

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1894.

No. 36.

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### CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS .....	843
THE STRIKE AND THE RAILWAYS.....	844
CANADIAN LITERATURE.....	846
Prof. L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.	846
MONTREAL LETTER.....	848
A. J. F.	848
AN HOUR'S REPRIEVE (Poem).....	848
A. Melbourne Thompson.	848
AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.—II.....	850
S. A. Curzon.	850
THE CAMP: BELOW GLENORA.....	850
Helen M. Merrill.	850
FINE ARTS AND THE UNIVERSITY.....	850
J. W. L. Forster.	850
GLIMPSSES AT THINGS.....	851
F. Blake Crofton.	851
"EL BARBARINA" FLOWER FESTIVAL.....	851
Emma Playter Seabury.	851
PARIS LETTER.....	852
Z.	852
IN CHURCH (Poem).....	853
William McGill.	853
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Dillon Divorce Case.....	854
Lea	854
A NOTABLE DIARY.—II.....	854
Fairplay Radical.	854
BIG GAME SHOOTING.....	855
ART NOTES.....	856
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	857
LIBRARY TABLE.....	857
PERIODICALS.....	858
LITERARY AND PERSONAL.....	859
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	859
PUBLIC OPINION.....	860
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	861
MISCELLANEOUS.....	862
QUIPS AND CRANKS.....	863

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Every manly Canadian must have blushed to learn that certain members of the volunteer regiments have been guilty of the baseness of cheating at the rifle ranges. Taken in connection with such other disgraceful facts as those brought to light some time since, of wholesale personation in the Civil Service examinations, to say nothing of the contagion of roguery which seems to have infected the Public Works and other departments of the public service, there is too much reason to fear that our educational and political institutions are for some reason failing to produce, unmixed, the classes of "men, high-minded men," who, alone, constitute the material out of which a great state can be formed. While no pains should be spared to correct the defects

in the systems in question, which make such results possible, it is evidently of the first importance that the authorities, political, judicial and military, should put the proper brand of reprobation upon all such baseness. This reminds us that it is about time to ask what has been, or is being done, to visit with condign punishment both the personators and those who were so base as to employ them, in the examinations referred to. There can be no doubt that stern justice meted out impartially to the doers of such dishonorable deeds becomes a powerful educator of the public conscience in regard to such matters.

The tendency to extremes is the besetting weakness of republicanism, especially French republicanism. But a few years ago, France was being congratulated by all the more liberally disposed on-lookers, on the supposed fact that her revolutionary crisis might be regarded as past, and the stability of the Republic assured. To-day political wiseacres are beginning to whisper ominously their suspicions that the end of French republicanism may be near. But the other day, the sympathy of the civilized world was hers, in the hour of her great sorrow, and many were admiring the dignity with which her statesmen set about supplying the place of the murdered President, and taking care that no harm should come to the Republic. To-day finds her new Government forcing through the Assembly a measure so restrictive of the liberties of press and people, a measure clothing the few men at the head of affairs with powers so arbitrary, that the fears and passions of many patriots are aroused, and one can almost catch the breath of revolution in the air. Foreign statesmen are looking on with astonishment at the folly of the rulers who have missed so grand a chance to enlist the patriotism of all classes in behalf of wise and energetic measures for guarding the safety of the nation against a most atrocious band of assassins, and have, instead, brought upon themselves the execrations of the multitude. What will the Government do with the terribly drastic legislation now they have succeeded in passing it, is being asked with bated breath. To enact it by main force and then fail to use it will mark them as imbeciles. To enforce such despotic deprivation of liberty, will be to shake the nation to its centre—perhaps to pave the way for a dictator.

Whatever may be the outcome of the tariff-struggle now going on in the Ameri-

can Congress, Canadians will be dull pupils, indeed, if they do not lay to heart the many valuable truths such an object-lesson so plainly teaches. It and the whole series of events which have led up to it and grown out of it, have, we believe, impressed most of the thoughtful amongst us with a conviction of the general superiority of our own political system. Among other lessons it is well adapted to impress upon the minds of onlookers, the danger resulting from a system of high protection is one of the most valuable. The real source of the difficulty is, it can hardly be denied, in the results of that system. Those results are just what any clear-headed political-economist might have predicted, and what many have again and again predicted. So many immensely wealthy individuals and corporations, trusts and monopolies, have been created by the system and have immense interests at stake in its continuance, that the nation is no longer self-governing. The people no longer rule. It has so far availed nothing that a great majority of the most intelligent and most industrious citizens have become convinced that the system is unjust and ruinous, and ought to be reformed. Their utmost efforts, resulting in a great victory at the polls two years ago, have so far proved powerless to secure the Reform legislation to which the victorious party was most solemnly pledged. The trust, the monopoly, and the money have, thus far, proved too strong for the will of the majority. We may hope to see the freedom-loving instincts of the people eventually triumph, but the nation is being rent and half-ruined in the contest. Surely every thoughtful Canadian can draw the moral.

In view of what is transpiring in France many will be disposed to think that Lord Rosebery, after all, may have been wise in declining to entertain Lord Salisbury's Bill for the restriction of alien immigration. It is extremely desirable to discriminate carefully between theoretical socialism and practical thuggism. So long as the sympathies of the Radicals and Socialists can be kept enlisted on the side of law and order, the nation is tolerably safe. Any extreme legislation which, in addition to smacking of national panic, tends to arouse the resentment of those who are advocating change, however revolutionary, by constitutional means, and possibly to enlist their sympathies on behalf of those who may be harshly dealt with on mere suspicion, must inevitably do more harm than good. The question of the desirability of heroic legislation

in England, is mainly one of fact. Unfortunately the facts are in dispute. If anarchist plots against the lives of foreign statesmen are actually being hatched and matured on British soil, the Government owe it to their own as well as to foreign nations to take stern measures to put a stop to such outrages. That is, we understand, Lord Salisbury's contention. If, on the other hand, as the Government declares, there is not only no evidence that any such plotting is going on, beyond what is under the strict surveillance of the police, but that foreign immigration of an undesirable kind is on the decrease, they probably do wisely to refuse to curtail the freedom of asylum which has so long been the glory of England. The Government is no doubt running a serious risk in acting on its conviction in this matter, since, if at any time it should unfortunately happen that some foul crime perpetrated in a friendly foreign country could be proved to have been planned on English soil, the outburst of popular resentment would well-nigh sweep the Government from power.

It is easy to darken counsel with words without knowledge, touching the strange, irregular contest which has begun between China and Japan, yet the topic invites discussion. The facts concerning the origin and merits of the quarrel do not seem to be as yet sufficiently well known to warrant an independent judgment as to which is the aggressor. Many of us were no doubt rather predisposed to favour the Japanese, as the cleverer, the most interesting, and the more progressive people, and especially as the party claiming to be animated by a reforming spirit and purpose, while the Chinese seem rather to fall back upon sovereign and absolute rights. Yet one's enthusiasm in favour of this view is seriously weakened by the fact, for such it appears to be, that the Corsicans themselves fail to recognize in their aggressive neighbour a national deliverer. If, on the other hand, there be even a modicum of ground for the suspicion that the Japanese Government is simply forcing the quarrel for the sake of winning popularity among the Japanese jingoes, with a view to the effect upon the approaching election, every sentiment of justice and humanity recoils from so detestable a motive. Some allowance must, we suppose, be made, from a military point of view, for the tactics of two combatants who are both manoeuvring for coigns of vantage, from which to move the moment war is formally declared, but surely Japan should be far enough advanced in civilization by this time to understand that the sinking of transports, sailing under a foreign flag, thus ruthlessly slaying and drowning thousands who were practically defenceless, is contrary to even military morals. If to this is added the unspeakable atrocity of refusing quarter and shooting struggling sailors and soldiers in the water, the Japanese will

quickly forfeit all claims to Western sympathy, and write themselves down as still unmitigated barbarians.

Professor Martha F. Crow, in the July *Forum*, makes a valuable contribution to the discussion of the question of the co-education of the sexes, a question which, by the way, notwithstanding there is much to be said on both sides, seems to be rapidly settling itself on this continent. There are now scattered thickly over the United States and less thickly in Canada, ladies of good education and large experience of life, many of them mothers of families, who were themselves educated in "mixed" colleges. It is natural to place a very high value upon the matured opinions of these wives and mothers, seeing that they are in an exceptionally favourable position for forming a judgment, as knowing by experience that whereof they affirm. Acting on this view, Professor Foote examined the roll of the Association of College Alumnae of the United States, and finding that among the more than sixteen hundred members of this Association there are 160 women who graduated before 1875, and are to-day about forty years old, many of them having sons and daughters of college age, she wrote to each of these, and to a few who graduated a little later, making a total list of 180 married women, asking from each a frank and unbiassed expression of opinion on the subject. One hundred and thirty-three immediately responded. Of these, one hundred and nine declared themselves distinctly in favour of co-education, only three distinctly favoured separate schools for the sexes, while twenty were guarded in their expressions and made careful reservations. Extracts from many of the letters are published, giving an interesting variety of reasons in support of the opinions expressed.

There is of course room for a good deal of question as to the absolute value of these opinions. There is the natural predilection, by which many would be unconsciously swayed, in favour of the method under which they were themselves educated. There is, again, the probability that the writers may represent, to a certain extent, a class, inasmuch as many of them may have been themselves led, by a species of natural selection, to the kind of school to which they were by home-training or early environment predisposed. We can readily believe that the same inquiries, addressed to the same number of ladies of equal culture and intelligence, who had been themselves educated in separate institutions, might call forth at least as large a preponderance of equally pronounced opinions in favour of the separate system. The writer of this note must, however, confess himself somewhat surprised at the large majority of those who unhesitatingly declared, as a result of their own observation and experience of the

actual working of mixed schools, their readiness to send their own children, especially their own daughters, to similar institutions, for when he has himself put that crucial question from time to time to a limited number of married ladies thus qualified to form opinions of value, the greater number of answers elicited have been quite emphatically on the other side.

Two or three points may, perhaps, be regarded as well-nigh settled. Very few competent educators, who have had experience of mixed classes, will, we believe, deny that in most respects the presence of the two sexes in the same class-room, after a certain stage of attainment has been reached, is decidedly beneficial to both. The question thus becomes largely one of age, degree of culture, and, above all, of greater or less opportunities outside of the class-room for cultivating the familiarity whose effect is proverbial and, in such a case, undesirable. Another fact of interest is that the old argument based on supposed instability, mental or physical, or both, on the part of the weaker sex, to stand the strain of years of hard reading, seems to have been quietly abandoned, disproved again and again by the indisputable evidence of facts. One other point is worthy of note. One of the reasons given by some of Professor Foote's correspondents for preferring mixed colleges for their daughters has undoubtedly truth and force. This is the fact, that in women's colleges the work is "apt to be either of lower grade than is arranged for men, because they are considered unequal to men in brain-power, or else it is even more taxing than men would tolerate, because a certain professor recognizes that they are eager and willing students." One corollary that is pointed out by several seems to be irresistible. If co-education has come to stay, the lady professors must soon take their places in equal rank and fair proportion beside those of the sterner sex in the co-educating colleges and universities.

## THE STRIKE AND THE RAILWAYS.

There is no larger question in modern political and industrial life than that which was thrust so prominently before the American public by the recent strike; we therefore make no apology for returning to it. When Mr. Stead said to an interviewer that the railway system is the "Achilles heel" of modern capitalism, he presented in a striking figure one side of the great industrial quarrel. But it was only one side of it. If it be true, or till now seemed to be true, that the railway system, so vital to the activities and the very life of modern society, presents a vulnerable spot in the organism through which the weapon of insurrectionary labour might, if unrestrained, pierce to the very heart of its antagonist, it is no less true that the railway, on the other

hand, by the facilities it affords for bringing in recruits from distant points to take the places of the strikers, might, on its part, if unrestrained, soon enable capital to defy organized labour, and impose upon it its own terms.

Bearing these two facts in mind, it is clear that it is at the point of contact with the railroads that every great struggle between employers and employed must henceforth be decided, independently of the origin and merits of the struggle itself. It is true that in the case we have now particularly in mind, the merits of the dispute may be said to have had some direct bearing upon the railroad question from the fact that it originated between the manufacturers of the Pullman cars and their employees, and these cars were in use on almost every railroad in the Union. But a little reflection will show that the quarrel would almost surely have centred around the railroads, whatever its origin and character, not only because the employers must, in any case, have relied on the railroads for fresh supplies of men to take the strikers' places, but also because the managers of almost every important industry are dependent upon the railroads for the carriage of their products to market. A blockade of the railways would, therefore, have become, in any case, a tactical necessity for the strikers, as a means of cutting off the enemy's sources of supply.

From these considerations the far-reaching importance of the action taken by President Cleveland in the late strike becomes apparent. Apart from the railways, the employees of the Pullman Company might, perhaps, have carried on the struggle on something like even terms with their employers. Had the latter been obliged to close their works indefinitely, or until they could have supplied the places of hundreds of skilled workmen by the slow processes of correspondence and travel, which would otherwise have been the only means available, they would have been very likely to think twice before engaging in so serious a quarrel. Assuming, on the other hand, the railroads to be in full operation, and no interference to be permitted either with them or with the new operatives who would have flocked in by thousands, glad to accept even smaller wages and more onerous conditions, the position of the striking workmen would have been absolutely hopeless. There would have been nothing for them to do but to submit to any terms offered, or to leave their places to others who would do so. Their only chance was in the "sympathetic" strike.

Given the confederation of labour unions and the sympathetic strike, and what follows? Eliminating the elements of disorder, destruction of property, and violence, which are no necessary parts of such a strike, and which, to whatever extent they are designed, perpetrated, or encouraged by the labour organizations, justly deprive

them of popular sympathy and make prompt suppression a public duty, ultimate success or failure depends entirely upon the stand taken by the State and National authorities. Let the labour organizations be sufficiently compact, united, and firm in their resolve to stand by one another, and let them be left to fight out the question with the railway corporations, as private companies, and there could be only one result. They could compel the companies to submit to their terms, or, which is the same thing, compel the public to force the companies to do so, to save the country from collapse or paralysis. But the moment the strong arm of the nation was interposed to protect the railroad companies as the servants of the nation, employed to carry its mails and chartered to carry on its commerce, the question was virtually decided against the labour unions. Their only effective weapon was wrenched from their hands. The efficacy of the strike as a means of obtaining concessions from employers was destroyed. This is, we hold, demonstrably the large meaning of the action taken by President Cleveland, when he ordered the national troops to Chicago. He not only restored order, protected railroad property and made possible the movements of the trains, but he established a precedent which makes the sympathetic strike, and hence all effective concerted action by federation of labour unions, henceforth illegal and impossible in the United States. We do not say that he was not right in doing so. That depends, we hold, upon what he gives the workingmen in its place. His action was approved by the popular feeling, which, however, was hardly in a condition to look beyond its own immediate interests and convenience in the matter. But he also acted on the sound and common-sense principle that the whole business, and even the health and the food supplies, of the nation, should not and could not be left at the mercy of a combination of any kind. The nation must not go hungry and idle while the railroad corporations and their employees are fighting out their difficulties or testing each other's powers of endurance.

