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THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SEPTEMBER 20th, 1895.



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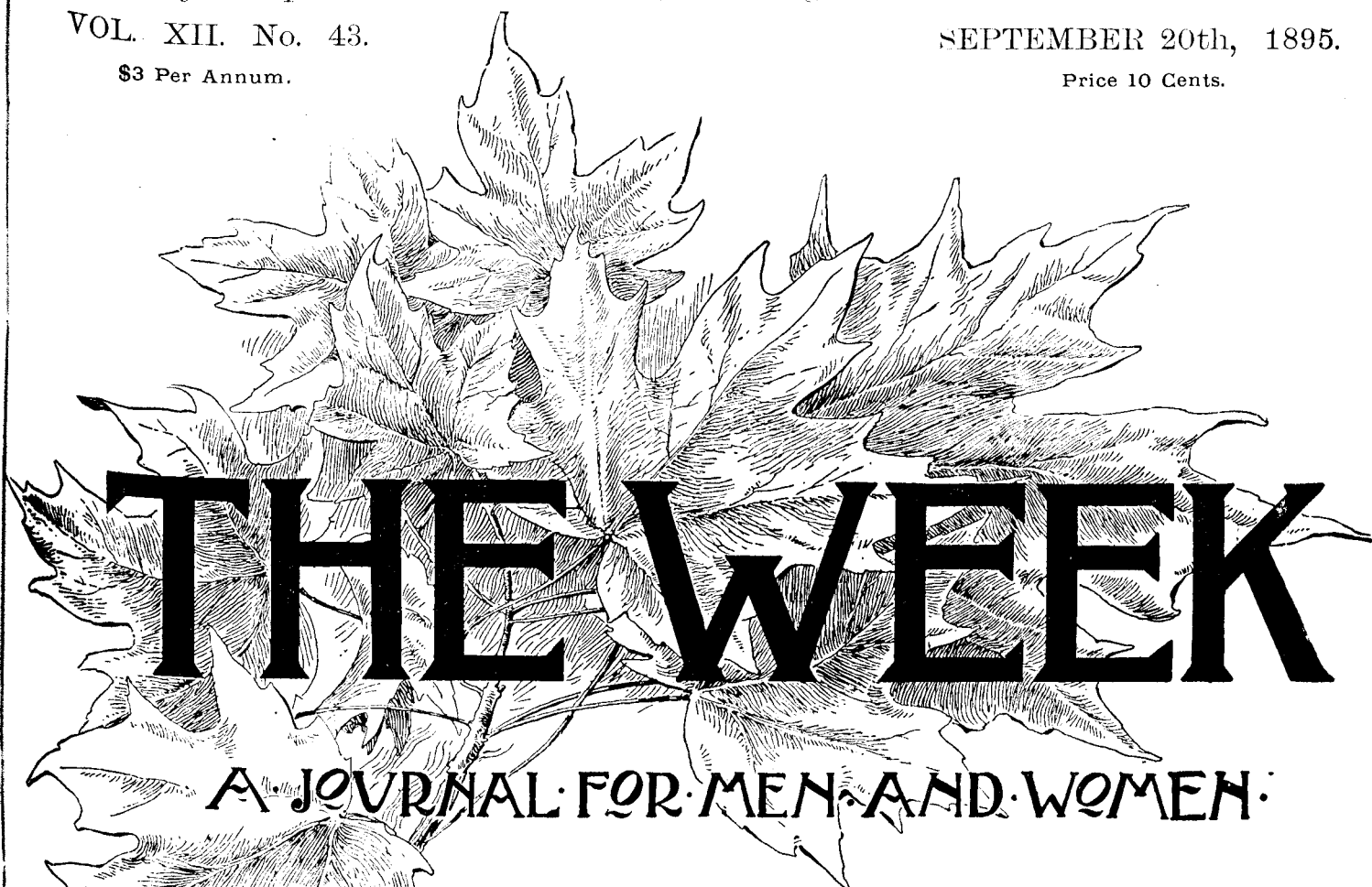
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, September 20th, 1895.

No. 43.

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Current Topics.

Canada's
Progress.

At the banquet given at Quebec last week to the members of the Banker's Association of Canada, Mr. George Hague replied to the toast "On Material Resources." His speech has been well described as grand, and we hope that it has been as widely read as it deserved to be. Among other things he pointed out that whilst the increase of population in the United States has been twenty fold, in Canada it has been twenty-five fold, and that the development of this country cannot be measured with any sort of accuracy by the extent of its mileage or the growth of its population; that the development in the shape of savings and of increased business during the last forty years has been simply phenomenal, and in a ratio enormously in excess of the increase of population; that we have made the very most of such resources as Providence has placed within our reach; and that we have every reason, in spite of all drawbacks, to be most hopeful about the future of our country.

The Canadian
Flag.

To-day we present in colours another design for the Canadian National Flag. It has been suggested by Mr. H. Spencer Howell and is commended by the Canadian Club of Hamilton. The white, seven-pointed star on the red fly of the Union Jack, suggested by Dr. Sandford Fleming, has met with considerable favour; but we find that anything in the way of a star is now so closely associated with the neighbouring republic that no small feeling has been aroused in Canada against having it even when affixed to the grand old Union Jack. One would think that such a combination would completely nullify any republican significance which is supposed to be attached to the star. But many thought otherwise, and the Editor of THE WEEK received many threatening letters on the subject demanding the withdrawal of the star. It seemed to have been forgotten that the design was not ours and that we had expressed no opinion on the subject. We mention these threatening letters as a matter of general interest. It shows what a strong national feeling there is in Canada, and how intense is the dislike for anything which seems to suggest republicanism. Dr. Sandford Fleming would be the last man, as THE WEEK would be the last journal, ever to advocate an emblem suggestive of anything but loyalty to Canada and to the British Empire.

Canada and the
United States.

Relations to the Empire." The article is a most valuable

contribution to the great subject with which it deals, refuting as it does not only the misrepresentations relating to the present but levelling to the ground the whole fabric of fiction and myth on which the people of Great Britain have hitherto founded their opinions on matters connected with the relationship between Canada and the United States. We commend the article to the earnest attention of Mr. C. A. Dana, of the New York Sun, who is said to be the treasurer of the Continental Union Association, and whose paper is the foremost advocate of annexation of the Dominion to the Republic. It will lead him to understand and appreciate the difficulties if not the hopelessness of attaining the ends of the Association. Colonel Denison's article may be accepted as a truthful reflection of the sentiments and opinions of Canadians throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. Under no condition that it is possible to imagine will Canada ever consent to political union with the United States. If such a notion were ever seriously entertained, which we very much doubt, the day has long since passed away. As Colonel Denison rightly says, the traditions of our people, their national spirit, their respect for the dead that have gone before, everything that would appeal to honour or sentiment, forbid such an idea. On moral grounds, on material grounds, everything is against it.

Canadian
Cheese.

Next to No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, Canadian cheese is, probably, the one Canadian agricultural production which has a higher reputation in Great Britain than that of any other country. The Dominion could hardly, therefore, be wounded in a more vital spot than that struck at by the recent statement of the North British Agriculturist that a considerable proportion of the so-called full-milk cheese received from Canada is really made from separated milk fattened with oleomargarine. It is to be hoped that the unambiguous and emphatic denial which was sent with commendable promptness by the Acting Minister of Agriculture will have the effect of killing the very injurious slander in its cradle. We suspected at once that the Agriculturist had confounded Canada with the United States, the average English editor it seems being quite unable to separate and distinguish the one from the other—very much to Canada's loss. So we were not surprised to read in the cable messages of Wednesday that "the editor of The North British Agriculturist admits and regrets the grave error made in using the word Canadian instead of American, and promises an editorial explanation, and the publication of evidence showing the purity of the Canadian product." Once again Canada has to suffer on account of Yankee rascally schemes and dodges to make money by illegitimate methods. We do not know which is the more exasperating, to be confounded with the Americans or to suffer from their numerous fake concerns and enterprises. Whilst we admire the readiness with which the Agriculturist acknowledged its egregious blunder we must say that to make such charges as it did without first assuring itself of the accuracy of its information displays a recklessness and want of consideration which is very greatly to be deplored.

The Copyright
Question.

Some of the English papers are speaking severely of Sir Charles H. Tupper's outspoken declaration of Canada's right to govern or misgovern herself in the copyright business, as in all other matters reserved for her jurisdiction under the B. N. A. Act. It may be that the Minister's language was blunter than the occasion demanded. We are inclined to think that, if correctly reported, it was to some extent wanting in the courteous phraseology in which usage requires public men to refer to delicate questions, whether of international or of inter-Imperial concern. It may be said, also, that his haste to declare against the possibility of conference between the delegate of British Authors and the Ottawa Administration may have been and probably was rather premature, as it would have been soon enough to decline a courteous request for an interview with the representative of a highly respectable body of British citizens when it had been asked for. But in regard to the first matter we have little doubt that Sir Charles will be sustained, on the main point, by the opinions of the great majority of Canadians. The action of the Home Government in this business from the first has been such as to suggest that, as time passes, new British statesmen may be in some danger of forgetting the change which the B. N. A. Act brought about in the relation of the Confederated colonies to the British Government. It is hinted that the new Copyright Act, which is to be submitted to the Ottawa Government as a substitute for the rejected one, is to contain an assertion of Canada's right to legislate in the matter. Such a preamble would seem to many to make the case worse rather than better, seeing that Canada has not, in fact, been permitted to exercise that right, and would not evidently be now permitted to do so, should she refuse to modify her original Act to suit the views of the British authors and publishers, and those of the Colonial Office as based upon these.

The Authors'
Representative.

As we have said, we have no doubt that the Canadian Government will listen courteously to any representations which Mr. Hall Caine, or any other accredited representative of the British Authors, may have to make with regard to the proposed Copyright legislation. At the same time it cannot be amiss to remind those authors and their publishers that their proposal to take counsel with the only Government which has a right to deal with the business comes a little late in the day. Had these gentlemen had the courtesy and grace to make their representations at Ottawa in the first instance, thus recognizing Canada's autonomy in the matter, it might have been much easier for the Ministry to give them a patient hearing. It can hardly be denied that the course they have preferred, in going direct to the British Government with their pleas and protests, thereby showing that they were either ignorant of Canada's position in regard to the matter, or were determined not to recognize the constitutional rights of a colony, has not made the process of conciliation and mutual concession easier. Whether Mr. Caine comes now at the suggestion of the Colonial office, or on the sole initiative of the body he represents, we do not know, but a Canadian can scarcely resist a feeling of surprise and chagrin that the Home Government did not see fit to refer complaints to Ottawa in the first instance. That might have saved trouble and delay, and would certainly have been a gratifying proof of full recognition of Canada's constitutional rights in the premises.

The Premier at
Winnipeg.

If the reports which have been telegraphed from Winnipeg, of the conference between Premier Bowell and some of his political friends in that city, may be relied on, the Premier is certainly not wanting in frankness, what ever may be his deficiencies in other respects. The more high-minded among his auditors seem to have resented strongly his intimation that they were there to get all they could out of the Government, irrespective of the merits of their claims. When this sweeping and rather harsh indictment was indignantly repudiated, the Premier scarcely mended the matter by saying that if those before him were not of that kind they must stand out in marked contrast to all other constituencies in which this was unmistakably the case. The Premier's bluntness on this and other occasions was unnecessary and will hardly have strengthened the cause of his party in the West. Nevertheless, in making it unmistakably clear that he would commit himself to no rash promises of money expenditures, for the sake of strengthening his Government, he set an example worthy of all imitation. It has often seemed to us that nothing could be much more out of taste, or lacking in common courtesy, than the eagerness which is almost always shown by party supporters, when about to receive a visit from any member of a Government, Dominion or Provincial, to pelt him with petitions or representations in support of some claim for the expenditure of Government money in the constituency. The Premier's language was, we hope, much too strong in describing the practice as universal, and seems to stamp him as a political pessimist, so far at least as the character of constituencies is concerned. But on the other hand to say the very least, such an attempt to get the ear of the Government, and, if possible, a promise from its chief, is taking an unfair advantage of him, and, what is still more to be deprecated, of those constituencies which he is unable to visit in person, and which cannot, therefore, bring local and personal influence to bear in the same way. If all ministers so assailed would but make as short work of their assailants as Premier Bowell seems to have done, a bad custom would soon be discontinued and a higher tone given to the addresses of travelling ministers.

The Water-Works
Problem.

Pending the decisive vote of the people, which is to be taken in a few weeks upon the question of the construction of the tunnel, the Toronto City Council will do well to get all the additional light possible, in order to make assurance doubly sure. We have from the first maintained that the tunnel is the most natural solution of the problem, albeit an expensive one. The conditions seem simple enough. The water is to be had in abundance and of excellent quality, in Lake Ontario, a few hundred yards beyond the Island. Common sense, after a survey of the other possible schemes, declares that this is the amplest, the best and the most accessible source of supply. But in order to bring it uncontaminated and in sufficient quantity into our homes and factories and hydrants, it must be brought, through, or over, or under, the polluted bay which lies between us and the source of supply. Which shall it be? Of the present method, through the bay, we have had enough and more than enough. The overhead conduit may be practicable, and possibly has not been sufficiently considered, but it strikes most minds as chimerical. To the inexpert the tunnel commends itself as at once combining all the elements of certainty, safety, and permanence. The only question, a crucial one, it is true, is that of engineering feasibility. Can the tunnel be constructed at a cost fairly within the means of Toronto? Can its absolute safety from leakage be assured? These are vital questions. A failure in

attempting to carry out the project would be ruinous and the city cannot afford to run risks. No matter what our confidence in the skill and judgment of our City Engineer, prudence approves the proposal that another expert of the highest eminence should be called in, that the scheme may be approved or rejected by a second competent engineer. The Board of Works have recommended the employment of an engineer of the highest eminence from England, to make an independent investigation. The recommendation seems wise, the caution proper and commendable. But let what is needed to make assurance doubly sure be done without delay.

Is Hypnotism a
Reality.

This question must be regarded as still *sub judice*. Of a given number of educated men, professional or otherwise, it is not unlikely that about as many would give it an affirmative as a negative answer. And yet it is evident that if the affirmative answer is the true one, it involves issues of tremendous importance. The wonder is that a question of so great practical as well as theoretical and philosophical interest has not yet been set at rest, or rather that no serious and exhaustive inquiry has been instituted either by public authority or by private love of knowledge, with a view to setting it, if possible, at rest. The latest important discussion of the *pros* and *cons* took place at the Medico-Legal Congress, which was held in New York, week before last. The subject was introduced by President Clark Bell, in a paper on "Hypnotism in the Courts of Law." The subject is or should be one of deep interest to all members of the legal profession, because of its possible bearing upon legal decisions of the first importance. The majority of lawyers, we are told, do not recognize as existing facts the phenomena of the hypnotic trance. But what if the hypnotic trance be, nevertheless, a mysterious fact, as so many competent witnesses are ready to attest. If so, the hypnotized person may at any time be made an unwitting agent in the commission of crime. Nay, he may even be made to forget all about the crime which he has, unknown to himself, been caused to commit, while under this influence. In the course of the discussion, Dr. William Lee Howard, of Baltimore, said: "I have made the ex-governor of Maryland give me his note of hand. I have also hypnotized the cashier of a bank and caused him to go to the vault and take out \$5,000." There is beyond question an immense amount of fraud in the hypnotizing business, but this does not prove that the thing thus counterfeited may not have a real existence as so many believe. Granting its reality the possibilities of abuse and the temptation to abuse of so wonderful a power are beyond calculation; and there is manifest need of the most stringent regulation of its use.

