

THE WEEK:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 25.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 22nd, 1891.

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The Annual Meeting of the C. I. R. A. S. and the Indian Conference which were to have taken place in Toronto on May the 14th and 15th have been postponed till September next.
The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was decided that September being exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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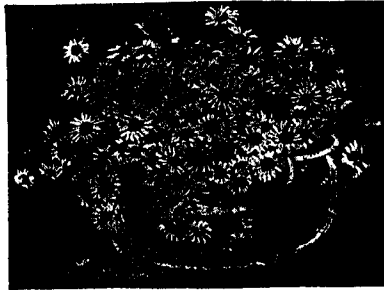


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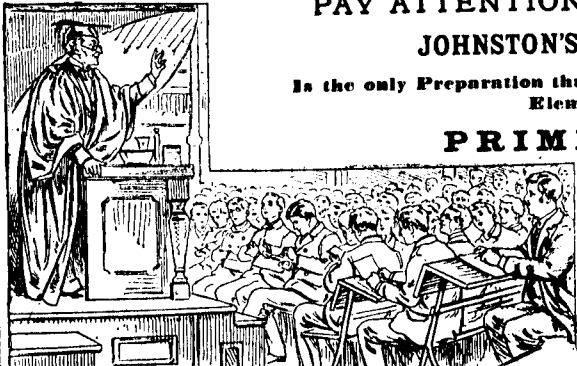
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHAT advantage the Toronto Street Railway Company can hope to gain by the policy of obstructing the transfer of its property to the city, it is hard to conceive. So far as appears, from its attitude in the courts, its solicitors can have no expectation of any permanent advantage as the result of its unexpected and not quite above-board procedure. If the only aim is to put the city to as much trouble and expense as possible in recovering its property, we submit that such a course should be beneath the dignity of a wealthy Company, having a Senator of the Dominion as its President. If the Company really think the award of the arbitrators inadequate or unjust, no one could have blamed them for resorting to all proper legal measures to secure its overthrow, but the spectacle presented by their President on Saturday night in refusing admission to the railway premises, to the Mayor acting on behalf of the city and in strict accordance with the legal award, and by their lawyers in the courts in seeking to delay the course of proceedings by mere technicalities, is not an edifying one. It is scarcely possible that they can expect to gain anything save a few days' delay. It is matter for congratulation that the representatives of the city were so well advised as to wait patiently the slow processes of the courts rather than take forcible possession of the property which was legally theirs. It is highly probable that the city will have received the order of the court, and have taken possession of the railway and its appurtenances, before this comes to the hand of the reader, though there is of course a possibility that the ingenuity of the Company's lawyers may find means of prolonging the vexatious delay. In any case the affair can have but one issue.

THE Toronto Humane Society has recently issued an eight-page pamphlet giving full information concerning the organization and working of Bands of Mercy in connection with the public schools. We are glad to learn that it is the intention of the Society to place one of these pamphlets in the hands of every teacher in the Province. We are sure that nothing but good can result from the work of the Society in thus calling the attention of those who have larger opportunities than any other persons,

parents only excepted, for moulding the habits of thought and feeling of the young, to the importance of cultivating in them sentiments of kindness towards all inferior animals. It is, happily, coming in these days to be more clearly seen than ever before that the duty of the teacher in relation to the formation of character should be held paramount even to his work in the training of intellect, which has so long been regarded as the chief if not the only proper work of the school. No one who has studied the nature of children and the manner in which the influences which are most potent in the formation of their mental and moral habits operate during the period of school-life can doubt that much of the coarse and cowardly brutality which abounds, to the disgrace of human nature, in country and city, is but the development of traits which began to manifest themselves in childhood, and which might then, in most cases, have been easily and effectually checked. All observation goes to prove the truth of the tender-hearted poet's observation that there is in the perverse heart of childhood no budding ill which "sooner shoots, if unrestrained, into luxuriant growth" than the truly devilish attribute of cruelty. Yet cruelty in its inception is no doubt in most cases the offspring of ignorance and want of thought. There are few children, we venture to affirm, who, if taken early enough, have not that in their natures which can easily be trained to revolt at the thought of inflicting unnecessary pain upon any helpless creature. To do so is contrary to all that is manliest and bravest, and the boy can generally be taught to abhor anything of the kind if shown how cowardly it is and how clearly it is the antithesis of the chivalric spirit which prompts the strong and manly to protect the weak. Probably most of us have at one time or another witnessed such incidents as that recently told by one who, passing along a by-street, found a number of boys engaged in the pastime of torturing, by such horrible devices as poking sharp sticks into its eyes, a poor horse which, its strength having utterly failed, had been left by some cruel wretch to die in the gutter. Worst of all, half a dozen stalwart men were sitting near and taking no notice of the shocking performance. If the boy is father of the man, it is not hard to tell how the wife-beaters and other cowardly bullies who so disgrace our civilization are reared, so long as such boys abound. We were glad to observe that a prominent clergyman of this city last Sunday dealt with this subject very appropriately and feelingly from his pulpit. We heartily wish, not only in pity for the suffering animals, but even far more for the sake of the coming men and women of our country, that parents and preachers, teachers in day and Sunday schools, and all who have to do in any way with the training of the young felt more deeply the importance of cultivating on all occasions that divine quality of mercy which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

AT the recent Special Convocation of the University of Toronto for the purpose of conferring medical degrees, it was strongly urged by the Dean of the Medical Faculty that, since the people receive much benefit from medicine, they might justly be taxed to support a professorship of Sanitary Science and to establish a School of Pathology. In harmony with that view, and possibly as the outcome of the suggestion, the Senate of the University of Toronto has appointed an influential deputation to urge upon the Government to constitute Anatomy, Pathology and Sanitary Science a part of the work of the University, and to assist in providing the requisite means. As this proposal involves some very serious questions, it is well that it should be carefully considered both by the Government and by the people before it is allowed to prevail. We refer, of course, solely to that feature of it which involves the taxation of the people, or what amounts to the same thing, the diversion of a portion of the funds of the Provincial University for the purpose. The more wealthy private citizens can be induced to devote some portion of their means for the furtherance of such objects the better. But even were the proposal not complicated by the existence of voluntary and self-sustaining colleges, chartered by the Government, it would be one of doubtful justice and propriety. As we have before had occasion to say we have not yet seen any good reason to doubt the soundness

of the familiar principle of political economy, that the State is not justified in using public funds to produce an article which experience proves that private enterprise is abundantly able to supply. A profession is, as has been well said, the capital of the man who practices it. It is the source of his income, like the stocks or lands of the capitalist, the ships of the merchant, or the goods of the tradesman. The State cannot furnish the capital to all classes. Why select one or two special professions to be thus favoured? Are we told to look at the achievements of Medical Science—at what this and that great surgeon or physician has done for humanity? But in order to make the argument available it must be shown that it was the aid rendered by a State-aided Medical School, rather than their own superior talents and devotion to their profession, that enabled these famous men to accomplish so much. Otherwise the argument goes to prove that the State should stimulate genius by rewarding the individuals who have achieved such results, rather than use the public funds for making Doctors of others, a large percentage of whom will never become very useful or very famous. If again, the country were suffering from a dearth of skilled physicians, or if self-interest and professional enthusiasm were failing to provide an adequate number of well-equipped Medical Colleges, there might be some ground for advocating the endowment of one at the public cost, and for increasing that endowment as now proposed. But when we have already, besides the Government Institution, five independent Medical Colleges in Ontario, all chartered by the Government, and all claiming to teach efficiently the subjects above-named, without aid from the public funds, it is not easy to see how the Government could, with any regard either to the public interests or to fair play between the Colleges, make the sixth its special beneficiary in the manner proposed, thus giving it a still further advantage over its competitors chartered by the same Government, and sending their students before the same Examining Board. The proposal bristles with objectionable features, but looking to the very highest practical consideration, that of the progress of Medical Science, we believe it would not be hard to show that, as a rule, independent self-reliance, healthful competition and professional enthusiasm are much more potent factors in all successful scientific work than any pecuniary favours bestowed by the State.

THE recent amalgamation of two of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements in the Province of Ontario brings again to the surface a vexed question in political economy. An amalgamation is not a combine, it is true, and we do not suppose any fair or reasonable legislation could interfere with the right of two firms, any more than with that of two individuals, to enter into a bona fide business partnership. And yet the effect is evidently the same, so far as the destruction of competition between the two firms is concerned, as that of a combine. In the present case it is noteworthy that the amalgamation seems to be approved rather than otherwise by the general public. This is owing partly, no doubt, to the high personal characters of the leading members of the two companies, and partly to the obvious fact that combination of capital and business appliances must mean a great saving in the cost of manufacture and should mean a corresponding reduction in the price of the manufactured implements. The wastefulness of the competitive methods has become so obvious that the statement of the fact is now a commonplace in the discussion of such topics. Nothing can better illustrate how very far our boasted modern methods of production and distribution are from having attained any ideal excellence than to picture to ourselves the results that might be could all the capital, skill and labour employed in any one important line of manufacture be consolidated under one management, and honestly and energetically used to save all the waste of means and energy now resulting from unnecessary duplications, and give the public the benefit of the saving. And yet, on the other hand, one has but to imagine the process of amalgamation which has just now been carried out between the two firms above referred to, extended until it should embrace all the individuals and firms engaged in the business in the Province, or, as one might conceive, in

America, to see the serious danger involved in such movements. It is evident that the combination of the two firms in question will put them in such a position that if they were inclined to press their advantage to the utmost the result could not fail to be disastrous if not absolutely fatal to other weaker firms doing business of the same kind in the Province. It is conceivable that these weaker firms might one after another be driven to the wall until the newly-formed combination should stand absolute master of the situation, without a competitor and almost without the possibility of one. What use would then be made of the powers of monopoly thus gained would depend largely upon the conscience of the corporation, and corporations are generally said to be destitute of either souls or consciences. But the farmers must buy agricultural implements and machinery at whatever cost or farming must cease. It thus appears that while the much-lauded competition of other days is folly, combination is full of danger to the public. Here is one of the great problems of the day, and one which is being rapidly hurried forward by the current of events towards a crisis at which a solution must be found. Either some stringent remedial legislation will have to be enacted or a radically new order of things brought about. Which is it to be? It is not too soon for all to be thinking about it.

WHAT is to be done for or with the impecunious Provinces? It is greatly to be feared that, with the exception of Ontario, all the Provinces of the Dominion, certainly all the older Provinces, are either already in this category or in imminent danger of coming into it at an early day. It is easy to say that those Provinces have not been sufficiently careful to preserve the equilibrium between income and expenditure and that they must themselves bear the consequences. But at the same time it is obvious, as has so often been pointed out, that when bankruptcy begins to stare them, or any of them, in the face, they cannot be left to bear the consequences. The Dominion cannot afford to so leave them. Relief must be provided in some way or other. It would never do to let a Province of Canada fall into the position in which the Argentine Republic now finds itself. And yet nothing is more certain than that any Province whose public accounts show a chronic deficit is steadily tending towards such a position, and must sooner or later reach it unless relief is found. The people of Ontario are prone to say, in respect particularly to the Maritime Provinces, that if their people would but adopt a municipal system like that of Ontario, instead of relying on the local treasury for the means to build their roads, bridges, etc., their finances might soon be in as sound a condition as hers. It is, therefore, argued that it would be exceedingly unfair that the people of Ontario, after taxing themselves for all these local improvements, should be compelled to contribute through the Federal treasury towards doing this same kind of work for the people of other Provinces. It may be that the force of this argument is somewhat modified by differences in natural resources which would undoubtedly make it much harder for those Provinces to carry out such a system than it is for Ontario to do so. The circumstances in the two cases certainly differ materially. Moreover, the Maritime Provinces may retort that they should not be made to suffer in consequence of having entered the Confederation, and that if they were given back their power to raise revenue from imports, they would have no difficulty in making ends meet. Quebec, happily for herself, perhaps unhappily for the Dominion, is in a position to forego the use of argument or expostulation, and fall back on her voting power. One thing is clear. The subsidy system has been tried and found wanting. Very few who have given thought to the subject will, we believe, be disposed to deny that this arrangement is the weak spot in the Federal constitution and that, sooner or later, a more satisfactory arrangement must be made, and the constitution revised accordingly. Some of the Liberal newspapers are never tired of reiterating that the great mischief was done when the terms of union were altered in favour of Nova Scotia. It might certainly have been better to have changed the constitution at the outset; but it must not be forgotten that "better terms" in some shape was at that time, so far as appeared, the *sine qua non* of Confederation. What is of more immediate practical importance is that the stability of the Confederation can never be assured, so long as "better terms" are a gift in the power of the Ottawa administration. It is almost certain that something will have to be done in the matter during the life of the present Parliament. What that something may be, it is hard to predict, but it is of the highest importance

that whatever change may be made shall be, as far as possible, a finality. One of its first conditions should be, if in any way practicable, a consolidation of the three Maritime Provinces into one, as a matter of symmetry and strength as well as of economy.

AMONG the various questions that are likely to give occasion for warm debate at Ottawa during the current session there are perhaps none—the trade question only excepted—in which the principles involved deserve more careful attention in themselves, or are more far-reaching in their applications than that which is again raised by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's brief Bill touching Separate Schools and the French language in the North-West. Taught by past experience, Mr. McCarthy has, we think wisely, made two important changes in his Bill of a year ago. He has dropped the preamble, which contained, to say the least, much unnecessary controversial and combustible material, and he has brought both the compulsory establishment and support of Separate Schools and the compulsory official use of the French language within the sweep of his concise but comprehensive Reform Bill. In order to get an impartial view of the scope of Mr. McCarthy's Bill, it should be clearly borne in mind that he does not propose to enact positively that either the Separate Schools or the official use of the French language shall be forbidden or discontinued, but merely that the clauses in the North-West Act which now make both, under certain circumstances, compulsory on the authorities of the Province, be repealed, and the people of the Territory left free to deal with the matter, in each case, as one of local concern. It will not, we suppose, be denied that in accordance with the broad general principles which underlie the Federal Compact, and in the absence of any constitutional restriction, such as, unhappily or otherwise, limits the freedom of the Province of Ontario in regard to education, these two subjects are for Provincial not Dominion control. Whether it will be seriously contended in the case of the North-West, as is being done in the case of Manitoba, that the state of education prior to Confederation was such as to make Separate Schools a constitutional right of the minority, remains to be seen. In any wise, in the one case as in the other, that is clearly a question for the Courts, not for Parliament. Apart from such considerations, Mr. McCarthy and his supporters will not find it very hard to show to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced listener that it is both inexpedient and unjust that the liberty of the citizens of those new Canadian communities which are growing up in the great prairies and under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains should be restricted in a matter in which freedom is their right in virtue of a Federal principle, and in which the Provinces in the East and the West have that freedom in fullest exercise. There was, no doubt, at the time the Red River and Saskatchewan countries were being added to the Dominion, some reason for expecting that a large percentage of the inflowing population would be of French and Roman Catholic origin. Hence there was a degree of plausibility in the scheme, which at first found favour with the Government, for making Manitoba a small Province after the pattern of Quebec. We do not say that even under the conditions indicated such a course would have been wise or desirable. But now that that expectation in regard to the influx of a French population has failed even in regard to old Manitoba, as well as in regard to the great territory beyond, there certainly is left no sufficient reason or excuse for attempting to bind upon those struggling communities a burden which seems likely to become some day too heavy for even Ontario to bear. We have sometimes felt it right to dissent from and deprecate Mr. McCarthy's somewhat incendiary utterances, but we can most heartily wish him success in his brave effort to obtain freedom of action in these important matters of local concern for the people of the North-West.

WE are sorry to see that the estimated cost of the Prince Edward Island tunnel, according to the figures furnished the Dominion Government by Sir Douglas Fox, is very formidable. It appears that the \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 on which Senator Howland and other sanguine advocates of the scheme have been reckoning, would suffice only for a tunnel of eleven feet internal diameter, a dimension which would probably be quite too small for practical purposes. It would no doubt be the better economy, should a tunnel be constructed at all, to have it made at the outset of sufficient size to be satisfactory for all time to come. This would apparently mean, according to this estimate, an expenditure of from

\$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Whether the Dominion Government, liberal as it is in expenditures for public works, especially those which promise to be useful in binding more closely together the different members of the Confederation, will venture to recommend such an outlay remains to be seen. Were this the only undertaking of great magnitude that was being pressed upon their attention the case would be different. But seeing that it is but one of several enterprises of enormous magnitude which are being strenuously advocated, and to some of which the Government is more or less committed, the task of deciding between the rival claimants cannot fail to be one of serious difficulty. Yet it cannot be denied that the people of Prince Edward Island have great reason to be dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and to complain that faith is not being kept with them. The fact brought out in a recent debate in the Commons that communication with the Island by means of the Government steamer was repeatedly interrupted for days at a time during the past winter, was certainly not in accordance with the terms of Confederation. If the breach of contract was unavoidable, the fact furnishes a strong argument in favour of putting forth the most vigorous efforts to secure a surer means of communication with the Island at whatever cost. If, on the other hand, it was the result of official negligence or incompetence, Parliament should not fail to visit the defaulters with the severest censure. Such a suspension of traffic may be unimportant to the rest of the Dominion, but to the Islanders it is, as can be easily understood, a serious matter.

WE allude in another paragraph to the liberality of expenditure in public works, which, whether wise or unwise, has characterized the course of Sir John A. Macdonald's administration during the last ten or twelve years. Some of the statistics furnished in the last annual report of the Department of Railways and Canals set forth this liberality in figures which are startling in their magnitude. What are we to think, for instance, of a country of five millions of inhabitants, which has invested in railways, public and private, paid-up capital to the amount of over seven hundred and sixty millions of dollars, more than half of it within the last twelve years—an average of about one hundred and fifty dollars per head for every man, woman and child in the Dominion! Unfortunately the figures showing amounts of work and earnings do not compare very well in magnitude with the capital invested, though they are perhaps as large as could reasonably be expected in view of the population. The total number of passengers carried during the year 1890 was somewhat more than twelve millions. The gross earnings of all the roads amounted to a little more than forty-two millions of dollars, or about five and a-half per cent. on the capital invested. The proportions of net to gross earnings would vary widely in different roads, and the average could be only guessed at, but it is clear that the returns from capital invested must have been on the whole rather unsatisfactory to the investors. Of course the real value of the roads to the public is a very different matter and must be measured by other standards—a consideration which, though probably not very consoling to private investors in the absence of dividends, may yet be quite satisfactory in the case of the railways which are public property. Chief among the roads belonging to the Government, or, more correctly speaking, to the Dominion, is of course the Intercolonial. This line is, without its branches, 894 miles in length, and has cost to date a little less than forty-seven millions. Its income fails, as is well known, to balance expenditure by some hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and the deficit bids fair to increase rather than diminish, in consequence of the competition of new and shorter roads. The large loss in 1890 will no doubt be the occasion of a fierce debate during the current session. However well founded may be the criticisms directed against the location of the road—a fact which cannot now be changed—it must be borne in mind that the construction of the road itself was an indispensable condition of Confederation. Indeed without such a connecting band the political union of the Provinces would have been a practical absurdity as well as a political impossibility.

