whereas to the pure physicist man is but *homo sapiens*, to be classed with trilobites and cave-bears, and man's works of no more permanence or worth than the coral of the polyp or the ant hills of the hymenoptera.

Truly science cannot rede for us the riddle of the universe. If there is a meaning to life, if there is a goal for progress, an aim for thought and effort, the extinction of a planet or of a solar system will not obliterate it. Here surely is a field for philosophy, for a sort of cosmogonic psychology. Psychology to-day investigates the intimate relations subsisting between thought and matter as obtained in the human mind and its corporeal envelope; can we not conceive a tribal, or rather a racial, psychology which shall investigate the relations between thought and matter as obtaining in the human race and its planetary habitat? Here indeed is a quite legitimate field for speculation, though at present, no doubt, science and metaphysics are too far apart to be able to co-operate in the problem. At present, though we believe in the persistence of thought, science demands a material vehicle for thought. But when the material vehicle is no more, what becomes of thought? Neither metaphysics nor science dare give answer, though both profess to believe in the interdependence and unity of the Kosmos.

To many surely this unequivocal decision of science as to the total extermination of Life presents an amazing puzzle. "Evolution," "differentiation," "progress," are words to which modern writers have so accustomed us, that we have lost sight of this fact of a limit to our onward march, and of the accompanying fact of our absolute ignorance as to what lies beyond that limit. To say that although all the concrete and tangible products of spirit may be swallowed up in death, yet spirit itself will persist, is a mere metaphysical hypothesis upon which science will express no opinion whatever. In fact science, so far as Life is concerned, is as absolutely limited to our planet, as psychology, so far as Life is concerned, is as absolutely limited to the individual. When will metaphysics and science enter hand-in-hand upon that larger psychology which shall investigate the relations between all matter and all life? Will this be the philosophical problem of the twentieth century? Meanwhile we must acquiesce in ignorance and stifle amazement, comforting ourselves with those comforting words of Carlyle:—

But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

To the minnow every cranny and pebble and quality and accident of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds and monsoons, the moon's eclipses—by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may from time to time be quite upset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the immeasurable all.—*Carlyle.*

THE LOVER'S JUNE.

SWEET June is here—so come
And wander o'er the fields with me,
To breathe the fragrance of the tree,
And list the beetle's hum.

No pearls have I to bind
Those massive coils of golden hair,
But Flora's gems—more sweet and fair—
For thee I'll gladly find.

No queenly foot could tread
A nobler tap'stried path than thine,
Where violets blue and eglantine
For thee their beauties spread.

The wild vine, robed anew
In glorious green, its tendrils flings
Around each bough, and wanton springs
To kiss the falling dew.

And mark the busy bee,
From flower to flower, on tireless wing,
Speed on his luscious stores to bring
Safe home right merrily.

And loud the robin's song,
On treetop to his list'ning mate
Is heard, while tuneful warblers wait
To join the choral throng.

Beside the wimpling stream
Sweet bobolink lilts as he speeds
To greet the sun o'er grassy meads,
And bathe in morn's first beam.

La Flute's quaint veery notes
The gloomy pinetree groves awake;
And midst the maples green now break
Strains from a thousand throats.

Ah! come then forth with me;
The balmy air yields rich perfume,
And birds with song, and flowers with bloom,
Invite to share their glee.

Alas! June fades away;
And sere leaves on the boughs shall hang;
And bowers be mute where warblers sang,
When comes stern winter's day.

But in fond hearts—in tune—
No matter how the seasons seem—
Mid low'ring cloud or rosy gleam,
'Tis June! 'tis ever June!

DUNCAN ANDERSON.

OLD MAN SAVARIN.

OLD Ma'ame Paradis had caught seventeen small doré, four suckers, and eleven channel-catfish before she used up all the worms in her tomato-can. Therefore she was in a cheerful and loquacious humour when I came along and offered her some of my bait.

"Merci; non, M'sieu. Dat's nuff fishin' for me. I got too old now for fish too much. You like me make you present of six or seven doré? Yes? All right. Then you make me present one-quarter dollar."

When this transaction was completed, the old lady got out her short, black, clay pipe and filled it with *tabac blanc*.

"Ver' good smell for scare mosquitoes," said she. "Sit down, M'sieu. For sure I like to be here, me, for see the river when she's like this."

Indeed the scene was more than picturesque. Her fishing-platform extended twenty feet from the rocky shore of the great Rataplan Rapid of the Ottawa; which, beginning to tumble a mile to the westward, poured a roaring torrent half a mile wide into the broader, calm, brown reach below. Noble elms towered on both shores. Between their trunks we could see many whitewashed cabins, whose doors of blue or green or red scarcely disclosed their colours in that light.

The sinking sun, which already touched the river, seemed somehow the source of the vast stream that flowed radiantly from its blaze. Through the glamour of evening's mist and the maze of June flies, we could see a dozen men scooping for fish from platforms like that of Ma'ame Paradis.

Each scooper lifted a great hoop-net set on a handle some fifteen feet long, threw it easily up stream, and swept it on edge with the current to the full length of his reach. Then it was drawn out and at once thrown upward again, if no capture had been made. In case he had taken fish, he came to the inshore edge of his platform and upset the net's contents into a pool, separated from the main rapid by an improvised wall of stones.

"I am too old for scoop some now," said Ma'ame Paradis, with a sigh.

"You were never strong enough to scoop, surely," said I.

"No, eh? All right, M'sieu. Then you haint nev' hear 'bout the time old man Savarin was caught up with.

No, eh? Well, I'll tell you 'bout that." And was this her story as she told it to me:—

Der was fun dose time. Nobody aint nev' catch up with dat old rascal any other time since I'll know him first. Me, I'll be only fifteen den. Dat's long time 'go, eh? Well, for sure, I aint so old like what I'll look. But old man Savarin was old already. He's old, old, old, when he's only t'irty, an' *mean*—*bapteme!* If de old Nick ain' got de hottest place for dat old stingy, yes, for sure!