But were President Cleveland's action to stop here it would have the effect of leaving the employed at the mercy of the employer. The former is deprived of the natural right of combination, by which alone he can hope to equalize the contest, if contest there must be. The latter retains in full the tremendous weapon which capital puts into his hands. "But the labourer has nothing to complain of," exclaims the political economist of the old school, who seems to think that the world has grown no older and the science of political economy no more far-sighted, since the days of Adam Smith. "It is merely a question of supply and demand. Where there is a scarcity of labour wages will rise. Where there is a superabundance labour

will fall." The *Toronto Mail* even goes into statistics in support of this natural law, and essays to show that under its operation, without unions or strikes, the wages of domestic servants, farm hands, and other classes of labourers have risen very materially in England. Now it is scarcely necessary, at the present stage of mathematical science, to prove that two and three make five, or that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. We do not suppose that anyone with a modicum of intelligence will think of denying that competition, or the proportion between supply and demand, is a very potent factor in determining the rate of wages in any given industry. But that it is, even as things now are, very far from being the sole determining factor is, we hold, susceptible of very easy proof. *That it ought to be the sole determining factor* is a proposition so monstrous in itself, and in the consequences to which it would lead, that we cannot conceive of any thoughtful man, with a sense of right and wrong in his bosom, who would not, on reflection, shrink from enunciating it. Were not our article becoming too long, we should not fear to undertake to show to the satisfaction of most minds that even the rise in the wages of those classes to which the *Mail* refers has been largely due to other causes besides the law of supply and demand. Though there may have been no concerted action in these particular callings, the general rise in wages brought about by the labour unions has told powerfully upon these in common with other trades. In fact, it is one of the standing grievances of the union tradesmen, that the non-unionists are selfishly eager to profit and are constantly profiting by the results of self-denying struggles and sacrifices in which they refuse to bear their part. Nothing can be more certain than that any movement, the effect of which is to raise the level of comfort and remuneration of a large proportion of the workingmen in any country, will have the effect of raising along therewith that of the workers in other trades, though they may take no part in the movement.

But should it be simply a question of supply and demand? Have fairplay between man and man, have justice and morality, not to say religion, nothing to do with it? Does natural law necessarily coincide with moral law? Is it all "gush" to talk about introducing the one into the domain of the other? Happily the world of business, selfish as it is, does not think so. Look around on the industrial world as it is to-day, in Europe and America, and say, in view of the vast excess of supply over demand in almost every labour market, what would be the condition of the toiling millions were all moral influences eliminated and the problem settled simply in accordance with the law of supply and demand. There is surely something far enough from abstract justice in the system

under which it is possible for a Pullman to make his forty millions, more or less, in a score or so of years, while the men whose labour has been one of the main and indispensable factors in creating this vast wealth have had to be content with a small fraction of the products of their toil. But the case would be infinitely worse were there no sense of justice, no ideas of right and wrong constantly at work in society counteracting the operations of the "natural law." The fact is that, outside of the most inhuman "sweating" shops, there is not, probably, an industrial establishment, great or small, in Christendom to-day, in which the wages paid are not very much higher than they would be were the limit fixed simply by competition, or the operation of the merciless law of supply and demand. In not a few such establishments, happily, the righteous principle of profit-sharing is being introduced in such a manner as seems to have settled the great labour question so far as these are concerned.

But we must return to the railroads. The limits of space compel us to condense into a proposition the conclusion we set out to reach. The logical outcome of President Cleveland's action is to make it a matter of public policy, a principle of the political economy of the future, that railway corporations are not strictly private concerns, but are henceforth to be regarded as, within certain limits which will have to be defined by legislation, public institutions under State control. Some of the magnates of the railway companies affected by the late strike lately affirmed in the most emphatic manner their claim to be regarded as strictly private business companies, having a perfect right to manage their affairs as they please, without interference from any quarter. The claim is untenable on its face, in view of the public concessions, to say nothing of public contributions, which are necessary to the existence of a railway. But if the claim were tenable, it could be shown to follow, as a logical result, that the interference of the National Government on their behalf was an act of partisanship, and a gross injustice to the other party in a private quarrel, in that it forbade combination on the one part, while permitting and upholding it on the other. Henceforth, then, the State becomes the third party and the umpire, in some fashion yet to be determined, in all disputes between railroad corporations and their employees. This is the main issue of the strike, as we are able to read it.

The hymnology of Foreign Missions is a subject which is beginning to receive considerable attention. While native writers have not been able to contribute many edifying hymns, the best of German and English lyrics have been translated so well as to be very helpful in Christian worship, and also efficient in evangelization. The power of Christian song is manifesting itself on every mission field.—*Lutheran World*.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE.

## CHAPTER I. (Continued).

Major John Richardson is the next author to claim our attention. According to his own account, dated New York, Jan. 1, 1851, he belonged on his father's side to the younger branch of the Annandale family (Dumfriesshire) which was attainted because of its part in the rebellion of 1745. His father became an officer in Simcoe's Rangers and was stationed near Fort Erie during the latter years of the 18th century. Here he met a daughter of Mr. Erskine, who had been active in the relief of Detroit during the famous siege by Pontiac. The issue of their marriage was eight children, of which Major Richardson was the eldest, being born about 1795. Mr. Erskine's reward for the bravery that he had displayed was a large grant of land and a considerable sum of money. With this start he became one of the largest vessel owners and merchant princes of the lakes. He had lived near Detroit, but in consequence of the troubles during the Revolution moved across the river and settled near Amherstburg. Consequent upon the removal of the Rangers to St. Joseph's, Richardson was left with his grandparents, and from his grandmother's lips he heard such descriptions of Pontiac and such vivid portrayals of the famous sieges of Detroit and Michillimackinac that he says his highest ambition was to write a book on the subject.

While still young he entered military service, and along with his regiment entered Detroit on its capture by Brock in 1812. In the vicissitudes of war he was taken prisoner, spent some time in Kentucky, and was exchanged on the conclusion of the war. In 1816 we find him in the West Indies. From that time to 1836 he seems to have changed from station to station, until in the latter year he turns up in Spain with Gen. Evans on the occasion of the Carlist rebellion. Here he had some difficulty with his commanding officer, which he ventilates in his *Personal Memoirs*. About 1838 he returned to Canada and lived for some time at Montreal, writing and revelling. In 1841 he published the *New Era*, or *Canadian Chronicle*, at Brockville, but it did not succeed, and publication ceased Aug. 19, 1842, with a second volume of 19 numbers. From this time on little is known of his course, except that he got into difficulties with the Government because of their unwillingness to reward his services, and finally went to New York or Providence, where he seems to have been busy writing novels, but making no fortune. Indeed, it is said he died from lack of the necessaries of life. By the kindness of Mr. Bain, I am enabled to give paragraphs from a notice in the *Providence Journal* of May 27, 1852. The heading is "The Vicissitudes of Life."

"We were much surprised, a day or two ago, to hear of the death of Major Richardson. It seems scarcely a week ago that we met him in the streets, apparently in his usual health, and, as usual, accompanied by his dog, a favorite of many years' standing.

"Major Richardson was the author of 'Wacousta,' the 'Canadian Brothers,' and a variety of other works of peculiar merit in their style which display close powers of observation and deep knowledge of human nature."

After speaking of the hardships he had undergone, the writer goes on to give a short account of his life, from information gathered from a friend of Richardson. This is what followed after 1836:

"On arriving in England with wrecked fortunes, and a constitution somewhat shattered by hard service and reckless living, the Major, who possessed considerable talent as a writer, turned his attention to literature, and was the author of several brilliant sketches of Spanish adventure which appeared about that time in the columns of the London journals and magazines. Shortly afterwards he was introduced to one of the editors of the *London Times*, and as Canada at this period was rather an interesting ground, this event being, we believe, some time about the period of the rebellion of '37-39, Major Richardson, who, when a young officer in the British army, had spent considerable time in Canada and on the frontiers, was sent out as the *Times* special correspondent at a salary of five hundred pounds per annum. He held this lucrative appointment for about a year, when influenced, perhaps by his own political biases and by advantageous promises from Lord Sydenham, then Governor of Canada, he adopted a course of writing which displeased the *Times*, and he was obliged to resign his connection with that journal. Had Lord Sydenham lived, he would probably have rather gained than lost by this course, but the sudden death of his lordship blighted all hopes the Major had from that quarter. He then became connected with various Canadian journals, and also published one or two weekly journals at different periods on his own account in one of which some of his early novels first saw the light. All his attempts were, however, unsuccessful, while his habits, when he had command of means, were expensive. He lived several years in Montreal and other Canadian cities after this manner and then came on to this city where he has since resided."

His age at death is given as 53 years, which would make his birth year 1799. Morgan gives 1797, so that he could not have been more than fifteen years old when he entered the army. In the absence of definite data, perhaps the most probable date is 1795.

The following is a list of his works with as accurate dates as I can give:

- 1829. *Ecarte*, or *The Salons of Paris*, New York.
- 1832. *Wacousta*, or *The Prophecy*: an Indian tale, London (also at Philadelphia—Canadian Ed., 1840 [?]).
- 1836. *Movements of the British Legion in Spain*, with strictures on the conduct pursued by Gen. Evans. 2nd Ed. with a continuation from May, 1836, to March, 1837. London, 1837.
- 1838. *Personal Memoirs* of Major Richardson, as connected with the singular oppression of that officer while in Spain by Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans. Montreal.
- 1840. *The Canadian Brothers*, or *The Prophecy Fulfilled*. Montreal.
- 1841. *Jack Brag in Spain*. (Appeared in the *New Era*).
- 1842. *War of 1812*. First series, containing a full and detailed narrative of the operations of the Right Division of the Canada army. (Appeared in the *New Era*).
- 1842. *Tecumseh: A Poem*. (Appeared in the *New Era*). Morgan gives this in his list as XII.—*Tecumseh*; a novel.
- 1847. *Eight Years in Canada*. Montreal.
- 1848. *The Guards in Canada*, or *The Point of Honor*. Montreal.

1851. *Matilda Montgomerie, or The Prophecy Fulfilled.* New York.

This is simply a new edition of the *Canadian Brothers*, with slight verbal alterations. Whether it appeared with Major Richardson's sanction or not is not known.

1852. *Wauvagee, or The Massacre of Chicago.* A romance. New York.  
*Hardscrabble, or The Fall of Chicago*, which is sometimes given as one of Major Richardson's works, is probably the same.

1854. *The Monk Knight of St. John.* New York.

This is given by Morgan, and if correct would be a posthumous work. Morgan also gives another work—*Westbrook, or The Outlaw*. New York. I have not been able to find any trace of this, but my discovery that *The Canadian Brothers* and *Matilda Montgomerie* are one, leads me to suspect that this *Westbrook* is only *Wacousta* with another name.

Very interesting from a Canadian standpoint are *Wacousta, The Canadian Brothers* and *Tecumseh*, and it is with these that I propose to deal at greater length.

First of all *Wacousta*. Two reviews are quoted by Morgan. They are:

"The merit of this novel consists in the spirit of its historical pictures, which possess at least the consistency of truth. The writer displays no ordinary share of graphic power and he has the rare talent of rendering a fearful battle in music. His descriptions of scenery are well executed but unfortunately they are rare." *Athen.* (Lond.)

"The perusal of this novel has afforded us more satisfaction than anything of the kind which has fallen within the range of our reading for many a long day. Perhaps we have met with volumes containing a deeper seated interest, but rarely any that have united so much simplicity with eloquence of style." *Satirist.* (Lond.)

To these I would add what is said by the author of the article on James Fenimore Cooper found in Vol. 74 of the *North American Review*. Speaking of *The Last of the Mohicans* he says that the work can be compared only with *Wacousta*, implying the superiority of *Wacousta*.

A fourth opinion is by Dr. J. G. Bourinot. "Wacousta, or the Prophecy, a Tale of the Canadas," was written sixty years ago by Major John Richardson, a native Canadian, but it was at the best a spirited imitation of Cooper."

"His historical narrative is not generally trustworthy."

These are conflicting opinions, and therefore I purpose giving a short resume of *Wacousta* and a brief comparison with *The Last of the Mohicans* which Richardson himself admits exerted a great fascination upon him.

*Wacousta* opens with the description of the consternation caused at Detroit Sept., 1763, when the Governor, Col. de Haldimar, announced having seen a stranger in his room. No one else had seen him, and yet evidences were found proving that all was not in order. Soon Capt. Fred. de Haldimar and his servant were found absent. This caused the arrest, court-martialing and condemnation to death of the sentry, Reginald Halloway (really Morton) for neglect of duty. This sentence was carried out despite the entreaties of his wife, Ellen Halloway, and in spite of the efforts of the officers, so that the reader gets the impression that the bitterness of Col. de Haldimar

is caused by something else than mere military duty. This is strengthened when it is told that this Reginald Halloway was very brave and had saved Capt. de Haldimar from death at the hands of a giant Indian warrior (who really was Wacousta). As the unfortunate sentry was shot to death his wife sprang wildly through the crowd and looking like a spectre, uttered the imprecation or "prophecy" as the subtitle of the book runs:

"Inhuman murderer," she exclaimed, in tones that almost paralyzed the ear on which it fell, "if there be a God of justice and of truth He will avenge this devilish deed. Yes, Col. de Haldimar, a prophetic voice whispers to my soul, that even as I have seen perish before my eyes all that I have loved on earth, without mercy and without hope, so even shall you witness the destruction of your accursed race."

Poor Halloway might have proved his innocence had the execution been delayed five minutes, for down the opposite hill and making for the bridge Capt. de Haldimar was seen running at top speed pursued by a gigantic warrior.

Capt. de Haldimar had persuaded Halloway to let him leave Detroit, and led by a faithful Indian woman Oucanasta, who was in love with him, he had reached the encampment of the hostile Indians and overheard the council's talk and plans against the town. He had, however, been discovered and made prisoner, but was lucky enough to escape, owing to the assistance of Uncas, brother of Oucanasta, and at heart an enemy of Wacousta.

The situation at Detroit was now desperate, but not more so than at Michillimackinac, where Madelaine de Haldimar, the betrothed and cousin of Capt. de Haldimar, was with her father. Clara, the daughter of Col. de Haldimar, was visiting her, and it was to rescue the two from the dangers about them that Capt. de Haldimar and Sir Edward Valletort set out secretly from Detroit. Unfortunately Fort Michillimackinac had fallen, though the two ladies had been rescued by the efforts of Oucanasta. The homeward journey was begun, but an ambush by Wacousta, who seems ubiquitous, led to their capture. Then follows in detail an account of Wacousta's former life. He was also a Morton and uncle of the unfortunate Reginald Morton, alias Halloway. He had passionately loved in his youth Clara Beverly, who had been dishonorably won from him by de Haldimar. One thing led to another, and at last Morton was outlawed. He came to Canada, took up with the French and Indians and became all powerful in their councils. His burning desire was to avenge himself on de Haldimar and he had only been prevented from slaying the eldest son, Capt. de Haldimar, by the bravery and self-sacrifice of Halloway. After the execution of Halloway he had taken the demented widow under his protection and by her had a son. Now he informs Clara de Haldimar of his intention to marry her. In the meantime the course of events had so preyed upon the strength of the younger son, Charles de Haldimar that he went into decline and died. The prisoners of Wacousta were fortunate in escaping from their captors and enemies as they were investing Detroit, but amid the bustle the ubiquitous Wacousta had managed to get hold of Clara de Haldimar and, unable to buy safety from the inexorable Colonel, he had murdered her while trying to escape. The closing scenes of this rapidly moving tragedy show us Col. de Haldimar

on his death-bed, his survivors being Capt. Fred. de Haldimar and his wife Madelaine. The fate of them and their posterity is unfolded in *The Canadian Brothers*.