TOUCHING the Intercolonial Railway it is gratifying to observe that through it a good example is being set to other railways in the matter of lighting and warming the cars. In reference to this Mr. Collingwood Schreiber, the General Manager, says in his report: "With a view to the better protection of the travelling public and the

employés, a system of heating by steam from the locomotive, and lighting by electricity, is being introduced into the passenger car stock, of which 102 cars are now fitted with appliances for steam heating and 81 for electric lighting." The steam heating is said to work admirably, but the electric light is less satisfactory, being not only very expensive but also liable to get out of order on the journey, thus often compelling a resort to the old system of lamps. Seeing the wonderful progress that has been made in the matter of electric lighting within a very few years, it can scarcely be doubted that the removal of these objections is but a question of time. The car stove is no doubt a far greater menace to the safety of travellers than the car lamp, and the practicability of steam-heating, at least, is surely sufficiently proven to warrant Parliament in compelling all railway companies to substitute it for the stoves which have so often been the cause of unnecessary and frightful suffering and loss of life in railway accidents. We should have been glad to see that the Government road was also taking the initiative in the introduction of safer modes of car-coupling, guarding of frogs and in other ways protecting railway employés from the dangers which now beset them and result in so dreadful a harvest of maiming and death. Will not some member of Parliament again urge the subject upon the attention of the Government and House, during the current session?

THE outcome of the difficulty in which the U. S. Government finds itself involved in its endeavour to fulfil the duties of neutrality in regard to Chili is being looked for with a good deal of interest. The conduct of the captain of the *Itata* in calmly steaming out of San Diego harbour with the U. S. Deputy Marshal on board was decidedly cool, and yet was what might perhaps have been expected from the master of an insurgent vessel belonging to no recognized nationality, who consequently had everything to gain and nothing to lose by making his escape. The discovery, if it should prove to be a valid one, that international law gives the United States the right, under such circumstances, to capture the *Itata* on the high seas, if she can find her there, will have been a surprise to many. The latest accounts seem, however, to make it probable that the fugitive steamer will not be found until, at least, her cargo shall have been safely landed, or that if she should be found the U. S. warship finding her may have to reckon not only with her armament, whatever that may be, but with that of another insurgent warship as well. The singularly indefinite instructions which, according to the *N. Y. Tribune*, were given to the officers of the three U. S. men-of-war sent in pursuit, must add not a little to the difficulty and responsibility of those officers. They were ordered, the *Tribune* says, to take the *Itata*, provided it could be done without "manifest injury" to their own ships. Should anyone of these commanders succeed in overtaking the offending vessel, either alone or with a more powerful escort, and should he sagely conclude on inspection that he could not capture her without danger of "manifest injury" to his own ship, and consequently suffer her to go on her way without molestation, the affair would take on a somewhat ludicrous phase. It is possible that both the Department and the pursuing officers, whose sympathies may very likely be with the Congressional Party, will be just as well pleased should the *Itata* escape them, especially as the probabilities seem rather in favour of the ultimate success of the insurgents, in which case the present Chilian Government would no longer exist, and the revolutionary one could hardly lay a claim for damages.

AFTER-DINNER speeches do not always show the wisdom of orators and statesmen, to say nothing of common people, at its best, and recent events in Germany would seem to show that even Emperors are not always perfectly happy in their deliverances on such occasions. To whatever impulse or exhilaration the extraordinary arrogance of some of Emperor William's recent utterances was due, it is no wonder that it should have aroused resentment among some of the princes of the older self-governing states of Germany. Indeed to one accustomed to the democratic air of this western world, or even of modern England, it is difficult to see how the humblest subject in the realm, to say nothing of the statesmen and other men of mark who were present at the banquet, could listen to such words without some feeling of rising indignation. A Russian peasant, trained from childhood in the schools to reverence the Czar as the incarnation of Divine as well as human authority, might listen with

servile meekness to such declarations from the lips of majesty. But how the educated, self-reliant, and in their own estimation, as we had supposed, free people of Germany could listen with complacency to words even from their Emperor, which relegate them seemingly to the position of serfs of an autocratic lord, rather than subjects of a constitutional king, it is hard to understand. It is often observed that the man who is conscious of power to enforce his authority when necessary, and who is truly worthy to command, is usually the man who avoids most carefully any harsh or arbitrary assertion of his authority. Such men were the father and grandfather of the present monarch of Germany. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this modest avoidance of any unnecessary show of superiority had much to do with winning the confidence and affection of the people. It remains to be seen whether and to what extent such coarse self-assertion in masterful speech and despotic bearing will, if continued, be accepted with complacency by a people of high intelligence and spirit, accustomed to gentler and more modest methods.

PARTY PROSPECTS IN PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

IT is early for the quidnuncs to be discussing Mr. Mowat's chances at the next general election for Ontario, but we see they are at it. This is one of the results of the Federal Opposition's rapid development of opinions that were formerly believed to be favoured by an insignificant minority of the whole people. The question is, what effect will this change have on the fortunes of the Provincial Cabinet, whose series of triumphs were all gained under the old conditions?

In June, 1890, the Ottawa Outs had not distinctly accepted Mr. Goldwin Smith's doctrines touching Canada's relations with the United States. Again, Mr. Blake's conciliatory counsels in respect of Canadian race and creed disputes then dominated his party. Further, there would then have been little absurdity in allegations that George Brown's wish to perpetuate Confederation and British connection had been closely adhered to by his successors in journalism and politics. It was commonly believed that Mr. Mowat could be depended on in all imaginable circumstances, not only to withhold countenance from an annexationist propaganda, but to take the platform against, instead of for, any combination of disruptionists. An important percentage of the electors, regarding both Premiers as essentially Conservative, had been long accustomed to back Sir John in Federal and Mr. Mowat in Provincial affairs. Finally, the Irish element, undeniably compact and powerful, whether for good or evil need not be here discussed, was then all the more true to Mr. Mowat because he had never appeared to league with politicians differing from Mr. Blake on matters of prime importance. So much for points of interconnection between the Provincial Ins and the Federal Outs.

But the face of purely Provincial politics is swiftly changing, too, in consequence of the exhaustion of interest in the long race and creed wrangle that began with the Saskatchewan troubles, culminated with the Jesuit Estates Act agitation, and included the French schools' and Separate schools' outcry. The excitement in Ontario had important effects which are not likely to be forgotten by those most interested. Under the pressure of men and journals then opposed by and now plainly dominant over the party that no longer includes Mr. Blake, the Provincial Cabinet conceded pretty much everything seriously demanded by the opponents of the powerful Roman Catholic element. It is not improbable, we are assured on fair authority, that Mr. Frazer will fail in controlling his co-religionists next time, unless a much larger share of the patronage that is not sought by messengers and charwomen be placed at his disposal. Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-General and Parish Priests are, after all, human like the rest of us, and the natural man bitterly resents being shorn by those to whom he has given many triumphs in confidence that they would secure his interests.

But these considerations no more warrant prophecies that Mr. Mowat will next time be defeated than contrary prophecies that he will not suffer from the remarkable change in conditions. There is, as Disraeli remarked, no gambling like politics. Unexpected changes may come over the scene. We may however safely hazard the assertion that Mr. Mowat's skill and popularity will be regarded as altogether transcendent should he, after holding office for over twenty years as the staunchest friend of Confederation

and British connection, survive four years' close fraternization with gentlemen who, to say the least, are not exactly champions of either.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE blissful state of a nation "that has no history" ought to find its parallel in the Dominion Parliament just now. There is absolutely little or nothing to chronicle about the proceedings of that august assembly, and the only activity displayed as yet has been in arranging schemes of recreation to counteract the effects of severe mental strain anticipated by the members. In view of their future efforts they are prudently abstaining at present from the wear and tear of brain tissue; indeed were it not for the fact that "spring has set in with its usual severity," and that the air bites shrewdly round Parliament Hill, one might expect to see the legislators on the lawns in flannels, dreaming of a land "where it was always afternoon"—without the sittings!

No doubt the indisposition of Sir John Macdonald and of the Leader of the Opposition have had something to do with this pause of comparative inaction. The magnetic personal influence of the Premier is felt at once in the House, and it is sincerely to be hoped that a few days more will see him restored to that vigour which has never failed him in any crisis any more than that consummate tact which has ever distinguished him.

In the absence of Mr. Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright has been to the fore during the brief sittings of the House. His oratorical flights, largely made up of invective, were scarcely calculated to ease the already very strained relations between the parties; and it is certainly pushing matters far beyond the courtesy indispensable between opponents, even in the political arena, for him to uphold the Grit policy of exclusion. The refusal to allow Mr. Corbould to "pair," on an occasion of such urgent necessity, was a distinct mistake in policy and a "maugre" in good feeling that could scarcely be equalled even on the Home Rule benches on "the other side." The members who are just now absent being nearly all Conservatives, the Opposition, no doubt, expect to score should a division be taken this week on Mr. M. C. Cameron's Bill for the repeal of the Franchise Act. *En revanche*, the Government have had the pleasure of welcoming the Premier back to the House. He took his place amid congratulatory cheers, looking particularly bright and cheerful, after a prolonged conference with the Labour Delegates. A brisk debate, *à propos* of the third reading of the "Modus Vivendi" Bill, followed; quite a relief from the lethargy which has hitherto marked the sittings, and in the course of which the Minister of Justice, replying to Mr. Mills, made one of his neat, judicial and crushing speeches. Petitions have been the order of the day, and they are literally pouring in; the number up to date being more than the whole of those received last session. The minds of the "unco guid" are evidently much exercised as to the evil tendencies of the age, for most of these petitions relate to Sunday observance and prohibition. The irony of the situation is probably duly appreciated by the luckless clerks, part of whose Sabbath observances consist in filing and enumerating these valuable documents.

It has been said that "all good things come in threes," and on Dr. G. M. Dawson, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey, whose writings and researches on the geology and mineral resources of Canada are of such great value, three well-deserved distinctions have lately been conferred. The last and greatest entitles him to write the magic letters F. R. S. after his name, and at once gives him a place amongst the most profound scientists of the day. The number of foreign members in the Royal Society of Great Britain is limited to fifty, and of these we now claim two, Sir William Dawson and his son, of whom the Dominion may justly be proud, for are not their names inscribed on the same honourable roll as are those of Sir Isaac Newton and all the chief pioneers of modern science. Dr. Dawson and men like him show that the Dominion of Canada can hold her own with the Mother Country, not only as regards material resources, but as to the intellectual qualifications and patriotic energy of her sons.

The death of Sir Edward Kenny, whose years numbered those of the present century, has removed yet another link with the past history of Canada, he having been a member of the original Cabinet formed after Confederation. Of Irish birth and descent he was ever active in befriending his countryman. From very humble beginnings he pushed his way up, and after attaining success as a merchant entered the political world whilst still young and served his adopted country with zeal and discretion for a number of years. In September, 1870, he was knighted, after resigning his post in the Ministry.

The ball at Government House was in every way a successful function, and their Excellencies being favoured with "Queen's weather," the lawn at Rideau Hall could be utilized as a promenade between the dances. "Full dress" being *de rigueur* for the military and official element among the men. The scene was brighter and more varied than at an ordinary ball, and it was a moot point whether the many charming wearers of charming frocks looked to most advantage in the ball-room, or by the fitful light of hundreds of Chinese lanterns. The dance given by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert last night "to have the honour of meeting their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Stanley of Preston," will be remembered as one of

the most enjoyable of the present season. The evening outside was decidedly cold, but within all was warmth, light and colour; the uniforms of the staff and of the local corps adding, as they always do, to the effectiveness of a ball. The decorations of the room were also much admired. Altogether, the present season at the Capital promises to make up for the dulness of the past winter. Out-of-door sports are being inaugurated with vigour. The Ottawa Cricket Club team, of which the members of the vice-regal staff are active members, promises some interesting matches, and will have a welcome opponent in the Parliamentary eleven, among whom are still a few of the enthusiastic cricketers of "the long session" of 1885. The legislators also have a lawn tennis club, for whose use a portion of the Parliamentary grounds have been reserved. The links of the newly-formed Ottawa Golf Club ought also to prove as great a solace here as in England to wearied politicians. X.

EMMA.

INSCRIBED TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

So calm a death became so sweet a life
As eve becomes the fall and fade of flowers.
Than thee, dear maid, no fairer flower e'er bloomed,
Nor of more rare perfume. For thou wert one
Whose heart, tender and large and true, went out
In love to all the world. The poor thee blessed:
And infancy put out soft trusting arms:
Age had best service of thy gentle youth:
Want never cried in vain: and sorrow stung
Less angrily when thou the wound hadst touched.
O thou wert Christ's handmaiden! All thy years
Were spent in doing good; in making glad;
In giving smiles for tears, and songs for groans:
Dear heart, how we do miss thee! That clear voice
Of flute-like sweetness, ne'er breaks on our ears,
As once it did, like to a merry chime
That lifts the hearers up to heavenly choirs.
Those eyes that looked in ours, as doth the sun
Into transparent depths, with fruitful power,
No more may look their fervour into ours,
A benison of warmth and life and love.
O sweet and beautiful! can we rejoice
Now thou art gone; hast left us here behind
To mourn thine absence ever—evermore?
How can that mother's heart that lapt thee soft
From every blow and breath of slightest harm,
That lived in thee and for thee, live bereft?
Thee absent, can endure so cold a life?
And how can he whose tender father-prise
Took joy of thee, and solace for the cares
That dog this outward life, now thou art gone
Smile on—thy quips and wiles and merry jest,
Thy loving kiss and sweet "good morn" cut off?
Ah, no, dear maid! 'tis hard to know thee gone,
To know no glowing morn, no warm bright day,
No summer eve shall ever give thee more
To tired eyes, weary with watching where
Our sad heart tells us thou shalt come no more.
But shall we mourn? For our lone selves we must,
But not for thee. Thou art where Jesus is,
The Light Himself makes thy long day of joy,
Thou hast companionship of Cherubim,
Of Seraphim, of angels, saints. And best—
To us who know this best—of them thy heart
And ours clung to with fond affection here,
Now, as thou art, beatified and free,
Free of the dross that spoils our earthly gold.
Now love hath full fruition and no let,
And thou art happy. No pain touches thee:
Nor sorrow, grief, or woe shall wear thee more.
Thy joy! we know it not. 'Tis far beyond
Our comprehension small. Our eyes ne'er saw
The glory that enrobes thine angel form,
Our hearts conceive not of that mighty love
That folds thee now so soft. Thine Home up there!
O we with all our love, anxiety,
And tenderest care ne'er gave thee such an one!
'Tis His—the Father's—gift; and He informs
Thy spirit with such heights and depths of power
As gives thee opening into all the lore
Of the wide universe Himself has cast.
Ah, thy bright intellect finds now full play;
All thy large heart is filled with love and bliss;
All thy sweet graces find their gracious ends;
Thy life henceforth one glad Eternity.
Sweet spirit, thou art blest, and shall we mourn?
December, 1890. S. A. C.

MAY ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

CHANGEFUL April has glided away from the forest with great shining tears in her tender blue eyes, and golden-browed May comes dancing wild over the greening hills, chasing the sunbeams up and down the grey avenues, and softly unfolding, on myriad dull branches, great clusters of thin shiny, silken leaves, dipped in sun-gold soft and yellow. The reign of the sweet Hepatica is nearly ended. Only a few flowers remain shining from shady nooks like little white stars, and now its fresh leaf is reaching out to the sun, for the blossoms come ere the new leaves unfold. Far and wide through all the green-

wood, by stream and hillock, snow-white lily-cups of trilliums stir in the wind, violets are budding, and in every sunny close the young grass is sprinkled white and pink with modest little spring beauties. Many wild flowers are in blossom. Half-way down the hillside, a little way from a narrow path, a solitary, deciduous shrub thrives in shadow of old trees, Daphne, rare, beautiful Daphne. In April its small, sweet, pink blossoms, opened in clusters circling its dove-coloured stems ere a green leaf appeared. Alone it dwells on the hillside with no other of its species for miles and miles around. In a corner of a sunny field, near a picturesque lake on the outskirts of a fair Canadian city, a shrub like it is growing, also another in one of the Maritime Provinces; and these are believed by the field naturalists of that city to be the only two in Canada. But this fertile county of Prince Edward lying out in the blue Ontario, and possessing a varied growth of wild-plant life, has been overlooked, and the Daphne is found here in several sequestered bowers. But let us turn again to the mountain-top. Song and sunshine are rampant. Here is a glassy pond mirroring a tangle of grey limbs and young leaves, while out of its grey-brown shadows come the vibrant voices of frogs, sounding their silver pipes from silver pools; and close by on the bole of an ancient elm two lively young wood peckers are dancing a *rush*! See them with their heads together beating a mad rat-tat on the bark with their bright beaks! To and fro they go, half-way round the tree—giddy black and white birds. Here comes a morning cloak! Solemn black butterfly, coaxed by a sunny breath from its winter repose in some hollow tree—slowly it passes by as if not yet quite wide awake, and, as it flies off through the woodland, I wonder if it has memory of the sunny springtime of the year gone by, a recollection of its beauty making this one the more sweet? Where Memory is, she rears a radiant tower of springtime on to spring time: trellis green with thin leaves, gaudy with beautiful star-eyed flowers, and faint with the breath of blossoms, she rests on its summit the while a warm wind rushes up, fragrant and full of bird song and sound of falling waters, and glancing down through the golden sunshine, she murmurs: *Paradise*—and could Persian pleasure garden be more fair? Out through the shallow pond rush the dogs with great bounds, splashing the water into spray, like white pearls in the sun, and the piping of frogs suddenly ceases. Yet the air is all restless with the humming of gold-banded bees in the willows, and from the topmost bough of a hemlock comes the liquid voice of a thrush, exquisite as from a throat bursting with song. Turning at last from the pond, our path leads through a tangle of fragrant junipers near by a cluster of cedars, whence comes a sudden sound of wings, and a partridge, a plump fellow, whirrs off through the sunshine. Half an hour ago he was drumming down the hillside—a rumbling sound as of far distant thunder. Thus at intervals through the long wild days, from sheltered places, come the hollow soundings of

THE LITTLE FOREST DRUMMER.