You'll see up dere where Frawce Seguin is scoop? Dat's the Laroque platform by right. Me, I was a Laroque. My fader was use for scoop dere, an' my gran-fader—the Laroques scoop dere all de time since ever dere was some Rapid Rataplan. Den old man Savarin he's buyed the land up dere from Felix Ladoucier, an' he's told my fader: "You can't scoop no more wisout you pay me rent."

"Rent!" my fader say. "*Sapree!* Dat's my fader's platform for scoop fish! You ask anybody."

"Oh, I'll know all 'bout dat," old man Savarin is say. "Ladoucier let you scoop front of his land, for Ladoucier is one big fool. De land's mine now, an' de fishin'-right is mine. You can't scoop dere wisout you pay me rent."

"*Bapteme!* I'll show you 'bout dat," my fader say. Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den old man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate make my fader pay nine shillin'!

"Mebby dat's learn you one lesson," old man Savarin is say.

My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say:—

"Well, Narcisse, dere hain' no use for take it out in *malediction*. De nine shillin' is paid. You scoop more fish—dat's the way."

So my fader he is go out early, early nex' mawny. He's scoop, he's scoop. He's catch plenty fish before old man Savarin come.

"You ain't got nuff yet for fishin' on my land, eh? Come out of dat," old man Savarin is say.

"*Sapree!* Ain' I pay nine shillin' for fish here?" my fader say.

"*Oui*—you pay nine shillin' for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain't pay nothin' for fish *wis* my leave. You is goin' up before de magistrate some more."

So he is fetch my fader up anoder time. An' de magistrate make my fader pay twelve shillin' more!

"Well, I s'pose I can go fish on my fader's platform *now*," my fader is say.

Old man Savarin laugh.

"Your honour, dis man tink he don't have for pay me no rent, because you'll make him pay two fines for trespass on my land."

So de magistrate told my fader he hain't got no more right for go on his own platform than he was at de start. My fader is ver' angry. He's cry, he's tear his shirt—but old man Savarin only say: "I guess I learn you one good lesson, Narcisse."

De whole village ain't told de old rascal how much dey was angry 'bout dat, for old man Savarin is got dem all in debt at his big store. He is grin, grin, and told everybody how he learn my fader two lesson. An' he is told my fader: "You see what I'll be goin' for do wis you if ever you go on my land again wisout you pay me rent."

"How much you want?" my fader say.

"Half de fish you catch."

"*Monjee!* Never!"

"Five dollar a year, den."

"*Sapree*, no. Dat's too much."

"All right! Keep off my land, if you haint want anoder lesson."

"You're a thief," my fader say.

"Hermidas, make up Narcisse Laroque bill," de old rascal say to his clerk. "If he hain't pay dat bill to-morrow, I sue him."

So my fader is scare mos' to death. Only my moder she's say: "*I'll* pay dat bill, me."

So she's take de money she's saved up long time for make my weddin' when it come. An' she's pay dat bill.

So den my fader hain't scare no more, an' he is shake his fist *good* under old man Savarin's ugly nose. But dat old rascal only laugh an' say: "Narcisse, you liked to be fined some more, eh?"

"*Tort dieu!*—You rob me of my place for fish, but I'll take my platform anyhow," my fader is say.

"Yes, eh? All right—if you can get him wisout go on my land. But you go on my land, and see if I don't learn you anoder lesson," old Savarin is say.

So my fader is rob of his platform, too. Nex' ting we hear, Frawce Seguin has rent dat platform for five dollar a year.

Den de big fun begin. My fader an' Frawce is cousin. All de time before den dey was good friend. But my fader he is go to Frawce Seguin's place an' he is told him:

"Frawce, I'll goin' for lick you so hard you can't nev' scoop on my platform."

Frawce only laugh. Den old man Savarin come up de hill.

"Fetch him up to de magistrate, an' learn him anoder lesson," he is say to Frawce.

"What for?" Frawce say.

"For try to scare you."

"He haint hurt me none."

"But he's say he will lick you."

"Dat's only because he's vex," Frawce say.

"*Bapteme!* Non!" my fader say. "I'll be goin' for lick you good, Frawce."

"For sure?" Frawce say.

"*Sapree!* Yes; for sure."

"Well, dat's all right den, Narcisse. When you goin' for lick me?"

"First time I'll get drunk. I'll be goin' for get drunk dis same day."

"All right, Narcisse. If you goin' get drunk for lick me, I'll be goin' get drunk for lick you"—*Canadien* haint nev' fool nuff for fight, M'sieu, only if dey is got drunk.

Well, my fader hees go on old Marceau's hotel an' he's drink all day. Frawce Seguin he's go cross de road on Joe Manfraud's hotel an' he's drink all day. When de night come, deys bosc stand out in front of de two hotel for fight.

Deys bosc yell an' deys yell for make de oder feller scare bad before dey begin. Hermidas Laroude an' Jawunny Leroi deys hold my fader for fear he's go 'cross de road for keel Frawce Seguin dead. Pierre Seguin an' Magloire Sauvé is hold Frawce for fear he's come 'cross de road for keel my fader dead. And dose men fight dat way 'cross de road, till dey haint hardly able for stand up no more.

My fader he's tear his shirt and he's yell: "Let me at him!" Frawce he's tear his shirt and he's yell: "Let me at him!" But de men haint goin' for let dem loose, for fear one is strike de oder ver' hard. De whole village is shiver 'bout dat otte fight.

Well, deys fight like dat for more as four hours till dey haint able for yell no more, an' dey haint got no money left for buy wheeskey for de crowd. Den Marceau and Joe Manfraud told him bosc it was a shame for two cousins to fight so bad. An' my fader he's say he's ver' sorry dat he lick Frawce so hard, an' deys bosc sorry. So deys kiss one anoder good—only all their cloes is tore to pieces.

An' what you tink 'bout old man Savarin? Old man Savarin is just stand in front of his store all de time an' he's say: "I'll tink I'll fetch him *bosc* hup to de magistrate an' I'll learn him *bosc* a lesson."