If we contrast the plot of this story with that of the *Last of the Mohicans*, the most superficial examination will show that there is nothing so highly improbable in Richardson's plot. The ground work is on a large scale, whilst Cooper's is cramped. Another feature in which Richardson stands out in good relief when compared with Cooper, is that his Indians are not any more improbable than Parkman's, whereas Cooper's are impossible. Wacousta might well be compared with Hawkeye, for both are resourceful in the extreme and wise beyond measure. In other respects, however, Wacousta shows resemblances to Magua, the bitter foe of Col. Monro, and if the comparison is pushed to the extreme, then Cora and Alice Monro, daughters of the Colonel, are the prototypes of Clara and Madelaine de Haldimar. The characters have very little in common, however, except that there are two heroines in each story.

Perhaps Major Heyward served as a model for Sir Edward Valletort. Further, the name Uncas seems to have become a favorite with Richardson, for it recurs in *Tecumseh* as well.

Not only is the plot in *Wacousta* constructed on a larger basis than that of *The Last of the Mohicans*, but there are also many more characters. This in itself demands greater skill in construction. As far as character sketching is concerned, the authors seem very much on a par. The characters of each are very flesh and blood. Nature is better described by Richardson. He does not overload with detail so much as Cooper, and there is more warmth and coloring.

In still one point I am inclined to award the palm to Richardson, and that is in the question of adherence to historical truth. Just how far strict loyalty to history is necessary for the novelist is perhaps not yet determined. We know how Shakespeare deals with the real facts of history and how Goethe and Schiller made use of historical narratives. I was prepared to believe the worst of our author until I compared *Wacousta* with Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, after which it seemed clear to me that our writer had been as faithful as any critic could wish, and my appreciation of Richardson rose materially. In making such comparisons, we must remember that different versions of any one affair are modified as they pass from mouth to mouth, and that Richardson may have heard slightly different ones from those written down and to which historians have access. Wacousta himself is the only character transcending probability and in this is to be traced Cooper's strong influence. But Richardson is no more a slavish follower of Cooper than is Crockett of Stevenson.

L. E. HORNING.

(To be continued.)

Mohammedanism is to-day, as in the past, a great missionary and proselyting religion. In the last thirty years it has made numerically more proselytes than Christianity. The Moslem missionaries whom the Sultan of Turkey is said in Constantinople to be sending through Africa are probably a part of the preachers of Islam always supported by the Sultan in his capacity as Caliph and represent no new policy.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## MONTREAL LETTER.

The amateur regatta is a feature of Montreal life, of a certain class for two months in the year. It is growing in importance each season, as are the various summer resorts on St. Lawrence within business distance of the city at which they are held. The well-to-do citizen of Montreal has his country residence as well as his city residence, and he spends his evenings on the cool waters which flow past his door. He forgets for the moment that there are such things as stocks and bonds, and the shadows of a depressed wheat market fall not across the stream of restless light that stretches from his feet across to the opposite shore. Of course he is a member of the boating club, and the boating club has its regatta and all his friends come up from the city and from the neighboring resorts, clad in gay costumes, and prepared for a good time. The races are well-contested and exciting, for the contestants are the youth of the place whom everyone knows, and there is an interest taken in them which ordinary professionalism does not excite. The principal event at the regatta is the war-canoe race, in which take part the representative crews of each of the boating clubs, and the scene of six or eight large canoes, each propelled by fifteen paddles, coming down the course, the water foaming at the bows, is exciting, and we forgive the prim young ladies who, for the moment, have forgotten to be prim, for adding by their disjointed shrieks to the pandemonium which starts at the turning-post and ends with a grand burst only when the winning canoe has crossed the line. Among the pleasure resorts on the river are Vaudreuil, St. Anns, Valois, Dorval, Point Claire, Lachine, St. Lambert, Longueuil, St. Rose and Point St. Charles. Each of these has its boating club and each in turn has its regatta. These are held on Saturdays and the trains convey thousands of people from the city to them. There is dancing in the evening in the club-house for those without domestic care and who can remain late.

The Colonial delegates came to this city and were made welcome. They spent a social evening with the leading citizens at the Windsor, and over the walnuts and the wine they spoke broadly of the objects of the conference recently held in Ottawa, but said nothing that would disclose the conclusions they, as a body, had arrived at. Closer union between the colonies was the broad platform, and the Pacific cable and steamship lines were discussed as matters of detail necessary to strengthen the union so much desired. As far as the Pacific cable and Pacific steamships were concerned the Montreal citizen nodded his head in approval to all that was said in their favor, but all reference to the subsidizing of a fast line of steamers on the Atlantic was received with a steady stare that was significant. The business man of this city is very practical, very practical indeed, and he weighs such schemes as a practical man; weighing carefully the cost, maintenance, and probable profit. At present there is a vast difference in opinion and figures between the said business man and Mr. Huddart. Steamships are not new to Montreal.

Notwithstanding the recent attacks made against gaming, the laws relating to the same are habitually broken at Sohmer Park and other resorts under the very eyes of the police. And the gambling is not confined to the ordinary week days only, for on Sundays the roulette tables and paddle-wheels do a

rushing trade and many a man and youth leaves the place broken in pocket and broken in spirit. The gamblers claim to have a permit to run their machines for charitable purposes, but who gave the permit is a matter which has aroused the curiosity of the law-abiding citizen to no little extent. The Chief of Police shrugs his shoulders when asked about it and gives evasive answers. In charity's name the gambling is carried on, but the gambler pockets nearly all the proceeds. The City Council has taken up the matter and perhaps in time the individual that lives upon the bottom dollar of his fellow-man will be suppressed sufficiently so that the noise of his machine will not be heard in the public streets and gardens.

It was suggested at a meeting of the City Council recently that the Chinese laundries be taxed each one hundred dollars a year for the water that is used in the business. John Chinaman decidedly objects to this mode of increasing the revenue and he considers the tax an imposition which he will not stand. He has no objection to paying according to the water meter and for what he gets, but one hundred dollars is out of all proportion, he considers, and would cause the closing up of eighty per cent. of the Chinese laundries in the city. The Chinese Colony, which is of very fair proportions in this city, will fight, by law, the proposed tax to the last court if necessary, and each laundryman has promised to subscribe fifteen or twenty dollars to a general fund for that purpose. That means a good round sum for some lawyer.

The question of the appointment of a new judge for the Superior Court of this Province is one which is exciting considerable interest in legal and political circles. The Government has not yet shown its hand and who will secure the appointment is a matter much in the air. A petition was presented to the Government quite recently signed by a number of members of the Bar, asking that the position be given to Mr. Simeon Beaudin, Q.C. This brought up the always vexed question of the proportion that should exist between English and French speaking judges, and the majority of the English-speaking members of the Bar holding that an English judge should be appointed are naturally opposed to Mr. Beaudin's nomination. Strenuous efforts are being made to secure the appointment of an Englishman and the following names have been freely mentioned: Hon. Mr. Hall, Mr. Carter, Mr. Morris, Mr. Busteed, Mr. Atwater and Mr. Cooke. There is also a movement on foot to secure the appointment of an English-speaking gentleman who has in his career taken little or no interest in politics.

The steamer "Spartan" brought down to Montreal recently a party of about eighty members of the Michigan Press Association and their wives and sweethearts. They were taken around at the expense of the city, and all the best points of the city were shown to them and our back door streets carefully avoided. The mountain top was visited, and besides the magnificent view of which Montrealers are justly proud, there was an excellent lunch provided there and a jolly good time was spent. Afterwards the journalists and their wives and sweethearts visited the Ancient Capital.

Considerable interest was centred in the lacrosse match between the Torontos and Shamrocks last Saturday. The Torontos played well, but the Shamrocks played better and won the match. The latter team

have now a good hold on the championship, having played all the teams in the league and not once met defeat.

A. J. F.

## AN HOUR'S REPRIEVE.

We sat beneath the maple trees  
One lovely night in June,  
And listened to the soft, sweet strains  
Of a well-remembered tune;  
Its dreamy melody recalled  
The half-forgotten past  
Ere we had learned how bitterly  
Our horoscope was cast.

The fireflies drifted round the trees  
Like streams of wandering light,  
The willow's drowsy scent suffused  
The tranquil summer night;  
The sky was fair; the stars shone out  
In glory overhead,  
And we were happy in the past,—  
The present pain was dead.

Another June night come and gone,  
A winter's wrath might grieve,  
Yet we were warm with gratitude  
For that short hour's reprieve;  
What, though we knew our fates might drift  
Five thousand miles apart,  
We learned that night our lives would beat  
In singleness of heart.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

## AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.\*—II.

(Translated by permission.)

Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, Earl Dufferin and Baron Clandeboye came of a most noble and ancient family of Scotch extraction. We find one of his ancestors at the court of Mary Stuart. He was born at Florence the 21st June, 1826. In 1841, he inherited the title and estates of his father, Captain Price Blackwood, who had been raised to the peerage. His mother was of the illustrious line of the Sherridans. She appears to have transmitted to her son the literary gifts and ready eloquence which mark this distinguished family. Having gone through Eton, young Blackwood graduated at the University of Oxford. One of his first cares was to apply himself to the affairs of Ireland, which country he visited in 1847, while this unfortunate country was a prey to the horrors of famine. On his return he published the result of his observations and suggested reforms. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed Chamberlain to the Queen, and fulfilled these high functions almost uninterruptedly until 1858.

It was about this period that he explored in his yacht, the *Foam*,—from time to time, as he tells us, in tow of the French frigate the *Reine Hortense*, carrying Prince Napoleon,—the Geysers of Iceland and Spitzbergen. His work, *Letters from High Latitudes*, contains the account of his voyage. This book made a sensation in the literary and scientific world. It supplied much useful data in an attractive form. Hardly had he returned from the ice of the North Pole when he "left for regions where the sun scorches" charged with an important political mission. In 1860 he was sent as High Commissioner to enquire into the massacre of Christians in Syria. The results of his mission were such as to gain for him the honour of being made a Knight of the Order of the Bath.

Lord Dufferin had succeeded in establishing cordial relations between the Chris-

\* An Historic Parallel between Count de la Galissonniere (1747-9) and Earl Dufferin (1872-8). A paper read before the Royal Society, 7th May, 1889, by J. M. Le Moine, F. R. C. S., first President of the French section.



tians and Druses, showing himself for the first time a diplomatist.

His marriage with Harriet, the daughter of Archibald Hamilton, of Killyleah Castle, Ireland, and granddaughter of Hamilton Rowan, took place 23rd October, 1862. Who of us has not seen and admired the witty and engaging Countess?

From 1864 to 1866 Lord Dufferin filled the office of Under Secretary for India. In 1866 we find him Under Secretary to the Minister of War. Two years later he became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an honourable and lucrative post which had been offered to our former Governor, Lord Elgin, on his return from Canada in 1854.

In 1867, Lord Dufferin presided over the Science Association held at Belfast, where he made, in moving terms and with enchanting eloquence, the eulogium of Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion of the centenary of the birth of the Ariosto of the North. About this time he was offered the governorship of Bombay, but the feeble health of his mother caused him to refuse this distant pro-consulate.

From the first the Earl of Dufferin allied himself with the Liberal party of Great Britain. It is to the Grand Old Man, the illustrious Mr. Gladstone, that Canada is indebted for the services of this great statesman, the sympathetic and powerful advocate of Canadians whose departure occasioned such general and sincere regret.

His sovereign has bestowed not grudgingly upon him honours for the valuable services he rendered the Empire. He is one of the small number of noblemen who have the right to wear the ribbons of the three orders of chivalry. He was made a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1871. He is about to be created a Marquis.\*

Invited to reply to the address from the Throne, in the Imperial Parliament, shortly after the sad death of Prince Albert, Lord Dufferin pronounced on the 6th of February, 1862, an impassioned harangue which appears to have carried away his audience and to have moved everybody to tears by the picture he drew of the domestic virtues and the excellent heart of the royal spouse of Her Majesty the Queen.

This was, it may be said, his first and one of his finest triumphs in oratory. The noble lord replied also in a speech which has become legendary, to the address which was presented to him at a public banquet at Belfast, the 19th June, 1872, on the eve of his departure for the government of Canada.

After having admirably defined the attributes of a constitutional government, he recalled with that magic of diction which distinguishes him, in speaking of our neighbors, the wise inspiration, the spirit of order, the devotion to country which dictated the masterpiece of Washington and of Franklin, the Constitution of the Republic of 1775. Then, at the moment of bidding farewell to his good friends of Green Erin, he summarised in a few words "the progress of our young and virile Canadian nationality," and wound up in a peroration full of nobleness in which he predicted for Canada the most marvellous destiny. "She is a young and chaste goddess," he cried, "traversing a new world, as yet unconscious of her charms, lost in radiant woods all furrowed with shining rivers. Some time or other she will turn to seize in the mirror of their crystalline depths some fleeting traits of her radiant majesty."

\* It must not be forgotten that this paper was written in 1889.

His speech made at Winnipeg, by its amplitude, its striking points, its prescience of the future, was a masterpiece, a true revelation. It would be useless to attempt, within these limits, a full analysis of the innumerable and dazzling pictures presented by the gallery of oratory begun by the Earl of Dufferin, in 1872, and which his departure from Quebec interrupted in 1878. At Halifax, at Prince Edward, at Ottawa, at St. John, New Brunswick, at Chicago, at Windsor, at Detroit, at Guelph, at Brampton, at Oshawa, at Woodstock, at Toronto, at the Canada Club of London, to the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ottawa, at Victoria, British Columbia, to the Menonites, to the Icelanders at Winnipeg, at New York, at Boston, at Granby, at the University of Laval, at the St. Jean Baptiste Society, Quebec: not forgetting a finished reply, on his part, in Latin and another in Greek, to the addresses presented to him by the University of McGill, Montreal—it is a series of masterpieces. One does not know which to admire most in this interminable list of eloquent harangues!