Forest drummer up the mountain,
Drumming in the sun
Mellow music by the fountain,
Where white rilllets run.

In the silence of the thicket,
'Mid the violet-bloom,
Ere the singing of the cricket,
In the piny gloom.

With his dark wing, grey and glossy,
With his might he drums
On a lone log, old and mossy,
When the gold light comes.

Pictou, May, 1891.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

PROVIDENCE IS ON THE SIDE OF LARGE BATTALIONS.

WE have heard a good deal lately of our relations with the Americans, the possibility of a conflict and so on. It does not do to despise an enemy, and however confident a man may be if he is going into a fight and he is wise he will take stock of his opponent's resources before he goes in. A few cold hard facts may not be out of place in enabling us to see what we might have to face before we undertook the job of giving our American cousins a lesson. A book has recently come into our hands called "Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States," by Captain Phisterer, U. S. A., published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. This book shows what the North did in the way of raising troops, and as the figures are probably new to most of our readers we give them an opportunity to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

Calls for troops were made as follows:

FURNISHED.	DATE.	NUMBER.	TERMS.
91,816	April 15, 1861	75,000	3 months.
700,680	May 3, 1861	500,000	Various terms.
421,465	July 2, 1862	300,000	3 years.
87,588	August 4, 1862	300,000	9 months.
16,361	June 15, 1863	16,361	6 months.
369,380	October 17, 1863	500,000	3 years.
292,193	February 1, 1864	200,000	3 years.
83,612	April 23, 1864	83,612	100 days.
386,461	July 18, 1864	500,000	
212,212	December 19, 1864	300,000	
2,661,768		2,774,973	

That is, over 2,500,000 men, being called out, took up arms as soldiers. There were, besides these, 182,357 men

furnished by States and Territories which, after the first call, had not been called upon for quotas. Besides, again, 67,000 men were enlisted in the regular army not included in any of above. The total number thus arrived at is 2,911,125—say 2,900,000 men.

Some of the more prominent States furnished troops as follows:—

State or Territory	Regiments of Cavalry	Regiments of Infantry	Batteries of Artillery	Aggregate reduced to three years' standard.
Massachusetts	5	68	17	124,104
New York	27	248	35	392,270
Pennsylvania	23	227	19	265,517
Ohio	13	218	27	240,514
Indiana	13	137	26	153,576
Illinois	17	157	8	214,133
Missouri	30	63	6	
Other States	143	461	83	
Coloured troops not included in States	6	102	10	91,789
Regular Army	6	19	19	
U. S. Veteran Volunteers		9		
	286	1899	250	

There were, besides, engineers, heavy artillery, commissariat staff, etc. The American organization is somewhat different to ours, especially in the artillery, and it is not easy to reduce their figures to our establishment; but, on the whole, the above is sufficiently accurate.

Now, as to how these men fought, let their death roll tell:—

Killed in battle	44,238
Died of wounds	49,205
Suicide, homicide and execution	526
Died of disease	186,216
Unknown causes	24,184
Total	304,369

About 300,000 men lie buried in the various national cemeteries. Adding, for unknown casualties, a small percentage, the total loss foots up about 313,000 men, or eleven per cent. of the number of men enrolled. So that each man may know what his chances might be in case of a row, these statistics may help:—

Killed in action	1 out of 42.7 effective and actually engaged.
Died of wounds	1 " 38.1 " "
Died of disease	1 " 13.5 of the total force enrolled.
Died while in service	1 " 9.3 " "
Captured, etc.	1 " 10.2 effective and actually engaged.
Wounded in action	1 " 6.7 " "
Died while a prisoner	1 " 7 captured.

As to the number of battles and skirmishes fought, large and small:—

In 1861 there were	156
In 1862	564
In 1863	627
In 1864	779
In 1865	135
In all	2261

The loss in some of the more important engagements was terrible. We select a few:—

Date	Location	Union	Confederate*
1861. July 21.	Bull Run, Va.	2,952	1,752
1862. April 6-7.	Shiloh, Tenn.	13,573	10,699
" May 3 to June 1.	Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, Va.	5,739	7,997
" June 26 to July 1.	Seven Days' Retreat.	15,249	17,583
" Aug. 30.	Bull Run (2nd).	7,800	3,700
" Sept. 17.	Antietam, Md.	12,469	25,899
" Dec. 13.	Fredericksburgh, Va.	12,353	4,576
1863. May 1 to 4.	Chancellorsville, Va.	16,030	12,281
" July 1 to 3.	Gettysburg, Pa.	23,186	31,621
" Sept. 19 to 20.	Chickamauga, Ga.	15,851	17,804
" Nov. 23 to 25.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	5,616	8,684
1864. May 5 to 7.	Wilderness, Va.	37,737	11,400
" May 8 to 10.	Spottsylvania Court House, Va.	26,461	9,000
" June 1 to 10.	Cold Harbour, Va.	14,931	1,700
" June 15 to 19.	Petersburg, Va.	10,586	Doubtful
" June 22.	Weldon R.R., Va.	5,315	500
" July 20.	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.	1,710	4,796
" Before Petersburg.		11,500	Doubtful
" Oct. 19.	Cedar Creek, Va.	5,995	4,200
1865. Before Petersburg surrendered, April 2.		4,272	4,000

General Grant is responsible for the losses in 1864, from May 5 to June 22, amounting to 95,730. This modern Thor had the men and the money, too; but what his place will be in history is exceedingly doubtful. A General who flings away 100,000 men in six weeks cannot be said to have accomplished most with least means.

Now, what are our lessons? If the Americans could put 2,900,000 men in the field in 1861, what can they do in 1891? Is there any element present then and absent now? Is there any reason why in a war, say with England, the North would not turn out as well as they did against the South? Would they not be reinforced by the South? On the other hand we would not be the aggressors—we would be the party attacked. Would the feeling against an unjust or oppressive war be sufficiently strong to overcome the natural feeling in favour of one's country, right or wrong? Candidly, we do not think so. We think that, whatever opposition there might be to a war before it was declared, the moment the Union was committed to that war, the feeling would be unanimous from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the Lakes. We would have to struggle probably against, not two millions nine hundred thousand men, but five millions of men, or about our whole population.

We are aware that there are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen who would not

* The figures stated as being the losses of the Confederates are in many cases only estimates.

only not bear arms against England, but who would also actively take steps to help her, either by leaving American soil and joining the Canadian forces, or by giving trouble among the Americans. But what are these among so many? They would be without organization, and it would not be safe to count on more than perhaps a reinforcement of one hundred thousand men from that source. If so, what would be our strength? We could turn out 750,000 men on a pinch. Where are their weapons—where are the guns? Where is the cavalry? Surely if there is any danger from across the line, it is time to look into these matters. Forewarned is forearmed, and we gain nothing by depreciating either the resources or character of our possible opponents. As to whether there is any danger from the Americans is not quite so easy to answer. They are undoubtedly aggressive enough. They are unwieldy, like a great overgrown boy who has not reached maturity, but who has in him all the strength and vitality necessary to make a man. He may be clumsy and may not know his strength, but he soon learns it, and then his impulse is to try that strength. Nations are governed by the same impulses as individuals, so it is not impossible that the States may make some attempt to force Canada from her position of semi-independence. Our only chance would be to be more ready than they, and a forward movement on our part, anticipating one from them, coupled with the cooperation of the fleet on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and of a flotilla of gunboats up the Mississippi and on the lakes, and we might do something. In any event we will do our best and apply to our own case Shakespeare's lines from Henry V. :—

If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.

R. F. K.

PARIS LETTER.

THE death of Marshal de Moltke occupies of course all attention. For four years he has been only a living trophy. Has he founded a school, left a "double portion of his spirit" in a disciple? On whose shoulders has his mantle fallen? Europe is no more to-day what it was in 1870, than what it was in 1806, when Helmuth de Moltke, then six years of age, witnessed his father's house at Lubeck, pillaged by the triumphant French. Napoleon was then in the height of his fame, and vowed, like a Caesar of old, to dedicate a temple to his own glory; and he selected the Madeleine at Paris, wherein to enshrine his genius, and to erect an altar for the idolatrous crowd. Nine years later Napoleon was annihilated; in the course of fifty-six more, France lay moribund at the feet of de Moltke, that is of Germany. Do Jenas and Sedans repeat themselves? That's a daily reflection with Germans and French. How avert them? By being scientifically prepared for war, de Moltke maintained; for war, as he said in the Reichstag, is "a holy and divine institution, which develops in men noble sentiments, honour, virtue, courage, and prevents their lapsing into materialism." However, from the Israelites, down through the classic, religious to modern wars, the beauties of war, if apparent, are not dissimilar. Fighting is an attribute of man; it will only disappear with his disappearance. The Interview-pump has been worked on the marshals respecting the deceased. "He inflicted much injury on us," was all MacMahon had to say. "He was a terrible enemy: engineer rather than soldier, who had the good fortune to arrive, when the art of war was being transformed, and armaments modified," was Canrobert's verdict. The marshals forget that they did not, though possessing the power, utilize also these metamorphoses under the Second Empire. Marshal de Moltke never held that a campaign could be pre-arranged, like a game of chess, as the consecutive acts of war are not the results of pre-meditation. It has been observed that he is the best general who commits fewest faults. The deceased soldier went no further than to lay down that strategy consists in preparing the means of combat: to well combine the first movements of the army, and to bear in mind that a single fault committed in the concentration of that army remains irreparable throughout the campaign. Canrobert is satisfied that France has her de Moltke in General Miribel, now in his fifty-ninth year. Alexander died aged 33, Caesar 57, and Napoleon 52. It is to be presumed the Germans have likewise their coming victory man. Impartial observers are agreed that the Teutons are better fitted, by their strategical railways, than the French for the more rapid concentration of armies. But the undisclosed de Moltkes on both sides have yet to win their spurs—and may they never have the opportunity. The few far-seeing journals here keep before the eyes of Frenchmen that de Moltke's life-triumphs were largely aided by his having an autocratic Government at his back. Will French democracy in the hour of any future national peril be able to sustain its chiefs by a kindred unity of absolutism? That's a grave problem for mental cud-chewing.

The cremation question is receiving "ardent" attention. The fair sex will soon be all converted to the doctrine of incineration. Some husbands decline to comply with the last wishes of their wives, not to be "interred"—especially if not really dead. A few recent "buried alive" cases have revived the agitation about precipitate inhumations. A leading physician has addressed an open letter to Home Minister Constans, asserting that in every twenty cases of officially certified deaths there is but one on an

average presenting the physiologically conclusive evidences of death. When a death takes place in France the relatives must at once make known the event at the Mayor's office, accompanied with a certificate from the medical attendant, setting forth the nature of the ailment. Legally the physician may decline to reveal the malady under which his patient succumbed; for social reasons he exercises the right of professional secrecy. On receipt of the notification of the decease, the Government doctor is advised; he proceeds to the residence of the defunct, casts a summary glance at the corpse, and signs the permit for burial. It is quite common for persons to leave instructions in their will that such or such a surgeon be called in to practise a post-mortem examination on their remains; to place the question of death beyond doubt. Holding a mirror under the nose, applying red hot iron to the heel, or irritating the palm of the feet, are not conclusive death detectors. The only certain test is the odour of decomposition, and this is frustrated by freely sprinkling the mortuary chamber with carbolic acid. Half-dead houses in the cemetery, where the body can lie in the unclosed coffin some time before being interred or cremated, are now strongly recommended. Cardinal Donnet, a quarter of a century ago in the Senate, advocated this preventive measure, the more so as in his student days he was placed in his coffin and narrowly escaped being buried alive; and he was quite conscious of all that was taking place. The Senators congratulated him upon his escape, and passed to the order of the day.

A controversy is taking place over the "Eglisophone." Now this is not the name either of a new patent medicine, or of a freshly discovered antediluvian animal. The telephone connecting with a theatre or a concert can convey the "voices" to persons at home as well as to posterity. The "Eglis" or Church-o-phone is simply to place the sick or the stay-at-home in connection with a place of worship. M. Renan was asked his opinion: He declared that the idea was original and humorous, but feared that His Holiness would not sanction that *fin de Siècle* novelty. In any case it could never supersede auricular confession. Only telegraphic Papal benedictions, added the free and easy cynic, were orthodox.

The students of the Ecole Centrale, from time immemorial, indulge in a carnival of their own every year, and known as the "Monôme." The latter is a contraction for the algebraic expression for the series of single term factors. With the students their Monôme has neither addition nor subtraction; they are all young civil engineers—M. Eiffel is one of the most distinguished graduates of the college—and starting from the Square du Temple, Marie Antoinette's prison, they marched in Indian file, hands upon each others shoulders; no addition or subtraction being made to affect this sea-serpent procession. The unknown quantity is represented by the small boys at large. At the head of the procession is an immense figure of a cube, twenty-seven feet high—in card-board; this juggernaut is followed by several symbols of engineering: windlasses, blast furnaces, etc., in similar raw material. Several of the students carry coloured Chinese lanterns on the ends of their canes, and all sing independent songs, and not a few indulge in jigs. Wending its way to the Bastille, the procession halts before the Beaumarchais Theatre. Only the alumni enter; tylers exclude the profane. The orchestra is composed of students, fiddles, whistles, jew's harps, etc. By students sitting on each others shoulders and laps accommodation is found for all. The artistes are amateur students. There are plenty of singers, but the backbone of the performance is the *Revue*, an extravaganza of all the college incidents during the year; each actor "makes up" to represent a professor, and the popularity of the latter may be gauged by the cheers, cat-calls, hisses, hoots and nicknames. A supper follows, where the dishes receive mathematical and technical names. It makes the old feel young again in presence of the exuberance of boys, who will, and may they ever be—boys. Such is the "Westminster Play" and "Dulce Domum" of the future men who build Eiffel towers, construct railways and run factories. Z.

NAPOLÉON'S CONTEMPLATED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

MR. MORRIS, in *Macmillan* for April, in his article "A Study of Nelson," referring to Napoleon's threatened invasion of England, says that "Napoleon's plan had many chances of success—for some time it was full of promise, and it must rank with his finest strategic conceptions. It failed because his fleets were exceedingly bad, and Villeneuve no more than a third-rate" admiral.

THESIS.

I venture to differ from Mr. Morris. My thesis is: that Napoleon's contemplated invasion had no real chance of success; and that if he had succeeded in landing, it would have been one of his greatest strategic blunders.

NAPOLÉON'S IGNORANCE OF A VITAL FACT.

Napoleon was totally unaware of the fact that England was then one of the strongest countries in the world for defensive purposes, owing to the greater number of its fields being bounded by thick hedge-rows and deep ditches, so that it practically abounded with rudely-constructed but very strong field-works, impossible, if resolutely defended, to be carried by infantry alone.

DEFENSIVE CAPABILITIES OF ENGLAND.

Eighty-five years ago hedge-rows were far more numerous than now, and the fields generally were smaller. A rough estimate would give six acres to the field, say 140 by 200 yards, with one or two gates in it. Up till recent times the average field would have had a ditch round it, say three feet deep and six feet wide on the level, then an earthen embankment, solidified during many generations, six or seven feet high from its top to the bottom of the ditch, and a thick line of hedge-row timber on the top, with a sprinkle of fair-sized trees. On the other side a similar ditch, and usually there would be water in both the ditches. Even a trespassing boy could not always easily overcome such impediments. Imagine on the near side three rows of British soldiers armed with the old flint-lock and bayonet. As the aim of the old musket was not reliable for more than 90 yards, the British usually reserved their fire until the enemy was close at hand. This partly explains Marshal Soult's statement that the British musketry-fire was more destructive than that of the French.

If the soldiers sheltered themselves in the ditch, no bullet could hit them. If they stood in the ditch firing through the hedge, two-thirds of their bodies would be protected. Now, imagine on the far side three lines of Frenchmen advancing to storm the hedge-row. They would be thoroughly exposed, the same as the British were at Bunker's Hill. If there was no foe on the other side, it would be no easy matter to scramble through such a hedge; but, with British troops beyond, it would be impossible, and the assaulting party would be repulsed with a heavy list of casualties, while those of the defenders would be but few. In a selected battle-field the nearest hedge-rows on the enemies' side would be levelled.

ILLUSTRATED BY WATERLOO.

Readers will readily comprehend this by imagining the field of Waterloo to have been covered with similar hedge-rows and ditches, instead of being, as it was, open to all arms. Napoleon that morning had 75,000 men, and Wellington 67,000, all told. Napoleon's great superiority in cavalry would have been unavailing; and the same, to a great extent, would have applied to his more numerous artillery. He would have had to depend solely upon his infantry. The field of battle was about 3,400 yards along its front. Wellington had, including the King's German legion, 20,000 British infantry. A line of men three deep extending 3,400 yards would require 13,750 men, so that if he had decided to rely solely upon his British troops, he could, after garrisoning his posts, have lined all his front with them. But then the value of his foreigners—mostly newly raised—behind such earthworks would have been double what they were in the open. Napoleon would never have had the slightest chance of victory. Neither would he have been totally routed—protected himself by such earthworks, he could have made an orderly retreat. English hedge-rows and ditches would have doubled Wellington's defensive strength and, diminished Napoleon's offensive power by one-half.

NAPOLÉON SHUT HIS EYES.

Napoleon knew of his narrow escape from Nelson, and was well aware that if they had met at sea the expedition to Egypt would have been a disastrous failure. He also well knew that no other troops in the world but British would, when attacked in the night, as they were at Alexandria, have thoroughly vanquished his veterans, the heroes of so many victories. Yet he, with great lack of judgment, ignored the effect upon the flotilla of the possibly unexpected appearance of Nelson, and he also undervalued the British troops until mid-day at Waterloo, when, to his amazement, he saw his more numerous veterans driven headlong down the heights by Picton's fighting few. He told British officers subsequently that the British infantry were the best in the world, and that attacking them was like charging against a brick wall. This statement tallied with that of Marshal Soult: that it did not matter whether the English began at the top or the bottom of the hill; when the fighting ended they were found at the top.