Me, I'll be only fifteen, but I haint scare 'bout dat fight same like my poor moder is scare. No more is Alphonsine Seguin scare. She's seventeen, an' she wait for de fight to be all over. Den she take her fader home, same like I'll take my fader home for bed. Dat's after twelve o'clock of night.

Nex' mawny early my fader he's groaned and he's groaned:—

"Ah—ugh—I'm sick, sick, me. I'll be goin' for die dis time, for sure."

"You get up an' scoop some fish," my moder she's say, angry. "Den you haint be sick no more."

"Ach—ugh—I'll haint be able. Oh, I'll be so sick. An' I hain' got no place for scoop fish now no more. Frawce Seguin has rob my platform."

"Take de nex' one lower down," my moder she's say.

"Dat's Jawunny Leroi's."

"All right for dat. Jawunny he's hire for run timber to-day."

"Ugh—I'll not be able for get up. Send for M'sieu le curé—I'll be goin' for die for sure."

"*Misere*, but dat's no *man!* Dat's a drunk pig," my moder she's say, angry. "Sick, eh? Lazy, lazy—dat's so. An' dere haint no fish for de little chilluns an' it's Friday mawny." So my moder she's begin for cry.

Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawunny Leroi's platform. Only dere haint nev' much fish dere.

Pretty quick I'll look up and I'll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader's old platform. Alphonsine's fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an' all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my little brudders is too little. So dere Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop for breakfas'.

What you tink I'll see again? I'll see old man Savarin. He's watchin' from de corner of de cedar bush, an' I'll know ver' good what he's watch for. He's watch for catch my fader goin' on his own platform. He's want for learn my fader anoder lesson. *Sapree*—dat's make me ver' angry, M'sieu!

Alphonsine she's scoop, scoop plenty fish. I'll not be scoop none. Dat's make me more angry. I'll look up where Alphonsine is, an' I'll talk to mysef:—

"Dat's my fader's platform," I'll be say. "Dat's my fader's fish what you catch, Alphonsine. You haint nev' be my cousin no more. It is mean, *mean* for Frawce Seguin to rent my fader's platform for please dat old rascal Savarin." Mebby I'll not be so angry at Alphonsine, M'sieu, if I was able for catch some fish; but I haint able—

I don't catch none.

Well, M'sieu, dat's de way for long time—half-hour mebby. Den I'll hear Alphonsine yell good. I'll look up de river some more. She's try for lift her net. She's try hard, hard, but she haint able. De net is down in de rapid, an' she's only able for hang on to de handle. Den I'll pull she's got one big sturgeon an' he's so big she can't pull him up.

Monjee—what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh, me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonsine for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to mysef:—

"Dat's good for dose Seguins," I'll say. "De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonsine she will

lose her fader's scoop wis de sturgeon. Dat's good nuff for dose Seguin. 'Take my fader platform, eh?'

For sure, I'll want for go an' help Alphonsine all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. But I'll only just laugh, laugh. *Non*, M'sieu; dere was not one man out on any of de oder platform dat mawny for to help Alphonsine. Dey was all sleep ver' late, for dey was all out ver' late for see de offle fight I told you 'bout.

Well, pretty quick, what you tink? I'll see old man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonsine an' deys bosc pull an' deys bosc pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

Oh, *tort dieu!* What you tink come den? Why, dat old man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

Firat dey haint speak so I can hear, for de Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick deys bosc angry, and I hear dem talk.

"Dat's my fish," old man Savarin is say. "Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sure?"

Me—I'll laugh good. *Dass such* an old rascal.

"You get off dis platform, quick," Alphonsine she's say.

"Give me my sturgeon," he's say.

"Dat's a lie—it haint your sturgeon. It's my sturgeon," she's yell.

"I'll learn you one lesson 'bout dat," he's say.

Well, M'sieu, Alphonsine she's pull back de fish just when old man Savarin is make one big grab. An' when she's pull back, she's step to one side an' de old rascal he is grab at de fish, an' de heft of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he's tumble in de Rapid when Alphonsine let go de sturgeon. So dere's old man Savarin floatin' down de river—an' me! I'll don't care eef he's drown one bit!

One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he's goin' for be draw into de *culbute* an' get drown' dead, if I'll not be able for scoop him when he's go by my platform. I'll want for laugh, but I'll be too much scare.

Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop and I'll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is ran so fast, I'm mos' 'fraid de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat, I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sure, he's hold on good!

So dere's de old rascal in de scoop, but when I'll got him safe, I haint able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh—he's look *ver'* queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull heem up if I'll want to.

De old man is scare *ver'* bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he's got hees ugly old head up good.

"Pull me in," he's say, *ver'* angry.

"I'll haint be able," I'll say.

Jus' den Alphonsine she's come long, an' she's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hantle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: "I'll learn you bosc one lesson for this. Pull me ashore."

"Oh! You'se learn us bosc one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh?" Alphonsine she's say. "Well, den, us bosc will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little," she's say to me.

So we pull him up, an' den Alphonsine she's say to me: "Let out de hantle, quick"—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got he's head up pretty quick.

"*Monjee!* I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out," he's mos' cry.

"Ver' well. If you'se drown, your famly be *ver'* glad," Alphonsine she's say. "Den they's got all your money for spend quick, quick."

M'sieu, dat's scare him offle. He's begin for cry like one baby.

"Save me out," he's say. "I'll give you anyting I've got."

"How much?" Alphonsine she's say.

He's tink and he's say: "Quarter dollar."

Alphonsine an' me is laugh, laugh.

"Save me," he's cry some more. "I haint fit for die dis mawny."

"You hain' fit for live no mawny," Alphonsine she's say. "One quarter dollar, eh? Where's my sturgeon?"

"He's got away when I'll fall in."

"How much you goin' give me for lose my big sturgeon?"

"How much you'll ask, Alphonsine?"

"Two dollare."

"Dat's too much for one sturgeon," he's say. For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more 'fraid for pay out his money.

"Let him down some more," Alphonsine she's say.

"Oh, *misere, misere!* I'll pay de two dollare," he's say when his head come up some more.