Under a variety of forms each more engaging than the other, this marvellous Proteus of the rostrum presents himself—this gifted magician of expression. Ever ravished, the ear listens to this gifted apostle of national progress; we see him, the prophet, plucking from the bosom of the future her inscrutable mysteries; again the consummate statesman, hanging above the sphere agitated by party, keeping balanced in the midst of a colossal political crisis, the attributes, the limits of the constitution. To-day we follow step by step the able publicist, enlightening, in an official document, the home government upon the part incumbent upon it for the consolidation of the bundle of diverse nationalities which compose our people, pointing out the shoals and quicksands with which the Canadian shore is beset. To-morrow we listen with emotion to the vibrant tones of the professor of history, or the belles-lettres, or with the doctor of constitutional rights we retrace with enthusiasm the beloved annals of our past, or closely criticise the treaties which safeguard our liberties, raising valiantly the standard of tolerance, of brotherhood, among the various creeds which mark our ranks, and inviting nationalities of different beliefs to find refuge in full security under the ægis of the old British flag, exhorting them to flee discord and to walk in the straight road, according to his noble device. *Per vias rectas!*

Above all, it is when opening to us his heart, he appeals to our feelings as men, to our patriotism as citizens of a growing nationality, and implores us to live peaceably under our free institutions, forgetting neither our God nor ourselves, that his voice takes the tones of inspiration. To-day he opens to us one of Parkman's moving pages on the heroism of the first missionaries of New France, and delights to render worthy homage to the martyrs Breteuf and Lalle-mant. To-morrow he reminds French-Canadians that they come of good stock, that from the example of their fathers they ought to know in what manner to receive the invaders of their hearths, should the need arise.

Of an evening, presiding by the side of his witty and amiable spouse, at a banquet of friends or learned men, Lord Dufferin would open a running fire of bons mots and clever allusions that he would close, as was his wont, by an ingenious flash of wit, or a compliment to the ladies, before entering

upon the discussion of some grave measure of public utility, or of a social problem, to which his pleasant jests served as an introduction.

Above all, let us never forget the generous patron of education, who, to encourage the youth of our universities, our colleges, and our convents, taxed so heavily his patrimony, already encroached upon, to have struck five hundred medals in gold and silver.

The erudite Earl Dufferin, like his predecessor, the learned Count de la Galissonniere, was consumed with the thirst of science and letters. Like the friend of the Swedish professor Kalm, in 1749, Lord Dufferin astonished his circle by his varied knowledge and the charm of his conversation. One is not surprised to find him ready to respond, in the same tongues to the felicitations which the University of McGill addressed to him on one day, in the language of Cicero and that of Demosthenes. One of our cities above all enjoyed his admiration, the old city of Champlain. Here he came each year, in the pleasant season, to rest himself. He traversed at all hours her most populous quarters, alone, or with an aide-de-camp. The people would press closely upon his steps in order to salute *le comte Dufresne*, their good friend. Quebec owes him everlasting gratitude for the ameliorations with which he gratified the ancient capital.

Aided by the experience of the city engineer, M. Charles Baillargé, and guided by an able architect, Mr. Wynn, whom he brought expressly from Europe, Lord Dufferin, drawing upon the royal purse at Windsor, found means to repair our walls, and by what are called the *Dufferin Improvements*, to beautify Quebec and preserve her seal of antiquity, without depriving her of the needs of present progress. The prolongation of Durham terrace—owing entirely to his initiation—worthily crowns all those his labors, of which our city is so proud to-day.

In memory of this fact, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, and Lord Lorne, at the express request of the Mayor and City Council, have conferred his name on this terrace, Dufferin Terrace,\* unique in the world.

\* Dufferin Terrace forms part of the fortifications of Quebec. Its erection then was due, neither to the municipality, the Provincial Government of Quebec, nor to Ottawa, but to the Imperial authorities and the War Office at London, represented in Canada by the Governor-General of the Dominion, whose commission names him also Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Canada, etc. Thus it is that he has control of all that touches the defence of our territory. The municipality has contributed \$7,500 towards the cost of this superb terrace which, before its lengthening according to the Dufferin plans, bore the name of Durham terrace in honor of Lord Durham, Governor-General of Canada in 1838, who constructed it at his own expense on the ruins of the old Chateau St. Louis, burned down 23rd January, 1834.

The Canadian Government also contributed largely to the expenses of this restoration. The terrace was formally opened, 9th June, 1879, by their Excellencies the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, who, at the express request of the then City Council and the Mayor, His Honor Robert Chambers, gave it the name of the illustrious statesman, Lord Dufferin, to whom we owe it. The municipality had an official report of the ceremony prepared, and placed upon the terrace itself metal tablets bearing the following words:—

Dufferin Terrace. H. Hatch, Contractor. C. Baillarge, Engineer. The *Societe Historique et Literaire*, having presented to the Town Council a petition asking for the commemoration of certain eminent personages, by associating their names with this terrace, the Council, upon the motion of Mr. P. Johnson, adopted on the 9th May, 1879, a resolution giving to the five beautiful pavilions there erected the names *Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac* and *Plessis*.

At length, like the illustrious Count de la Galissonniere, our good friend Lord Dufferin left Quebec at the express call of the Home Government. His services were required elsewhere. Happier than the illustrious Frenchman, he will not have to reproach his country with being ungrateful. Let us make it our duty to walk always in the straight path that Lord Dufferin traced for us: *Per vias rectas.*

S. A. CURZON.

ERRATUM.—An Historic Parallel, page 822, col. 1, line 32, for "to render useful the exceptional position of the Motherland," read to render useful the exceptional position of New France to the Motherland.

### THE CAMP: BELOW GLENORA.

If you imagine that "below Glenora" means a five or ten minutes' walk from the pleasant hamlet at the lake or the mountain, and take a steamer from Picton to Glenora and start out from the latter place camp-ward, you will sooner or later find the distance two miles—imperial measure. You will not mind it, however, for the sky is blue, and the sun not too hot, and the road runs by hay fields, and grain fields, and groves of cedars and pines and firs, and the air is exquisite with the heated perfume of all those sweet things steeping in the sun. A mile of these, and on the left, across a yellow field you catch a glimpse of the bay, the beautiful Bay of Quinte, reaching away north-eastward, azure and rippled with soft gold under light winds. Ahead there is lower land, and in the distance the gleam of a red flag, and the white gleaming of tents, and after awhile, at the foot of the hill you have descended, you think it will save time to go on down through the fields. But mark you! that bit of enticing wood which lies beyond the second field and which you think to pass easily through, enjoying its scented shadows, you will find an impassable ravine. It is too bad! A hunter would go through it, but you must not, so you retrace your steps to the road, and take your way along it until somewhere just above The Camp. If you do not know the entrance, maybe you will enquire of a farmer at work here in his fields, whereupon he will direct you to take the shorter way, that leading through by his line-fence. This you follow, and ere long The Camp is under your eyes, but even so, it seems quite as unattainable as ever, for this reason, that the fence drops down at this point into a sudden hollow and you, of course, protest against dropping down there too. The trouble is: the camp is situated on a bluff by the bay formed, naturally, very much after the fashion of a moated castle-site. Standing here above this unfriendly hollow, you indulge in uncharitable thoughts, momentarily though, for you have this instant caught sight of a ridge of solid earth near by which leads you at last to The Camp, where, once at rest upon the broad piazza of the cottage, you would not exchange the site for any other you know of about the bay. It is very delightful. It is unique.

Directly in front of the cottage lies the broad, blue bay; on the left, the ravine, while south and east are the hollows. At the entrance to the ravine is a wonderful little cove, with a beach of fine golden sand and, inside of this, a bit of lagoon, a reedy place where soldier-bird and purple grackles feed, and sun-loving Halcyon is sometimes seen. A stream runs through the ravine under the trees, and the vines, and the shadows, and one can take a canoe in here

The cove is an ideal one for bathers;

some little distance. What a dark, cool, delightful retreat on a hot day! sandy bottom, and clear, shallow water a good way out.

To return to the cottage. It is built after the West Indian style, and contains half-a-dozen large, comfortable rooms and a wide hall, the partitions falling several feet short of the roof, so that, "if you have any secrets to tell, you must whisper, or everybody'll hear you," your charming hostess informs you. That does not matter though, since the circulation of air is good, and the interior of the cottage always comfortably cool. Beside the cottage, white tents are pitched, and an airy pine-wood kitchen several yards off completes The Camp. This is, so to speak, Major Foster's headquarters for the summer months, and as you sip your tea in full view of the bay—delicious pure India tea, hot from an Oriental tea-pot locked in a curious Oriental cosey—you are pleased at the thought that the beautiful waters of your bay are being duly appreciated, in that one who has travelled the wide world over has selected these shores for his summer sojournings. This is, I think, the third summer which Major and Mrs. Foster have spent in this vicinity.

Yonder the white yacht which belongs to The Camp sails idly, blown to and fro by friendly winds, a faint breeze is on the water and the opposite shores, and eastward the distant bay is quite dim. Some fifteen miles away the Upper Gap leads out between Indian Point (Prince Edward County) and Amherst Island into Lake Ontario. The Lower Gap lies between this island and Garden Island, off Kingston, the Bay of Quinte continuing towards Kingston between Amherst Island and the mainland. Westward from The Camp, a couple of miles beyond Glenora—by the way, the camp is more easy of access by water than by land from Glenora, and the distance is less—the bay runs south several miles to Picton, and also north through the very picturesque Long Reach to Deseronto, and thence south-westerly to Belleville and the Murray Canal. It is indeed a magnificent sweep of water, and too, a popular highway, for the lake steamers pass through it to and from the west by the Murray Canal.

The sun is low now, and cooler, and you go, wishing that these sojourners here on your shores may thoroughly enjoy this and many another beautiful summers at "The Camp."

July, 1894.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### FINE ARTS AND THE UNIVERSITY.\*

The very illimitableness of Art will permit our plea for a more scholarly equipment of the artist than is given him on this continent as yet. Technical and scientific education is offered the artisan and agriculturist, architect, engineer, solicitor and practitioner, each is a man of culture. Shall the practice of the fine arts forever limit itself to the studio and the field? Should it not allow itself, should it not prepare itself to associate with scholarship in a congenial and eminent fellowship? And should not art in its approved pursuit, and by virtue of both scholarship and skill, have an acknowledged place among the professions?

Art has a normal status as a profession, but is not legally recognized as such; and it does not enjoy with medicine, law or

\* Excerpt of paper read before the Canadian Institute.

engineering, or even architecture, any of their civil rights or privileges. Its classification as a profession would be of value

1. (a) Because in courts of law expert evidence is frequently to be given; in such case the status of the witness is very important. (b) With legal status an artist's evidence would be conclusive and prevent expensive litigation, and save both time and cost to litigants and to the country. (c) It would be of value to the witness who would not be obliged, after the loss of valuable hours in a court room awaiting call to the witness stand, to suffer the indignity of a petty fee for his services.

2. Probably an even greater advantage could be found in a protection to the public, who are the victims of the merciless picture impostor and of the vendor of worthless trash.

3. Nor should it be forgotten in this advocacy of professional recognition for the artist that genius flourishes in the sunlight of approval; and, while it could not be trammelled by any professional codes, its power would expand with the freedom granted it in law by the Parliament of a free people. But when art shall be given educational advantages equal to sister professions, we think it will then be fairly entitled to such recognition without any controversy whatever.

Before taking up the educational question it should be understood the "Artist is born, not made": that no system of teaching, howsoever well applied, can make an artist. What we do ask is that art talent and genius may have the opportunity of wholesome and necessary instruction, and that such may be had at home.

In many of the countries of Europe the machinery of governments and the faculties of universities are utilized to carry forward thorough schemes of instruction. In France, at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* of Paris, a course in general history and art history is given, a literary course, the costumes of the nations in the various epochs are demonstrated, and a course is given in anatomy—human and comparative. In Belgium, at the *Academie des Beaux Arts* of Brussels, a similar course is given, and in Antwerp the same course in history, literature, costumes and anatomy. A regular course in esthetics is given in Paris and Brussels, and in the latter city a special course in natural history. It is noticeable that the most distinguished historians, scientists, philosophers and men of letters are to be found upon the teaching staff.

Such course of lectures and lessons should have no effect in drawing the artist in any wise away from his chalk and his models. These are the essentials of his *metier*, and whatever else he has he must have these; but the aim is to give him in addition to these the scholastic opportunities enjoyed by other professions. To enrich his mind with information needful and helpful, the wells of scientific truth should be uncovered, the scrolls of history should be unrolled for him and the ethics of art taught for his inspiration.

The plan proposed is to adapt existing machinery to serve a wider purpose than it does at present, to disturb nothing if possible, and to add the least new material in text books consistent with required work.

It would not be necessary to make any change in the curriculum of art schools or any other schools. Students from high schools and colleges can matriculate into the university for any course they choose. It is in the university we seek opportunity for students of higher art.

Of course, it is evident from the past that University work is creeping down into colleges and high schools. If it be thought proper in view of this tendency, an elementary art history might be introduced into art schools, high schools and boys' and girls' colleges, and matriculation from art schools be arranged for also. Many strong arguments can be found to support such addition.

Lubke's History of Art, in two volumes, might be placed on first and second, or second and third senior years of the college course, as may seem advisable. Interest in art would then be awakened in many a mind that would never get a chance in the university; and this extra privilege would mean to the student very little expenditure of money or time. Should the proposed change be limited to the university course, and if a special degree be contemplated, a list of suitable subjects similar to the following might be recommended in a four year course:

First year—History of art and theory of beauty, the regular biological work, anatomy and chemistry to form part of the artists' course.

Second year—History of art, chemistry of colors, ethics of art.

Third year—Ethics of art, costumes and habits of the Greeks and Byzantines, natural science to form part of the course.

Fourth year—The Greek ideals, mediæval and modern schools of art and design, with the usual natural science work. In each case the required English to form a part of the course.

The above series might be arranged to form such a course of options that casual students, and those with limited time and means would have an opportunity of taking a partial course; or the several studies might be arranged to form an honor list.

So apparent is its value, and so reasonable its claim it surely is not necessary to advocate for artists the study of esthetics as a means of broadening and brightening their preceptions, and for purifying and ennobling their ideals. What a fruitful field there should be found in the way of themes in the historic courses to the historic painter.

The knowledge of anatomy, elements of botany and of geology would give comprehensiveness and masterly sureness in both figure and landscape work, whilst a knowledge of the chemistry of pigments would give a guarantee of permanence to the work of all.

But, as we have already said, the university course, while it should be considered very needful, is, nevertheless, only supplemental. It would bring within range vast territories of information and power; yet these would avail little in unskilful hands; so the art student would be expected to follow up at the same time a course in design, or modelling, or painting under the direction of competent artists.

In art work, concurrent with university work for degree, examinations might be held in memory drawing from anatomical figures, painting from life (draped figure), landscape from nature, animals from life; under conditions to be determined. For the fourth or final year a competitive picture composition, or modelled design for statue, if deemed worthy, would entitle the student who has passed his university course, to a fine art degree.

We have a society of professional artists under charter from the legislature of Ontario that could nominate an educational

committee, subject to appointment of the Hon. Minister of Education, to supervise the art curriculum.

This society might be allowed to appoint one member to the senate of the university with sanction of the Government, recommend art examiners for appointment by the Minister, and provide exhibition rooms for competitive work; and in fact hold the sign manual of the profession for Ontario.