UNFORTUNATE THAT NAPOLÉON DID NOT VENTURE.

From a British, as well as from a European point of view, it was a great misfortune that Napoleon did not land his army in England. Had he landed, the great war would have ended at least eight years earlier; thus saving more than a million of lives and untold treasure.

NAPOLÉON A MILITARY GAMBLER.

The Emperor was a very able and very energetic man, possessing uncontrolled power and vast resources. During nearly all his career he personally combatted against those who were neither able nor energetic. But, with all his gifts, he was a military gambler. His expedition to Egypt is a striking proof of this. Had he encountered Nelson—and the fleets once almost touched—the affair would have been soon decided; and he would, if not captured, have returned to France thoroughly disgraced, as the author of one of the greatest failures of the century. Take, also, the case of the invasion of Russia. He knew from experience the stubborn bravery of the Russian troops, and the extreme difficulty of feeding such a huge army. His main dependence was that Alexander would yield as he had done before. All was staked upon a throw of the dice—half a million of lives and his empire—against the extension of the sphere of his fulminations with respect

to British commerce. During the campaigns of 1813-14 he repeatedly risked great stakes on the even chance of winning much less, and, like other gamblers, he ultimately lost all.

THE INVASION FROM A COMMON-SENSE POINT OF VIEW.

The weather in the English channel was, as he well knew, uncertain, and the sea often rough. Even if he had had control, it would only have been for a very short time, and he could not be sure of fair weather during that interval. If all his flotilla had safely got to sea, there were many possible contingencies to be borne in mind. He had only to reflect what would have happened on the Egyptian coast had Nelson approached pending the disembarkation. Many out of his hundreds of transports would immediately have sailed for France, and others would have come to grief. At the best he would only have landed part of his army and stores, besides losing his fleet. In a similar manner, what if the British fleet hove in sight while his flat-bottomed craft were in mid-channel crowded with sea-sick soldiers? It is certain that numbers would instantly have returned, and he might have found himself in a hostile country with but half his army and stores and with no chance of receiving reinforcements. When the Allied fleets neared the Crimea, convoying their transports, although they were vastly superior to the Russians, the Admirals believed that if the Russian fleet had only shown itself out of port, it might have seriously interfered with a successful landing.

FIGHTING MEN AND THEIR RELATIVE VALUE.

If everything had turned out right—a rare occurrence in great military undertakings—that he had had undisturbed control of the channel for several days; that winds, tides and seas had been propitious, he would have disembarked about 120,000 men. The authorities had arranged that, in case of the French landing, all the horses and cattle were to be driven away.

The total land forces of the British Empire, including volunteers, numbered about 530,000 men, with upwards of 400 pieces of field artillery. A critical examination of Napier's Peninsular War shows that, taking an average of all the battles fought during Wellington's campaigns, two British equalled three French soldiers. The embodied militia, when serving with regulars, were, as was proved at Talavera, equal man for man with the French. The volunteers, when serving in their own country with regulars, may be taken as equal to one-half of their number of French regulars. Sir Walter Scott narrates the feat of a regiment of volunteer Scotch borderers, who, on a false alarm of invasion, hurriedly assembled and then marched twenty miles to the rendezvous playing a spirit-stirring local tune as they entered the town. Such men would have cheerfully and confidently faced an equal number of Napoleon's veterans.

As Napoleon would have had to leave detachments to watch Dover Castle, guard his communications and flanks and also to protect his stores, he would not have been able to approach London with more than 90,000 out of his 120,000 men, and they would have had to attack foes strongly posted, greatly superior in number, and, on the whole, of greater fighting efficiency. Every hour that he delayed the British forces would have increased in number, and his own, through the attrition of war, would have diminished; hence he would have lost no time in marching to London. But it would have been a marvellous feat to have arrived within ten miles of it in eight days from quitting the French coast.

THE STAND OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Therefore, suppose the British had made a stand near London, say to cover Woolwich arsenal, the probable number of their forces by that time may be estimated thus:—

British Army.	Military Value.
70,000 regulars, equal to.....	105,000 French
20,000 embodied militia, equal to....	20,000 "
40,000 volunteers, equal to.....	20,000 "
Total. 130,000.	Total. 145,000

But Napoleon, at the very outside, would have had but 90,000 men.

NAPOLEON'S CALCULATION.

He said at St. Helena that he estimated that a great battle with the English would have cost him 20,000 men, but he anticipated victory; that the poorest classes would have sided with him and that the Government would have given way. It savoured of childishness to suppose that any of the people would have joined him.

PROBABLE RESULT.

After prolonged and desperate fighting he would have discovered that his chance was hopeless; that the forces of his adversaries increased daily, while his own diminished, and he would have been forced to retreat to the coast with greatly lessened numbers. But Nelson by that time would have come back and barred his return to France, and the British Government would have raised their forces, at the very least, to 180,000 men. The remnant of the French army must ultimately have surrendered from lack of food, supposing that they were too strongly entrenched to be attacked.

FRANCE.

When Napoleon's continental foes became aware of the dreadful plight that he was in, they would have hastened to take advantage of it, and those lesser German rulers who sided against their country would then have sided

against its foe. The French (as in 1870) would have been infuriated by their Emperor recklessly throwing away their finest army, and he would have been dethroned. At that time Marengo was his only dazzling European exploit since 1797, so that then he had not one-half the fascinating influence that he had after Ulm and Austerlitz. France, almost defenceless, would have been unable to tyrannize further over Europe, and there would have been peace by the very latest in 1807, instead of in 1815.

CONCLUSION.

I therefore maintain that practically it was a national and European misfortune that Napoleon failed to invade England. With a country so well adapted for defence, and with such a resolute race able to bring superior numbers against him, he would have certainly signally failed.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE been delighted with a letter I received last Friday from a reader of THE WEEK residing at Broadview. My correspondent gives me the information I was in search of regarding the Prairie Crocus, and I am glad to see that my remarks on this subject made in a past issue are corroborated by a resident in the Territories. The flower miscalled a crocus is the large, purplish Anemone or Pasque-flower, and is more like the Passion-flower of the hot-house than the crocus of the garden.

Now, let us try to place this pretty blossom—a specimen of which has been kindly forwarded to me. It is one of the Crowfoot family (*Ranunculaceae*), and therefore is classed with the Clematis, Hepatica, Thalictrum or Meadow Rue, the Buttercup, the Marsh Marigold, the Columbine and the Baneberry, which are all commonly found in Ontario along with six or seven species of Anemone. But the *Anemone patens* or *pulsatilla* is a native of the prairies from Illinois and Wisconsin northward and westward (according to Gray, the friend of the botanist), and the carefully-pressed specimen sent to me I shall cherish with great pride, you may be sure, for it is the first one I have ever seen. Will my correspondent please continue her kind offices and send me some other specimens of the prairie flora? Perhaps she will tell us about that mythical "floral gem," the Queen of the Prairie, the *Spiraea lobata* of Gray. I should like to know if that grows on our Canadian prairies.

I wondered the other day at the large incursion of commercial travellers into town, especially the private precincts. At least, I took the individuals carrying black travelling-bags for commercial travellers, or canvassers, until I was informed that they were lawyers, and that the fashion of the black and coloured bag of damask has gone out.

I think it is such a pity! It was a distinguishing mark that must have been useful in its way, and from experience I think papers travel better in a loose bag than in a closed valise. I hope it is only a passing fancy and that all my legal friends will soon go back to the old-fashioned bag of red or dark-blue. Will someone explain the reasons for this change?

Apropos—I was informed one day last week that a gentleman wanted to see me, and as Mary-Ann's "gentlemen" are occasionally peculiar products, I asked what kind of person he appeared to be. When told that he carried a small black valise I instantly drew in and refused to see him. "It is only either flower-seeds or filters—send him away, please." And it turned out to be an eminent Q.C., and a man I had particularly wished to meet as he was not often in my direction. I hope that the defect does not arise from any self-conscious dislike of being odd. I hear it is a very difficult matter to persuade students at our universities into their gowns. How ridiculous! We shall have ministers of the Gospel next refusing to wear their particular attire. Policemen will follow, and then the railway conductors. Charles Lamb divided mankind into two classes, the men who borrow and the men who lend. But you might as easily and truthfully divide it as follows: the men who love a uniform or distinguishing badge of any kind, and those who hate it like poison.

I once was presented to an individual—this was Out West—clad in a brownish-green corduroy coat, pepper and salt trousers, and blue striped cotton shirt, long hair and a cowboy's hat, as the Rev. Mr. Sm—th. I had taken him for a livery stable keeper. And he was an Anglican too, that was the best of it, and a remarkably fine preacher.

The *Living Church* remarks that the appearance of American locomotives in the Holy Land on the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is possibly the fulfilment of a prophecy—which is as follows: "The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of His preparation. . . . They shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightning." The editor is probably a descendant of Mother Shipton.

Mrs. Mackay—of course, everyone knows what particular Mrs. Mackay I mean—has taken up her abode in Carlton House. There is a Henry II. dining-room, panelled with mahogany. The ball-room is hung with real Gobelin tapestry. There are two ideal bath-rooms, one Japanese

the other Pompeian. There are other "Beauvais" hangings and genuine Louis XVI. needlework. But Mrs. Mackay has not been the presiding genius of this rare mansion. It was decorated chiefly by Mr. Lock for C. H. Sandford, a London millionaire, who, however, suffered with the Baring complications, and was obliged to surrender what a newspaper most justly calls "a pretty toy."

When you read of such unprecedented luxury you turn Socialist at once—at least, the quill-driver, ink-slinger does. What did Bacon say?—"Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit." But certainly Mrs. Mackay is not a person likely to be troubled by any remarks of the late Lord Keeper of the Grand Seal.

The suggestions thrown out by Prof. Goldwin Smith concerning the formation of an Authors' Club, or club composed of representative artistic and literary men, are exceedingly timely. Such suggestions have, of course, been made by others from time to time with, so far, no permanent result. There is a want of cohesion in Toronto society, from the fact that this, which, in vain moments, we call the Queen City, is actually a very much larger centre than we suppose. In Montreal, the English-speaking people—as I have often remarked, and perhaps in this column—are drawn together by the presence of the French, and act accordingly with greater alacrity and community of feeling than, I honestly think, Toronto people ever do. The McGill College Book Club of a few years back would be an excellent model for one kind of literary organization, but that did not, if I remember aright, aim at being a social club. There are difficulties ahead, no doubt, but a true patriotism might easily overcome them. Several amateur literary and musical circles exist already in Toronto. I know two that treat of modern languages, a third is devoted to readings aloud from the best authors. So that while it is not safe to say that there is actual apathy among us, the difficulty will be to focus all this wandering light into some strong and permanent form. For this, is chiefly needed, a leading spirit. Then, when the effort has been made, and the organization is declared to be a recognized fact in our national growth, the leading spirit, or spirits, must see that the aims are thoroughly National, and are progressing Nation-wards! Nothing less than a Canadian Club, governed, stimulated and supported by Canadians, will satisfy us. We are not just hewers of wood and drawers of water, although agriculture is an important feature of our civilization. The artistic feeling—nay, perhaps that deeper artistic discontent which is the foreboder of great things—is rapidly developing within us. And I cannot admit that the Royal Society and its workings quite satisfy that artistic discontent. Does anybody?

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A SUMMER RESORT.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Blushing summer will soon be upon us, and hundreds of hard-worked and dusty toilers, with their families, will then leave their homes in the busy city in search of freedom, fresh air and sea bathing. To such permit me to warmly recommend our bonny island of Prince Edward, the Garden of Canada, the Gem of the Gulf. Freedom? It is the very law of our life, and then what delightful fields, forests and rivers we have! Fresh air? The island breezes, blow them from what air they may, are the freshest and the most salubrious imaginable. Sea bathing? It can be indulged in anywhere and the deep blue water is so invigorating and bracing. The great question of our submarine tunnel has for some time past occupied the minds of many of our leading statesmen at home or afield. Nor must we forget to offer warmest thanks to Principal Grant for the hearty manner in which he came forward and supported the island's claims for the "continuous communication" promised us at the time of Confederation by the Dominion Government. Sir Douglas Fox's estimate, though larger perhaps than was expected, has brought the matter to an issue; and we shall expect at no distant date to hear that work on our tunnel has begun. But this is a matter of no interest to summer tourists as such, since during the months of June, July and August the sail from Point du Chêne to Summerside or from Pictou to Charlottetown is too delightful to lose even in favour of a tunnel from Cape Tormentine to Cape Traverse. We are familiar with the far-famed Inch Arran House, at Dalhousie, in New Brunswick, and its charming surroundings, nor are the numerous watering places on the St. Lawrence altogether unknown to us, but, while these all possess attractions more or less great, we are of the opinion that none of them is so entirely satisfactory to the summer visitor as any of the least interesting of our delightful nooks and corners would be if they were as well known as they deserve to be. Living is not expensive, there is some trout fishing, unlimited sea fishing and absolute seclusion can be obtained at almost any point. The weather in summer is nearly always settled, nor is it ever too hot to be enjoyable. Our scenery is neither bold nor striking, but to the tired brain worker its pastoral character is far better suited because it is more suggestive of rest and repose. The islanders everywhere are very hospitable and particularly attentive to any stranger who may visit them. Hotel accommodation is not

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unlimited but it can be obtained in Charlottetown, Georgetown, Rustico, Souris, the Beach, and elsewhere on application.

FREDERIC E. J. LLOYD.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WAITING.

AH! me. The day for years desired is spent—
This festival that should my love restore.
O love-lorn heart, who wooed with blandishment,
Is lost to thee—is lost for evermore :
The reckoned day is o'er.

The beach the hour appointed knows, and yearns
To feel the cooling torrent on its breast ;
Each time it ebbs, ne'er failing, it returns
At turn of tide, and will not be suppressed.
Untrue my plighted guest.

The earth, how eagerly it waits the sun,
And doffs its garb of shadow to attire
In mantle green, with blossoms interspun,
And wakes to melody her matin choir,
When the lone nights expire.

All through the term of waiting have I kept
A patient vigil for the meeting-day ;
In dreams to him still faithful when I slept ;
In sleepless watches sighing time away,
Expectant of to-day.

To-day, alas! is almost yesterday,
And he, false one, in absence lingers yet ;
Nor comes his debt of promises to pay.
Could he in life that solemn pledge forget ?
Or other fate have met ?

O jealous heart, in mercy make excuse,
Nor let thy passions riot o'er this slight ;
Why sharpen words to weapons of abuse ?
Hope yet a little till has taken flight
The eleventh hour of night.

Bethink thee of the neap-tide's fickle flow—
How many leagues of strand await in vain
The sulky tides, that half-way come and go,
Until by moon propitious swelled again.
Judge harshly not thy swain.

Remember seasons, too, of rain and gloom,
When clouds obscure the sun and earth is drear ;
Blame not the orb that it does not illumine :
It shineth constantly ; the atmosphere
The morrow maketh clear.

Who knows what hindrance may have thwarted haste ?
Oft trifles have a journey long delayed.
I'll trim the lamp within the casement placed,
Lest he shall say he in the darkness strayed,
And hide me, undismayed.

What sound was that—the opening of the gate ?
A footstep? Yes. It halts—I hear a knock !
O love! thrice welcome, though thou comest late,
And chimes the midnight from the steeple clock.
I will the door unlock.

Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

DR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

PART FIRST.

AN eminent gentleman has recently delivered a lecture in Toronto on the development of aristocracy in Great Britain and its alleged extension to this northern part of the Continent. The address was distinguished by that beauty of style and wealth of historic incident for which the writer, Dr. Goldwin Smith, is celebrated, but many will consider his conclusions unwarranted, and his deductions eminently strained. Let me state clearly, by way of preface, that in common with the great mass of the people of Canada, I do not believe an hereditary aristocracy to be suited to the exigencies of our local political system, to the successful maintenance of a Federal Government upon this Continent, or to the honest democratic sentiment of our population. This opinion, however, does not prevent me from having a sincere admiration and respect for the British Constitution and its inherent parts, both as it appears in the United Kingdom and as it has developed in this Dominion. Macaulay has somewhere said that "No other society has yet succeeded in uniting revolution with prescription, progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity," and it is this constitutional combination of the past with the present and its modified continuance in the future which creates the principal charm in the eyes of many for that complex mechanism called British institutions.

As a recent writer says: "the Monarchy, the Estates of the Realm, the Established Church, are watchwords that still wake a responsive thrill in the breast of the youth of England. . . . The institutions which have

raised England from a collection of petty principalities to a great power whose fame overshadows the world." These branches of the public service and the public life have combined to produce the free institutions which we have to-day, and it is not only historically inaccurate, but a national defamation, to assert, as does Dr. Goldwin Smith, that a portion of the political structure, now supported by the British people, was born of corruption, steeped in immorality, and is to-day as a class stamped by inefficiency, uselessness and mental and moral weakness.

Historically, we are told, in the lecture referred to, that after the final overthrow of the Stuarts there ensued "a reign of corruption more profound and shameless than ever was seen in the United States"; that the House of Lords has "never acted as the sober second thought of the people"; that "it blocked even measures of mere humanity"; that the British Army and Navy fought under the cold shade of an aristocracy, and were correspondingly injured; that "the slackness of attendance in the House of Lords has been a constant scandal"; and that "heredity seems to prevail wonderfully little in the mental succession of men." The masterly manner in which Dr. Goldwin Smith manages to weave what I may call half-truths into the presentation of a case, cannot be better illustrated than it is in this address. It reminds one indeed of the poet's expressive words:—

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow.