"Ver' well, den," Alphonsine she's say, "I'll be willin' for save you, me. But you hain' scooped by me. You'se in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You'se her sturgeon"; an' Alphonsine she's laugh an' laugh.

"I didn't lose no sturgeon for Marie," he's say.

"No, eh?" I'll say myself. "But you'se steal my fader's platform. You'se take his fishin' place. You'se got him fined two times. You'se make my moder pay his bill wis my weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all

dat? You tink I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for notin'? When you ever do someting for anybody for notin', eh, M'sieu Savarin?"

"How much you want?" he's say.

"Ten dollare for de platform, dat's all."

"Never—dat's robbery," he's say, an' he's begin to cry like *ver'* *l'll* baby.

"Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more," Alphonsine she's say.

But de old rascal is so scare 'bout dat, dat he's say he's pay right off. So we's pull him up near to de platform, only we hain' big nuff' fool for let him out of de net till he's take out his purse an' pay de twelve dollare.

Monjee, M'sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stop for say: "Tank you for save me from be drown' dead in de *culbute!*" He's run for his house an' he's put on dry clocs, an' he's go up to de magistrate first ting for learn me an' Alphonsine one big lesson.

But de magistrate hain' ver' bad magistrate. He's only laugh an' he's say:—

"M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girl take eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain't you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn't dey save you from de *culbute!* *Monjee!* I'll tink de river not laugh so ver' bad if you pay dose young girl one hunder dollare for save you so kind."

"One hunder dollare!" he's mos' cry. "Hain't you goin' to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?"

"Didn't you pay dose girl youself? Didn't you took out your purse youself? Yes, eh? Well, den, I'll goin' for learn you one lesson youself, M'sieu Savarin," de magistrate is say. "Dose two young girl is ver' wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Hain't dey just do to you what you been doin' ever since you was in beesness? Don't I know? You hain't never yet got advantage of nobody wisout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only act just like you give him a lesson all your life."

An' de best fun was de whole river *did* laugh at old man Savarin. An' my fader and Frawce Seguin is laugh most of all, till he's catch hup wis bosc of dem anoder time. You come for see me some more, an' I'll told you 'bout dat.—By Edward W. Thomson, in "Two Tales."

ART NOTES.

THE work of Mr. Watts never more distinctly declared its purpose than his unfinished contribution this year. Expressly lacking in the allurements of technique, this canvas appeals chiefly to the imagination of the spectator, as much as to the eye. Eve, rising upright from the flowering earth to heaven itself, nobly erect, proclaiming the Godhead from which she has sprung, still, as one might say, superbly humble, this Eve finally realizes the first woman, the typical mother of mankind. And yet, amidst the few symbolical accessories and skilful suggestion of line, "She shall be called Woman" is rich in colour and perfectly balanced as a composition. Nevertheless, it is not altogether in harmony with its neighbours on the walls of the Academy, nor could it be with works in which fine painting is the only consideration, an aim which Mr. Watts has long since rejected in favour of one more compatible with the painted exposition of human thought. The artistic creed of Mr. Watts is well known: he would exalt painting and sculpture, too, from a glorified handicraft or art to the most elevated medium of intellectual and emotional expression, of aethetical and ethical exposition—would place it, in fact, on a level between the other highest arts, with poetry on this side and music on that. Of the picture itself, which was begun many years ago, Mr. Watts expressed himself to the present writer that he would no more expect that it could be a popular success than that the Book of Job would be applauded, or perhaps even regarded with respect had it been published in modern times by a modern author. Could the artist's ambitions be realized, he would elect, we believe, that the great series of his symbolical works might be judged far away from the noisy arena of the Royal Academy—say, in the room of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum—with the mind attuned by the reading of the first two books of "Paradise Lost," and by harkening to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." What place has such a man in the competition for applause by choice of subject or excellence of technique? He has been described as a visionary; and so in a sense he is. His vision is the glorification of his art's mission, his practice the sounding of the human mind and heart, and his aim the representation to the eye of human passion and even of metaphysical reflections.—*The Magazine of Art for July.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD, the piano virtuoso formerly of Boston and New York, but now of Chicago, paid his official visit as examiner to the Conservatory of Music last week. On Thursday Mr. Sherwood gave a delightful piano-forte recital in Association Hall, which was literally packed with music-lovers of both sexes. Compositions by Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, Liszt and Rubenstein were equally well interpreted by Mr. Sherwood, who may fairly claim to be America's most prominent pianist. His tech-

nique, elegance of style and refined, yet brilliant, finish, were never so markedly displayed; the soft delicacy of his touch in the pianissimo passages of the Mendelssohn-Liszt number being wonderfully well sustained and effective. Mr. Sherwood's playing should have served as a priceless lesson to the many students who were present at the recital. Vocal solos were acceptably sung by Madame D'Auria and Miss Edith Miller, a pupil of the Conservatory. The Knabe piano used by Mr. Sherwood was made to fairly speak under his magnetic touch. Mr. Fisher is to be congratulated upon the association of so eminent an artist with his music school.

THE PAVILION.

THE students of the College of Music held their closing concert last week in the Pavilion, at which marked ability was evinced in all departments—more especially so in those of the piano and the violin; the works of Mozart, Saint-Saëus, Chopin, De Beriot, Moskowski, Alard and Weber receiving excellent interpretation, worthy of, in more than one case, professional distinction. Vocal numbers by Rossini, Denza, Bellini and Blumenthal were very creditably sung by the leading students. Mr. Torrington's persistent well-doing in the cause of the musical muse is bearing a ripe harvest, redounding to the credit of the sowers and reapers thereof.

The orchestra led by Mrs. Adamson, who also did some very efficient solo work, played several accompaniments to the piano solos quite effectively.

On Monday evening last an organ recital was given in the College Hall by Mr. B. K. Burden, who played selections by Bach, Smart, Mendelssohn, Handel, Guillemant, Lemmens and Wagner, exhibiting great efficiency and talent. Vocal solos were sung by Master Reburn and Miss Beatty.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. 29. Perseverance-Pluperfect. New York: John B. Alden.