* * *

Canada and Her Relations to the Empire.

THE current number of the Westminster Review contains a notable article by Colonel G. T. Denison on "Canada and her relations to the Empire." The article is too long to reproduce in full in THE WEEK. We can only give an outline with such extracts as our limited space will permit.

The keynote of Colonel Denison's masterly paper is the erroneous idea of American "friendliness," the indifference of the English people to the interests of their own Empire on this Continent, and the way the English press is often used for attacks upon Canada. From the days of the United Empire Loyalists Canadians have seen their interests constantly sacrificed by Great Britain in order to propitiate American friendship. Colonel Denison shows that whilst there is no doubt at all that our interests have been sacrificed there is very great doubt if American friendship has been won

for England. Here is a fine bit about the United Empire Loyalists and the beautiful friendliness of the Yankees:

So they went penniless to Canada, while Lord Shelburne and Benjamin Franklin, between them, arranged the treaty of peace. Then, at the outset, Canada suffered, and has suffered ever since, from the first misunderstanding. Franklin at once began to play upon the weakness of Lord Shelburne. He sent agents to London and professed the greatest of friendliness. The United States were to be friendly for ever to England, but, as a mark of good feeling, England was to give way in everything to the Americans. Canada then extended down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to the Lake of the Woods. There was no doubt on this point, and English troops held the most important posts. Franklin was anxious to get this immense territory, and played upon Lord Shelburne's desire for "reconciliation" and free trade with great astuteness.

And again:

Thus, at the close of the war, with about 270,000 square miles of the best part of Canada given away to their enemies, with their fisheries opened to those who had wronged them, deprived of all their worldly effects, and driven from their homes, these true friends of England entered upon the almost hopeless task of re-establishing British power on this continent. They plunged into the wilderness and were lost to sight. They had no roads, no towns, no villages, no shops, no newspapers, no printing presses, no means of recording their wrongs, save by tradition. Their history has been written by their enemies, and for a hundred years English writers have generally made it the fashion to ignore these brethren of their race, while their energies in writing on transatlantic topics have been devoted to belauding the American Republic.

After many years of hardship to these Loyalists, the great struggle between England and Napoleon came on. England was fighting for her life against almost the whole of Europe, and then the first opportunity arrived for the United States to show her "friendliness." At once the feeling of hostility became manifest. The pretended cause of quarrel was one the Canadians had nothing to do with. The Orders in Council were passed by the English Government in the English interest alone, and on this pretext the United States declared war.

In Upper Canada a scant population of 70,000, with only 1,500 regular troops at the outset, faced the attacks of a country with a population of about 8,000,000, which, during the war, placed under arms no less than 86,000 regular troops, and 471,622 militia and volunteers, or a total of over 556,000. Once more in an English war the Loyalists and their sons had to fight for three years to uphold the British flag on this continent. Practically almost every able-bodied man in Canada was under arms. Our fields were laid waste and many of our villages burned; but at Detroit, Queenston Heights, Stoney Creek, Lundy's Lane, Chrysler's Farm, Chateauguay, and other fields, the Canadian militia and their British comrades faced as heavy odds and won as brilliant victories as are inscribed in the annals of our race. At the close of the war we were victorious. The enemy did not hold one inch of our territory, while their capital city had been captured by an English army, and the public buildings destroyed, in retaliation for the destruction of the public buildings of the capital of Upper Canada.

After pointing out how stupidity and mismanagement on the part of the Colonial Office brought on "the so-called Rebellion" of 1837, and how the "friendliness" of the Americans permitted our southern border to be subjected to inroads of filibusters from the United States for nearly two years, Colonel Denison takes up the Maine boundary question and shows how the great and only Daniel Webster, the American commissioner, suppressed the evidence which was in his possession showing Canada's undoubted right to the disputed territory, and deliberately, in writing, expressed to Lord Ashburton his confidence in the validity of the United States' claim. The Yankee Senate ratified the treaty "knowing it was obtained by dishonest methods." Colonel Denison then touches upon the Reciprocity Treaty and the Fenian raids. We quote:

In 1854 Lord Elgin effected a reciprocity treaty with the United States, by which, in return for the right of fishing in our waters, reciprocal free trade was permitted in certain articles between Canada and the States. This lasted twelve years, and as soon as our business relations had become closely interlaced, the treaty was summarily brought to an end. It was not that the treaty was disadvantageous to the United States, for the exports to Canada were greater than the imports from the Provinces. It was openly declared that it was abrogated in the hope that commercial disaster and financial ruin would drive us into annexation. This attempt failed. The loyalty of the race that had always stood by the Crown—a loyalty baptized in blood on many a hard-fought field—was not to be affected by sordid motives. The scattered provinces came together under the stress of foreign hostility, and Confederation was the outcome. The next incident in American aggression was the Fenian movement of 1866. For years preparations had been going on in the States—a public organization was effected, a President and Senate appointed, and an Irish Republic, without a territory, was formally proclaimed. The public offices of State of this so-called Republic was filled up, a large mansion in New York rented, and the Irish flag hoisted over it. The Secretary of the Treasury of the New Republic issued a large amount of bonds which were readily sold, and Fenian troops were organized, uniformed, armed and openly drilled in the towns and cities of the United States. In May, 1866, these organized bodies moved openly upon Canada. The railways furnished special facilities for their transport to the border—about 30,000 men were altogether thrown upon our frontier, and large numbers crossed at several points. They were promptly driven out, and not until the movement had failed did the United States Government take any action to preserve their neutrality.

Colonel Denison quotes Sir John Macdonald's opinion of his fellow-commissioners appointed to fix the amount of the preposterous "Alabama" claims. As usual, the British representatives wanted to do just what the Yankees wished—no matter at what cost to Canada. The upshot of this little affair was that Uncle Sam received \$15,000,000 wherewith to pay losses amounting to \$6,000,000. He put the balance in his pocket. It is there yet. But "Canada did not get her Fenian claims, which were founded upon the most flagrant breach of international law on the part of the United States. At the end of the term provided by the treaty the United States gave the necessary notice for the abrogation of the fishery clauses. Other attempts soon followed to embarrass us, and to coerce or coax us into closer relations with the United States. Efforts to annex the West Indian Islands, or to make treaties with them discriminating against Canada and the Mother Country, failed."

Further acts of "friendliness" on the part of the United States are cited by Colonel Denison, to wit, the famous Retaliation message of Cleveland's in 1888, the McKinlay Bill, and the use of deliberately falsified despatches and papers in the Behring Sea negotiations. This was very pretty. By the way, the large sum awarded to our sealers for damages has not yet been paid. Yankee history repeats itself.

The want of knowledge of Canadian and American affairs in England, says Colonel Denison, is easily explained:

The English people know absolutely nothing about the masses of the American people. Those Americans only who are possessed of considerable means travel in Europe. Those who have means are either the descendants of wealthy families who have inherited fortunes, or are energetic, industrious, and capable men who have been successful in business. The great masses of the people do not cross the Atlantic. Of those who do cross, those who are friendly to England go there, while the greater portion practically avoid it, and travel upon the Continent. Of those visiting England, only the best, as a rule, get an introduction into English society; and from these, the choicest of the American better classes, the English form their opinion of the people of the United States. They do not know that this class is out of sympathy

with the masses of their fellow-countrymen, and are despised and disliked at home for their friendliness to England. In fact, the distinctive term "Anglomaniac" has been given to the type. The ordinary American dislikes and despises an Anglomaniac about as much as a Russian official would dislike a Nihilist, or a French shopkeeper an Anarchist. Those Anglomaniacs, who are really the best people in the United States, no doubt feel friendly to England, and they find it much more pleasant and polite to tell their English friends of the kindly feeling they bear to England, than to dilate upon the hostility of the masses of their fellow-countrymen. The British people should understand, however, that this class has about as much influence upon American politics as the foreign lodgers in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square have upon the politics or public opinion of England.

The last eight pages of Colonel Denison's article are chiefly devoted to controverting certain statements made by Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Contemporary Review* and elsewhere on Canadian history and affairs. With Mr. Goldwin Smith's political opinions, so far as Canada is concerned, we have no sympathy whatever, and we are glad that a refutation so strong and so conclusive as is Colonel Denison's should have been published in a London review. It has always been a mystery to us why Mr. Goldwin Smith should so persistently advocate the annexation of Canada to the United States when he knows that the very name of it stinks in the nostrils of our people. We will have none of it. But even apart from his annexation ideas, his whole attitude towards Canada is almost incomprehensible. We have already commented on his extraordinary article on the Ottawa Conference to which Colonel Denison rightly devotes so much attention. But his attitude was not always this. Colonel Denison remarks that he took an active part in the election of 1878, in support of Sir John Macdonald and the National Policy. He endorsed and defended the tariff legislation for several years. His own words are quoted from different numbers of *The Bystander*. In 1880 he said: "To allow Canada to be made a slaughter market was in any case impolitic and wrong, nor shall we fare the worse in any future negotiation with the United States, because justice has been done by our Government to our own industries in the meantime." Again in the *Bystander* for January, 1881, he once more defends the tariff: "But the tariff as a whole has fulfilled the proper purpose of all tariffs. It has raised the requisite amount of revenue. The opposition can assail it successfully only by showing that a revenue sufficient to fill the deficit could have been raised in a better way—and this not one of their speakers or organs, so far as we have seen, has as yet attempted to do."

In concluding his admirable article, Colonel Denison says:

Mr. Smith wishes to deprive England of an immense territory, to cast off 5,000,000 of her loyal fellow-subjects, who have stood by the Empire under every difficulty and every trial, on the same ground that Lord Shelburne made such sacrifice in 1783—viz., "reconciliation." If Mr. Smith himself believed this would be effective there might be some excuse for him, but his own article on "The Hatred of England" shows that he thoroughly understands American hostility, and yet he is willing to deprive England of great moral and material strength, of coaling stations of inestimable value, of fisheries unparalleled, of mineral and agricultural resources almost without limit, in order to build up and strengthen a nation that, as the *New York Sun*, the organ of his cause, says, "would view with undisguised delight the ruin of her hereditary foe."

In conclusion, permit me, as one of that great mass of the Canadian people whose ancestors fought for a United Empire in 1776, and in the British interests on this continent in every generation since, to appeal to the British public to stand fast by the Empire built up by our fathers—to strive to weld it closer and closer together—and to look towards the Colonies in the spirit that was voiced on their

behalf by our late Premier at the opening of the Ottawa Conference: "We meet, not to consider the prospects of separation from the Mother Country, but to plight our faith anew to each other, and to plight anew to the motherland that faith that has never yet been broken or tarnished."

An Eye-Witness on the Yacht Race.

NOW that the first excitement over the recent race for America's Cup has subsided it will not be amiss to review the subject in its several phases.

1. Is the type of boat produced a good one?
2. What is the reason for the continued success of the American craft in these contests?
3. The management of the yachts both from a sailing and an executive standpoint.
4. The action of the New York Yacht Club and that of Lord Dunraven.
5. Do these international contests promote a friendly feeling between the two nations whose vessels compete?

IS THE TYPE OF BOAT A GOOD ONE?

In discussing the question of type, it must be borne in mind that these yachts are built under certain rules and restrictions, the most important of which is, that neither shall exceed 90 feet of water line length measured with full racing cruise, and all sails and spars necessary to sail the race on board. Starting with this restriction, it is the aim of each designer to produce the largest vessel on the given length, and to this end he has bent all his ingenuity and skill. The result is that Mr. Watson, in producing Valkyrie III., has built a boat of about 128 feet in length on deck, with an extreme beam of 27 feet, with a draft of slightly under 20 feet, and above all this has erected a sail plan of 13,000 odd square feet.

Mr. Herishoff has given the Defender a length on deck of about 125 feet, a beam of about 24 feet, with a draft of slightly under 19 feet, and with a sail area of 12,600 square feet.

With these dimensions before us we will contrast them with those of the Puritan and Genesta, the yachts that competed for this cup in 1885.

The water line length of these Cup contestants has only been increased about three feet, whilst the sail areas have increased in the neighbourhood of from 8,000 to 13,000 square feet. The ability of the new craft to carry this enormous increase of sail area has been obtained by increase of beam and draft. The Puritan was 22 feet beam, with a draft of 8 feet. The Genesta had a beam of 14 feet and drew 12 feet. It will thus be seen that whilst the length on the water line of the vessels that competed in 1885, and those in 1895, only varied about three feet, in reality the 1895 vessels are almost double the size. In consequence of this out-building system, the cost of construction has increased in proportion to the other elements, but so also has their speed, therefore it must be allowed that the object for which they were built, viz., the development of speed of yachts not exceeding 90 feet has undoubtedly been attained. The designers in achieving this end have fined down the under water body to such an extent that the displacement of the new craft is not so great as that of the old, and in consequence their interior accommodation is no larger. To better illustrate my meaning in this respect is to liken the section of the new craft to a champagne glass, and the old to a pear with the top of the large end flattened. On account of the excessive draft of the new crafts they have to be sailed in deep water, and can enter but few harbours—and then only by keeping in the ship channels—and owing to their immense sail areas must have a crew of 50 to 60 men. It will, therefore, be seen that they are unwieldy playthings, expensive to build, expensive to maintain, and utterly useless for cruising or other purposes after the racing is over.

Now as the craft of 1885 could be easily handled with a crew of 20, and where vessels of moderate draft, and had as much or even more interior accommodation, they could be turned into convenient and comparatively inexpensive cruising vessels after their usefulness as racers was over. The logical conclusion is that for all practical purposes the type of yacht developed in 1895 has retrograded, and that Defender and Valkyrie are *not* desirable vessels.

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THE CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE AMERICAN CRAFT IN THESE CONTESTS FOR THE AMERICAN CUP?

In dealing with this point I think it well to draw the attention of those who are not versed in yacht racing to the fact that by no means have the Americans proved successful in contests with other British yachts that have been sent out to this country, which have been competing with the home vessels in open regattas, where the conditions are usually fair to all. As an instance I may cite the English Cuts Clara which came out the same year as the Genesta did. She proved so successful that she practically killed the racing in her class. Her successes were not confined to one season, but for four or five. A few years later the Minerva was sent out, and for many seasons she also defeated all comers, and even to-day is as good as any of her classmates. To illustrate how successful she was one need only mention that the late Mr. Burgess, who thrice designed successful America Cup defenders, built and designed 14 yachts all with a view of lowering the colours of the Minerva but without success. A few seasons later the Queen Mab was imported, and while not having as keen competition as the Clara and Minerva she has been as proportionately successful. Last year we know that the Vigilant, which successfully defended the cup from Valkyrie II., when taken to England, met repeated defeats at the hands of Britannia. Now if the British can do so well in open regattas why is it that they are so unsuccessful in America Cup contests? I think there are two causes: one the peculiar conditions surrounding the Cup; the other that the visiting yacht has to cross the Atlantic. The particular condition which is most unfair to the foreign yacht is that which requires her to give ten months notice of the challenge, and at the same time to lodge her cardinal dimensions with the New York Yacht Club. This knowledge, in the hands of an expert designer, is very much like playing at cards with a person who can see your hand.

The challenger having to cross the Atlantic has, of necessity, to be substantially constructed, which means that her material has to be stronger, and, therefore, heavier than a yacht that has not to perform a long voyage. The result is that the hull of the home yacht is built much more lightly and accordingly can have a greater proportion of her displacement in the form of ballast. In other words she is able to obtain a greater ratio of ballast to displacement thereby obtaining a much lower centre of gravity, and in consequence greater ability to carry sail on an easier form of hull.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE YACHTS, BOTH FROM A SAILING AND EXECUTIVE STANDPOINT.