The first charge is of such a general nature as to be difficult of analysis, but we may feel reasonably certain that the corruption which existed to an admitted degree during the early years of the House of Hanover, and which to an infinitely greater extent prevailed in all Continental countries, was more the product of the times than a specific illustration of the evils of some particular system of administration. Even with this difficulty, which attained its highest point under Walpole, who was not a peer and who never made any pretensions to aristocratic lineage, the record of England was never more worthy of pride; her achievements by sea and land were never greater; and the development of arts and literature, empire and liberty, were never more marked. True, the American Colonies were lost, but Dr. Goldwin Smith has himself stated that certain demagogues who were ambitious of attaining power and place in a new republic were largely responsible for the evil, and at all events no one fought more warmly in England for the cause of justice and liberty than did Lord Chatham and many of his brother peers. No period has been more productive of great men and great deeds than the last hundred and fifty years of British history, and we know from the decline and fall of past empires that such a result is impossible in a land where the canker and corrosion of corruption permeates the body politic, as Dr. Smith claims it has done in England during the hundred years of aristocratic government which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832.

Then we are told that the House of Lords has never been of national service as a second chamber. The best criticism of such a statement is that every country recognizes the need of an Upper House; that the one now in existence has been developed and modified from time to time to suit the changing tendencies of the age and the requirements of the popular will, and that a body so created and merged by slow growth into the heart of the Constitution has proved infinitely better suited to the conservative instincts of the British people than would some brand new imported article, such as Dr. Goldwin Smith might perhaps like to impose upon the country. The Irish University Bill of 1872 is a measure the defeat of which illustrates the practical value of the House of Lords. The complex necessities of English political life have required an Upper House, which would check hasty legislation from the Commons without prohibiting it; which would enable the people at difficult crises to re-consider matters of grave import; which would prevent the control of legislation and government being grasped in the hands of some popular Cæsar and wielded to suit his purposes, and which at the same time might limit the power of the Crown and prove an intermediary between the two great branches of the country's Government.

To intimate that the British people did not fight so well under an aristocratic Government, or to state that the soldiers were especially neglected or maltreated under such rule, is to make a statement which can hardly be proved. Of course oppression existed, privations ensued, difficulties had to be overcome during the wars of that period, as in all periods before or since, but historical writers agree as a rule in considering that wars are better conducted in a purely military sense under a centralized administration than by a popular one. The German campaign of 1870 on the one hand, and the Soudan war under the Gladstone administration on the other, may be instanced.

That the House of Lords has blocked even measures of pure humanity is surely a misconception of the truth. It was, however, ably anticipated some years ago by the Duke of Argyll (Sept. 29, 1884) in the following remarks: "The most beneficent legislation of the present century, not second in importance to any other changes either political or fiscal, has been the legislation identified with as strong a character and as illustrious a career as that of any other public man—I mean the social legislation of which Lord Shaftesbury was the standard bearer. The leaders of the Liberal party never helped him at all, many

of them opposed him to the last; and the opposition he encountered was always most bitter and most determined in the House of Commons. When his Bills reached the House of Lords they were always comparatively safe; and the co-operation of that House in all rational measures of social reform has always been, at least, as hearty as that of the House of Commons."

The attendance of members in the House has according to a recent writer averaged over a term of years 350 out of a total of 500, and it is also stated that during an average session some 150 members take part in the debates, which it is universally recognized are distinguished for ability, thoroughness, fairness, and an almost complete absence of partisan spirit. The hereditary element is of course the chief objection in the minds of very many persons to the existence of the peerage as it stands to-day, and is a subject of legitimate discussion, but in all fairness we must remember that the contention of its supporters is the claim of a man to leave an honour which he cherishes to his descendants, just as in this country a father desires to leave the money he has accumulated or the renown of a great reputation which he has won to his children. Ability may not be hereditary as a rule, but history records so many cases in the ranks of the British peerage that one feels inclined to think Dr. Goldwin Smith must be mistaken when he asserts that it does not affect the mental succession of men. Lord Macaulay once drew attention to the family annals of Aubrey de Vere, 20th Earl of Oxford, who "derived his title through an uninterrupted male descent from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevilles and Percies enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England. One chief of the house had held high command at Hastings; another had marched with Godfrey and Tancred over heaps of slaughtered Moslems to the sepulchre of Christ. The first Earl of Oxford had been minister to Henry Beauclerc. The third earl had been conspicuous among the lords who extorted the Great Charter from John. The seventh earl had fought bravely at Crecy and Poitiers. The thirteenth earl had been the chief of the party of the Red Rose and had led the van at Bosworth. The seventeenth earl had shone at the court of Elizabeth, among the early masters of English poetry. The nineteenth earl had fallen in arms for the Protestant religion and for the liberties of Europe under the walls of Maastricht." Since that time the aristocracy of England, and it must be remembered that there is a large class of landed gentry without titles, who are as much a part and parcel of the British aristocracy as the oldest peerage in the realm, have maintained their position with honour upon the battle-fields of Europe and the East, the plains of America and the oceans of the world. Writing from memory, the names of Wellington—scion of an ancient family—and in earlier days the gallant Peterborough, Albemarle, Cadogan, Dundonald, Beresford and Gifford readily occur as examples of bravery and skill. Westminster Abbey is filled with the names of men who have not been ashamed to accept honours at which our latter-day prophets scoff, while the annals of modern history are replete with the performances of those in whom heredity appears to be exemplified. The great families of Salisbury, Aberdeen, Argyll, Carnarvon (Herbert), Clarendon, Derby, Grey, Carlisle, Stanhope and Lansdowne are instances in point.

Surely some distinction must attach to a body of men whose ranks have been filled from time to time by peers like Bolingbroke, Brougham, Camden, Denman, Durham, Eldon, Elgin, Ellenborough, Erskine, Gough, Hardinge, Mansfield, Nelson, Mayo, Rosebery, Ripon, Lytton, Dufferin, and Hartington, or to a body amongst whose ranks nature's noblemen like Houghton, Tennyson, Napier of Magdala, Sherbrooke, Wolseley, Idlesleigh, Bramwell, Brassey, Coleridge, Cranbrook, Cross and Esher are willing to be enrolled?

The position of the House of Lords at the present day is defended on the following grounds:—

- I. It contains the ablest debaters in Parliament.
- II. Its ranks are continually recruited by the most distinguished men of the day.
- III. Its affairs are conducted in a most business-like manner.
- IV. It constitutes an invaluable check upon despotism on the part of Crown and license on the part of the Commons.
- V. Gives opportunity for the re-consideration of important public measures.
- VI. Is patriotic rather than partisan.
- VII. Initiates much wise legislation.
- VIII. Represents the landed interest, the commercial element, and the general wealth of the nation as well as the hereditary quality of birth.

Lord Salisbury said in 1884 (July 22) that "The business of the House of Lords is to act something in the manner of a fly-wheel in ordinary mechanism. Its business is to prevent irregular and too rapid advance, even if that is effected at the cost of a certain amount of loss of force and of delay. And the proof that they regulate it properly, that they do not allow measures to be passed until they have been well looked at, until they have been looked at from every side, until the public opinion has had an opportunity of examining them—the proof that they do that is to be found in the fact that when you once take a step in advance you never have to take it back again."

We know that the country peers are each the centre

of their country side, and are looked up to for the lead in all social and charitable affairs, while as a writer recently observed: "They are without the intellectual faults of men who live in studies and apart from ordinary mankind, and are, as a rule, shrewd, good men of business, who see the facts of life fairly and squarely, and possess a sort of inherited instinct as to their proper place in the constitution."

In short the members of the British peerage have hitherto maintained their position because they represented in the House of Lords an immense variety of social forces penetrating the community and occupying a great part of the field of national life. Aristocracy and democracy have in England worked hand-in-hand for the good of the British realm and the advancement of the world, and little benefit can be derived from misrepresentations of the past with a view to severing the relationship of the present. As a Canadian poet has said:—

The world goes rushing by
The ancient landmarks of a nobler time—
When men bore deep the imprint of the law
Of duty, truth and loyalty unstained,
Amid the quaking of a continent,
Torn by the passions of an evil time,
They counted neither cost nor danger, spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

Toronto, May 15.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY—VOL. I.*

THE reviewer who can undertake the examination and criticism of this gigantic work with a light heart must be little impressed with the responsibilities devolving upon him. It has been bruited abroad in two hemispheres; it has been thrust before the notice of the learned on both sides of the Atlantic; it is prefaced with the names and titles of nearly two score of editors or collaborators; its very title seems to have been chosen with a view to an insistence of its importance—for it calls itself at once a dictionary, an encyclopædia, and a lexicon. Let us commence by examining its right to such a title.

In its simplest and truest sense a dictionary of a language is a work which deals with the words of that language: their spelling, signification, pronunciation, etymology, and history. Johnson's was a true dictionary though it dealt so inadequately with the penultimate, and not at all with the ultimate, of these features. Littré's, in French, is a true dictionary, embracing all five points. Liddell and Scott's, in Greek, is a true dictionary. Dr. Murray's "Dictionary of the English Language on Historical Principles" is a typical dictionary. Throughout all these the same principle runs: they deal with the matter, the substance, the formative elements of language as language.

An encyclopædia, on the other hand, has nothing to do with language; it deals with things and theories. We go to an encyclopædia for information on ship-building, on anthropology, on the Arthurian cycle of romances, on Roman topography, on Guicciardini, on the Protozoa. The great French *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and D'Alembert had for sub-title "*ou dictionnaire raisonné des sciences, des arts, et des métiers.*" In short, we may consider such lexicons as Dunglison's in Medicine, as Watts' and Thorpe's in theoretical and applied chemistry respectively, as Ure's in arts, manufactures, and mines, as that of the New Sydenham Society in medicine and the allied sciences, as Spon's in engineering, and so on, as in reality exhaustively elaborated portions of that impossible and ideal encyclopædia which shall encompass all that its name embraces—the whole circle of education.

We have now disposed of two of the terms entering into the title of the Century Company's great work. With the third, lexicon, we need not concern ourselves, for, as it itself says, this is synonymous with dictionary, and is "now used especially of a dictionary of Greek or Hebrew."

The question then is: Is it possible to combine in a single work the characteristics of a dictionary of the language and of an encyclopædia? So that each shall be treated exhaustively, of course, it is not. Even the Dictionary Committee of the French Academy would recoil from such a task. But is it possible to do so in any way that shall result in practical benefit to readers? This is the avowed and expressed intention of the promoters of this work. "The plan of the Century Dictionary," they say, "includes . . . a more complete collection of the technical terms of the various sciences, arts, trades, and professions than has yet been attempted; and the addition to the definitions proper of such related encyclopedic matter, with pictorial illustrations, as shall constitute a convenient book of general reference." And this plan, they hope, will result in a "harmonious whole." Such plan is by no means new. The "Encyclopedic Dictionary," begun by the late Robert Hunter and published some eleven years ago by Messrs. Cassell and Company, was precisely similar in character intended as it was to be "a work which should present the ordinary features of a dictionary of the English language, and, at the same time, treat certain subjects with something of the exhaustiveness adopted in an encyclopædia."

But, to go back, is this at all possible; or rather, is it practicable? Surely the only intelligent answer is No.

* The Century Dictionary: An Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language, prepared under the superintendence of William Dwight Whitney, Ph.D., LL.D. In six volumes; Vol. I. New York: The Century Company.

To make such a combination of any value to the scholar or to the expert, to the man who is master of some one department of arts (economic or fine), sciences, or letters, is out of the question. The specialist, for information in his own subject, will go to special works; for information on subjects with which he is not *au fait*, he will consult and will prefer a less pretentious, a less elaborate, and, let us add, a less expensive source. Here, we think, lies the fault of this great dictionary. It has attempted more than it can perform; it has taken too much upon itself; it has fallen between two stools—gracefully, perhaps, but still fallen.

Thus, on such large and complicated subjects as the brake and the bridge, though both are treated well (no mention, however, it may be noticed *en passant*, is made either of the Pratt-truss, the Howe-truss, or the Bollard-truss bridges), the engineer will not find such minute and detailed information as the title an "encyclopedic lexicon" might legitimately lead him to expect. So too the practical electrician, though treated to an excellent cut and a good definition, will not learn any details of theory or construction in the explanation given of the ampere-meter. And the physicist would be in the same plight as regards the cathetometer. This is one of the inevitable difficulties of an attempted combination of dictionary and encyclopædia. It is useless to the learned, it is useless also to the ignorant, for of necessity technical terms must be defined technically and will consequently be beyond the comprehension of the general reader. How many of the latter class, for instance, will grasp the fact that a binomial co-efficient is "the numerical co-efficient of any term in the development of $(x + y)^n$, where n is any whole number"; or that a dirotism is "the secondary oscillation occurring in the ascending portion of a sphygmographic or pulse-recording tracing"; or that dielinic signifies "having two of the intersections of the axes oblique"—simple though these are to the mathematician, the surgeon, and the mineralogist respectively?

The fact is, the Century Dictionary is not only a significant example of that much-to-be-decried tendency towards the acquirement of a superficial, groundless, and wholly unsystematic knowledge to-day, and especially upon this continent so conspicuously rampant, it is an actual aid and stimulus to such tendency. We admit we are judging it by a high standard, but in a work of such magnitude and importance as a proposed authoritative standard dictionary for the new world, and one so loudly trumpeted abroad, no lower standard should be considered possible. It is an affront to scholarship to fetter it on grounds of popular expediency; it is unfair to science and to art to attempt the impossible task of bringing them within the comprehension of the uneducated and the ignorant. A standard dictionary of a language, to be standard, should deal with language wholly, completely, and in its entirety; an encyclopædia should treat its diverse and numerous subjects as fully and accurately as the best procurable specialists can treat them. This, on the one hand, Dr. Murray's dictionary is doing, and it is commanding universal esteem; this too, on the other hand, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (to mention one only) has done, with what success a certain recent pirated edition sufficiently shows. However it is time to examine more closely the work itself.

Without doubt the dictionary has been most carefully edited, and no pains seem to have been spared to make it excellent of its kind. The paper and typography are above reproach, the illustrations are excellent, the zoological ones, indeed, most admirable, especially those of the birds, which are often highly artistic. Here and there, however, there is a lapse from this high standard; the cuts of the brain, for example, will not much help anyone totally ignorant of anatomy. That difficult question, too, of what words should be included and what omitted has been very judiciously settled. Being as it is a dictionary for the average busy man rather than for the scholar, many rare or obsolete words and many old or obvious compounds have been omitted. Thus, between "beck" and "become" the following words, each separately treated in Murray, are not mentioned: beclad, beclag, beclam, beclamour, beclang, beclart, beclatter, beclaw, becloak, beclug, beclose, beclothe, beclout, beclumpse, becnian, becobweb, becollier, becolme, becolour, becombed, becomma, becompass. This will give some idea of the scope of the dictionary. But further consideration of such details must be reserved for a future notice.

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

It is better to hold back a truth than to speak it ungraciously.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

In ancient days the death penalty consisted principally in crucifixion, and even women were put to death in that manner. Drowning in a quagmire was a punishment much resorted to by the ancient Britons, and in Rome wild beasts were the chosen medium for executing criminals. During the religious persecutions of the Middle Ages, burning at the stake was the favourite method of inflicting death. In 1244 occurred the first execution for piracy, the victim being the son of an English nobleman. At one time in English history minor offences such as theft, highway robbery, etc., were punished by death, but during the reign of George IV. this system was abandoned, and treason and wilful murder are now the only capital crimes in the calendar.

ART NOTES.

THE Ontario Society of Artists is to be complimented on their handsome, illustrated exhibition catalogue, issued in book form. Mr. J. A. Radford, its talented compiler, deserves great credit for this pleasing and artistic enterprise. It is a distinct step in advance, and will do far more to popularize our artists and their work than they may anticipate.

VILMA PARLAGHY is at present probably the most noted portrait-painter in Germany. She has received an order for a life-sized portrait of the Empress, though she has excelled so far only in the portraits of men. Her latest likeness of Herr Windthorst is a veritable triumph. It is now being exhibited in Paris, and the Centre party is negotiating for it.

AMONG the pictures to be displayed by the Hon. John Collier at the forthcoming Exhibition of the Royal Academy will be portraits of Prof. Huxley and Rudyard Kipling. The likenesses depict Prof. Huxley at his writing desk, whilst Mr. Kipling is in a white cotton coat gazing with a rather quizzical expression through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club is exhibiting a valuable and interesting collection of etchings of the modern French school, by such masters as Jean François Millet, Jean Baptiste Corot, Bracquemond Delacroix, Meryon, Jacquemart and Meissonier. The examples shown are too well known to call for individual mention, with the exception, perhaps, of impressions from some of the rare and beautiful plates by Meissonier and Millet.

MR. HENRY BACON, the Boston artist, is in Paris in behalf of the American committee which will present to the French Capital a bronze copy of Houdon's statue of Washington in the Capitol at Richmond. M. Thiebaud, a bronze founder, says (touching the objection of the Governor of Virginia that a bronze copy might damage the marble original) that there is no danger if the work be carefully done. He will send workmen to Richmond to make a plaster cast of the statue.

MR. FELIX MOSCHELES, the artist, will contribute to an early number of *Scribner's Magazine*, an article on Browning's "Asolo." It will give an insight into the personal life of the poet and the simple and quaint surroundings of the home at Asolo, where he spent so many of his later days. The illustrations, from paintings by the author, will include views of the house in which Browning lived, the room in which he wrote his last book, "Asolando," and street scenes in the picturesque old town.