In the present volume of this deservedly popular publication we observe the same clearness, carefulness and comprehensiveness that we have commended in the preceding volumes. Take for instance the heading "Persia"; in the thirteen pages devoted to it, we find an adequate presentation of the varied and important features of that historic country. The section dealing with its history is satisfactory, though it might have been brought down to a later date. "Persian Architecture," with illustrations, as well as "Persian Language and Literature," present a good deal of important and instructive matter. "Perspective" is clearly described and illustrated. Under "Philistines" we find reference to the ancient product solely; the modern has been perhaps wisely omitted. The fourteen pages on "Philology" will find many readers, the references and tables of Aryan and Semitic families of languages respectively add to their usefulness. Recent discovery is represented by such inventions as the "Phonograph." The venerable "Pilgrim Fathers" receive nearly ten pages. "Pill" will interest an infinite variety of readers, whilst "Plow," in English Plough, will be specially attractive to the sturdy yeoman. We may repeat that this Cyclopædia for clearness, compactness and utility, is perhaps the best of its class.

COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. By Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Price 10s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

Whether we agree with Coleridge or not in regarding the Epistles to the Ephesians as the greatest of all the writings of St. Paul, it can hardly be doubted that it is a work of supreme interest and importance. And it so happens that we have fewer commentaries on this than almost any other of the greater Pauline epistles. Thus we have many admirable commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, including those of Tholuck, Philippi and Godet (not to mention the excellent commentary in De Wette's work); on the first Epistle to the Corinthians we have some very excellent commentaries, and Bishop Lightfoot's works on Colossians, Philippians, and Galatians could hardly be surpassed. But the Bishop passed away before he could get out his commentary on the Ephesians, so that we really have no English work on the subject worth mentioning, except the meritorious work of Eadie, which is, however, diffuse and wordy. We have to thank Mr. Macpherson for a thoroughly able commentary, a most valuable contribution to exegetical literature, and one which will be almost equally useful to English readers of the Bible, and to those who study the Greek text.

In the first place, the Prolegomena are full and excellent. They deal with Ephesus and the Ephesian Church, with the authenticity and destination of the Epistle, the character and type of Doctrine, the Date and Relation to other Epistles, and the Contents and Plan of the Epistle. On all of these subjects we are generally disposed to agree with the writer, although we hesitate a little to give up the view of Godet, Lightfoot and others, that the Epistle to the Ephesians was a circular letter, which was written to a group of Churches in Proconsular Asia. It is a subject too lengthy for discussion in this place, and we would simply refer our readers to the accurate statement of facts and the candid arguments of Mr. Macpherson. We quite agree with the author's remarks on the relation of this

epistle to the other Pauline writings of the same period. There is just that difference between the Epistle to the Ephesians and that to the Colossians which we should expect in two letters written about the same time by the same man. That another writer should have taken the Pauline Epistle to the Colossians and forged the one to the Ephesians upon that model is quite inconceivable.

With regard to the character and type of doctrine distinguishing the epistle, Mr. Macpherson very wisely gives a recapitulation of the admirable analysis of the doctrinal teaching of the treatise by Dr. C. R. Köstlin, observing that "this account of the doctrine of the epistle is by far the ablest that has been presented by the opponents of its genuineness." We cannot help agreeing with Pfeleiderer that this statement of its doctrine "may be classed among the best writings on the subject." These writers regard the epistle as exhibiting a compromise between the doctrinal position of St. Paul and that of St. John. Such a hypothesis is totally unnecessary to those who consider the influence of environment and development upon the form of apostolic teaching.

So far, we have drawn attention to the useful Introduction. We can also testify to the excellence of the commentary. There are doctrinal points on which we should not agree with Mr. Macpherson; but these differences hardly ever affect the value of his exegesis, which is accurate, thoughtful and impartial.

The opening paper of the *Quiver* for July is "Our Own Hospital Sunday." "A Lincolnshire Lass" is followed by an illustrated paper called "An Old-World Corner," which describes an old Dutch town. "Only a Child" is a story of boyish suffering. "Sundays with the Young" and the Paper on Foreign Missions are good reading. The serial, "Through Devious Ways," is well concluded. "With a Stepmother's Blessing" is a good short story. The two-part story, "Sea-Lavender," is also concluded.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for July is an etching by J. Dobie, from the painting, "Circle," by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. The etching is excellent, and the picture one of the best the painter has executed. Mr. Heinemann's second paper on "The Royal Academy" opens the number. There are two illustrations from Sir John Millais; a paper on "Scenic Art," by Professor Herkomer; a paper on "The Pupil of the Eye as a Factor in Expression," by Samuel Wilks, M.D.; Claude Phillips discusses Bastien-Lepage, and gives example of his work; W. Fred. Dickes gives a new solution of Holbein's "Ambassadors," and there is a paper by Helen Zimmern on "Cracow and its Art Treasures."

Lippincott's Magazine for July opens with the "White Heron," by M. G. McClelland. The tale begins with a legend of the Cherokee Indians, about a hidden treasure-cave which the hero undertakes to find. It is a well-told tale. In the Journalist Series, Max de Lipman contributes "The Newspaper Illustrator's Story." W. P. Stephen, in the Athletic Series, writes on "Canoe Life." W. E. Hughes and Benjamin Sharp have an article on "Peary's North Greenland Expedition and the Relief." "Geographical Fiction" is an essay by Gertrude Atherton. Agnes Repplier writes on "Trials of a Publisher," and Joel Benton on "An Old Boston Magazine," established in 1842 and edited by Nathan Hale, Jr. There is a short story by Molly Elliot Seawell, and poetry, as usual.