So far as the work on the helm of each yacht is concerned there is not much advantage on either side. In starting there is no doubt that the English skipper excels, which is due to the fact that in England all races start from one gun, therefore the distance the first boat crosses ahead of the next is so much to her credit, and, as this system has been in vogue for many years the skippers are very expert in exactly judging the distance and the time it will take a yacht to reach a starting point. In America the custom has been to time each vessel as she crosses the starting line and to allow the difference of time between the yachts at the finish of the race, so there is no particular advantage in being first to start. In consequence this system has not developed quickness in this particular branch of racing. In the management of the sails, and judgment as to the probable changes of wind, etc., the American skipper showed to the better advantage, particularly in the first day's racing. The Valkyrie had the lead and according to all precedent in yacht racing should have at once taken up a position to windward of her competitor, thereby preventing Defender from taking advantage of any slant of wind that Valkyrie could not also participate in. In the use of light sails there appeared to be a lack of enterprise on the part of the British. The American boat altered the trim of her jib topsail, when she found she was not holding the British yacht. Afterwards when the English yacht found the American in the lead and still gaining, then would have been the proper time to try experiments, and as she had been carrying up to this time an exceedingly small jib top sail it

looked well worth while for her to shift for a larger one. Again, later in the race when the Valkyrie was considerably in the rear, and being severely washed by the steamers, she appeared to lose heart, as her head sails remained untrimmed for many minutes after the time that they should have been.

FROM AN EXECUTIVE STANDPOINT.

What I mean by this is the management of the yacht by her owner. In this respect the American boats have always had an immense advantage. They are owned and managed by men who have made a success of a business life, and who manage their vessels as they would a business enterprise, devoting their whole time to the subject, living on board, or on the tenders of their vessels, for months before the race, and leaving no stone unturned, or sparing no expense to improve and tune up their vessel to the highest pitch. In the Defender this is particularly noticeable, her top-sides being constructed of illuminum, a material that is remarkably light though known to be a weak and short-lived material for shipbuilding purposes, or when exposed to salt water or air, but having great advantages on account of its lightness. The bottom of the vessel is built of bronze, a material that is both light, strong, and particularly smooth taking a polish like a copper kettle. All this shows evidence of an entire disregard of cost. On the other hand, the Valkyrie is built of wood, and shows roughness to a great degree, and why she was not coppered is a question frequently asked. Had she been highly smoothed and polished, one could understand that it would be an advantage to discard the copper on account of the weight saved, but if they were not prepared to meet the expense of thoroughly finishing her bottom she should undoubtedly have been coppered. With these facts before one, it is natural to infer that the American boat is what we might term "better owned" than the British, *i. e.*, that her owners treat the matter as a business, and being successful business men are more likely to excel than a nobleman, who has not been educated as a business man, to take advantage of small things.

THE ACTION OF THE NEW YORK CLUB, AND OF THAT OF LORD DUNRAVEN.

Throughout the whole negotiation and contests for the the American cup, Lord Dunraven has shown himself to be a sportsman, asking nothing that was not equally fair for both vessels, and doing everything possible to promote a friendly trial of the comparative merits of the vessels of the two countries. On the other hand, the New York Club have conceded nothing except when compelled, or when influenced by the weight of public opinion. As regards keeping the course clear of interfering steamers I think this is entirely beyond their control, and in this respect I think they did everything possible. The excursion steamers knowing that there was no law to restrict their actions on the high seas, and animated by a spirit of competition vied with each other to give their patrons the best view of the race, and disregarded all appeals. However, it would have been quite possible for the New York Club to have conceded Lord Dunraven's request, that if either yacht in their opinion was hampered by the excursion boats that the race would be called off. Again, when the foul took place on the second day's race the committee went out of their way to place a strained construction on the position of the yachts, and held that the Valkyrie could have avoided a foul had she been further to windward. According to the rules of yacht racing, when yachts are situated as these were, having to pass a mark on a given side, the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear. The inside boat is not called upon to deviate one particle from her course, and is entitled to such reasonable room as she may require to make a seaman-like turn of the buoy. It is the duty of the outside yacht to know that when the mark is reached the helm of the inside yacht will be put down, and the yacht swing, and to make allowances for the extra room required. In this particular case it was clear to me that the Defender was endeavouring to make the Valkyrie pass as close as possible to the stern of the mark boat, and thus compel her to make a long sweep to leeward, and thus allow the Defender to slip into, and assume the inside and weather position after the buoy was rounded. In attempting to do this she got too close, and, as is now universally known, her starboard topmast shroud was disengaged from the cross trees aloft by Valkyrie's boom.

Now, in making a decision on the evidence before them, if they were endued with a fair, not to say chivalrous spirit, the benefit of any doubt should be given to the visiting yacht. This, however, was ignored, and, having the matter in their own hands, the Americans promptly made a wrongful decision in favour of their own vessel. What a contrast this action is to that of the late Sir Richard Sutton, the owner of the Genesta, which was fouled by the Puritan. Whilst the Genesta was on the star-board tack the Puritan ran into her and carried away her bowsprit. This foul was of such a glaring nature, that the New York Yacht Club were compelled to decide against their own vessel, and told Sir Richard Sutton that the race would be awarded to him, if he sailed over the course. He promptly replied: "I did not come over to win a race through a foul or the misfortune of the other boat. I will wait and sail the race another day, and after both have had time to repair damages."

Lord Dunraven's action after this unfortunate situation was a dignified one. He wrote a manly letter to the Committee, to which he received no satisfactory reply, in consequence of which he put in an appearance at the starting line, and went through the form of making a start under short canvas.

When considering all the circumstances, it is evident that he must feel that between the interference of the excursion steamers and the partisanship of the Committee, he has no protection from any source. If he loses the race through outside interference, he has no redress. If his competitor disregards racing rules and fouls him, he is at the mercy of a prejudiced committee. As a sportsman, he cannot question the decision of the Committee, as this in England is considered exceedingly bad form, and his lips have been sealed on this subject since the unfortunate occurrence. The Americans, however, do not appear to understand this class of a sportsman, and most wrongly attribute his unwillingness to sail to fear of defeat.

DO THESE INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS PROMOTE A FRIENDLY FEELING?

I think any British subject who happened to be in New York last week would promptly give it as his opinion that a very strong anti-British feeling prevailed. This feeling, of course, may be dormant, only requiring such an unfortunate occurrence as this unhappy yacht race to bring it to the surface. Be that as it may, a country whose every citizen takes such an extravagant interest in the event, which is considered a national one, who feels that if their representative meets defeat it is a national calamity or even insult—I say that where such a feeling exists it must of necessity breed an antagonistic feeling towards their competitor, and the result is that this feeling is not confined to this particular event, but finds its way even into business and other affairs. Every right-minded citizen of either country must feel that unless such international contests have the effect of promoting good-will and good-feeling between the two nations, it is a pity that they should take place at all. In order that this effect should be assured it is essential that they be conducted in that generous spirit which would make either prefer to concede to an opponent even more than fair-play would strictly demand, rather than profit by any advantage, incidental or otherwise, which events might put in their way. This, I understand, to be the true sportsmanlike spirit.

ÆMILIUS JARVIS.

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Religion, Education, and Discontent.

READING a report of Very Reverend Dean Carmichael's sermon which appeared in the Montreal *Star* of the 5th August, I am forced to confess that I do not share the apprehensions and gloomy forebodings therein conveyed.

Having been, for the past twenty-five years, an earnest student of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer I am disposed to regard the discontent consequent upon the general diffusion of education and the mental enlightenment of the masses as a good and healthy sign. It has been wisely said that "the discontent of mortals is the instinct which proves the immortal." When the people become generally educated they are, it must be admitted, less amenable to humbug and injustice. Being enabled to see with a clearer vision they are not so willing to remain tranquil under the continuous violation of their natural rights as they once were.

They manifest discontent, and that same discontent is their right and duty. It is the symptom of suffering produced by the operation of wrong through a long course of time. The individuals composing the body politic do their own intelligent diagnosing and they as clearly perceive the needed remedy. The conspicuous feature of the middle ages was the mental stagnation of the people. The Church was supreme in authority, and the people were mental slaves, apparently without hope and ambition. Were those ages remarkable, as compared with the present age, for the security to life and property which was afforded? By no means. On the contrary, a relapse to the condition which characterized the Middle Ages, would justly be regarded as the most fearful calamity that could possibly befall humanity. While human society is still a mere approximation to the ideal and perfect society, who will presume to affirm that it is not infinitely superior to the society of a few hundred years ago? Why is it? Simply because civilization is now more immediately under the direction of exact science. Here, on this continent, we have not, as yet, risen to the proper conception of the religious freedom and dictum of science. But we may contemplate and study the position of Britain in the sphere of civilization with profitable advantage. Britain is first amongst the nations of the earth in all that tends to make a nation materially and morally great by virtue of her being scrupulously under the dominion of science. Knowledge, or science, is power. Ever since Britain began to work with the tool of knowledge or science she has made giant strides, until now there is no nation in the world worthy to occupy a second place to her. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the Royal Society was organized. Since then the plague has ceased to visit Britain. Before that time plagues and pestilences were regarded as direct scourges inflicted upon the people by the Almighty as a punishment for their sin and wickedness.

The transactions of the Royal Society are a clear demonstration that there is an inevitable connection between human suffering and misery and ignorant violation of the obnoxious laws of nature. In nature God's laws are scrupulously exact. They cannot be violated with impunity. Between violation and punishment there is absolute and certain connection. The philosophy or reason of all education worthy of the name must establish that conviction. That is the moral correlative of education. Education which does not tend to moral elevation of character is a spurious education.

Gradually, but effectually, science is demonstrating that "honesty is the best policy." The abolition of war, one of the greatest of human scourges, under Church dominancy, is now within measurable distance, through the convincing power of exact science. Britain on the ocean, and Germany on the land, have attained to such a degree of gigantic scientific efficiency that other powers are constrained to observe honourable conditions, and thereby contribute to the general peace. With Britain and Germany, there is not the remotest disposition to abuse power, but an inflexible determination to maintain the right and mete out justice. Britain is the bright star of hope to civilization by reason of her scientific freedom in every line of human activity. In the sphere of her transcendent influence there is no indication of mental stagnation. She is not an arrested development, welded to a creed or a formula of words. Her constitution is not a written and cast-iron instrument only worthy of an obsolete and by-gone age, but a magnificent scientific growth susceptible of indefinite expansion commensurate with the resources of the world. I believe there is abundant scope for a higher conception of religion and Christianity than has hitherto obtained. In every walk and calling of life, in every branch of human activity, let the noblest and highest ideal in the direction of perfection in this life be esteemed Christian. Then, we shall have a practical Christianity and a veritable religion. The best doctor, the best lawyer, the best merchant, the best teacher and preacher, and the best mechanic, should only be regarded as Christ-like as they severally make excellence and perfection in their respective spheres their aim and ambition. Such is the dictum of science, and for that reason, science is, and must be, the handmaid of true religion.

"Devotion to science," says Spencer, in his work on Education, "is a tacit worship, a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied, and by implication in their cause.

It is not a mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions, not a mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labour."

Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer are sufficient of themselves to render any nation and age great.

By their persistent and honest devotion to truth they have succeeded in making the grandest and highest truth clear, namely the scientific affinity, harmony, and unity between the intellect of God and the intellect of man. In their life and character they have literally demonstrated that important truth to be the essential of their religion. Through their instrumentality it is a product and noble growth of the age, more consistent with the honour, dignity, and character of Infinite Perfection, than any that has, as yet, been evolved.

In the moral as in the physical world, action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions. The recent electoral contest in Britain, proves that the intellect and moral instincts of the people are a certain quality and an active force, which maketh for truth and righteousness.

THE EPITHET ATHEIST.

There was a time when, if the term atheist was applied to a human being, it meant social destruction, if not physical death. That time was when the Church was as tyrannical as she was supreme. Thank God the times have changed for the better, in the direction of light and freedom.

The term *atheist*, now, is as harmless as it is senseless.

The very consciousness of existence, which every thinking human being must possess, repudiates "atheist" as a foolish and senseless idea.

Its use and application in this higher and nobler age, savour of that lingering spirit of intolerance and persecution which only needs the power to give full scope to its work of cruelty and outrage.

So long as we have wrong and injustice to contend against in the world, we shall have discontent.

The moral results of education do not, and cannot, bring mankind into harmony with such surroundings—such sources of misery as wrong and injustice. That being so, what then does that discontent imply? It means a just aspiration and effort towards a higher and better condition.

First, to know what is true, and then, the only and essential freedom, to do what is right. The creed that embodies that principle in daily life and conduct, cannot but be acceptable to God, and is, therefore, worthy of universal adoption and practice. In that direction the world is growing, and its perfect realization will be under the glorious union of religion and science. Religion and science must eventually join hands, as the truths of either tend to mutual purification.

ROBT. CUTHBERT.

Toronto, Sept. 2nd, 1895.

* * *

Separation.

So strange to think this mid-day sun
Lights not the azure of thine eyes,
And will not till my day is done
And darkness o'er yon hills arise!

So strange that while this summer day
Stirs all my being with delight,
Thy fainting pulses ebb away
Beneath the dull Italian night!

So strange that thou and I, who love—
And long have loved—the selfsame air,
Woods, waters, hills, and skies above,
A common world no longer share!

But thou in a far distant land
Sojourneest till the year be run,
And wide between our hearts expand
Dim wastes of mountain, wave, and sun.

And thou canst gaze on dome and spire
Where kings and popes gazed long ago,
While I of the rude landscapes tire
Where rests no grave historic glow.

Yet, if one loving thought invade
Thy heart from mine, what signify
Oceans that shrink, and hills that fade,
And circling suns that hurry by?

JAMES A. TUCKER.

The Flag—Preference by Expediency.

TYNDALL tells us that Sir Isaac Newton's conceptions regarding the nature of light were influenced by his previous knowledge. He conceived light itself to be caused by the rapid rotation on an axis of minute etherial particles, combined with an almost infinitely fast motion of translation through space, like miniature suns and planets. In one of his lectures on light, Tyndall says of Newton: "He had been pondering over the phenomena of gravitation and had made himself at home amid the operations of this universal power. Perhaps his mind at this time was too freshly and too deeply imbued with these notions to permit of his forming an unfettered judgment regarding the nature of light." Correct conceptions in one department of science may be pushed too far if carried into another, and so also a familiarity with, and a bias for, a certain form of explanation may lead in certain cases to error. As the emission theory of light was not able to satisfactorily explain all the facts observed, it gave way in time to the undulatory theory.

The theory of Preference by Antipathy, while explaining many facts in history, breaks down when taxed with the weight of explaining all the reasons why men have chosen to do one thing and not another, or have expressed a liking for one thing and a distaste for another. There must surely be something more than a mere preference by antipathy in the display of orange by Orangemen and green by Roman Catholics. These colours are to each the badge or emblem of their tenets or beliefs. The origin of this use of orange, by one class of men, was not founded upon antipathy, it was selected because it had been the colour of the leader. A Roman Catholic displaying orange, or an Orangeman bearing green, would probably be misunderstood by friends and foes alike, and it is the desire to avoid such misunderstanding, and not any preference by antipathy, which practically forces each side to use exclusively its own colour. It might, indeed, be said to be a preference founded on expediency. It can hardly be that a Conservative holds to protection by reason of antipathy to the Liberals. One political party is pledged to the one doctrine, the other is equally committed to the other, and a man who would wander between the two camps in an endeavour to show that he was influenced by pure reason alone might be regarded as a deserter from the first or treated as a spy by the second.