Already on this continent, art colleges in affiliation with a university are numerous. The degree, bachelor of painting or of sculpture, is given on completion of a course in esthetics, history of art, painting in oil and water colors, modelling, etching, free-hand drawing and perspective.

While the degree is not by any means insignificant, the course is not so complete or thorough as it might be, or as we think it should be. It takes up only a small portion of what is of value to the artist and for which the machinery of our universities is already fairly well adjusted,—notably, chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, artistic anatomy, mental science. Thus grouping some phase of each study, with the simple addition of an art history, forms the scholarly goal of our desire.

In most of the sciences special text books adapted for the artist student would be needed; occasional lectures on special chemistry, and demonstrations also would be of great value.

In the general study of esthetics the art element is, we think, on account of the directness and force of the impressions thus obtained, an important one to all students, and therefore it cannot afford to be overlooked.

In presenting this proposal we are inspired with the hope it will be of some value in the educational system of Canada: that it will commend itself to every lover of knowledge and advocate of university extension: and that every member of and aspirant to the profession of the fine arts will welcome this recognition of art by academic courts, and will accept their requirements for the sake of sharing their protection and privileges.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

### GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

"Electropathy" is given in Webster, and "Electropathic" also in the *Century Dictionary*; but it was only the other day that I saw "Electropath" for the first time. Which leads me to quote from memory a little joke which I once perpetrated anonymously. The medical profession has its allopaths, homœopaths and hydropaths; but all these "paths," like "the paths of glory," "lead but to the grave."

The dictionaries tell us that the last word of the phrase "in full fig," is an abbreviation of "figure," taking this word in the sense of a fashion-plate or dressed up lay figure. But is it not as likely that some irreverent wit may have spoken of Adam and Eve as appearing on some set occasion "in full fig-leaf," and that this dippant allusion to the full dress of our first parents may have tickled his hearers' fancy and passed on from them to others?

To "knock the stuffing out" of one is an expression that threatens crushing discomfiture and collapse. It would seem that a very coarse origin for this expression must have suggested itself to the lexicographers, for they disdain to include it in

their dictionaries, even as "colloquial and vulgar." But a friend of mine has found a derivation for the phrase which is much nicer and more historical. He traces it back to the unlucky invasion of India by Semiramis. It will be remembered that the Assyrian Empress, to offset the dreaded elephants on which her opponents relied, dressed an imposing number of camels in imitation elephant skins, bringing them up to the normal size and shape by copious padding. Her magnificent bluff might have succeeded and her charge might have carried everything before it, had not one or two of the real elephants detected the imposture and torn the skins and stuffing from some of the masquerading camels, driving all the weaker animals to flight and striking terror into the whole army of Semiramis. It was owing to this disaster, according to my friend, that "knocking the stuffing out" of anybody has become an emphatic synonym for polishing him off handsomely.

In the past generation bachelors' gatherings too often degenerated into drunken revels, and my imaginative friend conjectures that they were named "stag-parties" from the opening line of "The Lady of the Lake:"—

"The Stag at eve had drunk his fill."

Seriously, may not the phrase "fuss and feathers" have originated as a happy variation from the more natural linking of "fuzz" and "feathers"?

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

### "EL BARBARINA" FLOWER FESTIVAL.

CARNIVAL WEEK AT SANTA BARBARA.

Carnival week in the Channel City by the Sunset Sea. A festival of flowers in the land of perpetual summer and sunshine, and the quaint streets of the town with here and there suggestions of the old Spanish regime, and with low adobe houses, waken from their drowsy every-day air, to life, colour and merriment.

An old saying is "See Naples and die." The Barbarinians say, "See Santa Barbara and live;" "Drink the life giving elixir of our scent laden air. The wine of health flows in ruby streams from our vineyards; Bacchus invites you to come, forget pain and dull care and live; Flora and Pomona deck your path with fruits and flowers."

Santa Barbara is a gem in a setting of mountain and sea. The range of the Santa Ynez margins it on the north, the peaks veiled in blue mists, receiving the benediction of the rosy dawn, and of the purple sunset. On the other side the mesas sweep in a panoply of green to the foothills, and the valleys lie in shadow and sunshine, vistas of orange and lemon groves, eucalyptus and olive, of vine wreathed uplands, of nestling cottages under overhanging cliffs, and the wide acres of the ranches.

On the south is the Channel, beautiful as Naples, without the threatening fires of Vesuvius hanging over it like a menace. Far out the Islands of Ana Capa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel glisten in a sky as blue, and dip into a wave as sun kissed as the Mediterranean. They are a dream of pastoral beauty, of Arcadian loveliness, and all day long the shifting panorama of colour fascinates the beholder, who sees them veiled in rosy mists. These Islands shelter Santa Barbara from ocean

tempests, and so temper wind and wave that December is like May, and May like a Northern June all the year around.

Over one hundred years ago the Franciscan Fathers planted their mission here, one of twenty-one, a day's journey apart between San Francisco and San Diego. It is still well preserved, and an object of great interest to tourists, with its double towers, its gray moss covered walls, and its corridors and cells, holy with the incense of the prayers of the recluse for more than a century.

This has been the fourth anniversary of the Flower Festival in Santa Barbara, and each one brings more forcibly to the mind of the traveller the pageants of Southern Europe, with their abandon and enthusiasm. "San Francisco has her Mardi Gras," "Los Angeles her fiesta," "San Diego her rough riding pasainos," but the Festival of Santa Barbara is unique in its character, and growing world-wide in its reputation. Thousands of tourists and health-seekers flock here every year to be present, and the city's accommodations are crowded to their utmost to meet the demand, ample as the Arlington is with its tropical grounds, the San Marcos and many other hotels.

A broad boulevard runs along the bay and state street which is the only business street of any importance, beautifully paved; it runs back from this a distance of about two miles, extending almost to the Old Mission.

The decorations were triumphal arches of palms and waving pampas plumes, surmounted by the national colors, the Spanish colors of red, green and yellow, and the State colors of white and gold. One arch was exceptionally chaste in plaited fans of white and gold, and feathery pampas pillars with bases of palms.

There were miles of Cypress ropes, over two hundred palm trees about fifty feet apart, a fish net drapery across the street covered with over ten thousand Duchess roses. The wide Corso at tribunes was ablaze with draped buntings on the seats and overhead thousands of tiny banners waved and twinkled in the breeze.

The festival proper began with a flower show on Wednesday in the pavilion, which was decorated with palms, cypress, and pampas, with booths made entirely of flowers. In one of these we counted seventy-six varieties of roses, in another forty-eight from private collections. The great day was Thursday, when the "Bataille des Fleurs" took place in the grand Corso. Every one went laden with flowers, baskets and bundles that would have made an eastern florist rich, armed for the conflict, and at a given signal by the Marshal the procession moved forward under the triumphal arches past the applauding multitude.

The horsemen came first. Spanish Dons and Hidalgos on coal black steeds, caparisoned with sashes, mantles and saddle blankets of flowers. Some were black velvet margined with the lovely yellow California poppy, and marigold. Others were in suits of white on white steeds with lavender bridles and netting covered with wisteria. Others in scarlet and crimson geraniums, pink and white carnations, shield helmet and armor of flowers.

After these came the floats. Among the most beautiful were those representing May day, with a great number of beautifully dressed children supporting a May pole. On the corners four children in Spanish costume, held calla lily trumpets. Another

was a coach covered with roses and lined with moss and swarming with Palmer Coxe's Brownies, who at last were parading in their various characters in open daylight.

Another was a prairie schooner of '49, drawn by white mules, another a hunter's camp of fern, Spanish moss, and roses.

The most beautiful by far and the winner of the first prize was "La Reina, de las Rosas." It was pure white, ten by fifteen feet, and drawn by four white horses. Over fifteen thousand La Mark roses were used in its decoration. A beautiful girl springing from the heart of a rose, underneath a gossamer canopy, shielded her head from the wind's caress, with one hand, with the other she guided a huge butterfly, on which a cupid in white and gold was seated, also reining in other butterflies.

The bicycles were represented by a floral boat, with a flower covered sail, supported by four safeties.

In a nautilus shell, covered with yellow fressia, and drawn by four spirited black horses, sat four ladies with primrose gowns and parasols. The prize waggonette was covered with pink roses packed closely. The ladies were in white, driving four white horses with pink harness. In advance of these and connected with them, were three white horses with lavender reins, flowers and ribbons, ridden by horsemen in lavender costumes.

The carts were in many designs, the prize one was of white marguerites, one solid mass of flowers, the wheels one large marguerite, the ladies in white and yellow.

The wild mustard phaeton was among the most attractive. The ladies wore gauzy dresses of the same tint, and hats to match the exquisite costumes.

There were vehicles in white and red roses, pink and white carnations, white brodea and many other flowers mingled, and two children in tiny carts covered with flowers who drove goats that were occasionally as refractory as the prancing steeds of the Spanish cavaleros.

An Oriental lady closely veiled, dressed in pure white, was guarded by a Moorish attendant and the Spanish band played soft Castilian airs as the procession swept along, a poem in flowers, a symphony in color.

Suddenly a bugle sounded the signal for the battle, and missiles began to fly in every direction from the crowded amphitheatre of the tribunes, from the floats, carts, phaetons, and waggonettes, and the battle waged fierce and long between fair lady and handsome knight, till the dead and dying roses stained the white pavement, and the horses' hoofs crushed and mingled the perfume of countless flowers, while the sun tipped the peaks of Santa Ynez with crimson.

In the evening the illuminated parade again crowded the Corso, as the polo match did the race track on Friday.

Friday evening the pavilion was a blaze of youth and beauty, and of floral and tropical decorations for the grand ball and the end of the festivities.

Twenty misses of Santa Barbara, some of them small children, represented different flowers in their exquisite costumes. Pink carnations, yellow and white poppies, bluebells, fuchsias, roses in all colors, passion flowers, marguerites, carnations and with hoops of flowers, burst upon the vast assembly, a garland of girls, a mass of color, to the strains of Sousa's Washington Post March.

They wove in and out in the most

graceful figures, passing and re-passing, saluting, turning in countless convolutions, clustering in pretty bouquets, while the solo dancers danced the Spanish dances "Ramilleta" and the "Naranga," swaying and poising here and there, under the ever varying calcium lights.

The floral dances over, the orchestra struck up the Lancers, and the waiting, breathless crowd joined in the festivity. Till the "wee sma hours," the fairies "tripped the light fantastic" to melting strains of music, and the uniforms of the officers of the Monterey anchored in the bay, mingled with the ladies' beautiful costumes, while here and there behind a fan a dark-eyed Spanish maiden lisped love in the soft accents of her native tongue.

So ends Carnival week in Santa Barbara; city of the beautiful saint, her namesake. And still the arches toss their plumes, still every window and balcony is garlanded with flowers and flower pieces in quaint designs, and every breeze that passes is laden with the breath of a wilderness of unplucked blossoms of orange buds and roses.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

### PARIS LETTER.

The new coercion law, to stamp out the Anarchists, does not meet with unanimous approval, but it is not so bad as the adversaries of the measure depict it. True, it is vigorous, a law of exception, but dealing with exceptional circumstances. The anarchic evil has been growing apace for ten years, the Government hesitating to grapple with the malady till a series of revolting crimes roused society to defend itself. It is only against bad people that the law is framed, but cautious folks fear that, once on the statute-book, its clauses can be directed against political opponents that might have ideas not in harmony with the powers that may be. As for the extreme Republicans, who claim to possess the Holy Grail of liberalism, they are fit to be tied. The conduct of the Government is the abomination of desolation, etc.; the Second Empire never dared to take such a step, etc. The law against the Anarchists, voted in 1893, only dealt with collective anarchy; the law now intended will grip individuals who by "any means" propagate anarchy, to the injury of persons or property, by speeches, conversation, letters, comic skits, newspaper articles etc. Penalty, three to thirty-six months imprisonment and 100 to 2,000 fr. fine. Is it before the Court of the Police Correctionnelle that the trials will take place. This is a court with very sumptuary powers, and which handles cases that the Assize Court and jury might blunder over. Here the trial will take place and at which the public is free to assist, only the proceedings must not be published, just as in the case of divorce trials. This will cut short Anarchists posing, and suppress incendiary speeches to unhinge society. Orators and editors will be at liberty, as now, to attack the President of the Republic or calumniate his Ministers, subject to being indicted before a jury. When the barbarians of civilization attack the very existence of society, the latter, though at the twelfth hour, may be excused hitting back with compound interest.

It is very seldom that a general has to run the gauntlet of a court martial for inadvertently killing one of his subordinates. On the 14th June last, General-of-Division

Edon was on a tour of inspection and visited an infantry regiment garrisoned at the fort of Charenton, outside Paris. He observed that the uniform of Sub-Lieutenant Schiffmacher was a little too big, and made remarks to that effect; then he asked, had he the new pattern of revolver, and desired to see it. When the belt case was opened, the General seized the weapon by the handle, never remarked the cartridges in the chambers, commenced trying the trigger, and before the Lieutenant could complete the warning, "It is loaded!" a ball was lodged in his abdomen, and next day he expired. A certain press endeavored to make bad capital out of a clumsy accident. General Edon was suspended till he passed before a court martial; the latter was purposely delayed to allow public excitement to subside. It has just been convoked and consists of six generals superior in rank to the accused. The latter was ordered to stand up; he is a tall, powerfully-built soldier, full of energy and decision, and showed he was deeply pained at the catastrophe, which resulted from the General not hearing the deceased's warning as to the revolver being loaded, owing to deafness. Officers are expected when on the march to have eighteen ball cartridges; some put the package in their pocket, others load their revolver, as if preparing for action. The brother of the deceased, a barrister, and who judges the conduct of General Edon severely, was in court; the President told him the court-martial had nothing to do with the matter of civil damages, that it deplored the accident, which deprived the army of an exemplary and promising officer, and sympathized with the sorrow of his relatives. The brother bowed and sat down. The court retired for fifteen minutes, re-entered, and with hands on swords and standing up, declared General Edon "acquitted." As to his resuming active service, the War Minister will decide that point.

After all, the national holiday will be kept by municipalities and shop-keepers. They must have their cakes and ale; they have paid all honors to the remains of M. Carnot, but see no necessity of shutting themselves up, they say, in his tomb. The Government will not take any part in the festivities, except to hand over the credits voted for the fireworks, etc., to the poor, who will thus get double out-door relief on the fourteenth. In any case, the soul of the national holiday this year may be viewed as dead. Very few preparations for its observance have been made. Then the advanced Republicans are sour and down in the mouth because their candidate, M. Brisson, has not been elected to the Presidency rather than M. Casimir-Perier. The railway companies will only run excursion trains on the sly. The small trader will mostly feel the effects. Many will seize the occasion to pull in their horns on the subject of outlay, and as the rurals utilized the holiday and the excursion trains, attractions to make annual purchases in Paris, the circulation of money will be restricted. Quiet people will be glad when the rejoicings are over.