Two Tales has two capital stories—the first by M. G. McClelland, entitled "Carmencita," tells with warmth and power of the enduring love of a Mexican widow for her lost and dissolute husband. The other, and to our readers the most welcome, is the inimitable sketch "Old Man Savarin," from the humorous and graphic pen of E. W. Thomson, which we reproduce in this number. Mr. Thomson's familiarity with the French as well as English phrases of our life; his keenness of observation, vividness of description, and command of a fund of genuine and genial humour, give that brightness and character to his work which makes it always welcome and enjoyable. *Two Tales* has already published short stories from many of the best short-story writers in America, and it has attained even now an enormous circulation.

The opening paper of the *July Century* is on the French landscape-painter Daubigny, with illustrations. The last chapters of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics" and of the "Naulahka," by Messrs. Kipling and Balestier, are given. "The Chatelaine of La Trinité" and "The Chosen Valley" are continued. Maurice Thompson, Charles Belmont Davis and George Wharton Edwards contribute short stories. Mr. Van Brunt writes on "The Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition." Professor Charles Waldstein writes on "The Finding of the Tomb of Aristotle"; Frederic Villiers, the well-known war correspondent, describes a visit to King Johannes of Abyssinia. Emilio Castelar has a third paper on the life of "Christopher Columbus." E. C. Steadman has a fine paper on "Beauty" as related to art. Among some excellent poems are two by representative Canadians, Bliss Carman and Professor C. G. D. Roberts.

In an imaginary dialogue which forms the opening article of the *Fortnightly* for June, "The Gladstonian Secret" is intimated. M. Ange Goldemar narrates the origin and, so far, chequered career of M. Sardou's drama, "Theridor," as communicated to him by its gifted and plucky author. "The Old Story of the Egyptian Occupation" is re-told by the Right Hon. Sir W. T. Marriott,

M.P. Mr. W. H. Mallock places a higher estimate on the late Lord Lytton's poetry than most critics. The political aspirations of the Baboos of Bengal are by no means favourably regarded by Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I. Very interesting is the paper by Mr. William Huggins, F.R.S., on "The New Star in Auriga." Mr. George Moore discredits "The Royal Academy," and says Sir Frederick Leighton's much-praised exhibit, "The Sea Giving Up its Dead," "seems to me to be pompous, empty, and as ugly in execution as in conception." Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in a companion article on "The Two Salons," uses the following chaste expression: "It is from . . . this straining to be eccentric, that Art—'poor slut!'—is now most cruelly outraged." R. W. Hanbury shows clearly and forcibly that "Our Army" is in a desperate condition. "Elder Conklin," by the Editor, is a story of the Western States, and is either the beginning of a long story or a complete short story—we are at a loss to conclude which.

MR. JAMES LATHAM, in the opening article of the *Westminster* for June on "The Press and the Pulpit," says "the Church is behind the times . . . she has nothing to say about her children's duties as citizens, although the duties and powers of citizenship form one of the most important trusts given into human hands." And again: "Jesus scourged the money-changers out of the Temple; but they are welcome in to-day. Their contributions are wanted, etc." We cannot help feeling that Matilda J. Blake, in writing of "Our Grandmothers and Their Grandmothers," has in her "appeal to history" drawn their "frailties from their dread abode." Cyril Waters has a clever and trenchant paper entitled "'Steadism' in Politics: a National Danger." Mr. Stead will be pleased with the advertisement. The article entitled "Cross Currents of Canadian Politics" in effect plausibly asserts that Canada is at present in a degraded condition politically, and hopeless commercially; that the United States is the alone land of promise; that the Conservatives are the Philistines who are destroying the Children of Canada in their native wilderness; that the Reformers are the pure and heaven-sent guides who alone can save the people and the country, and on whose banners are inscribed the magic *modus operandi*, "Unrestricted Reciprocity." The writer should frankly have stated to his English readers that the only Unrestricted Reciprocity that the United States Government will grant is that which will compel Canada to discriminate in favour of the United States and against England. They would then know better how to appreciate his "geographical," "barbed wire" and other arguments in favour of United States trade, etc.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE first of two articles by Archibald Forbes on Abraham Lincoln as a strategist, will appear in the July number of the *North American Review*.

IN "The Barren Ground of Northern Canada," which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, Mr. Warburton Pike tells a fascinating story of travel over the practically unknown territory that lies north of the Great Slave Lake.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMOND's long promised "Life of Michel Angelo," in two volumes, is to appear immediately. The work is likely to prove one of the most exhaustive and authoritative expositions of the principles of Renaissance Art.

THE publication of all Heinrich Heine's letters still preserved by the family, and not yet published, has been authorized. The letters are addressed to the poet's mother and to his sister Charlotte, and are said to give the first true picture of his character.

HARPER AND BROTHERS will publish towards the close of the month a new volume of poems by Will Carleton, entitled "City Festivals;" Maria Louise Pool's latest novel, "Mrs. Keats Bradford;" and "The Magic Ink, and Other Stories," by William Black.

R. D. BLACKMORE is said to have written thus to an American correspondent: "Walt Whitman was a frightful scare to me. No meter, no rhythm, no sense at all—was my rude judgment; perhaps crude, also. But the ancient standards suffice for me, and I wish we had any to stand under them."

THE unpublished "Diary of Victor Hugo," which is soon to be brought out in London, was not written by him but by his son; but his own corrections are distinct, and evidently written with a much broader pen than that used by his son. It is impossible, it is said, to overrate the extraordinary interest of these volumes.

WALT WHITMAN's late home, a little frame house, is to be bought and preserved in his memory, if Mr. Traubel, one of the executors of the poet's will, can raise the money. Already circulars asking for subscriptions have been sent out to Whitman's admirers. Mr. Traubel says that the two bedrooms, where Whitman did all his literary work, and the parlour would be kept as they are.

EIGHTY-THREE familiar letters written by Rousseau to M^{me}. Boy de la Tour are soon to be published in France for the first time. Many of them are said to be delightfully witty, and they present the author in his home life, as leaning over the kitchen fire, as quarrelling with his neighbours, and as returning from market with a packet of candles in one arm and a pound of coffee in the other.

WE learn from the *Boston Weekly Bulletin* that an Association of American Authors was recently organized

in New York, following, in the main, the model of the British Society of Authors, although the peculiar organization of the French Society of Men of Letters has been drawn upon. The object of the Association is the protection of the interests of literature and of literary men in this country.