The advocates of the maple leaf on the flag are not necessarily animated by any feeling of preference by antipathy for the leaf and against the star. The maple leaf is the recognized floral emblem of the Dominion. It has been for years associated with the name of Canada, and it would, therefore, seem to be more in order for those who do not desire the leaf to show why the existing and well-known emblem should be given up at all. It is not simply a preference by antipathy, it is a question of why displace what we already have.

The fact that Sir Francis Drake bore sable, a fess wavy between two pole stars argent, has no real bearing on the Canadian flag question except to show that stars were granted before republicanism became an established form of government. The wavy silver fess on Sir Francis' shield indicated his voyages on the sea, and that metaphorically he had put a girdle round the world, the pole stars conveying the idea of the extent of his wanderings. The stars in this coat of arms cannot be disassociated from the fess in interpreting its meaning. Other families bore red or silver stars on their escutcheons, but that fact cannot alter the widespread conception that stars or a star on the flag has some connection with a republican form of government. This conception may be right or wrong, it may be well or ill founded, it may be logical or illogical, it must be contrary to ancient heraldic usage, but to some extent it now exists and would have to be reckoned with. It would be a perfectly legitimate objection to the star being placed upon the Canadian flag; even supposing that it had been proved necessary to give up our existing emblem. It may more correctly be styled a preference by expediency which would endeavour to exclude any thing liable to a certain amount of misconception.

The use, by a barber, of a pole wound round with broad bands of red and blue, originally derived from his then occupation, is not an example of preference by antipathy for the pole to the exclusion of the three golden balls used by the pawn broker, nor was the pawn broker's sigh brought

into existence by a desire to appropriate anything else in the world except a decorated pole. The continued and exclusive use of both of these signs, by these two distinct classes, could more correctly be described as a preference due to expediency.

Preference by antipathy will explain many things, but it is hardly fair to suppose that almost every effort at a clearly defined, appropriate, and effective differentiation, either between nations, communities, or classes is the result necessarily of antipathy. Such distinction is often the effect of necessity or custom, or old association, or arbitrary arrangement, or expediency, or may have grown up no one knows how. The objection to the setting aside in this instance of the existing national emblem has not yet been shown to be a necessity, and the desire to preserve the maple leaf in every way, and to place it upon the Canadian flag, is a legitimate expression of loyal sentiment. The proposal to place any other emblem on the flag would, no doubt, be objected to by many, without the least feeling of antipathy to any other country or any other nation. GEO. S. HODGINS.

* * *

Adaptations From Martial.

I HAVE among my books a copy of Martial bought at Rome for me. It is an edition by a Jesuit Priest *demptis obscœnis*. I sometimes run over the epigrams and they often strike me by their freshness and applicability to our own day. I have picked out some of them and turned them into verse. All I have done is to adapt them, and I have tried to reproduce the point and the spirit of the original. Those now given are all in the first book. To reprint the text of the Latin would take too much room. I would like to believe that some of these English verses can be read by themselves, but to test them they should be read with the Latin.

I. 17. THESE EPIGRAMS.

I have mixed in these lines both grave and gay
Some bad, some good, there's no other way.

I., 2.

ATR.—"Here you see me Senor Don Pomposo."—*The Doctor of Alcantara*.

Here you see me, gentle reader, know it!
I am Martial, widely famous poet!
Upon whom, in his life, you pour out praises
Which other authors only get in blazes.

I. 54. BEWARE THE MADDING CROWD.

Poor little Mrs. —! She used to know no ill,
Her husband he was strict, but she was stricter still!
She went down to the seaside, and took in all the fun,
And burned her fingers there by not acting like a nun.
She's coming back here now a new life to begin,
She went there Lady Russell, she's returning Nell Gwynn.

I. 11. FORTUNE HUNTING.

Jim Ellice wants to marry Mary Towers,
He begs—he prays—he's always sending flowers.
Is she pretty? Not a bit. Why does he ask so often?
She has cash, also a cough, soon she'll need a coffin.

I. 14. A BRAVE ROMAN LADY.

When Arria gave to Paetus the sword
She drew from her own fair breast,
"If you have any faith," she said, "in my word,
Believe me, this way is best."

When Portia heard that Brutus was slain
She looked for a sword or dagger in vain
"Ye slaves that Death is granted when sought
Cato my Father's example has taught!"
She seized the coals from the burning pan,
"Hinder from Death, ye, now if ye can"

I., 29, 41.

Till late, Scroggs was M D,
An undertaker now is he,
But he has made no change.
For although that seems strange
It is quite correct, for
He always was and is a Funeral Director.

I. 16. TO-DAY—TO-DAY!

Old friend whose name must stand first with me,
If old friendship has any rights,
Now twice thirty years have passed over thee,
And life has left few delights—
Hasten to seize what may be snatched away;
"What has been is mine" is all one dare say.
Labours and cares drag a lengthening chain,
Pleasures fly soon and leave us to pain.

Then grasp with both hands the joys you secure,
If not they will leave you lamenting be sure.
A wise man saith not, I will live I will,
No--to-morrow's too late, to-day take thy fill.

I. 24 TO ANY DIFFIDENT CANADIAN AUTHOR.

Bring out your book—don't hesitate,
"Please let me in," knocks Fame at the gate
The public are ready an author to help,
And besides writing oft leads to self—
If you really, honestly want some cash
Up—nor fear the critic's lash—
Through ages long your book may last
When you yourself to the tomb have passed.

Number 30 in Book I. is the famous *non amo te Sabidi*
—"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

I., 31.

"See, she weeps! Crocodile Tears."—*Satanilla*.

Gellia's lost her father—see poor Gellia cry.
Humbug! She knows that you and I are by.
When she's alone ne'er a tear weeps she;
That kind of sorrow needs no sympathy;
Grief, true grief, is deepest alone
It is only a sham when publicly shewn.

I. 50 MINE HOST.

The rain pours down and soaks the vine
It reminds me of you—you water your wine.

I. 56. TO MISS ———.

You're pretty—we all know it—you're a girl—you need not pout
You're well off—about that there is no sort of doubt,
But if you shew off so ostentatiously,
Neither rich, nor pretty, nor a lady will you be.

I. 70. THE AUCTIONEER'S BLUNDER.

Paddy had called an auction sale,
But felt himself at a loss for a tale,
His client's farm had had to go,
But Patrick's clients must not be low.
"Do yez think," says he, "the gent is hit,"
"It's a mistake," says he, "devil a bit."
"The wrong's not in the man, but the farm,
"For his pigs and his praties there come to harm."
"I'm selling the place. Now, what do ye bid?"
"It's a quare way to take of a place to be rid."
Mike says to Dan, "Sure there's something hid,
"I'm going home!" "So am I," says Dan.
The rest followed after, and away they ran.
For Patrick's yarn caused some alarm,
For who would buy an unlucky farm?

I. 35. THE ENVIOUS MAN.

Look here, you with that very long face
Reading these lines with such very bad grace—
Run down others, it's all you can do,
No one will ever run down you.

R. E. K.

To Quebec Awheel.—No. I.

WE turned our bicycles from the quiet shade of the
avenue into the early morning sunshine of the city
street. Everywhere was the silence of sunrise. The cool,
fresh air seemed charged with ozone; it was the strength,
from within or without, which is in all beginnings. We
drank in long filling breaths, and swelling thrills passed
through us, so that we grasped the handles as if we would
lift the front wheels, and our kneejoints became like the
axles of piston rods. It was good to be alive.

We were to ride far, hundreds of miles. We were to
pass through cities and wildernesses, spinning on asphalt,
and pounding over corduroy, from our own modern city of
Toronto to the oldest part of Canada, and a country almost
foreign. And in spite of the nature of our steeds we were to
be pastoral. If the guidance of the telegraph pole must be
accepted, its personality must be ignored. The country
hotel, abomination of brewery chromos and bad tobacco,
with stuffy rooms, and bedding smelling like stale soda-
biscuits, was to be altogether avoided. Farm houses, the
more old-fashioned the better, must take two transient
boarders. In Kingston, in Ottawa, and in Montreal we had
friends, and we did not despair of finding long lost uncles even
in the wilds of Quebec. So much by way of preface. Thus
artfully do I escape telling of the vulgarized highways near
the city.

The guide-books aver that Kingston Road is, considering
its length, the finest in Canada. Experience has taught us
to disbelieve all such sources of information, but in this they
seem to have been betrayed into telling the truth. If we
doubt their veracity in all else, we own it here. The few
hundred yards of rolled gravel in High Park were drawn out
into leagues. Almost the whole one hundred and seventy-
five miles could be ridden at night. But the hills are un-
speakable; at least it is safer to leave them so. At High-
land Creek and Pickering, at Port Hope and Bowmanville,
and all intermediate points they uprear appallingly their
weary length above the labouring wheelman.

We are still in the midst of them when we turn into a
green old lane, and, laying down our wheels in the shade of
rustling apple-trees, bespeak unlimited quantities of milk
and bread and butter from the good farmer's wife. We are
a novelty to her, and she seems mightily amused as she
takes her pitcher to the dairy. In the meantime we cool
our sweaty heads in the bucket by the rain-barrel. After
very much cold lunch we agree that it is a bad thing, and
somewhat impossible, to ride immediately after eating. The
shade of some spicy balsam trees invites us to take our
siesta.

The afternoon of that first day was sultry, and lower-
ing with threatening storm. Thunder grumbled from a blue-
black sky, and not a leaf stirred as we sped along to escape
the downpour. The coasting allowed us to make fast time,
and furnished moments not to be forgotten. As if the long
slope before us were not enough we launch our wheels from
the hilltop with a final drive. Then the wind streams through
our airy sweaters, and perspiration is blown into enveloping
coolness. Heads go down to save the caps, and the flying
pedals cut a glittering circle. The heavy murmur of the
chain is swift as a-singing. We sit in the cave of the winds
and hear sphere music. It is a glorious feeling of ecstasy;
the greatness of the bicycle is still unsung.

The rain did not reach us, and we sought supper—with
bed and breakfast if we should like the place—at a farm
some miles past Port Hope. Again our request caused
amusement, but we were soon seated in the cool half-light
of a quaint old dining-room, bringing comfort to the animal.
Then we rambled down to the beach, plunged into the big
rollers, and shouted hilariously at the moon. The first origi-
nal discovery was here made: an oilcloth bundle-cover is
practically useless as a towel. All other brilliant observa-
tions were smothered in a feather-bed of unfathomable depth
and softness.

I chronicle these common and homely details because
they are of necessity a great part of such trips. If eating
and sleeping are made uncomfortable—and the country
hotel or *maison de pension* can generally make them truly so
—little pleasure can be taken from other things. In Ontario
we found the farmhouse a delight in its wholesome frugal
fare, and cleanly lodging. We were never taken in in the
double sense of the word. It is true that one wicked old
woman drew the milk from the end of a creamer to which
the yellow stratum refuses to gravitate. But we could not
get angry at this, for solacing philosophy told us that civili-
zation must bring ungenerous craft with complicated tin-
ware. Luckily for us the old-fashioned milk-cooling vat,
with its bobbing chunks of ice clinking against the cans,
still holds almost universal sway.

The second day was hot, but there was a strong wind,
and it was at our backs. It was an exacting blessing how-
ever; we had to ride to achieve it, for any slow pace meant
a smothering in our own dust. As it was it chased us in
vain. The fierce sunshine glared from the dazzling handle
bars and a salty rain fell from our boiling faces to our knees.
Almost every hour we dismounted to dip our heads into some
deliciously cool stream, or fling ourselves down in a shaded
fence-corner. Every few miles we sampled the drinking-
water. At many farms they pressed milk upon us.

Indeed the kindly hospitality of everyone is one of the
lasting pleasures of such outings. If one asks his way he is
not only given the best directions possible, but the state of
the road, and anything worth seeing along the way, are men-
tioned as well. Farmers would look up from their harvest-
ing and say: "Roads are bad along here, boys, but you'll
have better 'going' as you get on." And if they had been
wheeling themselves, they could not have taken more pleas-
ure from hearing the information than they took from giving

it. Often we were offered fruit along the way—early apples, cherries, berries of all kinds. At one humble homestead, they had us take some newly pulled carrots, for they had nothing better. They dangled from our handles like pennons through several wondering towns.

Some early pears impressed themselves upon our memories in no uncertain way. My friend had been setting a scorching pace, and I had been urging him on with frequent shoutings. Thus we were running down a long hill when my handkerchief slipped from the bundle, and fluttered away in the dust behind me. He was too far ahead to notice any difference in my remarks. I had bawled myself hoarse when I at last concluded to turn around, and let him miss me when thirst next overtook him. As I pulled up, a girl in a pink blouse and jaunty hat passed me, her pretty face trying politely to conceal the mischievous delight my ferocious expression gave her. A few minutes later I came upon my sweating companion oiling up at a gate post. I was squirting a liberal allowance on my wheel when the young lady tripped along the footpath and passed into the gate. At once we both were overcome with an overwhelming desire for a drink. We were fortunate enough to have no old lady palmed off on us, and soon we were in the coolest of spring-houses gallantly pledging the fair maiden in misty glasses of ice-cold water. We would have been content to depart then, but as we were mounting she slipped down to the gate to ask us, with some divident modesty, if she couldn't get us some pears. We granted her request without any unmannerly hesitation. The fruit was very small—no larger than common plums, but mellow and sugary. We ate and chatted for some time. It caused her much regret that our garments were not adapted to the purpose of storing victual. We sympathetically shared her regret, at the same time sliding large quantities into covert pockets in the rear. When we did at last tear ourselves away we cheerfully chanted, "She's a Daisy, just now," to a sacred tune, and steered with our wrists—for she had made us take our hands full. However retribution speedily overtook us in the shape of a rutty hill. We were forced to clutch wildly at the handles, and the pears we had taken under false pretences oozed from between our grasping fingers.

We arrived at Kington in the evening of the second day, Friday. There, kind friends made our two days' stay a very pleasant one. On Monday morning we boarded the five o'clock boat. We did this to see the Thousand Islands—which disappointed us, probably because rising at four destroys the artistic eye. Disembarking at Brockville we bowled down to Prescott on a beautiful stretch of macadam, and after impoverishing the pantry of a hotel, which we feel it our duty to recommend, turned up the road to Ottawa.

I here call attention to two characteristics of the people. They never doubt that the pace-maker is the winner in a road race, and so warmly encourage the hindmost man. "He's near done out," they say; "You kin ketch him easy." Again few, if any, have the smallest idea of distances. They appear to figure from their native place. If "Honest John Tompkins" lives in a village fifty miles from Ottawa he is firmly convinced that no matter where he is the fifty miles of separation is the same. Once we were resting, dangling our heels over a bridge, and asking the tourist's question of every one who passed. The first said it was eight miles. The next said seven. The third man lowered him one, with a truthful countenance. My friend drew his watch and suggested that we sit still and arrive.

The roads are uniformly bad to Ottawa, and when we supped we were twenty-five miles from the Capital. However, the sandy-whiskered Scot who entertained us was a man whose acquaintance was well worth making. He was of the canny race. He said, "Na, na, I wull na take a copper; but," after a weak struggle, "ye may give as ye think fit to the little girl."