EVERYBODY who comes to London this season must go to see Charles Keene's pictures. They are far, far better in their original shape than when they had been engraved for *Punch*. The lines are finer, the expression more subtle, the drawing firmer. One understands at last that we had in Keene a genius equal to that of Leech, though perhaps not so varied or so subtle. There is a room full of his drawings. It is a curious exhibition, because the drawings are small, and everybody goes round with his nose close to the wall. We have Dumaurier with us still, and Tenniel; but Keene is already sadly missed.—*Walter Besant.*

THE Nineteenth Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open at the spacious and handsome rooms on King Street West. A large number of artists and their friends mingled with the general public last Friday evening, by cordial invitation, to witness what is technically termed a private view. It would be a good thing if some understanding might prevail as to the kind of dress expected from the visitors on such an occasion. The dressing-room accommodation is hardly adequate for evening costume and yet many people prefer to read invitations to such evenings as implying full dress. In time perhaps these private views will come to be held earlier in the day, which will much simplify matters. A somewhat cursory view of the work sent in strengthens us in previous observations made with regard to the already established Canadian names. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Reid, all exhibit this year in their very best vein, Mr. Forbes, in particular, sending some small canvases, rather out of his peculiar line, but full of vigour and imagination. Then the comparatively new names of C. MacDonald Manly and F. McGillivray Knowles accompany pictures of striking merit, Mr. Manly in particular showing half-a-dozen pictures rivalling in precision, fidelity and delightful clearness those of the President of our Canadian Academy, which is high praise, since few of the younger men have approached the singularly correct touch of Mr. L. R. O'Brien. Mr. Bruenech has several charming water-colours and there is plenty of good work from Bell-Smith, Forster, Arthur Cox, Mrs. Reid and many others. A very hasty glance around the walls seems to warrant the remark that something is radically wrong with the portraits. What it is will probably require another visit, perhaps two, to discover and apprehend. On the whole the water-colours appear to be most thoroughly satisfactory. An important feature of the Exhibition is what the daily papers call the "catalogue of the show," which is a dainty green and silver publication containing a few reproductions of the more notable pictures and embellished in Mr. J. A. Radford's best style. It is altogether so handsome a hand-book that it ought to travel far and show our friends how well we can do things—when we choose—in Canada.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The success of this institution, of which F. H. Torington is director, was once more manifested by the very able manner in which its pupils acquitted themselves on Thursday evening, May 14, when the following programme was listened to by a representative audience which filled the College hall and rooms to the utmost extent: Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in B flat," and Mozart's "Larghetto," organ, by Miss Sullivan; Raff's "Polka de la Reine," piano, by Miss Wey; Rubinstein's song, "Since First I Met Thee," by Miss Edith Mason; Mozart's "Concerto es dur," for two pianos, by Miss McKay and Miss Broughton; Ganz's song, "I Seek for Thee in every Flower," by Miss Myers; Jaell's "3rd Meditation," piano, by Miss F. Smith; Weiss' song, "The Village Blacksmith," by Mr. Shaw; Liszt's "Rigoletto," piano, by Miss Wells; Arditi's song "Parla," by Miss Mabel Gardner; Mendelssohn's "Sonata No. 4," organ, by Mr. McNally.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society was held in Harry Webb's parlours, Yonge Street, to hear the committee's statement for the past year. After the general business of the Society had been discussed and the names of new officers for the season of 1891 and 1892 submitted and approved of by the members of the Society, the president, Mr. Geo. Musson, at the conclusion of a very complimentary and happy speech, congratulating the Society on the good work it had put in, and the two high class concerts which had been given, announced that the committee had unanimously decided to re-appoint Mr. W. Edgar Buck as their conductor for the coming season, being the seventh year of the Society's existence. The announcement was received with hearty applause by all present. Mr. Buck then made a very happy speech, in which he thanked the members for their constancy to the Society, to which the roll-call book amply testifies. He also announced his intended trip to Europe, saying that on his return in September he purposed bringing with him musical novelties suitable for the Society's use. A hearty vote of thanks was also tendered to the accompanist, Miss Mockridge. After the business of the meeting had been concluded refreshments were partaken of, and the remainder of the evening was most pleasantly passed in singing by the members of the Society, and dancing.

The officers of the Society for the coming season are as follows: Patrons—Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto. Officers—Hon. President, J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; President, George Musson; First Vice-President, D. Kemp; Second Vice-President, J. Hedley; Secretary-Treasurer, J. N. Sutherland (C.P.R.); Assistant Secretary, R. Tinning, jr. (G.T.R.); Librarian, M. J. McNamara. Committee—H. Bourlier, W. S. Blake, Fraser Macdonald, Wm. Fahy, A. Ross, Arthur White (G.T.R.), A. W. Dodd (Western Ins. Co.), D. Miller (Manager Merchants' Bank), Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Clougher, Miss Schofield, Miss Gray. W. Edgar Buck, conductor.

NEWSPAPER publishers are familiar with the name of Dr. Tourjee, and with that of the institution which he founded and upbuilt, the New England Conservatory of Music (Boston). Dr. Tourjee died on April 12th. He was born at Warwick, R. I.

THE death is announced in Vienna, at the age of sixty-five, of Mr. J. B. Golberg, for many years a professor in the Royal Academy of Music in London. As a boy he was a phenomenal pianist; as a young man a tenor singer in opera (having studied under Rubini and Lamperti); as a teacher his pupils included the Princess Louise, Giuglini, Brignoli and Goldberg-Strossi; as a composer he wrote songs and other minor compositions, and a triumphal march, which was performed by the Italian troops when they entered Rome under Victor Emanuel.

THE violin exhibition lately held in Louisville, Ky., writes Mr. J. G. Sweet, the organizer, was an unbounded success. Over eighty splendid examples of the art of violin making were exhibited, including three Strads, two Andreas Amati, three Nicolo Amati, six Stainers, four Maggini's and many other instruments both new and old, including a Guadagnini, 1717; Panormo, 1702; Pregarer, 1522; and several excellent instruments of unknown make. The exhibition continued for three days and was held in the music store of Mr. Emil Wulschner, the well-known dealer of that city. During the evenings free violin concerts were given, the rooms being packed to the doors and many unable to obtain admission.

HERR ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM, the Russian pianist, and his pretty young English wife make a most striking couple as they appear together in public. The "Liszt Look" about Herr Friedheim is so noticeable that he has often been taken for a son of the Weimer pianist, and during his tours through Europe in '83, '84 and '85 he was as often known as "young Liszt" as by his own name. He was a Russian however, and was born in St. Petersburg in 1859. His family was not a musical one, but so early in life did little Arthur show signs of great talent that at the age of ten he appeared in an orchestral concert in St. Petersburg, playing, strangely enough, a concerto by the English composer Field. Mrs. Friedheim, better known as Madeleine Sander, who first made her bow to the public when only eight years of age, is a slender, girlish-looking little lady with very pronounced English blond hair and pink cheeks.

In the death announced of Josephine de Reszké, Baroness de Kronenberg, and sister of the great operatic artists, Edouard and Jean de Reszké, art loses one of its most gifted and charming representatives. After making her *début* at Venice she went to Paris, where she had very great success as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet" and as "Marguerite" in "Faust." She won all hearts by her superb rendering of the leading roles in "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," "L'Africaine," and "Don Juan." She relinquished the glories of the stage for the happiness of wedded life, and appeared only occasionally on the scenes of her former triumphs, when she sang in aid of the poor. Both by birth, education and refinement of manners she was in addition to being a gifted artist a *grande dame*.

WAGNER'S operas had 883 performances in Germany during 1890, 70 in Italy, 28 in Spain, 20 in Hungary, 8 in Belgium, 9 in London, 10 in Geneva, 39 in New York (season 1890-91). In Germany these operas were given in seventy-nine towns, as against sixty-two in 1889. In the order of frequency (which is not necessarily the order of popularity, as at small theatres only the early operas can be adequately given), the works rank as follows: "Lohengrin," 248; "Tannhäuser," 189; "Flying Dutchman," 101; "Walküre," 80; "Meistersinger," 65; "Götterdämmerung," 48; "Siegfried," 41; "Rheingold," 37; "Rienzi," 31; "Tristan," 30; "The Fairies," 9. Berlin had 64 Wagner performances; Munich, 54; Dresden, 51; Vienna, 48; Leipsic, 39, etc. It seems about time for Mr. Rowbotham, of London, to write another article for the *Nineteenth Century* on "The Wagner Bubble Burst."

A NEW work of Grieg's, or, at any rate, one newly published, was produced for the first time at a recent Crystal Palace concert in London. The composer has set to music three scenes from Björnson's drama, "Olav Trygvason." In these is depicted the conflict that arose when the Norwegian king attempted to convert his people to Christianity. The action is supposed to take place in an ancient Norse temple toward the end of the tenth century. The scenes deal only with the anger stirred up in the hearts of the sturdy old Northmen by this zealous missionary for the new faith. The *Athenaeum* says there is a certain rugged power and picturesqueness about the music, and admirers of Grieg will meet with many a characteristic figure and quaint harmony, but when not heard on the stage the effect produced is certainly unsatisfactory. In the third scene, with its various temple dances, there is evidently as much intended for the eye as for the ear. Grieg himself, in order to avoid monotony, marked certain cuts and abbreviations for a concert performance of his work, but, curiously enough, Mr. Manns gave the music in full.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE YELLOW RIBBON SPEAKER. By the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Alice Stone Blackwell, and Lucy Elmina Anthony. Boston: Lee and Sheppard. 1891.

We may be very ignorant (which, we confess, reviewers have no right to be), but we do not know what the Yellow Ribbon means. From the contents of this volume we should judge that it may be the badge of some Rights of Women—we beg pardon, Rights of Woman Association, just as the blue ribbon is the badge of the Garter and of some other things. At any rate the contents of the volume form an advocacy of "Woman's Rights." We suppose it is necessary to do this sort of thing; and it is quite possible that good may come of it; but it is not all good. To the people who may study this little book we should recommend a study of Lord Tennyson's "Princess," which contains a good deal of wholesome truth on this burning question.

ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION: WARWICK THE KINGMAKER. By Charles W. Oman. Price 60 cents. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

Mr. Oman has given us a very useful and interesting monograph in the present volume. Students of English history are aware that there are few periods for which the materials are so scanty as for the Wars of the Roses; but the author has made excellent use of all that were available, and he has given us not only for the first time a biography of the last of the Barons, but a very excellent account of the state of England when he appeared on the scene. The volume ends with the death of Warwick at the battle of Barnet, and therefore does not complete the history of the war; but up to that time we gain a very complete view of the movement. In particular we may refer to the graphic narratives of the terrible battle of Jowson, and the battle of Barnet, and to the first chapter of the volume which gives a description of the "Days of the Kingmaker."

THE COMMUNES OF LOMBARDY FROM THE VI. TO THE X. CENTURY. Johns Hopkins University studies. Ninth series. Parts V. and VI.

This pamphlet contains a valuable and instructive contribution to the Johns Hopkins studies in historical and political science. Dr. Williams begins by considering "The Lombard Conquest and Its Results." This he not untruly styles "a transition period, and its history a

tottering bridge from the dead Roman municipal system of the past to the new State and city life of the future." In the second division of his paper, the "Elementary Sources of Municipal Unity in Lombard and Frankish Times" are thoughtfully treated. Though we may not accept all the conclusions at which the learned author has arrived, yet we freely admit that he has treated his subject with learning and ability. The student of municipal institutions will find in the early history of the Lombard communes matter of unusual interest, and the attempt to trace the ample growth of modern civic life back to its sources in the past centuries is not uninteresting to the general reader as well.

EXCURSIONS IN ART AND LETTERS. By W. W. Story. Price \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

Mr. Story has been well advised to publish, perhaps to collect, these very interesting essays. Himself an eminent sculptor, and one who wields the pen as well as the chisel, he has a right to be heard when he says his say on the great Michel Angelo. It is hardly necessary to remark that his criticisms display great acuteness and insight, and we like his interpretations of the great painter, sculptor, architect and poet the better because he does not pretend (like some admirers of the late Mr. Browning) to give a meaning to every part of the artist's work. In the next essay, a very interesting one, on "Phidias and the Elgin Marbles," among other things Dr. Story points out that much has been attributed to Phidias which cannot possibly be his. "The Art of Casting in Plaster among the Ancient Greeks and Romans" is an interesting paper, based on the work of Mr. Charles Perkins, correspondent of the Academy of Fine Arts. The remaining papers, although not belonging to the author's own department, are well worth reading.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1891. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. London: MacMillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The above invaluable volume of statistical and historical information respecting the States of the world has attained in this issue its twenty-eighth annual publication. The fact that it has been revised after official returns entitles it to its authoritative position. Mr. Keltie, as Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, has of course access to abundant material which it is essential to consult in the accurate compilation of such a work. At first sight some useful improvements are noticeable in the volume. The headings of the pages are much more serviceable than heretofore. The constant changes that are yearly taking place in the growth of empires and the advances of discovery are kept pace with. That continent of absorbing interest to which the eyes of the civilized world have been turned with such eager gaze, Africa, is presented to the reader in an instructive way in Mr. Ravenstein's table showing "The Partition of Africa." Canada is very fairly and fully treated, and we observe that, under the heading "Internal Communications," that great Canadian enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railway, occupies fully half the space. A full description of this popular and extremely useful book is unnecessary. To those who may be unfamiliar with it we may say that it presents in a concise and accurate form a vast amount of information relating to the geography, constitution and government, population, institutions and matters of general interest relating to the different countries and peoples of the world, brought down to date, and, as far as possible, verified.

JERRY. A Novel. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Jerry was a woebegone boy, who grew up to a lugubrious manhood and died crying "Mammy," as had long been his custom when troubled in his mind. Had his biographer tired of Jerry as soon as the reader does, the story would have stopped with the third chapter, where one begins to be more sorry for the author than for Jerry. In the course of his distressing career he floundered into communistic ideas concerning land, had a philanthropic spasm of some years' duration, and naturally passed, by easy stages, into greed, speculation and wealth. Though bred in the western mountains, without any business training or knowledge, he went, by chance, to New York, and, in a manner all the more mysterious because his biographer tries to explain it, conducted unprecedented operations in mining stock to conclusions that made the capitalists of Wall Street respect him in the handsomest manner. To his credit it must be acknowledged that he once thrashed a boy almost as disagreeable though scarcely so priggish as himself; and that he ceased, under the instructions of a fatuous physician, to speak the mawkish gabble attributed to many of the indistinct characters in this wearisome tale. It is the latest thing in "dialect stories," those melancholy attempts to clothe with *vraisemblance* narratives that, if written altogether in English, could not pass with even American worshippers of dulness, who seem to be the enthusiasts of their kind. We have often wondered, while struggling to read this book and others similarly given over to "dialect," what amusement or interest or instruction is supposed to reside in jargon like the following random selection:—

"An' you hed better know, Jerry Wilkerson, thet if

these city folks is rich, an' is youn's frien's, they ain't agoin' to stomp on noner us, ner change nothin' in this town, they ain't, if Mr. Henley as knows 'em do say it; an' you hed better tell 'em so, Jerry Wilkerson, or Durden's will. Paul Henley, that were borned rich, he don't take on like he were too good, he don't; he jes' goes roun' alonger orl the boys, jest for orl the worl' like he were a pore boy too, he does."

National character and points of philological interest are disclosed in faithful reproduction of Paddy's brogue, Sandy's doric, the delightful darkey lingo of Uncle Remus, Yankee idioms, or the broken English of Gaels or French Canadians; but is aught added to any sort of knowledge by elaborately setting forth mere imbecilities of pronunciation in persons without characteristics of any other sort whatever? It is high time for American publishers to cease from augmenting the nuisance heap that has been poured from their presses since the fashion of reporting inanities in many scarcely differentiated varieties of gibberish sprang from the notion that "dialect" is interesting when neither lively, quaint, amusing nor instructive.

DEBRET'S PEERAGE 1891. DEBRET'S BARONETAGE AND KNIGHTAGE. 1891. London: Dean and Son.

When we undertook to review these volumes we looked upon it as a task, but confess to being fascinated by the subjects. They are full of out-of-the-way information for intelligent readers. There is also an historical charm in reading about many of those who figure in the works, either in the present or past generations. To the thoughtful, historical student they are of great value. An intelligent and fair-minded man will often be able to appreciate at its real worth some of the mud-throwing which is the bane of politics and history. We have only space for a few references to the subject matter of the works. Among the peerages in abeyance is that of Baron Audley. This peerage was created in 1313. Occasionally British titles are suffered to rest in abeyance because the rightful holders have insufficient means to sustain them. Public opinion in Great Britain runs counter to the system prevailing in some parts of Europe, of great titles and little means. In THE WEEK of May 8th we reviewed the two volumes of Irish Tales (Williamson and Company, Toronto), and stated that "Castle Rackrent" gave an admirable description of the easy-going, reckless Irish landlords of ninety years ago. The Audley peerage is a case in point. Sixty years ago the then Baron Audley—an Irish peer—was the personification of the easy-going and reckless landlords of the beginning of the century. But although he thoughtlessly heaped up debts, in all other respects he was an Irish gentleman, which, to all persons of wide experience and knowledge, means much. The first peerage of Argyll dates from 1445. The readers of Scott's novels and of Macaulay's England know how much the Campbells have influenced Scottish history. The present Duke is great as an author, orator and statesman; and is a man of whom Scotland may well be proud. The first title of the family of the Earl of Derby dates from 1456. The second baron, on the blood-stained field of battle at Bosworth-heath, placed Richard's crown (which had been hidden in a whitethorn bush) on the head of Henry Tudor, hailing him as King Henry the Seventh. By this act he transferred the crown of England from the Plantagenets to the Tudors. Since then the family has always figured in English history. The present Earl is a very able man, and, more than any other British statesman, is entitled to be called the great common-sense statesman. The Baron De Longueuil is the sole Canadian hereditary peer. He is descended from an old Norman family which settled in Canada in 1641. Three of his predecessors have been governors of Montreal. He now resides in Scotland. There is an interesting account of our Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. His father was settled at Kingston, but although the date of Sir John's birth is given, it does not give the place of his nativity, which was in Glasgow, Scotland; the date being the 11th of January, 1815. A perusal of the list of his various degrees, positions past and present, and titles, will fire the hearts of enthusiastic young Canadians. Sir Richard Cartwright is young enough to achieve further distinction. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. We may be sure from his abilities that ten years hence he will occupy more space than at present in the Baronetage and Knightage. Some years ago an American paper recounted in terms of warm praise the achievements of many of the British peers in literature, science and healthy public movements. As long as that state of things prevails, in the words of the poet, Britain "will stand four square to all the winds that blow." These companion volumes contain a large amount of information on the subjects treated. The clear, concise and appropriate form in which it is presented makes them convenient for reference. All who are interested in or want information about the aristocracy of the British Empire will be greatly aided by them. The old can refresh their memories from their pages, and the young can find in them a storehouse of biographical and historical matter. Canadian fathers who wish to make presents to their intelligent sons which will inform and clear their minds from prejudice, and intellectually and morally stimulate them, would act wisely in presenting them with these important volumes. They are the condensed and attractive records of the families of some of the most distinguished men of our race. Men who by their force of character and intellectual ability have largely contributed

to the glory and renown of the British Empire in the past, as well as the present, on the field of battle, as well as in the no less honourable fields of art, science, literature, commerce or politics, and the other ennobling callings of life. We commend the sound judgment and gentle spirit of the American journalist who can publicly express his admiration for the true nobility of British rank and the great and signal achievements of British aristocracy as above indicated. It is wise and just not only to reprobate the bad, but also to commend the good in the classes, as well as in the masses.