A MEMBER of a family which originally came from Missolonghi dying at Magnesia, near Smyrna, has bequeathed to a friend a seal which is said to have belonged to Byron. It is octagonal in shape, and has on one side a bust of the poet, with the words "Lord Byron." On another is a flower, with the words "Forget me not." A third bears a dog, with the word "Faithful." On the fourth is a ship, and the legend "Such is life." On the other sides the emblems are an open hand, an eye, a cock, and a horse, but the words in each case are illegible.

THE *New York Critic* says that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her eighty-first birthday at Hartford, on Tuesday, 14th June. As usual on these anniversaries, a floral tribute came from her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Mrs. Franklin Chamberlain, a near neighbour, sent a bouquet of roses and received a note of thanks in Mrs. Stowe's handwriting, in which she said: "My pilgrimage has been long, and will end happily, surrounded by such friends and neighbours." The physical health of Mrs. Stowe is remarkably good at present. Her mind is clear when she is writing.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in press for early publication the following: "Japan in Art and Industry," by Félix Régamey, translated from the French by Mrs. E. L. Sheldon; "The Fairy Tales of India," collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs; "The New Exodus," by Harold Frederic. "A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II.—Le Comte de Cominges," from his unpublished correspondence, edited by J. J. Jusserand, Conseiller d'Ambassade; "Hygienic Measures in Relation to Infectious Diseases," by George H. F. Nuttall, M.D., Ph.D.; "Temperament, Disease, and Health," an Essay, by Com. F. E. Chadwick, U.S.A. (retired). "Lyrics and Ballads of Heine, Goethe, and other German Poets," translated by Frances Hellman.

JULES VERNE works in the morning, passes the afternoon in amusements or healthy exercise, spends four or five evenings a week at the theatre or club, and is a steady reader of all that appears relating to natural history, discoveries, or explorations. He thus describes his manner of writing his romances: "I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last thirty-seven years. I do so much every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest ease. I am very severe on myself, and in writing I correct and correct. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much."

THE following interesting item is from the *London Literary World*: A very interesting story of the origin of Lord Tennyson's famous lines in the dedication to the Queen of his *Idylls*, beginning:—

And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us—keep you to yourselves;

is told in the Introduction to "Imperial Federation," by Mr. George R. Parkin, a book just published by Messrs. Macmillan. The lines were inspired, it seems, by conversations the Laureate had with Lady Franklin, who was a guest in his house at the time (in 1866) when some articles referring coldly to the connection between England and Canada, and hinting at the inevitable separation, appeared in the *Times*. Lady Franklin had been filled with indignation at the wrong done to English sentiment and to Canadian loyalty, and had strongly urged upon the poet the duty and propriety of giving utterance to some sufficient protest. Hence the lines we all know.

AT the recent Commencement of the University of Columbia, Mo., the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Prof. John D. Lawson. Mr. Lawson is one of the many Canadian exiles who have done well in the United States. He was born in Hamilton some forty years ago, and was educated at the Collegiate Institute there when it was under the principalship of the late J. M. Buchan, afterwards Principal of U. C. College. Leaving the Institute, Mr. Lawson entered the Law Society and began the study of his profession in the office of Messrs. Mackenzie and Delamere in 1871. In 1875 he was admitted as an Attorney and called to the Bar; and almost immediately afterwards went to the United States where he got a position on the *Central Law Journal*, St. Louis, of which he became Associate Editor and ultimately Editor. Always a student, he soon drifted into legal literature; and as editor, annotator and author he is now, probably, one of the best known law writers in the United States. The academic honour recently bestowed on him is well-deserved; and, as he is still quite a young man, we may predict higher honours yet in store for him.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Clemens, Will M. Mark Twain. 50 cents. San Francisco: The Clemens Publishing Co.

McClelland, M. G. Manitow Island. 50 cents. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Swayne, Geo. C., M.A. Herodotus. New York: John B. Alden.

M. FAURE has recently invented a process of producing aluminium, according to *Engineering*, by means of which he hopes to reduce its price to about 8d. or 9d. a pound. Briefly speaking, his proposed method consists in obtaining, in a cheap manner, aluminium chloride and decomposing it electrically. This decomposition can be effected with a smaller potential difference than can that of the fluoride most frequently used for preparing aluminium by electrolysis, and at the same time a valuable by-product is formed in the chlorine liberated. It is said, however, that there are considerable difficulties in the way of making the proposed process a commercial success.—*Science*.

OPINIONS are being expressed by scientific workers in India, says *Nature*, in favour of the making of systematic experiments with snake poison. The Committee for the Management of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens are constructing, from private subscriptions, a snake-house with the most modern improvements, which will contain specimens of all the principal poisonous snakes in the country. If the necessary funds were available, arrangements could be made to fit up a small laboratory in connection with the snake house, for the purpose of conducting enquiries of all descriptions bearing upon the pathology of snake-bite and cognate subjects, and in future there would be no difficulty in arranging for the carrying out of any special experiments that might be required. It is understood that Dr. D. D. Cunningham, F.R.S., President of the Committee, would in that case be willing to take an active part in organizing and promoting such enquiries and carrying out such experiments, including the testing of the various alleged remedies for snake-bite, which are from time to time brought to notice.—*Science*.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA has the most MERIT.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA has won unequalled SUCCESS.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA accomplishes the greatest CURES.

Is it not the medicine for you?

CONSTIPATION is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

DURING 1891 the number of patents taken out in France amounted to 8,079, of which 90 related to telegraphic and telephonic apparatus, 199 to the generation of electricity, and 170 to the application of electricity.—*Electricity (New York)*.

JOSEPH RUBY, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humor, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ☺

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Terrible Sufferings of Isaac W. Church from Paralysis.

Crushed by a Fall of Forty Feet—He Spends Months in a Hospital and is Discharged Only to Suffer Great Agony—Months Without Sleep and a Victim of Nervous Prostration—An Account of his Miraculous Cure as Investigated by a "Times" Reporter.

Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed and I fell to the pavement, a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox though," and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart, and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all after they had been informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back was cut open and it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of his spine. "All efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of a few months paralysis would set in and my troubles would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true, and before long I was in almost as bad a condition as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered as the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So in 1890 I closed up my affairs in England and on arriving in Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean, that I had to take to my bed and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living at Moorfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there and tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and as the result of my trouble, nervous prostration, in its worst form, assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunder-storm while about a mile away from the house, and while I was making my way there I fell no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a-half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once in a while I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed, the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed chloral and bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect, and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night, enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health, my wife here read an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more and accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week till I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I slept every night like a baby. The pains left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours and never feel the slightest pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terribly with fits, many of them so severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked those all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not have even the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but honestly, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work again a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked steadily since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I work from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and my work is no child's play either, I can assure you. I handle about 500 kegs of nails every day, and each keg weighs one hundred pounds and has to be lifted a distance of from five to six feet. All my renewed strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For anyone troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yield-

ing to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was not due to the Pink Pills, I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly and I commenced using the pills again, and I will certainly never be without them in the house."

"Not if I know it, anyhow," remarked Mrs. Church. "I know only too well the good they have done you, and you would not have been anything like the man you are to-day if it had not been for those pills, and no one on earth knows better than I how greatly you have been helped, and not only you but others in the family who were thought to be going into a decline before they were restored by taking those pills."

Some of the particulars of the marvellous rescue of Mr. Church from a life of suffering having reached the public, a reporter of the *Times* thought it worth his while to investigate the matter for the benefit of other sufferers, and it was in response to his enquiries that the above remarkable story was narrated by Mr. Church. Taken in connection with the reports of other equally remarkable cures—the particulars of which have been published from time to time—it offers unquestioned proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People stand at the head of modern medical discoveries.

The neighbours generally were very outspoken in their astonishment at Mr. Church's miraculous cure, all who knew anything of his case having given him up months ago as rapidly approaching the portals of the great unknown. He looks far from that now though. His eye is as clear, his cheek as ruddy, and his step as steady as a youth in his teens. He was for seven years a member of the Life Guards, and for some time conducted a gymnasium in Liverpool. He expects to get back to his beloved athletic exercises this season, and is much elated at the success of his treatment.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Harrison Bros., James street north, from whom Mr. Church had purchased the remedy, who further verified his statements. In reply to the enquiry by the reporter, "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Mr. James Harrison, of the firm, replied:—

"Well, yes; rather. A thousand boxes don't last long. You see our business is largely with men, women and girls employed in the big factories and mills in this locality, and the recommendations we hear from these people day after day, month after month, would indeed make the manufacturer of those wonderful little pellets think he was a benefactor of humanity. Several cases have come under my own notice of women, poor, tired-out, over-worked creatures, being made 'like unto new' by the use of these pills, and I see them passing to and from work daily and looking as though life was worth living and well worth it, too. In all my experience in the drug business I never saw anything like these pills," and Mr. Harrison related a number of cures that had come under his observation in addition to that of Mr. Church.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People 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 complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore a glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PREPARE FOR SUMMER DISEASES.—If you have Cramps, if you have Colic, if you have Diarrhoea, or if you have any summer complaint—and you are more than likely to suffer in that way before the soft-crab season is over—buy a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, and secure instantaneous relief after one or two doses. In treating severe attacks of Cholera, bathe the bowels with the PAIN KILLER. Twenty drops of Mr. Davis' wonderful medicine will cure a child of the worst case of Colic. A bottle of the PAIN KILLER can be bought at any reputable drug-store. Price 25c., Big New Bottle.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever. JOSHUA WYNAUGHT, Bridgewater, N.S.

AN alloy of 78 per cent. gold and 22 per cent. aluminium is the most brilliant known.—*Scientific American*.



Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent to all who address

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

"Of late years a considerable, and perhaps a disproportionate, amount of attention," says *Lancet*, "has been devoted to the scientific explanation of the state of unconsciousness. The public, as well as the professional, mind has been treated *ad nauseam* to discussions on hypnotism. The relations of trance and sleep to each other and to various phases of disease have elicited their share of logical ingenuity and of research. Quite recently again an allied condition—that of the numbed sensation consequent upon shock, such as that experienced in falling from a height—has attracted attention, though, beyond the assurances of some who have survived this experience that dread and pain are alike absent, we have no certain proof of the existence or the essential character of this merciful torpor. According to Professor Heim of Zurich, who has devoted much time and thought to the investigation of the subject, the sensations at such a time of the sufferer, if so he can be termed, resemble somewhat those of drowning persons. In place of pain there is a process of rapid and involuntary mental activity, succeeded by stupor; series of old memories fly past the mind like scenes in some rapid vision, and life is revised, as it were, on the threshold of death. One is naturally tempted to enquire what is the explanation of this extraordinary state, in which the final catastrophe appears to be lost in the dream-slumber preceding it. The preoccupation of rapid cerebration, a species of shock in itself, might furnish a clue to the mystery—at all events, as regards the abolition of pain and fear. We cannot help thinking, however, that other causes must be operating along with this, which at first presents itself as the most obvious. The analogy afforded by drowning is, to our mind, especially suggestive. We may remark that here we have to do with a highly probable alternative of normal brain function in the stimulant-sedative influence of a disturbed circulation. The advent of asphyxia implies the turgescence of all venous channels and capillaries, and the increasing accumulation in these of carbonic acid. It appears to us that the same process must occur in falling. As a rule the fall takes place with head downwards. At the same time there is exerted upon the respiratory passages the suction force of the outer air in rapid transit, acting, we may conclude, in much the same manner as water in a large tube, which draws into its own volume the fluid contents of any small communicating channel. Thus it would seem at least a reasonable hypothesis that the coma of death in the circumstances referred to, like the same condition in various forms of disease, is essentially a process of deoxidation of tissue with accumulation of carbonic acid."—*Science*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.