Count Tolstoi has thrown, by his new pamphlet, another wet blanket over the Franco-Russian alliance. He declares the whole affair to be a pure comedy, arranged by politicians, to stage effects, to daze the masses of both countries. The explosions at Cronstadt and Toulouse, observes the famous Russian writer, were "foolish and odious," organized by hypocrites to work the ignorance of the crowds. The Russian

alliance is now never alluded to in France; the Russian Hymn is never heard. Germany has received into her arms the Czar, where French protectionists impelled him to go.

Very important reforms are being carried out in the detective police force of Paris. M. Carnot's death has not been unconnected with these changes. The efficacy of the force has reflected the cutting down system applied to the grants—all was done apparently on the cheap. Now a special Presidential police corps has been organized, so that it will be very difficult for any Caserios to come too near the Chief Magistrate. The general body of the detectives will be better paid. A division will be supplied with bicycles, to roll through the side alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, so infected with bad characters of both sexes, but now being gradually cleared out. But it is at night, along the external Boulevards, the bicycle police will tell. They will wheel in threes, and will be armed, while the machines will have dark lanterns and no tell-tale bells. The patrol duty along these exterior Boulevards is performed by the mounted police, but their approach is known by the tramp of the horses. Malefactors hide till the police ride past. One firm has just been given an order for 100 bicycles, with all the modern improvements, at the price of 500fr. per machine; this corps of police on wheels will first operate in the region of St. Ouen and St. Denis, where the most dangerous of the dangerous classes prowl. It is said, that the police have a new plan for handcuffing prisoners, that is better than a strait jacket. The velocipede police are specially trained.

The friends of M. Renan are very wrathful; they collected funds, and had a statue cast, it is said, to perpetuate the glory of the deceased writer, by presenting it to his native town in Bretagne, Treguier. But the villagers objected to any site being granted by the town council, to accommodate the statue to the terrible apostate and heretic; and the women vow they will pull it down if set up. Renan always said his native village would never give him absolution.

Public opinion is so far pleased with all the general committee of the 1900 Exhibition has done. It blesses its two good intentions, to get rid of that eyesore, the Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysee, and to have demolished that Panamaism stigma, the Eiffel Tower. The plan of three juries is approved of: one the general, to select the prize winners, the other to revise their findings, and the third, a jury of appeal. In order to ensure punctuality, the jury will commence operations one month after the official opening of the show, and two months will be allowed them to finally award the honours. The system of collective tickets is approved of, and also the variation in the price of admission, following the nature of the daily attractions. All school children, national or international, will be admitted free. The producing of results, rather than the results *per se*, will be the base of the show. The plan of isolated shows in the park, for separate nations, finds no favor; the architecture will be infinite in variety, but still not a mighty maze, and with a common plan. Internal decorations will be left to national tastes and fancies. An American has applied for a site to erect a Chicago residence of "thirty storeys"—the home of the future. The tendency of Parisians is, to have a small house of their own, some miles outside Paris, bringing them to office

or workshop, in a few minutes and for nominal fares. But if the municipality continues to oppose electric tubular under city railways, the bloom will be taken off the 1900 Big Fair.

Two schoolmasters, who were originally professors, preside over the Senate, M. Challemeil-Lacour, and M. Burdeau, over the Chamber of Deputies. The Premier, M. Dupuy, was also a professor, and M. Casimir-Perier may be viewed as a military instructor, as he keeps all in marching order.

It is asserted that the usual seaside resorts are deserted more this season than ever, and that from Dunkirk to Biarritz, there is nothing but wailing and gnashing of teeth; so much the better for humble purses: out of evil comes good. Fashionable society now patronizes mountain outings. Strange, man and babydom prefer the seaside; the air brings more repose to fatigued brains, and restores lost nerve power. It is not at the foot of Mt. Blanc, that babies can walk and wade in bare feet, or engage in engineering and architecture, with sunny sand for raw material. But if materfamilias has girls to get off, she will stop at nothing to harpoon an "eligible" for her daughter. And the marrying men prefer the mountain home, precisely to keep from being led into the temptation of matrimony, but they must be new to earth. Now that is why the Grissons and Pau, and the Alps will soon be as peopled during the season as London or Paris, or Mecca, for a peculiar shrine worship is there carried on. Three-fourths of the marriages celebrated among well-to-do people this half year in Paris were the result of preliminary meetings in the Swiss mountains last summer.

Mussels produce poison in their liver, as vipers do in their tongue. M. Lalkonski, of Berlin, has extracted the poison, and it is as toxic as *curare*, and which in many respects it resembles; cook the mussels in water, to which 3½ grammes of carbonate of soda per litre is added, and the stomach will be poison-proof. Nothing yet has been found wrong with the liver of oysters or Strasbourg geese. Madame de la Valette, cursed Louis XVIII. for not pardoning her husband; eventually this shook her reason, and in the asylum she passed her days singing praises in honour of His Majesty. Z.

#### IN CHURCH.

The windows of the little church

With paint are frosted over,  
Which hides from many a roving eye  
The meadows clad in clover.

But here and there a space is bare,  
And through it may be seen,  
Like picture in a tiny frame,  
A tree, or sprig of green.

And such a space I oft gaze through,  
And see, or seem to see,  
The gravestones gliding into view  
Beyond a hiding tree.

And when I rise or kneel to pray,  
Anon they seem to dance,  
Or sometimes slowly fade away  
Like ghosts seen in a trance.

Whate'er I see pertains to death,  
The flowers spring from graves,  
Or form on stone a rosy wreath,  
On high the willow waves.

The little hollows and the knolls,  
Some grassy and some bare,  
Mementoes of departed souls,  
These, only these, are there.

The preacher's theme, all-conquering Death,  
Sounds like a far refrain;  
I need not list to what he saith,  
'Tis written on the pane.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE DILLON DIVORCE CASE.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—As this case is of some exceptional public interest, it may be allowable, perhaps, to thus say a word or two about it in your generous columns.

On the general question of "Marriage and Divorce"—a subject relegated (very properly) by Section 91, sub s. 26 of B.N.A. Act of 1867, exclusively to Dominion jurisdiction—I shall not here enter, but shall confine myself to the particular points incidental to the case.

## FACTS.

The petitioner is a Roman Catholic, resident permanently in the Province of Quebec, where, while there domiciled, he married the respondent, then (as still) also a Roman Catholic.

After a marital union of four or five years, during which children were born unto them, the misconduct of the wife became such as to call for a separation (*a mensa et thoro*). This, on the counsel of parents on both sides, was done. To avoid the scandal of such life in the city of Montreal, where the husband, in high honourable mercantile life, lived and earned his living, he took her to Paris and left her there with her father. Shortly after that she, voluntarily, returned to Montreal, and quietly resided there with her mother during six years, with permission to visit her children once a week at their residence with the parents of the husband; she (the wife) receiving from her husband an allowance of fifty dollars a month—all without protest or objection on her part.

Then appeared on the stage in Montreal a certain personage from Paris assuming to be a Count de Villeneuve, with whom the wife "openly, wantonly and flagrantly lived on the principal street in Montreal in adultery—and with him had gone to Quebec and registered there as Madame de Villeneuve—and subsequently, when his extradition was pronounced," (on a charge of forgery) "accompanied him to France, where he is now incarcerated."

Such is the evidence, of record, in the case.

There was no defence on the part of the respondent, but, for reasons best known to themselves, one or two Roman Catholic members of the Senate Committee on the Bill made a strenuous effort to defeat it on the purely gratuitous ground—as appears from the evidence—that the petitioner had been unchaste. The majority of the Committee, on the spontaneous objection of the Hon. Senator McKay, ruled against such line of question, even on cross-examination. There was no demur by the petitioner to answer for himself in such attack, but his counsel (J. A. Gemmill) strongly advised him against it as utterly illegal. Failing to make out the *tu quoque*, of adultery, against Mr. Dillon, his enemies (on the Committee) then charged him with being a Roman Catholic, and, "therefore," not entitled to divorce.

This, really, has been the ground of the extraordinary efforts in both Houses, but most demonstrably in the Senate, to throw out the Bill. Simply stated, the ground was this: *Being a Roman Catholic, Dillon has no right to divorce!*

Happily! Parliament in Canada, by a majority in Commons of three to one (67 to 22), finally ruled otherwise.

LEX.

Ottawa, 23rd July, 1894.

## A NOTABLE DIARY.\*—II.

## THE WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

When Captain Tomkinson's regiment disembarked in Belgium the six troops forming the three squadrons numbered 330. Although the French attacked the Prussians at 4 a.m., on June 15—owing to their negligence—Wellington did not learn the full facts till 7 p.m. instead of at noon. Thus Tomkinson's regiment only got orders at daylight on the 16th to march, being then apparently over 40 miles from where the French attacked Wellington. As during this brief campaign—the country being open—so much on both sides depended upon the cavalry, he gives some general remarks upon the subject. I quote a few:—Wellington's foreign cavalry were inefficient. He reckons Wellington's effective cavalry present on the field of battle—including those of the King's German Legion—equal to our own—at 6,000. The French had 15,000 at Waterloo, of whom at least 12,000 actually came into contact with our troops. "It is an awful thing for infantry to see a body of cavalry riding at them full gallop." In those flint-lock days the muskets were not true for more than 90 yards, and on the average could only be fired once a minute. Cavalry charging at eight miles per hour would cover 234 yards in a minute. "I have seen the best of troops more afraid of cavalry than any other force. Of all troops to resist cavalry I should select the Scotch. . . . In any service where quickness is required I do not think they are equal to others." The night—17th—before Waterloo the rain was continuous and heavy, and the ground where his regiment bivouacked became knee-deep in mud. No tents were up.

He tells an amusing tale of a soldier anxious to keep a fire going who used a wooden clock for the purpose. Forty years afterwards Tomkinson revisited the scene of battle with some friends to whom he related this fact. Whereupon his Belgian guide had the impudence to ask him for payment (as if he had something to do with it) on the score that the clock belonged to his family. Probably all about that region were aware of the following curious and honorable fact told, I think, by Gronow. After the war was ended, a Belgian farmer showed an English officer as a curiosity, an order by a British commissary for forage supplied during the campaign of 1794. He looked upon it as utterly valueless. As the receipt was a genuine document the officer advised his sending it in for payment. This was done and the account was paid. It is safe to say that nothing like this occurred in France during the Republican and Napoleonic periods, *i.e.*, necessaries furnished in a foreign country being voluntarily paid for 21 years afterwards.

Waterloo, June 18.—The Dutch and Belgians were mostly raw troops. A large proportion were merely militia. They were all utterly unfit to face Napoleon's veterans. General Alava, a Spanish officer, and the Prince of Orange who commanded the Dutch-Belgians, were both at Waterloo and

\*The Diary of a Cavalry Officer during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894. \$3.00.

had served together on Wellington's staff in Spain. After the battle the following dialogue took place (p. 295): Question by the Prince, "Well, Alava, what do you think your Spaniards would have done had they been present on this occasion?" Answer. "Your Highness, I do not think they would have run away as (some of) your Belgians did before the first shot was fired." Alava exaggerated. The majority of the Dutch-Belgians behaved badly although placed under cover of the hill. When one was wounded two or three went away with him to the rear and commenced plundering. Napoleon gave strict orders against assisting his wounded men to the rear. "Some of the foreign cavalry did nothing but plunder the baggage, cutting at the men in charge of it, obliging them to abandon their horses and baggage." "The batmen of his regiment being experienced drew their swords and preserved theirs. The First Dragoon Guards—raw troops—thus lost all their baggage and the officers nearly all their spare horses." On going next day over the ground where the Union Brigade (English, Scotch and Irish heavies) had charged, I saw where two lines of French infantry had laid down their arms and surrendered from the regularity of the lines of muskets." His regiment was stationed on Wellington's left. The famous charge of the two brigades of heavy cavalry which wrecked D'Erlon's corps of 16,000 infantry was carried too far. This was partly owing to Lord Uxbridge, their general, charging as a subaltern, so that there lacked a directing mind, and partly because several of the regiments had never fought before. They went into action about 2,000 strong but at nightfall did not muster 200. Part of the ground was over a foot deep in mud and many were bogged, overtaken and killed, quarter being refused.

In the evening Tomkinson's regiment was shifted to near the centre. The Foot Guards were in their front awaiting the attack of the Imperial Guard. Some half-hearted foreign battalions were behind the ridge in the rear and "our brigade was in rear" of these foreign troops keeping them from retiring. "We could not see the Imperial Guard. The smoke was very dense. From the constant roll of musketry and showers of bullets we knew it was a very severe attack. We did not know whether we had got to charge a successful or a vanquished foe. One Belgian regiment in our front, although sheltered, began firing their muskets in the air and their rear began to move off. I and another officer rode up, encouraged and stopped those who had moved furthest, and the Duke came up and also encouraged them." Some of our cavalry then formed in line in their rear and thus kept them from retreating. Tomkinson says that if that one battalion had run away at that critical moment the consequences would have been very serious. It is certain that other foreign regiments would have done the like. "The fire slackened and we were ordered to advance, not knowing who had succeeded. On getting to the top we saw the Imperial Guard running away in great confusion." He gives some curious and interesting information about the French soldiers. Through the remissness of the general commanding his brigade numbers of the French escaped. When the Prussians who had marched 12 miles through ankle-deep mud and afterwards battled three hours, ultimately fought their way to the paved highroad. "They greeted us with cheers for the stand we had

made, shook hands with us and stated they would follow the enemy through the night." The Prussians hotly pursued for ten miles until both men and horses were unable to move.

After deducting the killed and wounded and the few men assisting the latter he had only one man of his troop unaccounted for. He had got away to plunder during the advance after sunset. He was reported by his comrades "and booted by them" the next day.

June 19th.—"I rode this morning over the battlefield—the face of the hill from near the centre to Hougomont," about three-quarters of a mile—the battle front was two miles—"has more the appearance of a breach carried by assault than a field of battle," the bodies lay so thick. "I gave brandy to three wounded men, the first two were wounded in the leg, the third in the stomach. One of the first stated that as the latter was wounded in the belly brandy would do him harm and begged (in vain) for his share." The peasantry had flocked in plundering. Excellent French watches were being sold at a low rate. A soldier at Hougomont, although unwounded, had left for the rear; the Rifles "caught him and gave him a good booting." The road to Brussels was completely blocked up with broken down or deserted waggons. There was some disgraceful conduct in the rear on the part of some British soldiers and even by more than one officer. A full half of the British troops had never been in action before.

The editor (p. 302) makes a mistake by confounding Col. Ponsonby with Sir William Ponsonby. The horse of the latter was bogged while retiring from the great cavalry charge. He was killed, quarter being refused. Colonel Ponsonby, although dreadfully wounded, survived.

Tomkinson retired from the army in 1821 and resided on his estate at Willington, Cheshire. He often rode to the hounds on "Bob" who had so faithfully carried him during the Peninsular War. He died in 1872.

Although there are scores of histories of the Waterloo campaign, one painstakingly written from the point of view of a warrior-statesman is needed to do full justice to the subject. Taking all things into consideration, this is the best and most reliable behind-the-scenes book respecting the events narrated. In future times it will be a standard work for reference. All those who wish to know the true inwardness of the Peninsular War should possess a copy. There is a good index and also maps.

Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

(Conclusion).