The rain came on when we were still ten miles from the city. We tramped through the mud, slipping in the greasy ruts and splashing through the puddles. Tired and hungry, drenched and dirty, we arrived. Our wish is that all wheelmen may have ever ahead of them a big bath, a change of raiment, and best of all a jolly hostess to drop ice into coffee cooling too slowly for appetites which would horrify Gargantua. As this was the last of our riding in Ontario we reserve the rest for notes on Quebec.

A. E. McFARLANE.

Is the Hudson Bay Route to Europe Practicable?

THE question, Is the Hudson Bay route to Europe practicable? is being very generally asked just now. Mr. Duncan McArthur in *The Westminster Review* for August strongly advocates the scheme, and says that it will readily be understood that the undertaking must have opponents both in Eastern Canada and in the United States, inasmuch as it will be a formidable competitor for the carrying trade of a large portion of the vast interior of the North American continent, against the St. Lawrence route on the one hand and the American water system of transport on the other, but that the objections of such opponents as to the uncertainty of navigation in the Straits and the shortness of the season of open water are not defensible. In closing his argument, Mr. Macarthur quotes the following anonymous poem, which he says contains sentiments that are "echoed and re-echoed by almost everyone in the great Canadian Northwest":

Open the Bay, which Hudson—doubly crowned
By fame—to science and to history gave
This was his limit, this his utmost bound—
There, all unwittingly, he sailed and found
At once a path of empire and a grave!

Open the Bay! What cared that seaman grim
For towering iceberg or the crushing floe?
She sped at noonday or at midnight dim—
A man! and hence, there was a way for him,
And where he went a thousand ships can go.

Open the Bay! the myriad prairies call:
Let homesteads rise and comforts multiply;
Give to the world the shortest route of all—
Let justice triumph though the heavens should fall!
This is the voice of reason—manhood's cry.

This old scheme, remarks the *Literary Digest*, of a northern outlet to Europe has been revived by the voting of a bonus by the Dominion Parliament for the first section of the railway to the Bay. A contributor to the *New York Observer*—a well-known American who was for many years United States Consul at Winnipeg, and who is familiar with the whole region in question—thinks that the scheme is impracticable. He writes as follows:

"Up to the Saskatchewan, a distance of, say, 300 miles the route will pass through a fairly arable country, but from thence to the Bay the region is largely a wilderness of rocks and swamps, unfit for settlement and incapable of contributing any local traffic to the maintenance of the road. While not a favourable region for railway construction, lying far to the north and remote from civilization, the surveys made a decade ago show it to be entirely feasible, with no formidable engineering difficulties to be overcome. The chief obstacle to the success of the project lies in the water section of the route, that is, in the apparent impossibility of securing a reliable outlet from Hudson Bay to the sea, the Bay itself being, in a greater or less degree, open to navigation all the year around. It is claimed that if an open channel through Hudson Strait can be secured for five months in the year, the route will prove a paying one, but testimony thus far seems to show that navigation for specially constructed ships can only be depended on during four months, and for ordinary steamers for only three months in the year. The expedition sent out by the Dominion Government in 1884 to test the practicability of an outlet from the Bay to the Atlantic, reported that the Bay is never safe, owing to fogs, ice, snow-storms, etc., and that the Straits can not be navigated at all for more than four months in the year; a report confirmed by the Hudson Bay Company, which for two centuries has sent vessels into the Bay. Lieutenant Gorrings, who, in 1881, investigated the region on behalf of the Northern Pacific Railway, pronounced any successful traffic by the route to be wholly impracticable, fogs and ice barely leaving an average of six weeks for safe navigation, and even this period varies greatly with the season. Admitting, however, that three and a half months could be relied on, there are other difficulties serving to diminish the value of the route, notably the fact that one year's crop could not be moved until the next year, outlet through the Strait only being possible from July to October, and that as steamships could make

but two or three round trips, the large fleet engaged would have no employment during most of the year. The chief advantage presented by the route, and that which is expected to draw trade to it, is, of course, the shorter distance to Liverpool, amounting in the case of Dakota shipments from the North Saskatchewan region to 1,300 miles over the Montreal route. But it is a question whether a route open only from two to four months of the year, and even then liable to frequent interruption, can compete successfully with rail and lake routes open from seven to twelve months, and so whether it will prove of any practical advantage to the American and Canadian farmer."

At Street Corners.

THE outcome of the yacht race between the Valkyrie and the Defender is the outcome of national characteristics. It shows that the Americans have no idea of what sport really is. This is not their fault: it is simply a lack of education. The home and source of the true spirit of sport is to be found in the British Isles, and such dim ideas on the subject as have found their way to the United States came from thence. But the States contain a very mixed population—a fact that Prof. Goldwin Smith does not accentuate when he writes in a pro-annexation vein, but a fact nevertheless, and the mass of the people in New York have no more idea of the amenities of sport than they have of conic sections or the nice questions of Greek literature.

In this respect they differ from a London, a Dublin or an Edinburgh crowd. I guarantee that an assemblage of Yorkshire miners gathered to watch a surreptitious dog fight will have more true idea of the justice and fairness that should govern all contests of strength or skill than the be-ringed, bediamonded and bedollared mob who form what New York calls its sporting fraternity. When to this lack of information is added the American characteristic of grabbing everything in sight, it is little to be wondered at that the Valkyrie was not given a fair show. Lord Dunraven is not a person that I am particularly enthusiastic about, but in sporting matters he is the soul of honour, and I don't see how, under the attendant circumstances, he could have acted differently from what he did.

The decision of the Toronto Board of Works to ask the assistance of the famous English hydraulic expert, Mr. James Mansergh, C.E., is based on sound sense, and I regret to note that the vote was only carried by the narrow majority of seven "for" to six "against." I sincerely trust that by the time this meets the eye of the reader the Council will have endorsed the resolution of the Works Committee, and that when Mr. Mansergh comes out here his instructions will be implicitly followed. What we want to do is not to favour the scheme of any particular man, but to have a substantial reorganization of our entire water supply.

It would be amusing if it were not so melancholy, to see the way in which the accident to the conduit has driven a number of people temporarily mad. There is a former employe of the engineer's office who had to be discharged for incompetency and who has been anxious to slay the engineer ever since. He really knows next to nothing about hydraulics, but he thinks he knows everything, and he goes right and left ventilating his voluble explanations and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Mr. Keating. Of course nobody in particular marks him. There are amiable and well-meaning old women of the masculine sex who also think they know all about it, and who have to fall back on an attempt to "load up" the romantic editors of such weekly papers as they can get to listen to them. Mr. E. A. Macdonald is, of course, vigorous and assertive. Still, like Macbeth, he is lured on by a species of witchery, and "King that shalt be" is continually spoken in his ears, mingled with lamentations that the Toronto people of his day and generation will not listen to him as they ought and as they might. The newspaper offices are deluged with letters on the subject of water-supply, and many persons seem to be devoting more attention to it than to their ordinary business. I trust Mr. Mansergh's advent will put an end to much of this flotsam and jetsam.

Last Sunday morning I went to St. James' Cathedral to hear the new Provost of Trinity University preach his first sermon in Toronto. I was so much impressed by the power of the learned divine that I went to St. George's in the evening to hear him again. Provost Welch is undoubtedly a man of force and character, and Trinity is to be congratulated on his advent. He will make himself felt here before long.

The first annual convention of the International Deep Waterways Association is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Yesterday's papers contained a letter from Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., the President, to Mr. George Johnson, the Government Statistician, requesting his attendance at the Convention. He has been invited to contribute a paper from Canada dealing with the cost, character and utility of the existing great lakes and St. Lawrence improvement. The object of the paper is to demonstrate how much work, and at what cost, Canada has already done, compared with the United States, towards development of an international highway.

I went to the Grand Opera House the other evening to see Mr. Sol Smith Russell in "The Rivals." That clever actor's reading of the part of Bob Acres is altogether novel and peculiar, and I could not help wondering if the shade of Sheridan ever "revisits these glimpses of the moon," and what the "extravagant" spirit would say to Mr. Russell's rendering. The best actor in the piece by a long way in my opinion was Mr. Alfred Hudson, who as Sir Anthony Absolute recalled the best traditions of the play.

The Editor of THE WEEK has shown me a curious letter which he received from Ottawa the other day. It was from a gentleman who said that whilst dining at the Russell one evening recently he had overheard a conversation between an Englishman and an American who were discussing Canadian journalism. Mr. Goldwin Smith was mentioned as being the editor of THE WEEK, and the American added that the paper was a strong advocate of annexation. The aforesaid gentleman thereupon joined in the conversation and explained that Mr. Goldwin Smith had entirely severed his connection with THE WEEK ten years ago, and that the paper had never advocated annexation and never would. *DIAGENES.*

Parisian Affairs.

THE STOKES AFFAIR—EXECUTION FIRST AND TRIAL AFTERWARDS—TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS—TURKEY AND CHINA RIFE FOR DISMEMBERMENT—FRANCE ALARMED ABOUT HER SEABOARD DEFENCES—BUT THE BUDGET HAS NEED OF REPOSE—SPORTSMEN AND POACHERS—NAPOLEON AND HIS FOX HOUNDS—THE 1900 EXHIBITION IDEA MAKING NO HEADWAY—FRENCH DOCTORS AND APOTHECARIES AT LOGGERHEADS—ANOTHER MONUMENT TO WILLIAM TELL.

THE Stokes affair is followed with close attention in France. Few European explorers but have been indebted to "Charley" for material help and sound advice, and none more so than the Belgians who hanged him, following the Jedburb Justice of the Belgian Major Lothaire—execution first and trial afterwards. Stokes was a rich trader; what did his executioners do with his property, claimed to be confiscated? England demands, not allegations or mere assertions, but the material proofs of the guilt of one of her subjects, and will insist, not on the right of a drum-head court material to try "Charley," but of murdering him, when the Congo State Code, ratified by the Berlin-African Congress, exacted the right of the accused being heard on appeal. The ugly and sinister part of the crime is this: it was committed last December, and the atrocity was only revealed by chance—the gossip of natives. But murder will ever out. If Lothaire had all the incriminating documents against Stokes that he claims to possess why did he keep them back? Or if he sent them to King Leopold, why did the latter cushion them? The fullest information must now be given, and a British and searching inquiry made into the dark affair. King Leopold, of late, has been pursuing an erratic course in the Congo State of which he is the autocrat; he is next to bankrupt, but he must be made to pay smartly for Lothaire's savagery.

The Government merits several chucks. It has at last taken the bull by the horns and prohibited the holding of any bull fights in France *before* they take place, instead of *after* they had been held, which was a screaming farce at the

expense of the law for the spectators, in addition to the spectacle of slaying bulls, goring horses, and, what merited less pity, tossing occasionally the human performers.

Which will be the first empire partitioned, Turkey or China? Both are viewed as being more than ripe for dismemberment. Opinion is still at sea to find out the true cause why the Sultan, not so much holds out, as beards, the three powers pledged to protect Armenia from periodic amateur slaughterings by the Moslems. Is it true that the Sultan has been trying to stir up revolt among the Indian Mahometans against English rule? If so he must not expect much consideration from the British Government. Russia will join England to-morrow, not to mend, but to end Turkey. Is the patching up of the latter to be eternal? Germany and France could obtain nice scraps of Asia Minor. A demonstration of the three powers before Constantinople will alone make the Silent Turk speak. But what is the use of bolstering up the effete realm? Europe will have one bug-bear less by sweeping it away. It is accepted as certain that if the allied fleets demonstrate before the Porte, they will be in no hurry to come away.

Rear Admiral Réveillère has created a sensation by his utterance that France, in case of war with Germany, could not defend her western sea board, as she would be outnumbered in war ships, in the proportion of two to one by Germany. Thus, he says, there is nothing to prevent Germany landing, within forty-eight hours, all the troops she pleased in the neighbourhood of Havre, and marching "Eastward, Ho!" upon Paris. The country after arming the northern and eastern is now called upon to do the same for her western or sea-board frontier. She has not the money for all that national-life saving system of defence, and as Leon Say has truly remarked, the Budget of France has need of repose.

People not over-occupied and having no money anxieties are said to fall back upon gunning, as one of the means of killing time, just as others find solace at the theatres or café concerts. This season 9,000 licences to shoot were issued in Paris, and that produced for the Treasury, the sum of 2½ fr. millions—the cost of two iron clads. The authorities adopted a very useful measure to cut short the poaching industry—for it is well known that the poachers skim fields and forests of their fur and feather game ere the sportsman can indulge in a blaze. By this fraud the market of Paris and the shops were fully stocked with every variety of game by sunrise on the opening—the first of September—of the shooting season. To obtain that supply was physically impossible, and only poaching could secure it. Well, on present opening day, no game was allowed to be sold till the afternoon—that is, would be passed in by the active police, while the Minister of the Interior ordered none to be allowed to cross the frontier till the afternoon of "the day we celebrate." Hence, some taverns had prepared ordinary poultry ready "hung," to do duty for partridge, etc., flavoured with a little of potted game. But some hares, partridges, quails, and pheasants managed to be smuggled into the city and realized fancy prices.

Napoleon I. was not a great sportsman; however, he not the less was a "mighty hunter, and his prey was man." When First Consul he allowed 108,000 frs. to the sporting stud; later, that was reduced to less than one-half. He was the incarnation of the principle of destruction; he liked the hunting costume of the old French court, and patronized it to the last, at St. Helena. His favourite fowling pieces were those used by Louis XVI., only he had them charged to the muzzle; one burst in his hands. At Rambouillet, where Josephine had a collection of swans and other aquatic birds on the pond near the Chateau, he amused himself patting at and killing them. Other times he used to enjoy sport in the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne, then hunting centres. In full war with England, he not the less had a pack of fox hounds sent over to him by *perfidie Albion*. But being a bad rider—his legs were too short and too round—he could not well follow the hounds. It was at a gunning party he lodged the contents of his fowling piece in Massena's eye. The latter was extracted; Napoleon swore it was Berthier was the author of the accident—the Marshal remained silent. Some days later Napoleon named Massena commander of the army in Portugal.

In the provinces the opposition extends against holding the 1,900 Exhibition as "eminently useless," in point of art, industry, and political advantages. In a word, the play is

not worth the candle. But the rurals are altogether wrong when they allege the Exhibition is a toy to please Parisians. The latter—save tavern and hotel keepers—do not want it at all; they have had a glut of such toys; there is no more novelty in them; they are the same coin, only with a different date struck in. When Parliament meets at the close of October, a definite solution will be arrived at. In the interim even the officious journals have no longer puffs about the "Zigzag"—the shape of the site—World's Fair. Then the Germans have agreed to come—now a drawback. In any case the French are at present in a very curious mood, are sourish, disappointed, out of sorts. They are crossed and fretted by so many events, and last not least, by the Madagascar adventure, which is really a terrible page of uncomplaining suffering. The camp hospital is occupied by one-third of the whole expeditionary force; the *braves*—braver than if they had met the enemy—who are able to still hold out, can hardly drag one leg after the other, and work with knapsack and top coat; for the nights are glacial and the days torrid—plus their rifle and hatchets to cut their way through the palm forests. It is to be hoped the poor fellows may soon enter Tantanarise, and above all before the rainy season commences, which is due in about two or three weeks.

The doctors and the apothecaries in France do not stable their horses together; the latter boast that if they did not control the prescriptions before compounding them the population of France would soon be reduced to zero. The tribunal of Lectoure has just mulcted a physician and chemist to pay 3,500 francs damages to a peasant's wife plus a fine of 200 frs. each, and all costs. The doctor prescribed a dose of chlohydrate of morphia, in place of quinine, and the apothecary compounded it, knowing full well the error. The peasant's wife was quickly poisoned. The condemned will have to pass before the councils of their order, which means practically striking off the rolls as their negligence will be written across the face of their diplomas. Professionals who kill, instead of cure, are never popular.