A SKETCH of "The Labour Commission" and a striking picture of the late Count Von Moltke appear in the *Illustrated News* of 16th inst. The contribution, "The Genius of George Meredith," by Richard Garnett, LL.D., is appreciative and readable. This sketch is accompanied by a photographic reproduction of the distinguished novelist.

THE *Dominion Illustrated* of the 16th inst. has a contribution by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins as a study of "Fiscal Conditions in Britain, Canada and the States," in which Mr. Hopkins holds that "our best policy is to remain fiscally free of the United States, while drawing tighter the bonds of commercial relationship with the Empire." Mr. Tait McKenzie's article on "The Growth of Gymnastics in Montreal" is suggestive reading for Toronto athletes.

Wide Awake for May is full of the reading children like best—good stories in good variety. Miss Plympton, author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy," has a unique story, "The Black Dog," which she has illustrated herself; Susan Coolidge contributes a story quite out of her usual line, entitled "A Good Bad Horse"; Katharine B. Foote's "Uncle Sam's Two Stories" has a bright, historical interest—Garret's pictures are particularly taking; "Old Sandy's Launch," illustrated by Brennan, is artistic and pathetic; "Daddles" is amusing. Each installment of Margaret Sidney's Peppers serial seems to be so complete in its interest as to be as readable as a short story. "Cab and Caboose," Kirk Munroe's railroad serial, is finished in this number. "Marietta's Good Times" continues the delicious idyl of Italian child-life, written by an Italian woman.

Blackwood's Magazine for May is full of interesting matter. The bright "Chronicles of Westerly" are continued. Lieut.-Col. H. Knollys, R.A., gives a graphic sketch of "Some Very Noble Savages"; "An Indian Ring" tells the bad luck which befell Captain Wilmot, the unfortunate purchaser of an unlucky ring—how he lost his race and love, and his bet of nearly 5,000 rupees; and how he was thrown in a steeplechase and had a dislocated shoulder. And then how, the moment he parted with the ill-omened ring, both his love and rupees returned and all his wounds were healed. The review articles on "Talleyrand" and "John Murray and His Friends" are excellent. "Labour versus Capital in Great Britain," a forecast by a working man, is good, sensible and timely reading. And there is but too much truth in the concluding article, "Despotism, Anarchy and Corruption in the United States of America."

St. Nicholas for May begins with an imaginative poem, "Morning," by the late Emily Dickinson. Nora Perry's "Siege of Calais," a ballad with striking illustrations by Birch, will delight little students of history, who will also read the second paper on "The Land of Pluck," by Mrs. Dodge, with keen delight. J. O. Davidson, the marine artist, has written and fully illustrated a short serial of adventure, entitled "Chan Ok," which describes the capture of a noted Chinese pirate of the present day; it is based on fact. The excellent serials by Trowbridge and Noah Brooks are continued. Among other attractions we find a clever bit of verse with pictures by Margaret Johnson; a verse by John Albee called "The Manners of Sheep"; an allegory, "A Lesson in Happiness," by W. J. Henderson; "My Microscope," by M. V. Worstell; an amusing dialogue by Oliver Herford, "The Professor and the White Violet," and "A Turning-Point" and "A Diet of Candy."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

QUEEN MARGUERITA, of Italy, is a devoted student of the Hebrew language and literature.

IT is said that Mark Twain will go abroad next month to be absent from home several years. His family will accompany him.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD has now ready her promised new novel called "David," the hero of which is said to be a workingman with aspirations.

"TO PLEASE HIS WIFE" is the name of the new novel shortly to appear from the pen of Thomas Hardy, the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has a charming house on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, which he leaves next autumn to reside in New York. He has a soft blue eye and a coy manner.

THE authorized "Life of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr, will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. It will be in two volumes, which will contain a new portrait and a picture of Browning's study.

CAPTAIN STAIRS has left England for Zanzibar, whence he will start in command of the Belgian expedition to Katanga. The expedition will include five other Europeans and about 300 natives.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in declining an invitation to attend the celebration of Browning's birthday in Boston, wrote: "I am at present compelled to forego all, even pleasurable excitements."

THE June *Atlantic* will have a long article by Hon. Carl Schurz on Abraham Lincoln, suggested by Hay and Nicolay's Biography, and entirely distinct from Mr. Schurz's lecture on Lincoln.

A facsimile of a copy of Charles Lamb's "Poetry for Children," for which Mr. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, gave £34 recently at a sale, will shortly be issued by him. The British Museum has no copy of this interesting work.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL, to whom we are indebted for an authoritative edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," is preparing for publication a collection of Dr. Johnson's letters. About seven hundred will be included in the volume.

THE MONTESQUIEU manuscripts, soon to be published by his descendants, are eagerly awaited in France. Two of the papers, an essay on "Universal Monarchy" and one on "Reputation," were recently read before the French Academy of Moral and Political Science.

FREDERICK MASSON will edit and publish the "Memoirs of Prince Napoleon," who left more than five trunks full of important papers. The editor's plan is to make the work more a history than a book of memoirs, bringing out specially the true character, plan and hopes of the Prince.

MRS. SUSAN T. MOORE, a sister of F. Hopkinson Smith, has written a breezy summer story which she calls "Ryle's Open Gate," and which will soon appear with Houghton, Mifflin and Company's imprint. It is located at a Long Island village, and is likely to find a host of summer readers.

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports the discovery of a hitherto unknown essay of Goethe's on "The Comparative Anatomy of the Skulls of Mammals." Goethe was an ardent scientist, and much interest attaches to the paper, which is supposed to be of the date 1794. Professor Bardeleben is preparing it for publication.

MR. OSCAR WILDE's first novel, entitled "The Picture of Dorian Grey," which, when it appeared serially in *Lippincott's Magazine* last year, created much discussion in literary circles, has just been published in volume form by Messrs. Ward Lock and Company. Mr. Wilde has designed the cover for this reproduction.

THE fifth paper in the *Popular Science Monthly's* illustrated series on the development of American Industries since Columbus will describe "The Manufacture of Wool." It will appear in the June number, and the writer is S. N. Dexter North, Secretary of the National Association of wool manufacturers, and special agent of the eleventh census.

A GENUINE literary find is announced by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the shape of two unpublished MSS. by Thomas Carlyle. The one gives an account of a trip to Paris in 1851; the other is an unfinished novel entitled, "Wotton Reinfred." The style, we are told, is wonderfully pure, and marked by none of the later Carlyle characteristics.

THERE were touching circumstances attending the last days of the late French Protestant writer, Edmond de Pressensac. He had undergone the operation of tracheotomy and had lost the power of speech. Writing was then his only means of communication with his family. But his wife had become blind from a cataract, and their intercourse was sadly restricted.

MR. WALTER BESANT has written a story for the new magazine, which has been given the ugly title the *Ludgate Monthly*. It is really quite extraordinary to note the rapidity with which new papers and new theatres are multiplying in London. Every week we hear of a new magazine; every month of a new playhouse. Where are the new readers and audiences to come from? Are they really multiplying with equal rapidity?

PROFESSOR VILLARI—the illustrious author of the "Life of Savonarola" and many other admirable writings, who combines the critical faculty of a reflecting scholar with the fire and imagination of a poet—has accepted office in the new Italian Government as Minister of Public Instruction. It is an admirable appointment as far as the public schools are concerned, which need some reforms, if we are to judge by De Amici's recent novel, "Il Romanzo di un Maestro."

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the well-known sporting author, and Lady Baker, appear to have had a good time of it during their recent sporting tour through the wilds of Central India. Sir Samuel's bag was a good one, including seven tigers to his own gun. Sir Samuel complains that deer are scarce, because native shikarris have been slaying them. It seems that they shoot birds all through the breeding season, and kill does and fawns, and often poison a whole tank to get a few fish.

THE announcement of a new novel by the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" will arrest the attention of the reading public. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company will publish the new work immediately, and it will be found that "Maxwell Grey" continues to show the remarkable force which made "The Silence of Dean Maitland"

land" so notable a book. The title of the new novel is "In the Heart of the Storm," and it is to appear at once in the *Town and Country Library*.

THE first number of the *Ludgate Monthly*, a new illustrated threepenny magazine, appeared last month. The first number contains complete stories by Rudyard Kipling, Florence Marryat, James Greenwood, Annie Thomas, and other writers; an article by the Art editor and the opening chapters of a serial story entitled "A Life's History," from the pen of Philip May, the editor. Among the special features is a new song by Frederick E. Weatherly, who wrote "The Midshipmite" and "Auntie."

COUNT VON MOLTKE, whose death has caused such wide sorrow, was a very gifted and graceful writer. His book, "Wanderbuch," has reached a fifth edition. It is a narrative of the famous author's wanderings in Spain, France and Italy, and is delightfully written, besides containing a great deal of information. His "Letters from Russia" are even more interesting, giving a graphic account as they do of the festivities at the coronation of Alexander II., at which the Count was present as Adjutant to the late Emperor Frederick.

In an uncut copy of Thackeray's "Virginians," in the original boards, sold at Sotheby's the other day for £30, the following inscription was found in the handwriting of the author:—

In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many don't much relish "The Virginians."
Peruse my book, dear R.; and if you find it
A little to your taste I hope you'll bind it.

Peter Rackham, Esqre., with the best regards of the Author.

PROF. WALTER W. SKEAT has discovered, in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, a hitherto unknown little composition by Chaucer. It is an example of the poet's playful humour where, says its discoverer, Chaucer "dallies with the innocence of love." For the benefit of our readers we reprint the "elegant trifle":—

Madame, ye ben of al beaute shryne,
As fer as cerced is the mappemounde;
For as the cristal glorious ye shyne,
And lyke ruby ben your chekes rounde;
Therwith ye ben so mery and so iocounde,
That, at a revel when that I see you daunce,
It is an oynement unto my wounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce,
For thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyne,
Yet may that wo myn herte nat confounde;
Your semly voys that ye so smal out-tyne
Maketh my thought in ioye and blis habounde.
So curteisly I go, with love bounde,
That to my-self I sey, in my penaunce,
Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.
Nas never pyk walwed in galauntynce
As I in love am walwed and y-wounde;
For which ful ofte I of my-self devyne
That I am trewe Tristram the secounde.
My love may not refreyd be not afounde;
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.
Do what you list, I wil your thral be founde,
Thog ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

—The Book World.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Bernhard, Marie. The Rector of St. Luke's. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Jerome K. Jerome. Diary of a Pilgrimage. \$1.25. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. Toronto: Hart & Co.
- Story, William Wetmore. Excursions in Art and Letters. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

PROGRESSIVE AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA to-day is as far advanced in civilization as any country in the world. The roads are better than any on this continent; the daily and weekly papers and the development of literature and art are far in advance of the colonies or the population. The new Commonwealth has all Europe and America as a field in which to seek the improvements of the time and the means to secure them. Its present wealth is almost beyond belief, and its resources are almost incalculable. It produces more than one-fourth of the wool of the world—twice as much as the United States. It produces one-half the tin of the world, and there is no precious metal that has not been found within its domain. Its coal fields on the coast, convenient for export to all countries, are inexhaustible. The inward and outward shipping of one port alone exceeds 2,500,000 tons per annum, and the value of its commerce with Great Britain alone exceeds £100,000,000 sterling. Last year's estimate of the annual industrial productions of the population, including both agriculture and mineral wealth, was no less than £95,042,000. Its cities also are among the finest of modern times. The public buildings, shops and parks compare favourably with any in Europe or America, while the floating palaces of the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship Company and the Orient Steamship Company give weekly communication with the Old World. In out-door sports the Australians excel, and their racing establishments and courses are the wonder and admiration of all visitors from abroad. Who has not heard of the champion boatmen and cricketers of Australia?—Sir R. W. Cameron, in the *Forum*.

IDEALS.

LIKE butterflies that fret
Entangled in a net,
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape,
Of half their radiance shorn,
With ruffled plumes and torn,
Bright mockeries of their former hues and shape;

So in the poet's mind
The rich ideas confined
Struggle to break in music from his tongue,
He speaks—he speaks—but ah,
How changed, how different far
The thought once uttered from the thought unsung!

So, too, the painter sees
Bewildering images,
And brush is seized, and canvas quick unfurled;
The bright creation glows,
But lo! his easel shows
Mere shadowy glimpses of that vision-world.

Know then whate'er we cull
From Art's fields beautiful
Whatever fruits philosophies may yield,
Their prototypes more fair
Are blossoming elsewhere,
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrevealed.

Until the veil is rent,
Our flesh-imprisonment,
And we are borne beyond this dust's control,
Then shall our orbless eyes
Behold realities,
And soul commune immediately with soul.

—Temple Bar.

THE SCENE BEFORE LEAVING.

STANLEY'S anger rose to its highest pitch. He stamped his foot upon the ground and said in a convulsed voice:—
" . . . ! I leave you to God, and the blood which will now flow must fall upon your own head!"

He rushed out and whistled the signal of alarm, and entered his tent, leaving it again almost immediately, gun in hand and his cartridge pouch on his belt.

The Zanzibaris assembled in the square, part occupying the exit of the camp; the tents were taken down, exposing heaps of merchandise and cases of ammunition. From the door of my house I could observe an unusual bustle of armed men. I thought it meant a drill to prepare them for the approaching departure. I asked some of the passers by, but none knew the reason of the commotion. I sent my boy to ask Emin, and he quickly returned, telling me that the Pasha was making preparations for an immediate departure.

I went to see the Pasha; he was pale with rage and indignation.

"We are going," said he to me in a trembling voice. "To-day, for the first time in my life, I have been covered with insults. Stanley has passed every limit of courtesy, but I have promised not to speak, so can say no more."

The Pasha was under the incubus of dreading to see the first of the proposals made to him carried out at any moment. In the meantime, Emin's officers, employees, soldiers, and servants were assembled in the square, stupefied by the great agitation—a sure sign of some calamity. Emin and I arrived at last.

"If you have the courage, point your guns at my breast," cried Stanley, addressing them. "I am here alone and unarmed."

Blind fury made him forget that he held a Winchester rifle in his hand, and that there was a wall of about a hundred armed Zanzibaris behind him.

"My orders alone are to be obeyed here, and whoever resists I will kill him with this gun, and trample him under my feet. Whoever intends to start and follow me, let him pass to this side."

In a moment every one moved, and all was changed; the terrible conspirators became as quiet as lambs. The reputed chiefs of the opposition, being called into Stanley's presence, were ordered to be disarmed and cast into prison.

"Will you start with me?" he said.

"Yes," they all answered.

"Will you obey my orders implicitly?"

"Yes, we promise," they hastened to say simultaneously.

"I will conduct you to safety and will supply your needs during the journey. You have my promise; but I warn you that, as sure as my name is Stanley, I shall not tolerate any renewal of the disturbances of Dufilé or Wadelai. Bear in mind that the departure is irrevocably fixed for the tenth."

From that day the encampment had the appearance of a village which had been placed under martial law. The guards were doubled, patrols were continually on the move during the night, all were forbidden to leave their dwellings under pain of being placed under arrest. Those present in camp, inscribed after a general muster, were 350 people of the Relief Expedition, of whom 294 were armed; and 570 from the Province of Equatoria.—*From Ten Years in Equatoria and the return with Emin Pasha, by Major Gastano Casati. Translated from the original Italian M.S. by the Hon. Mrs. J. Randolph Clay and Mr. J. Walter Savage Landor.*

VON MOLTKE.

"LEARN TO CONDENSE" is a bit of commonplace advice often given to students of literary composition, but the lesson of the great Field Marshal's life shows the value of the admonition in every form of work, from the management of an army to the writing of a letter. There was no waste in Moltke, not even a waste of words; and men said of him that he could be silent in many languages. The reason was that he had learned to combine his faculties and direct them all in harmony to the purpose of the hour. He needed all his energies for action, and because even talk must draw for sustenance upon the nervous forces, he said little. He had brought his own faculties under drill and discipline, and in like manner he could condense the energies of a kingdom into a cannon ball, compact and irresistible. He drew eight corps of the Prussian army from divergent points and converged them upon Sadowa in the critical moment of battle, as a lens concentrates the sunbeams. The centre of the Austrian army melted under the heat, and when the sun went down upon the field, Austria had no longer either voice or vote in the politics of Germany. By his infallible mathematics he worked out the doom of the French empire long before the challenge of Napoleon came, so that when the proclamation of war was made, he had nothing to do but touch the little button that set in motion all the complex machinery of the German army, and move it like the sweep of a sword across France to the field of destiny by the ramparts of Sedan. Every great man's life is an example from which instruction may be drawn; and that of Moltke shows the value of temperance and exercise; not the exercise of pleasure, but the exercise of work. He started in life with ninety years' capital in the bank, and his account was never overdrawn. His allowance for a day sufficed him for a day, he did not by over-indulgence and excess consume his capital, and so he lived his ninety years, a healthy, vigorous man. He worked hard but he slept easy; and the reason why he did not die at three score years and ten, or even at four score years, was because he had something to do, a potent element of long life. When a man at sixty-five, or seventy, says that his work in this world is done, it is a charity for nature to take him at his word, and give him his eternal rest. Many men, perhaps most men, start in life with ninety years' capital in the bank, but they overdraw, and find themselves vitally bankrupt at sixty or sixty-five. Few of them reach an end so happy and desirable as Moltke's last day. Work in the line of public duty in the morning, dinner at home in the evening, a quiet game of whist, and then "a stoppage of the heart." No days of pain and fever, no vigils of the night; only a stoppage of the heart; and in the morning Berlin wakes up to learn that Father Moltke is dead:—

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

Moltke was old enough to remember how the French tore Germany to pieces, after the battle of Jena, as the lion tears his prey. He lived to see Germany united, and, through his own industry and genius, the greatest military power in the world.—*M. M. Trumbull, in Open Court.*

QUEER LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

A LETTER of introduction is usually supposed to be a sure passport for the bearer to the favour of the person to whom it is addressed. But according to the experience of Anton Rubinstein, the pianist, it is sometimes well to investigate the contents of such a letter. When Rubinstein went to Vienna in 1846, full of talent and hope, he took a dozen letters of introduction to prominent people in that city from the Russian Ambassador and his wife in Berlin. Vienna was the residence of Liszt and one of the great musical centres of Europe, and young Rubinstein anticipated making many warm friends. He made his calls and left his letters at the houses of the people to whom they were addressed, and then waited for replies and invitations, but none came. After five or six letters had met this response of absolute silence he was utterly at a loss to understand the meaning of such treatment. "I will see," he said, at last, "what is said about me in these letters." Accordingly he opened one, and this is what he read: "MY DEAR COUNTESS—To the position which we, the ambassador and his wife, occupy is attached the tedious duty of patronizing and recommending our various compatriots in order to satisfy their oftentimes clamorous requests. We therefore recommend to you the bearer of this, one Rubinstein." The riddle was solved. The enraged pianist flung the remaining letters in the fire and resolved to rely on his own unaided efforts to procure friends in the future.—*The Musical Courier.*

AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE TO CANADA.