### BIG GAME SHOOTING.\*

We may safely say there is no race on this earth of ours more wedded to field sports than our own. There is but little explored or unexplored land, speaking comparatively, north, south, east or west, which the indomitable Briton has not pierced and awakened the echoes with the crack of his well aimed rifle. How much geography and natural science owe to the patient perseverance, the dogged pluck, the marvellous endurance and wonderful enterprise and sagacity of sportsmen, only the initiated know. The fauna, flora, climate, appearance and inhabitants of lands far removed from the ordinary course of travel have from time

\* Big Game Shooting. By Clive Phillipps-Wolley. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

immemorial been first described by the ardent and indefatigable Nimrods of ancient and modern times. It is fitting that a country with the sporting traditions of Great Britain should provide the world with the admirable and comprehensive encyclopedia of sport known as the "Badminton Library." The two handsome volumes last issued, comprising together nearly 900 pages, have been ably edited by that ardent and experienced sportsman, Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley, the well-known author of "Trottings of a Tenderfoot," etc. In the departments of that branch of hunting to which the term "Big Game Shooting" is applied the editor has availed himself of the assistance of some of the greatest contemporary sportsmen, some of whom, as Mr. W. Cotten Oswell and Sir Samuel Baker, are, however, no longer with us. A glance at the table of contents, let alone perusal of the volumes, whets the appetite and gives promise of the treasure house of recorded sport within. After a most readable introductory chapter by the editor, that superb sportsman and discoverer, Sir Samuel Baker, introduces to us, in a short biographical sketch, a very paladin of hunters—the pioneer of big game hunters in South Africa, William Cotten Oswell, and then come perhaps the three most enthralling chapters of the two volumes, those by Oswell himself. From references, met with here and there in our general reading, to Oswell, we have longed for fuller information and we have it to our satisfaction here. We find him to have been one of those rare men who equal or even surpass expectation. Sir Samuel Baker says: "His character, which combined extreme gentleness with utter recklessness of danger in the moment of emergency, added to complete unselfishness, ensured him friends in every society; but it attracted the native mind to a degree of adoration. As the first comer among lands and savage people until then unknown, he conveyed an impression so favourable to the white man that he paved the way for a welcome to his successors. That is the first duty of an explorer; and in this Oswell well earned the proud title of a 'Pioneer of Civilization.'" Of the personal appearance of this prince of modern sportsmen, Sir Samuel says: "I have always regarded Oswell as the perfection of a Nimrod. Six feet in height, sinewy and muscular, but, nevertheless, light in weight, he was not only powerful, but enduring. A handsome face, with an eagle glance, but full of kindness and fearlessness, bespoke the natural manliness of character which attracted him to the wild adventures of his early life." But we cannot, though sorely tempted, say more of this marvellous man and his extraordinary adventures in pursuit of the lion, elephant, rhinoceros and other wild game. The written record reads like a page of romance, and yet Sir Samuel Baker was assured that not one word of his description contained a particle of exaggeration. We must refer our readers to the account of his "grand old gun," which, Sir Samuel says, "exhibited in an unmistakable degree the style of hunting which distinguished its determined owner. The hard walnut stock was completely eaten away for an inch of surface"—"the result of friction with the wait-a-bit thorns"—and the deeds of its owner to the book itself. Mr. F. J. Jackson begins with most useful and interesting information as to East Africa—battery, dress, camp gear and stores; game districts and rules; the caravan, headman,

gunbearers, etc.; hints on East African stalking, driving, etc. He then leads the reader to battle with the elephant, buffalo, lion, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, ostrich, giraffe and antelope. Then comes, perhaps, the most noted explorer and hunter of today, Mr. F. C. Selous, with a modest chapter on the lion in South Africa. The editor treats of big game in North America, and Mr. Warburton Pike, who we followed with so much pleasure, in his temperate, yet graphic account of the Barren Lands of Canada, closes the first volume with a chapter on the musk ox, the long-haired denizen of the Arctic circle. We shall only indicate the contents of the second volume: Mr. Arnold Pike writes of arctic hunting, and the editor, of the Caucasus and its mountain game; the Caucasian Aurochs receive attention from St. G. Littledale, who also pays attention to the Ovis Argali of Mongolia. To Mr. W. A. Baillie-Groham is allotted the chamois and the stag of the Alps; the Scandinavian elk is described by Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart.; Major Algeron Heber Percy and the Earl of Kilmorey join forces in doing justice to European big game; and the large game of Spain and Portugal are not neglected by Messrs. Abel Chapman and W. I. Buck. The grand game fields of India find their advocate in Lieut.-Col. Reginald Heber Percy, and of the Ovis Poli of the Pamir, the editor renders a good account. We have most useful notes by H. W. H. on rifles and ammunition and hints on taxidermy by the editor, as well as a short bibliography. We have forborne giving lengthy extracts, and have simply referred to Oswell as a grand type of the true British sportsman. These two volumes hold the record, in our estimation, as the most thorough, comprehensive and altogether satisfactory account of "Big Game Shooting" that has yet appeared in print. They abound in graphic description of wild natural scenery, in vivid and stirring sketches of daring adventure in pursuit and capture of big game. They offer many a well told anecdote of sporting scene or incident, and provide most freely just such information as to wild game and their habitat as meet the needs of the sportsman as to outfit, arrangement, mode of travel, etc., in following the chase in various parts of the globe. For our part, we have no critical suggestions to offer, but counting ourselves of the number who delight in the manly and straightforward story of, fair hunting, the world over, we heartily congratulate the editor and his contributors on their most excellent work. As is fitting in such books, the illustrations are capital and abundant. The indices, contents and mechanical features are all that could be desired. We are sure that good sportsman, the Prince of Wales, who has demonstrated what royalty can do for a republic in the case of the Britannia v. the Vigilant, will be well pleased with the latest addition to the great sporting library which was appropriately dedicated to his name.

What a lucky escape it was for John Calvin, as well as for Martin Luther, that he got out of the world when he did, and that he is now safely dead and buried; for if Luther rejected the Epistle of James as part of the Bible, Calvin did the same with the second Epistle of Peter, so that neither of them would have come up to the modern requirements of preachers of the Gospel.—*New York Evangelist.*

## ART NOTES.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones confesses that the only one of his paintings which wearied him was his most famous, "The Golden Stairs." He declares that he got "so tired of those girls."

Mr. Henry Martin, with his family and a large class of pupils spent two busy weeks in July at York Mills—working both in charcoal and color—they return well pleased with the place, which is full of subjects for study.

We have taken the following notes from the *Literary Digest*: Only one marble statue of the human figure with eye-lashes is known. It is the sleeping Ariadne, one of the gems of the Vatican. It is colossal in size and was found in 1503.

The chair in the Paris Academy of the Fine Arts, left vacant by the death of Gounod, has been allotted to Theodore Dubois. He is a professor of harmony at the Conservatoire, and organist at the Madeleine, having succeeded Saint-Saens in 1867.

Paris has recently seen an exhibition of miniaturists and illuminators—the first ever held. Modern as well as mediæval works were shown at the Georges Petit gallery. A "Life of Jesus Christ," from the fifteenth century, consists of a triptych framing no less than sixty-four very small illuminations. It is in the old Flemish style.

Professor Lucchesi has modelled a statue of Shelley for the monument to be erected at Via Reggio, near the spot where the poet's body was washed ashore. The suggestion of the memorial started in Via Reggio, and was headed by a local lawyer named Cesar Puccioni. The Italian writers, Borghi and De Amicis, were among the subscribers; Gladstone and Swinburne helped to swell the fund. A grand demonstration will be made at the unveiling.

At a Berlin sale in May, the following prices were obtained: A holograph letter from Raphael to Juliano Leno, the Treasurer of St. Peter's, never yet printed, 3,500 marks (\$875); a letter from Michael Angelo to the poet Benedetto Barchi, on art matters, filling one folio page, 1,530 marks (\$382.50); an interesting letter of Marie Antoinette, 215 marks (\$51.60); a valuable letter written by Guido Reni, and of great interest, owing to the artistic nature of its subject-matter, and the remarks of the artist on prices paid for his pictures, 300 marks (\$72).

P. G. Hamerton has this to say of Duran in *Scribner's* magazine: The element of character in Carolus Duran's portraits will, in many instances, be their principal attraction for prosperity. His "Gounod," exhibited in 1891, will be valued as long as Gounod's music lasts. Other pictures, of people unknown to fame, have the attraction of something unfathomable in their nature—a mystery that attracts the artist, and which he makes us also feel. He has very much of the observant instinct of the novelist, and thinks about the minds of his models. "What an enigmatic face it is!" he said of a young girl. "Does she not look like a Sphinx waiting for her Oedipus?" Another girl portrait, that of the artist's daughter, exhibited in 1888, does not suggest any danger, but hints at liveliness and humor, which for the present, are subdued by the necessities of the pose.

Circulars of the arts-schools of the National Academy of New York are issued. The year begins October 1, and ends May 11, 1895. Drawing from the cast is superintended by Messrs. F. C. Jones and E. M. Ward, and the latter teaches painting from the head or draped model, and with C. Y. Turner, gives instruction in painting from the figure. There is an etching class taught by James D. Smillie, and a modelling class by Olin L. Warner. Other instructors are Prof. Thomas Eakins, and Frederick Dielman, N.A. Mr. J. C. Nicoll is the corresponding secretary of the Academy, and the special committee on schools consists of Messrs. Blashfield, J. M. Hart and Warner. A foreign travelling scholarship of \$740 is given by Mr. W. F. Havemeyer. There are smaller money-prizes from the Hallgarten bequest and silver and bronze medals in the Elliott and Suydam gifts.

*Harper's Drawer* pays its respects to Impressionism in the following manner: "The Impressionist was standing close to his own picture. 'Looks sort of soaked in,' he said to himself, gazing at the orange and red high lights and the greenish-purple shadows, that showed a prodigal use of the broad brush and palette-knife. The title read, 'Before the Fire.' This was a change made at the last moment from 'After the Bath,' but the word 'fire' explained the high lights much better. As the Impressionist backed away, still gazing through the hollow of his fist, he almost bumped into a rather interesting couple who were approaching with the gallery stroll in their every movement. It was evident they had come to talk the pictures over. The Impressionist dropped behind to listen. The young girl (she was still young and quite pretty) gazed at the benuded walls with a frank and critical air, sometimes measuring proportions with half-shut eyes and an extended thumb and forefinger. 'Well done, I should say,' said the young man, looking from the title to the red, startling picture. 'I mean done to a crisp,' he added. 'Ye-e-s,' answered the girl, pausing. The Impressionist's cold chill of delight at the first 'well done' had been followed by a flush of anger. 'What do you think of it—the drawing, of course?' inquired the young man. 'Well,' said the young girl, looking through half-shut eyes, 'the man who painted that'—waving her hand 'shows a contempt for nature not bred of familiarity.' The Impressionist glared at them, but he was a small man, and they looked over his head.

Mr. E. Muntz has an able paper on the evolution of the Venetian School, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We have taken the following translation from *New York Public Opinion*: Giorgione began, as did his master, Giovanni Bellini, with religious painting. At that time he still conformed, in certain points, with the traditions of the Primitives, while endeavouring to free himself from some of their shackles. Thus he relentlessly prescribed the groundwork of their architecture: studious and inflexible lines, which presuppose a great deal of positive knowledge, such as linear perspective, which was repugnant to his free and indolent genius. The two pictures in the Pitti palace, which are among the first productions of Giorgione, exactly follow the ideas of the fourteenth century. "The Virgin Enthroned Between Saint Liberal and Saint Francois d'Assise," shows a step in advance. The simplicity and love of regularity of the

fourteenth century painters is still to be seen, but how great and flexible is the composition! Giorgione painted scenes belonging neither to history, religion, mythology nor allegory, but which were something like romances or novels; and these he treated with the dimensions and in the style previously reserved for historical painting. But if his compositions abound in superb motives and strength, it is impossible to find in them clearness of idea, or logical action. If then the idea has so little place in his works, in what do the innovations consist which have gained for him his immortality? First, in his worship of simple and natural beauty and in his ardent love for the country. Leaving to others the reproduction of types, costumes, those souvenirs of that artificial city called Venice, he evoked a world apart, of superb nude forms, of fresh and calm situations. In regard to his portraits, it is only necessary to mention them, for not a single one is known to be absolutely authentic. The painting of Giorgione recalls certain airs of Palestrina, for example, the *Peccantem me quotidie*, slow, sweet, broad and grave, with little rhythm and still less articulation, but which, in place of clearness, of melody and dramatic vigor, yields an uninterrupted harmony and wealth of sonorous combinations. It was reserved for the immortal disciple and rival of this great master to develop the fruitful germs in his lessons with an incomparable breadth and brilliancy. The secret with which Titian, in his turn, enriched Venetian painting, was not a technical perfection: as skill in chiaroscuro, warmth of coloring, vigor of drawing; it was the passion of the conception, the dramatic power, the brilliancy of the setting. In the long list of masterpieces which he has left us, Titian has shown that it is possible to be a great painter of the first rank without sacrificing the rights of the reason or imagination. With him, wonderful execution received a consecration from the warmth, from the treasures which were concealed in his soul, so easily moved, so generous and so deeply human. Titian was about thirty years of age when he first began to be spoken of. The slowness of his development was unlike the precocity of the great majority of his contemporaries, and Giorgione in particular, who came and went like a meteor. Titian, however, long obscure, during sixty years, without effort or without fatigue, charmed all Europe by the magic of his palette, the most pleasing and brilliant ever known. At first Titian gave to his pictures a degree of finish which even the Primitives might have envied. His first paintings allowed the observer to view them either near or from afar; his last ones, heavy with strokes of the brush, had to be looked at from a distance, when, says his biographer, they appeared perfect. When Titian settled at Venice, Giorgione had died and Giovanni Bellini had reached extreme old age. He naturally found himself called upon to take the first rank in the Venetian School; and from that moment his life was nothing but a succession of triumphs. Of the great religious paintings of Titian there are four which deserve particular attention: "The Virgin of the Pesaro," "Saint Peter, Martyr," "The Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple," and "The Entombment." The arrangement and rhythm in "The Virgin of the Pesaro" equal that of the most perfect compositions of Raphael, with something more original, a more hardy inspiration. "The



Aug. 3rd, 1894.]

Entombment," painted about 1526, shows a composition as concrete as striking; not a trait is lost; the action is developed with an incisiveness, a vivacity, a logic, an eloquence, which have never been equalled. The greatest picture of Titian, as of the whole Venetian school, is that of the "Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple." The portraits of Titian have a reputation equal to that of his historical paintings, and as regards landscape, Titian was one of the creators of this kind of art. How he understands the disposition of masses, the art of contrasts! Titian's last years passed peacefully and happily, in the midst of universal veneration. To triumph over this green old age, it needed the pestilence itself. He died on the 27th of August, 1576, at the age of 99, the veteran of Venetian painting.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The *Literary Digest* has the following interesting notes: Anecdotes continue to appear illustrating the bad temper and bad manners of Hans von Bulow. When a Leipzig audience insisted upon recalling him, in spite of his repeated refusal to play again, he came forward and said to them with his usual ill-bred manner: "If you do not stop this applause, I will play all of Bach's forty-eight preludes and figures from beginning to end." The audience ceased to applaud.