The Swiss have inaugurated another monument to "William Tell," at Altorf, the presumed site where Tell sent an arrow through the apple placed on his son's head. It is a pretty story, only it is not true. Tell never existed, as history attests, but the legend will out-live history. Why does civilization persist in killing the fabulous? Z.

M. Bourget's Impressions of America.*

HAS anyone yet explained the inordinate curiosity evinced by that wonderful nation to the south of us in anything and everything that anybody and everybody says and thinks of them and their country? Is it due to national youthfulness, a sort of boyish bashfulness, a self-consciousness such as seizes upon the youthful individual when face to face with an assembly of his elders? Or is it due to a consciousness of the fact that they are, after all, as some one has said, an experiment, an experiment, in government, in society, in the totality of nationality? It may be that there is something of both factors in the avidity with which they seek an expression of the opinion formed of them by travellers from the old world.

One of the most recent of these travellers was no less a person than the eminent M. Paul Bourget, best known perhaps as a French novelist, but a French novelist of the keenest faculty of observation and the acutest powers of analysis; an adept in noting manners and customs; a master in the dissection of thoughts and emotions—the substrata of manners and customs; an artist in the depiction of both. Such a "chiel" "takin'" such "notes" among such a people, is perhaps, a thing unique in the history of globe-trotting, and, naturally enough, M. Bourget's book has been widely commented upon.

To such a traveller, of course, only certain aspects of the life and being of so great and complex a nation as that of the United States of America will appeal. The student of emotions and manners will not discuss the American constitution, municipal legislation, Tammany, woman suffrage, the currency question—he leaves these to M. de Tocqueville

* "Outre-Mer: Impressions of America." By Paul Bourget, member of the French Academy. [Translated.] New York: Scribner. 1895. Cl. 8vo., pp. 425. Price \$1 75.

or to Mr. James Bryce. No, he discusses—as the Table of Contents shows us—"Society," "A Summer City"—Newport, namely, "Women and Young Girls," "American Pleasures." More than one critic has called these superficialities. They may be; compared to the working of a written constitution and the unification, or attempted unification, of a huge and motley conglomeration of peoples under one federal government no doubt they are. But it altogether depends upon the point of view: to the therapist no doubt, on the look out merely for "active principles" which he extracts and labels as drugs, the colours and perfumes of a bud count for little; to the botanist and floriculturist, however, these are much; and why an observer should be belittled because he confines his attention to the blossom, and leaves to others the root, is not altogether apparent. Perhaps some day we shall have a globe-trotter who will have the ability to study both root and flower and shall be able to show us how and why the one is a necessary product of the other. But he will be a wonder indeed. Till he comes let us be thankful that we can learn something of the one through such eyes as those of Mr. Bryce and of the other through those of M. Bourget.

Mr. "Mark Twain," in his (no doubt) well-known article on M. Bourget's book in the *Forum*, jocosely likened the writer to an entomologist studying under a magnifying glass a number of . . . of . . . yes, I will bring myself to use his word . . . "bugs." The simile was not perhaps completely complimentary to Mr. Clemens' compatriots—at least so it does not sound to English ears; and wherein lay the intended irony of the remark it is not quite easy to see. But in truth in the whole article the jocosity was rather elephantine and the seriousness rather animalcular. What was intended was, presumably, the enunciation of the critic's opinion of the immensity of the dissimilarity between the observer and the observed, the entomologist and the . . . the . . . the insects, and the consequent inability of the former to understand, on a cursory glance, the latter. But surely in that very dissimilarity lay the interest of M. Bourget's observations. Throgs go to hear "Max O'Rell" lecture on America; would as many go to hear Mr. Chauncey Depew on the same topic? It is precisely because Dickens, de Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, the late Chief Justice Coleridge, Mr. Bryce, and M. Paul Bourget observe and comment on something wholly new to them that the expressed opinions of these have been so widely read and remembered. As to the cursoriness, first impressions are keen, and, with intellects like that of the Academician, are, so far as they go, likely to be accurate. To generalize and seek for causes after only cursory glances and first impressions no doubt is dangerous; but the entomologist in this instance is not given to over-much generalization. He says himself, "The writer must make use of his general impressions in the way that the painter utilizes the walls of his studio. He hangs upon them the studies which at once hide and are sustained by them. . . . I have done my best to forget my theories" (pp. 7, 8).

What style these Frenchmen have! Its beauty is discernible even through the translation. What a vocabulary! What delicate shades of meaning! What allusiveness! What suggestiveness! The most polished English seems rough and rugged beside this smooth and even diction. Nevertheless, perhaps, while the one gains in uniformity the other gains in strength. The one reminds us of a soft alluvial deposit, the other of a rocky igneous upheaval. At bottom, no doubt, the character of the language itself is the cause of much of the dissimilarity.

How a Frenchman looks at America and things American I have left myself no room to say. And, indeed, in the case of a Frenchman like M. Paul Bourget, it would be no easy thing to say. His book must be read: it is as entertaining as interesting. The delicacy of his irony alone is worth considering. When he speaks of the American "Beauty" he says:

"The most artless of these young-girl types, and to my mind the most touching, . . . is the *Beauty*. . . . She must be very tall, very well formed, the lines of her face and figure must lend themselves to that sort of reproduction of which the newspapers and their readers are so fond. She must also know how to dress with magnificence, which here is inseparable from elegance. Once recognized, though she may not be more than twenty years old, she enters upon a sort of official, almost a civic, existence. . . . She is as necessary a part of every grand dinner and ball as the roses at a dollar a piece and the champagne *brut*. . . . She is,

in fact, a social actress and a champion of her order, like a master of billiards or chess. Let us be more ambitious—like a pugilist, like Jim Corbett, the Californian!" (pp 86, 87).

His description of a game of football is, perhaps, what might be expected of a Frenchman:

"The roughness with which they seize the bearer of the ball is impossible to imagine without having witnessed it. He is grasped by the middle of the body, by the head, by the legs, by the feet. He rolls over and his assailants with him, and as they fight for the ball and the two sides come to the rescue, it becomes a heap of twenty-two bodies tumbling on top of one another, like an inextricable knot of serpents with human heads. This heap writhes on the ground and tugs at itself. One sees faces, hair, backs, or legs appearing in a monstrous and agitated *mêlée*. Then this murderous knot unravels itself, and the ball, thrown by the most agile, bounds away and is again followed with the same fury. It continually happens that, after one of those frenzied entanglements, one of the combatants remains on the field motionless, incapable of rising, so much has he been hit, pressed, crushed, thumped." (pp. 330, 331)

Whatever Mr. "Mark Twain" may say, it is not every day that such a Frenchman as M. Bourget comes over to the United States with the express purpose of recording his impressions. When he does, they are worth reading.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

A Trip to England.*

THESE pages are "an expansion of a lecture delivered to friends." They commence by presenting a panorama on a small scale of the successive epochs of English history as illustrated by English monuments and remains of ancient buildings. Then England as she exists to-day is sketched from the various points of view which strike a visitor. Her institutions, the Throne, the Church, the Army, the Town Volunteer's and Country Life, the Black Country, are all in turn described. The transition from one subject to another is nicely and gracefully managed. A change is commencing to come over the spirit of England's dream. Prof. Goldwin Smith has noticed the prominent features of the various innovations. The opinions of a University man who has seen much of the world and learned much by observation, and who revisits his native land after the absence of years cannot but be of value. There is a current of somewhat sad reminiscence in many of the pages. Dr. Goldwin Smith cannot be said to be altogether a *laudator temporis acti*, but it is quite evident that many of the changes introduced in these present times do not harmonize with his preferences. With some of his regrets we thoroughly sympathize. But, thank God, the heart of England is still sound. The last election showed what she can do when she is aroused. The English people are very patient, very slow and submit to a good deal, but once stir them up and they are like their own bull-dogs—they never let go.

One curious sentence occurs on Dr. Goldwin Smith's second page: "It is an advantage which Canadians have over Americans that they have not broken with their history and cast off the influences, at once exalting and sobering which the record of a long and grand foretime exerts upon the mind of a community." *Oh si sic semper*, Dr. Goldwin Smith! When you write thus why do you use every effort to cause us to lose this leavening element in our Constitution? Do you not think we know the truth of this statement? We know it well. This sentence contains the kernel of the objection which Canadians have to becoming Americans. If you then see so plainly the better path why seek to turn us from it?

It gives us great pleasure to recommend this sketch of a visit to England. Those who have been there will recognize many features which have struck them. Englishmen living on this side of the ocean will have their own recollections revived. Those who have not visited England will find much to correspond with their reading and will receive suggestions which will help them to understand the trend of modern English politics and social life.

Vision of Thyra; or The Gift of the Hills. By Iris. (Boston: Arena Publishing Company, Copley Square. 1895.) —Those who are able to endure the later strains of Walt Whitman, or the frantic lines of Lola Montez, or the more frenzied Californian exuberance of Joaquin Miller, may be able to find some pleasure in this *Vision*. To us it is a tale told by an "idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

*"A Trip to England." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Recent Fiction.*

RUSSIAN Nihilism, and intrigue have served as the theme of many modern stories. The latest of the kind to come to hand is "By Order of the Brotherhood," by Le Voleur. The scene opens in London, and then shifts about the continent with marvellous rapidity. Monte Carlo, Italy, Russia, are all visited, and exciting incidents, diabolical plots, hair-breadth escapes, crowd the pages. It is a "first work," and the author modestly dedicates it "to the British public," "to the six best men in the world," whom he names, and "to the late Miss," etc. The story is badly told, and is full of impossible situations. It is narrated by Archibald Clarke, a solicitor of the High Court of Justice, and by Brice, a detective; but the writer seems to have no power of entering dramatically into these characters, and if he did not inform us who was narrating we would never be able to tell from the style. The story is of that unhappy kind that invents difficulties, and invariably has the right individual on hand at the right moment to solve the difficulty, to fathom the mystery. No doubt the book will interest many readers. Irate fathers, detectives, gamblers, beautiful women, Russian nobles, nay, even the Czar himself, are introduced in such a way as to excite the curiosity of the reader of sensational stories; but for the student of the novel the crowding of incident, the shifting of the action, the absurdity of some of the situations, the lack of true psychology, will make it distasteful reading.

About such a book as "Neighbours of Ours," by Henry W. Nevinson, there will be a diversity of opinion among the critics. It is a piece of realism that out Zolas Zola in many ways. There is no pretence at a plot, and it is merely what the title professes, a study of the narrator's neighbours. The narrator is Jacko, a son of the London slums, who appears on the scene in "bust boots," "bust trousey-knees," and a collar, "as was nothing but a bit o' blue 'an'kerchief, through me bein' out o' work." Jacko knows the community he is describing, and keeps back nothing. The manners, the language, the life, are given in their utter nakedness, and we cannot help feeling that the book is a truthful drawing of a state of society that but few readers can ever reach or understand without an interpreter. We have in all ten chapters, dealing with ten different phases of life in the slums. Some of the sketches are broadly, coarsely humorous, while others have an ironical pathos that rivets the attention. "The St. George of Rochester" is perhaps the most poetic of these, and we cannot but like old Timmo, the winner of the Doggett Badge; but in singling it out from among the rest we feel that we are doing an injustice to such a powerful, Kipling-like study as "A Man of Genius," or the tenderly drawn story of "Little Scotty," and his grandmother, Mrs. Macrae, a woman with a propensity, "for keepin' 'erself clean," that was the amazement of all her neighbours. We cannot help wishing that a little of the strong language and such narratives as "Sissero's Return," and "Mrs. Simon's Baby," had been omitted, but then it is evidently the intention of Mr. Nevinson to give a full and complete drawing of the slums, and without this objectionable element we would have only a partial view. The personality of the narrator, Jacko, is not definite enough. He talks like a boy, but acts and thinks like a man; from the narrative it would be difficult even to estimate his age. But he has added to our knowledge of life, and despite the coarseness of some of the studies, and the lack of plot, we have read "Neighbours of Ours" with a great deal of interest.

On the title page of "Rhoda Roberts" by Harry Lindsay we have the following quotation, from the Proverbs of Solomon: "For the upright shall dwell in the land. . . . But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it." The story, which from this text promises to be a moral tale, is of a Welsh mining town. We have all the machinery usually adopted

to bring about the happy results foretold on the title-page. The genuine stage villain moves through the pages in the shape of the superintendent of Squire Trethyn's estates. He murders the squire, and succeeds in having the squire's son, Edward, arrested for the deed, but in the end the crime is brought home to his own door. Mr. Lindsay in his desire to paint a villain to serve as a contrast to the nobility of Edward's character has overdone his task. Grainger, the superintendent, is a badly-drawn devil, a man who could never have had self-control enough to attain a position of trust and power. The hero of the book is a milk-sop of the first water, ridiculously sensitive, absurdly honourable, and deplorably stupid. The heroine, Rhoda Roberts, is a marvellous compound: a girl who could kiss a young man good-night, allow him to talk of jealousy, to declare his love, to exchange vows with her, nay, even to permit of a "tender, clinging embrace," and yet who could afterwards declare that she had never intended him to think for one moment that her affection was other than sisterly. We could understand this in some girls, but not in Rhoda Roberts, as the author intends her to be his ideal of a noble, pure, Christian, womanly woman, who in the end is to receive the crown of the rewards, distributed in the closing chapters, when she becomes a missionary's wife and speeds to unregenerate Africa. The only character in the book with whom we find ourselves sympathizing is the profane drunkard, Rake Swinton. But even the drawing of poor Rake is spoiled by the author's over-sensitive piety. Rake is made to exclaim on his deathbed: "Where the dickens is Mr. Edward gone?" and then follows this explanation in parenthesis: "Dickens was not the word he used; it was a foul word, a revolting word, and one unfit for these pages." A note like this is mistaken morality; a reader cannot help supplying for himself a number of probable "cuss-words" that would doubtless shatter the nerves of Harry Lindsay. The characters in the story are largely from the labouring class, but at times talk like embryo philosophers and theologians. They occasionally lapse into a dialect, but the only distinguishing features it has are copious ellipses and bad English; the latter, indeed, is a fault that could be found on almost every page of the volume, when the author, and not his characters, is speaking. If the characters are badly done, the incidents are even more imperfectly worked. The hero escapes from prison, and returns to his native town completely disguised in a pair of coloured glasses, and thus adroitly escapes recognition, and when after many days his identity is discovered no attempt is made to rearrest him, and he calmly takes up his old life as though there were no such things as law and lawmakers and guardians in England. Too much has been said about this absurd book. Our wonder is how it could ever find a publisher. Let us hope that it saw the light of day at the author's expense. It is not, however, the author's first crime; would that it might be his last.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE CANADIAN FLAG.