THE American desire for the annexation of Canada is like "the heart of man," in that it has found out many inventions. Checked on one road by the result of the recent general election in the Dominion, and compelled to let "trade reciprocity" alone for a time, it has now entered upon another path, and is endeavouring to starve Canada into submission by blocking her means of access to the markets of the United States. That is the meaning of the new regulation by which the Dominion railways leading southward will henceforth be disabled from carrying goods under "the consular seal." It is expressed with charming frankness by Senator Cullom, chairman of the Inter State

Commerce Commission. That champion of the McKinley tariff says: "We must make war on Canada all along the line, until the Canadian people elect a Government that will reverse Sir John Macdonald's policy. We do not want to conquer Canada by force of arms, but we must make war upon her commercial, transportation and industrial interests, until the people insist upon meeting us half way in a scheme of adjustment. Ultimately we want, and must have, Canada herself." Nothing could be more candid. It may be doubted, however, whether Senator Cullom's policy will profit much from this unguarded display of "spread-eagleism." In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird. The United States require the timber, hides and food-stuffs of Canada even more than the Canadians need the protected and, therefore, costly manufactures of the States; and the impatience of the American working classes under the oppression of the new tariff must offer very serious difficulties to the carrying out of the war declared by Senator Cullom. Above all, the people of the Dominion have enough of the British spirit left in them to resent the attempt to persecute them into a surrender which would have no more enticing reward than the bestowal upon them of the privileges of Texas.—*Manchester Examiner*.

THE NEW LEARNING.

ON Psychological Phenomena she spoke out with decision about the Ancient Mystics and the modern ones as well; She discussed the Stellar Theory and the Tripartite Division,
And the character of Shelley, and the Theosophic Smell.

Anon she touched on Politics, on Egypt's vanished splendours,
On Aryans Euripides, and Rousseau's moral tone;
She quoted scraps of German, using freedom in her genders,
And she mentioned Renan's latest with an accent all her own.

I listened and I marvelled, for I've scholars known in plenty
Who've struggled all a long life through to master one domain,
And here I found a maiden fond of dancing, pretty twenty,
Whose province was all learning, and who found it smooth and plain.

I loved her, and to love her was a liberal education;
I shyly dared to ask her how I might grow wise as she.
I was but a humble Wrangler, so I spoke with trepidation:
She marked it, and she sweetly smiled and thus encouraged me:

"Oh, the matter's very simple! You have but to do as I did:
Go and hear extension lecturers, peruse the monthly Stead;
Join a Furnivall Society or two, by them be guided,
Of proper names and tendencies repeat all you hear said.

"Two lectures on the Cosmic Soul and three on Man's relations,
One on Dramatic Genius in England, Greece and Rome,
A Tudor Exhibition and a Story of the Nations,
With a visit paid to Stratford or the Robert Elsmere Home,

"Will make you almost perfect in the ways of the New Learning,
That teaches us to talk of things we scarcely know by name;
But you mustn't waste your time on books, like persons undiscerning,
Except about the washing bills and sins of men of fame.

"Browning? Read him?" I've not read him, but I've heard a well-known critic
Give his views about Sordello to the Ladies' Culture Classes;
And a magic-lantern picture at last Tuesday's Analytic,
Showed the meet 'twixt the lover and the wife in 'Pippa Passes.'

"Now try this plan and quickly 'mid the wisdom of the ages,
You'll learn the true enjoyment that the love of culture brings,
Find our Being's real inwardness before you in the pages
Of the Shilling Oxford Primer on the Origin of Things."
—From the *St. James Gazette*.

THE ART OF FICTION.

I AM very fond of the London *Spectator*. I have read it for nearly thirty years. I read it even in the days when it loved with a more than human passion a certain statesman whom it now loves no longer. I still read it even when the intelligence of that rare animal, *Felis Communis*, or the Domestic Cat, occupies most of its columns. I read it even when it indulges—which is not infrequently the case—in an article, written apparently by an elderly lady living in the country who has never even been to London, on a subject requiring special knowledge. Last week there was such a paper—a delightful

paper—perhaps all the more delightful because I myself inspired the text. This was the occasion. I wrote a little paper for the *New Review* at the editor's request, mildly pointing out as the result of my experience of twenty years, that nearly all young novelists suffer from ignorance of the *technique* of their art; that there are a great many things connected with the machinery of fiction writing which everybody must learn somehow, and which could be taught at the outset, so as to save the young writer a great deal of disappointment, loss, and vexation. Now comes the paper from the dear old lady in the country. "Nonsense," she says, quite gravely and more kindly, "the thing cannot be taught. There is no art to teach. The thing comes by nature. All a novelist requires is the knowledge of reading and writing; all the rest is spontaneous and comes by instinct; the poet and the novelist write because they are born to write; they write as the skylark sings. Art? there is no art; all is genius—heaven-born genius; there needs no study, no workshop; all is born with the man!" Dear old thing! and she means it all, too. She is so much in earnest about it. Consider. The "Art of Fiction" requires a successful writer to know such things as construction, proportion, selection, the proper use of dialogue, emphasis, the strength of situation, dramatic effect, climax, anti-climax—a whole string of things—do these all come by nature? Or, again, take the poet. Is he born with a knowledge of metres, rhythm, different kinds of verse, the history of verse, the modern fashion of verse, the things he himself may attempt, and all the rest? Yet listen to the lady of the *Spectator*. "He wants," she says, "nothing but a knowledge of reading and writing." It is really charming that we have still a paper with us which can, and will, give us papers so pleasant and so old-world.—*Walter Besant*.

SUEZ CANAL TRAFFIC.

TRAFFIC in the Suez Canal continues to expand, and now the gross tonnage of vessels using it is about ten millions, and it is interesting to note that Britain continues to own a preponderating proportion of that tonnage. Last year, according to *Engineering*, 3,389 vessels traversed the canal, and, curiously enough, the numbers were practically equally divided between outward and homeward vessels. At the Port Said entrance, 1,694 vessels passed in, while 1,695 entered the canal at Suez. This total has thrice been exceeded. In 1885 the maximum was reached at 3,624 vessels, and has not been equalled; while in 1888 the number was 3,440, and in 1889, 3,425 vessels. The tonnage, however, shows a steady expansion. It is well known that the average size of English sea-going steamers is increasing, and this is satisfactory for the canal authorities. It does not affect the dues paid for transit, and admits of a larger tonnage passing within a given time. It is found, for instance, that while the number of vessels passing in 1885 was 240 more than in the past year, the tonnage now is nearly half a million greater; in other words, the average size of vessels in 1885 was about 1,750 tons, and it is now over 2,000 tons. The transit receipts show clearly the growing popularity of the canal route to the East. In 1869, the first year of the canal, the receipts totalled only £2,076; in the year following they were £200,000; in 1872 they reached £656,300, and five years later this sum was more than doubled. Between 1880 and 1882 there was a great forward movement, the total being increased to £2,421,832. Since then the progress has been neither so steady nor so great; but during the past three years the upward movement has continued, the total last year being £2,680,436. Of the total tonnage, Britain owns nearly 78 per cent. There has been a great development in the number of vessels using the canal at night, and navigating by the electric light. Of the total number passing through the canal last year, 2,836 went at night, or 48 per cent. The number per month varied from 276 in December last, to 209 in August. In 1887 the night passages were 395, or 12.6 per cent. of the total; in 1888, 1,611, or 47 per cent.; in 1889, 2,445, or 71.5 per cent. According to Consul Burrell, from whose report to the foreign office these figures have been taken, the average time of transit has been reduced to 24 hours 6 minutes, against 25 hours 50 minutes in 1889, 31 hours 15 minutes in 1888, and 36 hours in 1886. By night with electricity the passage takes a shorter time than by day, the average last year being 22 hours 9 minutes; in 1889, 22 hours 30 minutes; in 1890, 22 hours 34 minutes. The shortest passage last year was 14 hours 15 minutes by electric light, and the fastest on record. For the transit with electric light the great majority of the vessels obtain the apparatus from different shipping agents at a uniform rate of £10 for the transit.—*Science*.

WE cannot prevent our thoughts from coming any more than we can keep birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair.—*Lorenzo Dow*.

PARSEE and philanthropy are synonymous terms in India. It is just reported from Bombay that a wealthy Parsee gentleman in that city has placed 150,000r. at the disposal of the Government, to be used towards the construction of a charitable institution to be called after his name. There are three or four schemes submitted to Government, the selection of which has been left entirely in their hands.—*Colonies and India*.

FROM TORONTO.

WEAKNESS, POOR APPETITE.

The following is from a prominent business man of Toronto, Mr. W. H. Banfield, in business at 80 Wellington Street West, as machinist and die maker, and residing at No. 14 Montague Place:

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"One of my children was afflicted with general weakness and poor appetite, and I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to see if it would have a beneficial effect. I am glad to say that it has done more than was claimed for it. I might also say that all my family enjoy the benefits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are glad to recommend it to others." W. H. BANFIELD.

FOR THE BLOOD.

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about four bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

BELIEVES IT UNSURPASSED.

"TORONTO, April 17, 1891.

"From my own experience and from the experience of others to whom I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have proved it to be one of the best blood purifiers and Spring medicines extant. I believe it to be unsurpassed by any other remedy on the market." D. L. JONES, 345 College Street, Toronto.

HERE IS A POINT

To remember—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, originated by thoroughly competent pharmacists, and still prepared under their personal supervision. Every ingredient used is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, are ground in our own drug mill, and from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is watched to attain the best possible result.

A BOSTON photographer tells a story of a young man who came into his studio one day, and asked nervously if he might have a little conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and, after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions, he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better looking. "What do you mean, young man?" asked the photographer. "Well," he replied, making a clean breast of it, "I am just engaged to be married. The young lady lives out West. She is going home to-morrow. She says she thinks I'm so good she doesn't mind my being homely, but she wants a good-looking picture to take home with her to show the other girls."

"A STITCH in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

STAND YOUR GROUND.—When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

HAWKING and spitting, foul breath, loss of senses of taste and smell, oppressive headache, etc., are the results of catarrh. Nasal Balm offers a certain and speedy relief and permanent cure from these miseries. Thousands of testimonials speak of its wonderful merit. Try it; sold by all dealers.

That Tired Feeling

Whether caused by change of climate season or life, by overwork or illness, is quickly overcome by

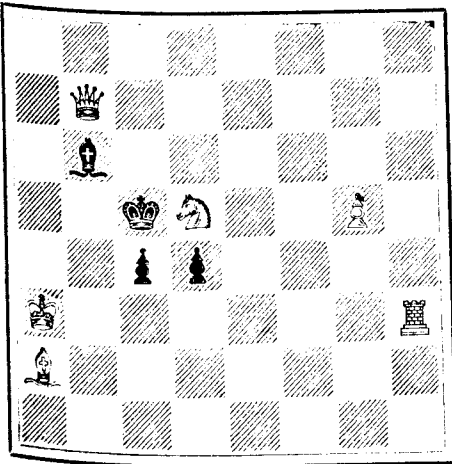
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies the blood, creates an appetite, and gives mental and bodily strength. It really

Makes the Weak Strong

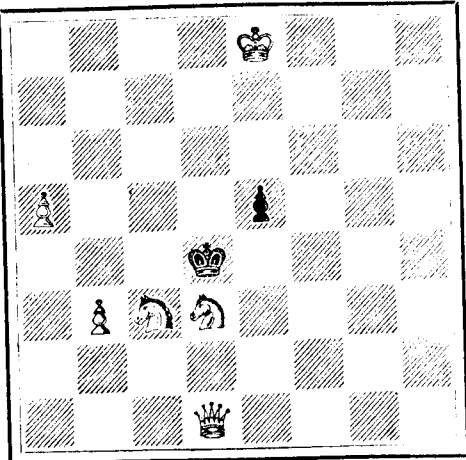
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 567.
By W. B. Mason.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 568.
By Carl Fiala.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 567.
White. 1. P-B 4
2. Kt-B 6 +
3. B-Q 3 mate
If 1. K-B 5
2. K x R
Black. 1. K-K 5
2. K x P
With other variations.

No. 568.
White. 1. B-B 5
2. R-K B 3
3. R or P mates
If 1. P-Kt 6
2. moves
Black. 1. R x B
2. moves
With other variations.

ONE OF TWENTY-FIVE GAMES PLAYED SIMULTANEOUSLY BY J. H. BLACKBURNE AT THE GLADSTONE HALL, HULL, JANUARY 13th, 1888.

SCORE AND NOTES FROM *Yenowine's News*. ALLGAIER-KIESERITSKY GAMBIT.

BLACKBURNE.	PHILLIPS.	BLACKBURNE.	PHILLIPS.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	14. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
2. P-K B 4	P x P	15. Kt-R 3	P-K R 4
3. Kt-K B 3	P-K Kt 4	16. Castles Q R (c)	Castles K R (/)
4. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	17. Q R-K B sq 1	P-B 5
5. Kt-K 5	P-Q 4 (a)	18. R-K 1	P-K 6
6. P-Q 4	Kt-K B 3 (b)	19. Kt-B 2	B-B 4
7. B x P	Kt x P	20. Kt-Kt 4	P-R 4
8. B-Q 3	Kt-Q B 3 (c)	21. Kt-Q 3	Q-K 5 (g)
9. P-Q B 3	B-Q 3	22. K-B 2	P-B 4
10. B x Kt	P x B	23. P-Q Kt 3	P-R 5
11. Q-K 2	P-B 4	24. R-Q R 1	P x Q P
12. B-Kt 5 (d)	B-K 2	25. P x Q P	Q x P
13. B x B	Q x B		

NOTES.

- (a) This defence, or rather counter-attack, leads to an interesting game, and frequently turns the tables on the first player.
- (b) Black may play 6 P-B 6, but Kt-K R 3 is equally good.
- (c) 8 B-Q 3 is said to be the correct reply, but by playing Kt-Q B 3 first White is impelled into making a second-class move, which answers Black's purpose well enough on this occasion.
- (d) The Queen's Bishop is so useful in this opening that it is a pity to part with him.
- (e) It is necessary to stop the advanced Black's Pawns, and the Queen's Rook comes into too slowly for the purpose, but neither Q-K 3 nor P-K Kt 3 is altogether satisfactory.
- (f) A bold answer bravely followed up.
- (g) Black finishes the game in royal style. It must, however, be borne in mind that this was one of twenty-five games played simultaneously by Mr. Blackburne.

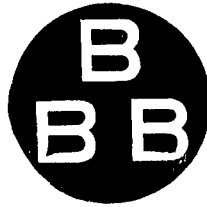
3 PRACTICAL POINTS.

One of the most successful German physicians gave as the secret of his wonderful success these three important points:-

1. Keep the Head Cool.
2. Keep the Bowels Open.
3. Keep the Feet Warm.

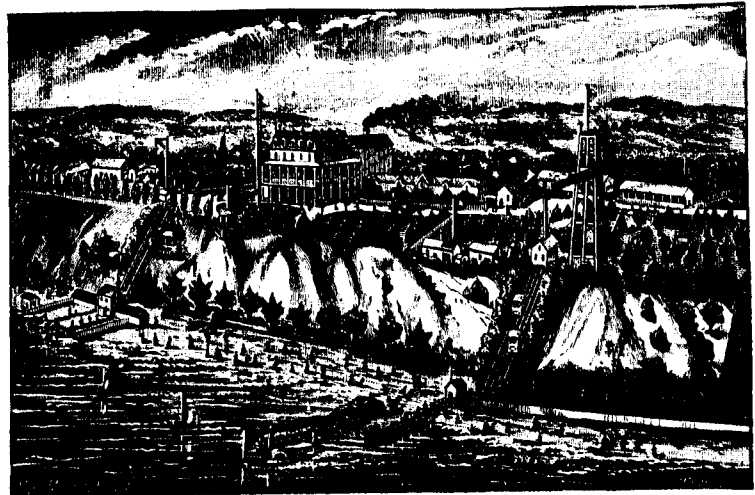
These conditions are not so easily obtained as one would think. Why? Because without pure and healthy blood a vigorous circulation cannot be kept up, and because the food and occupation of most people tends to clog up the bowels and produce constipation. The success of B. B. B., like that of the German physician, lies in so purifying the blood and regulating the bowels, liver and stomach, that these three conditions are fulfilled easily, and disease can find no lodgment in the body.

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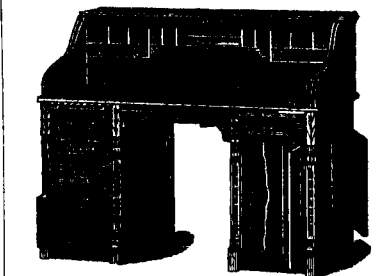
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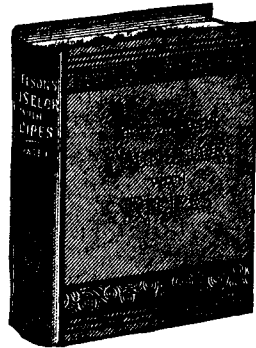
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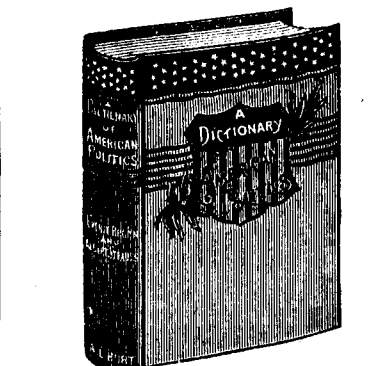
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