SIR,—Prof. Wilson has told us that—"In times of national security, the feeling of patriotism among the masses is so quiescent that it seems hardly to exist"; and while it may be regretted that Canadians are not, generally, of a more demonstrative temperament—showing by words and actions their appreciation of all that affects the welfare of their native land—yet it is gratifying to know that they have at heart a love of country which is one of their sterling characteristics. The spirit of true patriotism is awakening; the people are exhibiting an interest in questions that relate to the common weal; they are beginning to feel a proper pride in the great country of their birth or adoption: compare the state of affairs twenty-five years ago with the glorious Dominion of to-day, and mark the blessed difference! Nothing has indicated this more clearly than the controversy on the subject of a new flag for Canada; an agitation that is national in its significance. The interest that our people have taken in the matter is evinced by the numerous letters to the press, and the various devices submitted for approval. Of the former, many have been instructive; of the latter, most of them are remarkable for their quaintness or

* "By Order of the Brotherhood." By Le Voleur. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Neighbours of Ours." By Henry W. Nevinson. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Rhoda Roberts." By Harry Lindsay. London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

beauty rather than appropriateness as national emblems. Among these designs we find:—An escutcheon composed of St. George's cross, *fleur-de-lys*, maple leaf, and galley; maple leaves and *fleur-de-lys* on cross; three leaves on red ensign; a wreath of maple leaves enclosing a beaver; ditto encircling an Imperial Crown; tri-colour and beaver; maple leaf on a white shield; on a lozenge (diamond); on a star; on a Jack; a yellow leaf on the red fly of the ensign; a pyramid; a white star on the ensign; a buffalo; maple leaf with seed-vessels; and a star of maple leaves. These are a few of the emblems proposed to be placed on the flag, and their alleged merits have been set forth by their respective advocates, in articles in various newspapers and periodicals.

On the cover of this issue of THE WEEK will be seen a coloured sketch of a proposed Canadian Flag—the British ensign and the Maple Leaf—the latter on a white disc; this is the design I suggested to the committee of the Canadian Club of Hamilton, and which they recommended to the authorities at Ottawa. (At a meeting of this association, April 12th, 1894, a resolution was passed favouring a device of one or more maple leaves to take the place of the present arms on the flag.) In planning this device, I have considered three essential qualities: simplicity, significance, and colour. The Maple Leaf is the best-known symbol that can be "charged" on the flag of the mother land; "our emblem dear" is the subject of our national song—the popularity of which is ever increasing; the country itself is called "the land of the maple leaf"; whenever a body of Canadians go abroad, representing Canada, cricketers, lacrosse players, artillerymen, oarsmen, etc., they almost invariably wear the Maple Leaf on their breasts. As to distinctive colours, green is nature's own particular hue, typical of freshness and vigour; and the natural leaf on the white disc on the red field of the ensign with the Union Jack in the upper corner form one of the most striking flags it is possible to imagine. A contributor to a Montreal paper objects to the disc because "circular lines are aggressive," although it is not stated in what manner the "aggressiveness" is manifested. But I beg to say that it is well known that those who are competent to judge have always considered circular lines as being easily discerned at long distances. For instance:—White discs on red flags and red discs on white are used in the International System of Distance Signals, WHEN THE "CODE" CANNOT BE READ; the same style of signal has been adopted on the railways (semaphores); circles on targets are not supposed to bewilder the marksman; and the pilot service and our Australian sister colonies have used discs for many years. Some correspondents complain that the Maple Leaf does not last long in its state of verdure, that it "crumples up" and is therefore suggestive of decay; but to me it seems more emblematic of perpetuity: no matter how fiercely blow the wintry winds, nor how deeply the frost strikes into the earth, in the springtime the dear old Maple Leaf breaks forth in its fresh, bright green colours, which become darker as the summer days pass by, until the autumn tints invest it with a beauty that becomes "a joy forever." And thus ever; year after year—

"A fresher green the smelling leaves display,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day."

To those who depreciate a floral emblem, I would say that there is little doubt that were England a colony, or did she contemplate the construction of a new and purely English flag, the Red Rose would be the chosen cognizance to decorate the standard; even as it did in the days of Henry V. The great objection which so many people have to the star is because it is, and always will be, associated with the star-spangled banner of the United States. The star is to the Americans what the maple leaf is to us; we find it everywhere, from the President's flag down to the commodore's pennant (in fact the second-rank of the latter displays just what some of our people have advocated—a white star on a red ground); on the coins of the country, the circle of stars corresponds with our wreath of maple leaves; the collars of the U. S. blue-jackets are decorated with white stars, and one of these is the distinguishing badge of the Yankee yacht "Defender." It is rather strange logic from the supporters of the star that they object to the Maple Leaf because it does not represent unity. Is a single star taken from the millions in the firmament typical of unity? ("So many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable."—*Heb. 11; ver.*

12.) There is no necessity for Canadians to go abroad in search of an emblem; that which we now have is suitable for all purposes; we should not wish to borrow a fragment from an alien flag, for the star-flag would be but a feeble imitation of that of our neighbours.

The gold Maple Leaf on the red background is rich in appearance, but how cheap looking when in the bunting colour—yellow; the metal and the colour are one and the same in heraldry, but the people will never look upon it as other than the yellow leaf—"the sere and yellow leaf!"

As white and silver are also identical, the green Maple Leaf on the white disc on the red fly compose a flag that conforms with heraldic requirements. It were useless to adopt any device which is constituted of a specified number of parts or points representative of the Confederated Provinces, with the idea of alteration whenever another shall be allied to the Dominion; for it may be safely concluded that the Imperial authorities will not sanction it.

Let us pray that, whatever indicative mark may be displayed on the fly of that flag, the Union Jack shall remain next the staff—never to depart from this Canada of ours, until the voice of Albion be stilled forever, until the English tongue be hushed throughout the world.

What shall we have for the emblem dear
On the flag of our native land,
To take the place of the cognizance queer,
Which but few can understand?
It must be a token, indeed, to tell
Of our country fair and free;
Of the loyal hearts that therein dwell
'Neath the shade of the maple tree.
For the emblem-badge of Canada,
Oh, say what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old countrie.

What must we have for our emblem, then,
To be known throughout the world:
To be loved, to be feared, respected of men,
Wherever that flag is unfurled!
Should we filch a fraction (to make or mar)
From our neighbours' spangled rag?
No! never a "bar" nor a single "star"
Must be seen on the British flag.
For the banner of our Dominion,
Then say what shall it be?
—The Maple Leaf on the silver disc,
And the flag of the old Countrie.

Galt, Sept. 14.

H. SPENCER HOWELL.

MAGAZINE RUBBISH.

SIR,—The following will show what rubbish some editors heedlessly accept. In a recent number of the Westminster Review there is an article by D. Bulsatillo on "The Political Situation." Sarcastic writers referring to the exaggerated claims of the ultra woman-righters have dubbed them "the shrieking sisterhood;" but in the political world they can be matched by those ultras—the shrieking Radicals—who always bring discredit upon their own side. Mr. Bulsatilla poses as one of the "Three Tailors of Tooley Street" immortalized by Canning, who in solemn conclave resolved: "We, the people of England, etc., etc." He refers to the action of the House of Lords in rejecting Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, which conduct saved Ireland from civil war and Great Britain from a serious disaster; and adds that this patriotic performance of a public duty "has roused the British people to sweep away the obstacle"—that is the Peers—"and that the mad folly of Lord Salisbury and his followers will inevitably lead to a revolution." And this stuff was actually written after the Gladstonians had utterly failed to get up the slightest agitation against the Lords. A few weeks later the nation gave the Conservatives the largest Parliamentary majority known for 63 years. Tallyrand's cynical words apply—that "some people are born with two left hands, in addition poor X came into the world without any brains."

Any editor of common-sense ought to know that after the utter failure of the Gladstonians to get up the slightest outcry against the House of Lords for doing their plain duty, that such stuff could only lower the prestige of his magazine. When every possible sign points to fair weather it is asinine to proclaim a hurricane.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Sept. 19th.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

Art Notes.

In speaking of the Slade, in my notes on the subject of Gotch, I was reminded of the scholarships of the school, and of the pilgrimages of the successful competitors to the European shrines or art. And it struck me that, although, as I stated, a large proportion of the students had shaken off the traditions of the school, not a few of them had adopted these very modern—even revolutionary—methods only after a patient searching through the records, and after conscientiously traversing the conventional channels. They might ultimately become Manets or Monets but they were founded on Michel Angelo—they might reach Paris but they went by the *Via Appia*.

Legros' own wish was, I believe, that every successful competitor for the scholarship should go to Italy—preferably Rome—and although there were some exceptions to the rule (notably Jacob Hood, who studied Vallesquez, in Madrid), the majority of the lucky students went to the Eternal City. Both the Slade and the Academy require that the scholarship man shall occasionally report himself, by letter, at headquarters; and they also insist upon a certain number of copies from the pictures of the old masters. This last is a strange, and in most cases irksome, piece of discipline. What is the use of making a young man whose gift of originality gains him a difficult scholarship, copy the pictures of any, even the most admirable, old master? If the inclination to do so is in him well and good; but to require him to show proof of the power to copy rather than of the power to originate is to my mind a very mistaken dictum. In several cases the result of this sojourn in Rome has been the destruction of the originating faculty and the development of a sort of

servile spirit of worship of the masters of a past age. In Rome the weight and wealth of art treasures is painfully oppressive to the student. At an age when he his own powers are only half developed: when he has won no place as a painter; and when his mind is peculiarly receptive and prone to admiration, he find himself surrounded by the accumulated master-pieces of centuries, and it is little wonder that the effect is often to make the sensitive young hero-worshipper the slave of his particular deities, and to crush for ever his power of original thought. To follow in the footsteps of a beloved master is no new thing, and when the power to originate revives again—as it did in the case of Raphael, who followed successively Perugino and Michel Angelo—there is little harm done. But I have met, in London and in Rome, the ghosts of brilliant students—the meagre remains of men who had carried all before them at the schools, and who, after a year of gloomy devotion in the Vatican, and the Sistine Chapel had only strength to raise their hands in worship at the shrine. With a rare few the creative faculty develops. Elihu Vedder is one of these few. I remember being thrilled when I saw his name in the visitor's book at the British Academy in the Via Sistina. He had won my juvenile heart by his "Lair of the Sea-Serpent," than which I know nothing more suggestive of awful vastness. It ranked in my mind with the literary creations of Jules Verne, and was stored in those recesses of the memory which are filled with unspeakable reptiles (chiefly submarine) my delight in which not even mature years nor a smattering of scientific knowledge can destroy. But the influence of Rome is sometimes perceptible in the work of Vedder. Notably in his "Delphic Sybil;" and occasionally in those inimitable designs for the joyless lyrics of the Persian poet.

Another survivor of Rome-worship is M. R. Corbett, whose portrait bust by Onslow Ford was reproduced in one of the magazines the other day. Corbett, when I met him in Rome, was a good deal under the influence of Costa—Leighton's friend—and, indeed, in some of his pictures of the nude (for he was both landscape and figure painter) he reminded me of Leighton himself. But his pictures of the Italian coast, of marshes, temples, and nymph-haunted groves were instinct with poetic feeling and in their quiet, tender way, displayed marked capacity for original design. He has painted for some years in London, but his yearly exhibits show that Italy still holds his affections. He is a neighbour of Onslow Ford, and both in Rome and in London he has been the intimate of a greater than Ford—Alfred Gilbert.

E. WYLY GRIER.

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From the Brantford Nationalist.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a favourite medicine in Brantford and vicinity will be readily borne out by the local druggists, and that much suffering has been alleviated by the use of this wonderful healer, is amply shown by the number of strong statements in favour of Pink Pills from this section. And yet the number of cases published is small in comparison with the total number that have found benefit from the use of this great blood builder and nerve restorer. It is true that Pink Pills are used in many cases to tone up the system, enrich the blood and stimulate the nerves where no serious illness exists; but it is equally true that in many cases in which they have been used, other medicines have failed, and the result achieved by Pink Pills may very truly be characterized as marvellous. The editor of the Canadian Nationalist came across just such a case recently. It is that of Mrs. S. Somerville, a well-known and highly-respected resident of this city. Mrs. Somerville does not seek notoriety, but is willing

that a statement of what Pink Pills have done for her shall be made public in the hope that some other sufferer may be benefitted thereby. "My illness at first," said Mrs. Somerville, "was a serious attack of typhoid fever. Although I recovered from the fever it left its effects that have caused me many years of misery. The doctor said that my blood had become impregnated with poison and that it would take a long time to eradicate it. The trouble seemed to have its chief seat in my limbs, which caused me a great deal of pain. For about ten years I continued doctoring, not continually, but at times, and I tried many remedies without permanent results. This went on until the end of '93, when I became so much crippled up that I despaired of getting relief. I had read much of the remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and became interested in them. One day I asked my physician if I might try them. He gave his permission and I began using them. By the time the third box was finished I found myself very much improved—in fact, the pains had entirely left me and I was growing healthier and more fleshy. I continued using the pills until I had taken six boxes more, when I felt that I was entirely cured, and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am satisfied that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my recovery, and have implicit confidence in their curative power, and shall continue to recommend them to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine, but are a long tried prescription acting upon the blood and nerves. They are of great value as a tonic during recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., building up the blood and system, preventing the often disastrous after effects of such troubles. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Literary Notes.

The important articles on "Money, Banking, and Currency," which appeared in Harper's Weekly, beginning in the number dated March 9th, 1895, have been collected and published in book form, with illustrations by W. A. Rogers and Thomas Nast.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce for early publication, in two volumes, "Ulster as It Is; or Twenty-Eight Years' Experience as an Irish Editor," by Thomas McKnight, author of the "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke." The same firm also promise, under the title, "Vacation Rambles," a volume of letters, contributed chiefly to The Spectator, by Judge Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and edited by his daughter.

We are to have the "English Dialect Dictionary" after all, it seems. Mr. Henry Frowde will publish it next year by subscription. The work, is being edited by Dr. Joseph Wright, M. A., and will form, when completed, a complete vocabulary of all dialect words still in use, or known to have been in use during the last two hundred years, founded mainly on the publications of the English Dialect Society, besides a large amount of material never before printed.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who has recently won such distinguished honours in Europe, and who has been hailed as the foremost naval tactician in the world, has written four papers which will shortly appear in The Century. These are studies of the naval engagements which gave Nelson his fame,—the battles of Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Recently there has been a marked revival of interest in the romantic career and the heroic achievements of Lord Nelson. This has been emphasized by the sale of the medals, decorations, and personal relics of the great commander by the impoverished representative of his family. From the rating of Captain Mahan's book, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," it is not unlikely that his conclusions in this series may be accepted as the final estimate of Nelson's genius in naval warfare.

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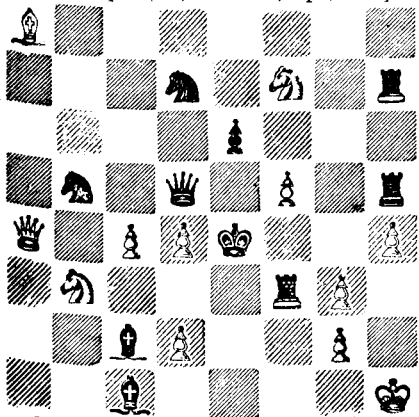
SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

703, Kt B5. 706, Q K2. Drawer 584, Port Hope.

Problem 707.

707, Mate in 2, by N. H. Greenway.

8 Black - 7 pts (B7, 3n1N1R, 4p3, 1n1q1Plr).



Q1P1k2P, 1N3RP3bP2P3b4K) 14 white + 7 707, White to play and mate in 2 moves.

Deloraine, Man., Sept. 7th, 1895.

Chess Editor Week.

Dear sir, - I note with pleasure the resumption of the Chess Column.

It was to THE WEEK I sent my first attempt, and as I now look at it, it seems a proper "squib." However, by constant solving of WEEK Problems, I finally attained a fair degree of success in solving and even in composition. Your column I like. I have enjoyed the games very much, but I confess I fail to discover championship skill in Mr. Wallace's play in No. 702. The success of Mr. Pillsbury suits me to a T. I consider he has the honor of having won the finest chess event of the century.

What chess magazine do you use principally. I have been without since the discontinuance of American Chess Monthly, which I think was going on the right track. I have twice written Wolcott since it ceased, but can get no answer.

I note you undertake to get correspondents for play. I will be glad to conduct two games, attack and defense, against a good average player, if you have such in sight.

Re American Chess Monthly - I contributed one problem to their first tourney (No. 45 "Pasticcio.")

I don't know whether they were ever submitted to the judges or not, but, if so, mine must have suffered in the hands of the judges chosen.

Problem 702 solved by 1k to b7. 703, by kt to kb5.

Wishing your column success,

N. H. GREENWAY,

Chicago, Sept. 4th, 1895.

Noticing your proposition to furnish antagonists by correspondence, I would like such a correspondent. My first move would be p k4, and, if reply is same, my second move is kt kb3.

H. G. KENT.

893 Jackson Boul.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
a b c d e f g h
j k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z
A B C D E F G H
J K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
11 22 33 44 55 66 77 88

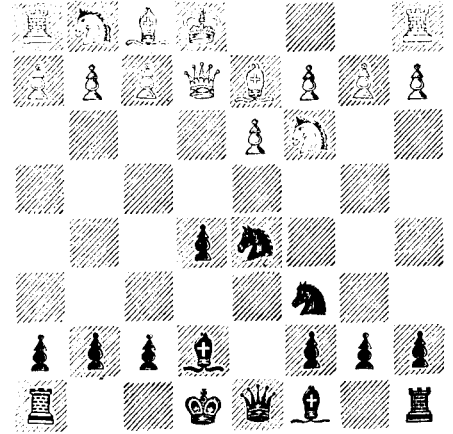
KEY-BOARD

ECHOES FROM HASTINGS.

Tschigorin's *fiasco*, played in the twentieth round, we present as game 707.

Tschigorin. JASOWSKI White. Black,
1 P K4 P K4 WE ew,
2 Kt QB3 Kt KB3 22M 7p,
3 P Q3 P Q4 VN dv,
4 P xP Kt xP Ev pv,
5 Q K2 Kt QB3 44W 2m,
6 B Q2 B K2 33V 6e,

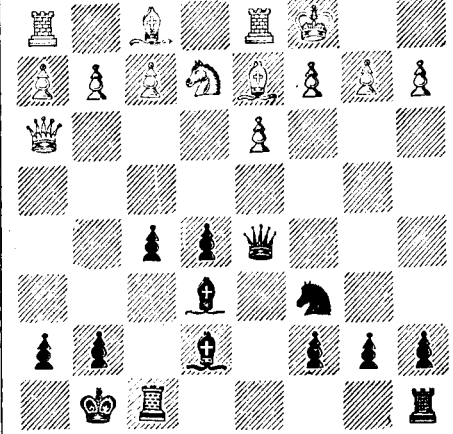
White = 15 (RNBK3R, PPPQBPPP, 4PN2, 8



3pn8n2, pppb1ppp, r2kqblr) 15 Black, = 7 causing much subsequent trouble.

7 Castle? Castle 5533? 57,
8 Q B3 B K3 WP 3o,
9 K Kt K2 P B4 77W fx l,
10 Q R3 Q Q3 PR 4n,
11 Kt xKt Q xKt Mv nv,

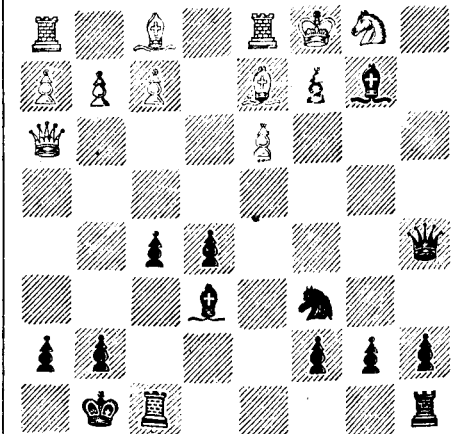
White (R1B1RK2, PPPNBPPP, Q3P3, 8



2ppQ6b1n2, pp1b1ppp, 1kr4r) Black

12 Kt B3 Q R4 WM vs,
13 P R3 B xP SJ eJ !
14 Kt Kt sq BxP ch M22 JT+

White - 2(R1B1RKNI, PPP1BPb1, Q3P3, 8



2pp3q, 3b1n2, pp3ppp, 1kr4r) Black + 2

15 K xB Q R7 ch 33T sSt
16 K Bsq Kt Q5 T33 mD,
17 Black mating in 3 moves ± in 3

(R1B1RKNI, PPP1BP1q, Q3P7n5pp7b4, pp3 ppp, 1kr4r)

Our Chess Editor has procured several copies of Steinitz's latest work on the game. Present price 50 cents, post-paid. 23

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Large Bicycles Versus Small Ones.

A striking result of the popularization of the bicycle, says the *Literary Digest*, has been the bringing home of the importance of mechanical problems to the individual. Everybody now talks of cranks and chains, sprockets and wrenches, and every wheelman has his own opinion regarding the merits or demerits of light machines and small wheels—an opinion often based on a very small foundation of knowledge, either practical or theoretical. In the *Revue Encyclopedique*, Paris, August 1, in an article entitled "Actual Problems of Cyclism," M. Charles Henry discusses these and other questions from the standpoint of the mechanic. We translate so much of the article as relates to the weight and size of the bicycle. What the author has to say regarding these points is in part a review of an article in *La Bicyclette*, signed "The Old Man of the Mountain." Says M. Henry:

"During the past two years . . . the weight of machines has decreased. Machines of 12 kilograms [26 pounds] and even of 9 kilograms [20 pounds] have been turned out. Is there a notable advantage in gain of speed or economy of effort in this diminution of weight? . . . If we consider a wheelman weighing 68 kilograms [150 pounds] and a machine of 12 kilograms [26 pounds], and if we increase the whole weight by one kilogram [2 1/5 pounds], a superficial observer would conclude that the effort would be augmented by one-eighth. This is an error. To decide the question we must obtain the expression for the work done, which comprehends two terms, one term whose preponderant factor is the weight and another whose preponderant factor is the speed. The resistance of the air and of the chain is independent of the weight, and the resistance of friction is independent of the speed. We find thus that the total resistance of the machine of 13 kilograms [28 pounds] will be, for the same speed, and whatever this speed may be, that of the machine of 12 kilograms, increased by 8 grams [1/4 grains]. The extra weight of one kilogram imposes on the rider an increase of work of $\frac{1}{12}$ at the speed of 24 kilometres [14 miles], $\frac{1}{15}$ at the speed of 50 kilometres [30 miles]. Both these are far from $\frac{1}{8}$. And we need not believe that this increase of one kilogram will make itself evident in a sensible loss of space traversed. On a track of 333 meters [yards] the space lost will be .83 meter [2 3/4 feet] at the speed of 32 kilometres [19 miles], and .39 meter [1 foot 2 inches] at the speed of 50 kilometres [30 miles]. It is a vain objection that the heavier machine will involve much greater effort; the passage from the speed of zero to that of 36 kilometres, in a handicap for example, according to the principle of energy, will require 6 kilogrammeters [40 foot-pounds] extra with a 13-kilogram machine than with a machine of 12 kilograms; now the difference of pushing force exerted by the rider may be double this; the effort necessary to cause the machine to pass from a speed of 36 kilometres to one of 50 kilometres will require only 9 kilogrammeters [60 foot-pounds] more with the first machine.

"The old Man of the Mountain' tries to show that even on the road and with grades of five per cent. and more there is no advantage in light machines. . . . An increase of 1 kilogram in steep grades increases by only 12 thousandths the total resistance and consequently the push to be given to the pedal. 'Who will dare to pretend that a cyclist could ever feel in his legs such a very small increase of work?'

"Here the learned disputant goes too far; physiology teaches us that an increase of 12 thousandths or $\frac{1}{83}$ in the sensation of pressure exerted upon exterior bodies, for it is generally recognized now that the two orders of sensations (pressure undergone and pressure exerted) are conducted by the same nervous apparatus. The fraction, called 'the differential fraction,' reaches $\frac{1}{14}$ in the experiments of Hering with a series of eleven weights increasing upward from 250 grams [2,875 grains] when the weight to which the supplementary weight is added is 2,500 grams [5 1/2 pounds]. This fraction is not constant; it diminishes, in general, with the greatness of the pressures undergone or exerted. Accord-

ing to Helmholtz, in optics, this fraction has a minimum value. The least increase of work when the work is notable and the person is fatigued, will be sensible. From this point of view, there are incontestable advantages in light machines, but in what degree? This is the question, and it is necessary to limit the greatest efforts demanded of the cyclist within the boundaries that assure to the differential fraction its greatest possible value. Experiments on a great number of cyclists would be very interesting.

"Successive variations of work within ordinary ratios can also, as we see, augment this differential fraction and diminish correspondingly the sensation of fatigue, which is only the decomposition of a given effort into a too great number of successive degrees of the sensation of effort.

"The friction is inversely proportional to the diameter of the wheel. 'The Old Man of the Mountain' has sought to find what the resistances would become if we should substitute the diameter of 1 meter [1 yard] for 0.7 meter [2 feet], commonly adopted. Allowing that by this increase of diameter the weight is increased 6 kilograms [13 pounds], and the surface opposed to the air by $\frac{1}{5}$, we find for a run of 20 hours on a level track at the speed of 30 kilometres [18 miles] an economy of work of 9.72 kilogrammeters, corresponding to a reduction of 32 kilometres [19 miles] in the length of the run. The advantage is also sensible in long speed-runs (for example, an hour's run at the speed of 40 kilometres [24 miles]); it is small in very short runs at extreme speed, but in ordinary runs on the road the reduction of friction gives considerable economies of work; for example, in a 24-hours' run from Bordeaux to Paris at a speed of 24 kilometres [14 miles], there would be a reduction of 153,000 kilogrammeters, corresponding to a decrease in distance of 66 kilometres [40 miles].

"According to the communication of an engineer, M. L. Boraine, in the same journal, *La Bicyclette*, one meter [a yard] represents the maximum diameter of wheels for the maximum of slope, and it is the diameter that gives on the road the maximum return for the efforts of the rider; in fact, we see easily that the economy of work realized by a turn of the crank, independent of the speed, on a wheel of one meter, compared with one of 0.7 meter decreases proportionally to the increase of the slope; as we must take account of the resistance of the air, which is all against the large wheel, we must conclude that at a grade of seven per cent. the work would be the same for the two wheels, and that a diameter greater than one meter would be disadvantageous in comparison with the small wheel."

* * *

A shower of fishes is reported from Bjelina, Bosnia, where it occurred on July 23 between midnight and 4 a.m. The fishes, which were picked up everywhere on streets and in fields, seemed to be of the species known as bleak or blay. As in other similar cases, the fishes were doubtless drawn into the air by a whirlwind from some lake or other body of water.

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Publications Received.

- Arthur John Lockhart. Beside the Narragansagus. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co'y.
- Frederick Henry Sykes, A.M., Ph.D., editor. Select Poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Longfellow. Toronto: W. J. Gage Company, Ltd.
- G. A. Grant-Forbes. Another Wicked Woman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Ellinor Meirion. Cause and Effect. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Henry W. Nevinson. Neighbours of Ours. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Le Voleur. By Order of The Brotherhood. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- David Christie Murray. The Martyred Fool. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- A. Conan Doyle. The Stark Munroe Letters. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Paul Carns. The Gospel of Buddha. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
- J. Jackson Wray. The Red, Red Wine. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Maria Edgeworth. Ormond. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Charles Kingsley. Alton Locke. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Goldwin Smith. A Trip to England. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Daniel Defoe. Moll Flanders, 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Iris. Vision of Thyrsa. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.
- W. E. Norris. Spectre of Strathannan. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly contains the first installment of a three-part story, by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain. The second of Dr. John Fiske's historical papers has for a subject John Smith in Virginia, in which he re-opens vigorously the discussion in regard to this interesting character. Bradford Torrey contributes another Tennessee sketch, Chickamauga, which will be of special interest in view of this summer's memorable gathering at Lookout Mountain. The paper in the August issue by James Schouler, Upon President Polk's Diary, is supplemented in this issue by President Polk's Administration, by the same author. The usual installments of the two strong serials now running will add interest to the issue. Bliss Carman contributes a striking poem, A Sailor's Wedding, and Tiger-Lilies is the first work of Michael Field, the popular English writer, to appear in an American periodical.

sub"Compulsion in Child Training" is the subject which the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D., discusses wisely and well in the Ladies' Home Journal. His article is ably supplemented by Edward W. Bok's excellent editorial on "Our Schools and Our Teachers." "The Woman Who Paints Cats" is the striking title of a full page devoted to Madame Henriette Ronner, the celebrated cat painter; several copies of her most celebrated pictures being given. "The Men Who Write Our Comic Operas" are represented by portraits and sketches of "The Composer of 'Wank,'" "The Composer of 'Robin Hood'" and "The Composer of 'Princess Bonnie.'"

The second number of the Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes contains a fine list of articles. This new magazine is appropriately edited by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, who has been the co-adjutor of the Duke of Beaufort in superintending the widely known Badminton Library; and, as the London Times remarks, there is no one who has a better acquaintance with his subjects and with his public. Mr. Watson has been the writer of "Rapier's Notes," so long the chief attraction of the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News. The Badminton is published both in London and New York by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

The complete novel in this number of Lippincott is a "A Case in Equity," by Francis Lynde. The scene is a "boom" town in the South and the plot turns chiefly upon a forged deed. But love plays its part, too.

A thoughtful essay on "The Writing of History," by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, is one of the more interesting contributions to The Century. He discusses the methods of Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Green.

Sarah Jeannette Duncan begins a new story, "His Honour and a Lady," in the current number of the Pall Mall Magazine. It promises to be one of her best. The scene is laid in India, in government circles.

The chief feature of a good number of Harper's is "Arabia-Islam and the Eastern Question," by Dr. W. H. Thompson. The article is a valuable contribution to the literature on this ever-present question.

Blackwood's concluding political article this month is of the greatest interest. It is a feature of this fine periodical which is unique. There are several papers in this number which are both important and timely.

Temple Bar ably maintains its position amongst the leading magazines of the Empire. The present number is full of good things, its fiction being especially noteworthy.

The Toronto Hunt Club's fall races are to be held at the Woodbine to-morrow and next Saturday, the 21st and 28th inst. Amongst the attractions are two open flat races two steeplechases, and two hunters' events each day. The attendance will no doubt be as large and fashionable as ever.

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The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

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W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
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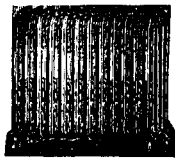
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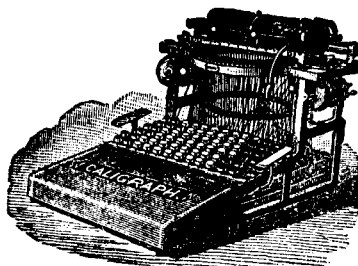
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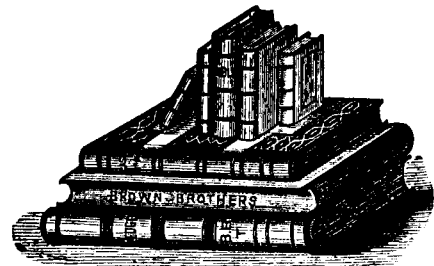
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