There is a beautiful and suggestive story told of an old musician and his pupil. "Why," asked the master, "have you come back to Bologna? You are already the most accomplished singer in the world." "Because," answered the pupil, "I feel that I have not yet fairly begun to know how to sing." "Ah," replied his teacher, "that is what none of us will ever know in this world. For when we are young we have the voice but not the art, and when we are old we have the art but not the voice."

At the great triennial Handel festival at the Crystal Palace, London, the chief honors among the soloists seem to have been borne off by the veteran baritone, Mr. Santley, who is still easily at the head of oratorio baritones. Although this is the 11th Handel festival in which he has taken part, his powers seem to be almost undiminished, and his singing of "Why do the nations?" carried his hearers back to his younger days. Ben Davies, the great tenor, who appeared at our festival, also distinguished himself highly.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is to be given an out-of-door performance on the lawn of the Grand Union hotel at Saratoga the evening of August 3, and Manager James W. Morrissey is beginning to get ready for it. It will be done with the Mendelssohn music, a big chorus and ballet, with fine scenic effects and excellent actors. Camille d'Arville, Marie Jansen, Stuart Robson, H. C. Barnabee, Henry E. Dixey, Lillian Swaine, Charles Barron, Alfred Hudson, Eugene Ormond, Joseph W. Frankau, are among the artists who are expected to take part.

When Wagner's Nibelung Trilogy had its first performance at Bayreuth, in 1876, several eminent German critics prophesied that it would never be heard outside of that city. But in 1893 forty German cities had 257 performances of these "impossible and tiresome" music dramas! One of them

was given in Paris forty-six times. This year the Nibelung conquest of the world goes merrily on. In Milan the "Walkure" was the only success of the season, and was given so often that at the twentieth performance some of the subscribers rebelled and clamored for a change. Portugal, too, intended to enter the lists with the "Walkure," but the illness of a leading singer made its postponement necessary. In Madrid there is a large Wagner colony, and H. Levi, the eminent Munich and Bayreuth conductor, was lately invited to give a Wagner concert there, which was attended by the Queen and was the great event of the season.

The *Victoria Province*, one of the newest and brightest papers in the Dominion, has the following reference to the visit of a famous French actress to London: Mdle. Yvette Guilbert has returned to Paris from London having made many friends in the latter capital and professing herself enchanted with *ces bon Anglais*. Her singing appears to have been quite the rage at the Empire where she was engaged on the recommendation of Loie Fuller the great skirt dancer. She says of the Prince of Wales whom she met at the house of Sir Arthur Sullivan: *C'est un Monsieur tres chic, tres aimable* and proclaims him further as a man of excellent musical taste because, as she modestly remarks, "he appreciated my songs." Mdle. Guilbert's criticism of the great metropolis is a true one. For the first two or three days you abominate it; then its vastness attracts you, and finally are forced to the conclusion that there is no other place like it in the world.

Mr. J. S. Shedlock, B.A., who discovered in the Berlin Royal Library a copy of some of Cramer's Studies annotated by Beethoven, has prepared them for professional use and had them published with a preface, explanatory notes and fingering by Augener & Co., of London, England. This most interesting and important publication has received high commendation from leading London papers. The *Times* says, "The book is an important addition to the Beethoven Literature." The *Morning Post* says, "We cannot too strongly recommend this work to the attention of pianists; and the *Sunday Times* says, "It will be absolutely essential to every serious pianoforte student." It may be remembered that Beethoven declared "that Cramer's Studies were the chief basis of all genuine playing." Mr. Shedlock, in his preface, writes: "Beethoven's mode of treating the Cramer Studies becomes clear after reading the comments; he regarded the mere notes in music as an incomplete revelation of the composer's intentions; they were the letter into which the interpreter had to infuse the spirit." Of Mr. Shedlock, the discoverer and editor of these important studies with comments by Beethoven, it may be said that he is one of the ablest musical critics of London, England, and thoroughly competent to perform the important work here referred to.

The news that Count Tolstoi has just written a popular opera is, at a first thought, says the *Westminster Gazette*, somewhat startling. One is speedily reassured, however, on learning that the work is significantly entitled "The Distiller." Such an appellation rudely dispels the idea that the great Russian may at length have strayed from those didactic paths which he has followed so incessantly of late years. Tolstoi, besides being a vegetarian, is a rigid teeto-

taler, and has frequently inveighed against the drinking habits of his countrymen. But even his chief work on this topic, "Why Men Intoxicate Themselves," he found to exercise no real action on the people at large. The better to exorcise the "vodka" fiend, therefore, Tolstoi conceived the idea of appealing in "The Distiller" to the eyes and ears of the people. The Russian composers do not appear to have been particularly anxious to set "The Distiller" to music. At length, however, the score was executed by a lady named Syerova, who regards popular opera as an important educative influence upon the masses. Unfortunately for Tolstoi, the first performances do not seem to have been at all successful. The "muzhiks" did not take kindly to the subject, and loudly protested against certain situations as impossible, and against the moral of the whole piece as false. It was even darkly suggested among the audience that it was Tolstoi's design to ridicule the "muzhik."

The interesting announcement, made a few weeks ago, that an unpublished opera of Meyerbeer had been lying for thirty years among the effects of the dead master, proves to be true.

"It is the musical composition," says the *Paris Figaro*, "to the five-act drama, 'Goethe's Youth,' by Blaze de Bury, an intimate friend of Meyerbeer. Charles de Rounat, from 1856 to 1867 director of the Odeon, had fallen in love with the idea of producing a work with the help of the composer of 'The Huguenots.' But the master as usual wished to bide his time, choose the hour agreeable to him, and Blaze de Bury, who knew Meyerbeer thoroughly, did not speak another word regarding the matter after the arrangements had once been made.

"A long time had passed by, and neither of the men had mentioned the opera, when Meyerbeer one summer day in 1860, in Ems, without further introduction, said to Blaze: 'By the way, 'Goethe's Youth!' It is now time to talk about that. Do you wish to see my composition? Here it is!"

"Meyerbeer opened a desk, drew forth a large package and opened it before the eyes of his fellow-worker. Blaze de Bury ran over the leaves, charmed and surprised.

"'It was all there,' he tells us; 'the "Erl King," song of the Parces, from "Iphigenia," the scene of Gretchen in the cathedral, the chorus of the archangels from the second part of "Faust." I saw it. I held it in my hands. The work was ready.'

"For thirty years the work of the composer has been lying among his papers all ready for production. Who knows whether it will ever be brought before the footlights?"

### LIBRARY TABLE.

TOURIST AND CANOEIST INDEX MAP AND CHART OF THE MUSKOKA LAKES  
Toronto: G. W. Marshall. 75c. 1894.

The Muskoka Lakes have become such a popular resort that the fullest and latest information about them is at all times most desirable. So pure and cool is the air of these elevated water stretches: so beautiful is the scenery of broad lake, winding river, wooded island and indented shore—that one does not wonder at the increasing thousands who visit them year after year. They might well be named the angler, sportsman and tourist's happy hunting and camping ground. Mr. Marshall has for a long time taken an active and energetic interest in the Muskoka Lake

region, and he is now giving the public the benefit of his enterprise and special knowledge in this excellent and in the main trustworthy and most helpful map and chart. Here we find the three main lakes of the Muskoka chain: Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, with their islands, points, tributary streams and lesser lakes all laid out with precision. The names of localities, roads, islands, cottages, camping grounds, and owners are freely given. Distances are stated from one main point to another. Hotels, post, express and telegraph offices are indicated and a clear index to summer cottages on the lakes is provided. The Moon River is also plotted out most helpfully and some timely notes are appended. Mr. Marshall has done his work well and this map and chart should be in the hands of all interested in the delightful Muskoka Lake region.

ADDENDA to WAIFS in VERSE and PROSE etc. By G. W. Wickstead, Q.C.

The volume to which this pamphlet is a kind of appendix, was published, we think, about three years ago; and everyone who has made the author's acquaintance, personally or through his writings, will rejoice to have these "last leaves," if they are to be the last. Judging by the venerable author's years, we should expect no more. Judging by the freshness and warmth of his literary productions, we should find it difficult to believe that these were his last gleanings. It is, naturally, pleasant for us to find so much from THE WEEK, and to recognize the excellence of those contributions which we have been the means of giving to the world. But, apart from such reflections, this brochure may be safely commended to the reader.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE LIBRARY.

Paper cover, 15c. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1894. On DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS. By Alfred Binet. The NATURE OF THE STATE. By Paul Carus.

We have met the volumes of this library before, and we have met also the two authors who contribute the two volumes before us. We have recognized the ability of each, even if we have not been able at all points to agree with them. As regards Mr. Binet's theory of double consciousness, we have no quarrel with him; even if he had made out his case more completely than he has done. In hysterical individuals the matter is very plain, and in others. The general theory presents no difficulty, and M. Binet's solution is full of interest. As regards Dr. Carus' notion of the Nature of the State, we are partly in agreement with his socialistic notions, nor are we disposed entirely to deny the right of rebellion. Only it must be clearly understood that those who run those risks are quite ready to take all the consequences.

SELECT SPECIMENS of the GREAT WRITERS in the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries, etc. By G. E. Fasnacht. London and New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this admirable volume. French literature is now so vast in extent that even those who make a specialty of its study might be glad to have some of its most admirable products placed within easy reach; whilst the great majority of students of modern literature, even if they pursue the works of the great litterateurs, cannot hope to keep them all in hand. We must, therefore, reckon among the benefactors of the human race those men of knowledge and discrimination who provide for us such a volume as that which is now before us. We have not here anything like a complete history of French literature such as is given to us, for example, by M. Saintsbury and others, but we have "appreciations" of the greatest of their writers by some of the most eminent critics, and we have extracts in illustration of these criticisms. Among the critics we have Vinet, Ste. Beuve, Chateaubriand, de Lamartine, and others. Among the authors from whose works extracts are given

we have Corneille, Pascal, Rochefoucauld, Moliere, La Fontaine, Mme. de Sevigne, Racine, Boileau, La Bruyere, Bossuet, Finelon—but why go further. The selections could hardly be better made.

A HARMONY of the GOSPELS: Being the Life of Jesus in the Words of the Four Evangelists. Arranged by W. H. Withrow, D.D. Price 50 cents. Toronto: W. Briggs. 1894.

This is a really admirable little volume which no one should be without, and the very moderate price of which puts it within the reach of everyone. It is not a harmony in the ordinary sense of the word, it is rather what we have been accustomed to call a diatessaron. The four narratives, except in some important incidents, are not presented in four columns; but the narrative of the whole history is drawn from all the four evangelists, each incident being taken from the Gospel in which it is most completely described. We have compared this with the best Harmonies in our possession, including the latest by the Rev. C. C. James, the only one taken from the revised version; and we are able to say that, in our judgment, the arrangement of the successive portions of the history is as good as it could be. The editor very properly follows the revised version.

### PERIODICALS.

*Cassell's* and the *Quiver* for August are capital numbers. Each brimful of excellent and seasonable reading and mingling instruction with recreation most acceptably. Serial, sermon, short story, poem, musical composition, scientific and other information mingle and vie with attractive illustration to please the reader's taste and fancy.

*Humanity and Health* is a breezy periodical which advocates pithily and epigrammatically such topics as bear on the reformation of individual and social life. It aims at discussing the shortest and simplest remedies of preventive, as well as curative treatment for the ills which beset the spirit, soul, body and the state as well. The June and July number has just been received.

The *Methodist* for August begins with an article by Zella Carman entitled "A Rainy Day on Mount Hermon;" it is a pleasant piece of descriptive narrative. The editor then takes the reader "Over the Semmering Railway and through Styria" most agreeably. Serial and short story, poem, selection and review fill the pleasant pages of this number and make its contents both bright and interesting.

One hundred and twelve pages of light and pleasant reading will be found in the midsummer number of the *Overland Monthly*. Mr. Wildman has much improved this good old Western periodical and he begins a stirring romance of Malay in this number entitled "The Panglima-Muda." "Madrid Saunterings" by Stewart Culin and "A Voyage Northward" by F. de Laguna are most enjoyable pieces of descriptive writing abundantly illustrated. There is an abundance of short story, poem and other agreeable literary *morceaux* in this pleasant holiday number.

"Sweetheart Manette" is the taking title of Maurice Thompson's complete story in *Lippincott's* for August. Mr. T. S. Jarvis in writing of "Feminine Phases" reads women a lecture. Were men more gentle with women, as a rule we take it, such lessons would be foundationless. Comparatively speaking, a pure husband and a pure wife have little need to resort to the divorce referred to by Mr. Jarvis to settle their matrimonial or other difficulties. A short but strong and brilliant story is well named by Professor Roberts, "At Rough and Tumble Landing." M. E. W. Sherwood writes a reminiscent paper on "Washington before the War." There are a number of other readable papers and poems, not to refer to the departmental matter in this number.

There are at least two Canadian contributors to the *Popular Science Monthly* for August. In

## STERLING MOUNTED CUT GLASS

Claret Jugs and Tumblers,  
Sugar Shakers, Cologne  
Bottles, Salts Bottles, Ink  
Stands, Mustard Pots, Salt  
and Pepper Shakers, Flasks,  
Powder Boxes, &c., &c.

**RYRIE BROS.,**

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

"The Story of a Great Work" Mr. J. Jones Bell describes clearly and concisely the salient facts regarding the building of the St. Clair Tunnel. Mr. George Isles writes vigorously of "Nature as Drama and Engineering," and prophetically announces that "the force which binds sun to planet, pebble to seashore, will yet be understood as part of the unbroken round of all comprehending motion." Professor John Dewey, in writing on "The Chaos in Moral Training," says: "The ultimate test of the efficacy of any movement or method is the equal and continuous hold which it keeps upon both sides of this truth," i.e., "to make our theories submit to the test of practice," and to "make our practice scientific." A well-filled and instructive number of a deservedly popular scientific monthly is this.

F. Marion Crawford's name is familiar and welcome to readers of American magazines. It appears at the end of the leading paper in the August *Century* entitled "Washington as a Spectacle." "The Cumberland Vendetta" yields the reader a hand-to-hand encounter of the fiercest type. "Across Asia on a Bicycle" takes us from Samarcand to Kuldza in bright and graphic fashion. A sensible and timely paper is that of E. L. Richards on "Walking as a Pastime." It has many good suggestions. James Whitcomb Riley has a dialect poem with the suggestive title "Home Ag'in." Russell Sturgis writes a readable paper on "The Coleman Collection of Antique Glass." George E. Woodberry's promised paper on Poe's correspondence appears and this instalment deals with "Poe in the South." "Dr. Morton's Discovery of Anesthesia" is dealt with by E. L. Snell. The serials are well sustained and this is in all respects a most welcome number.

"French for a Fortnight," by H. C. Bun-uer, "An Undiscovered Murder," by T. R. Sullivan, "The Missing Evidence in 'The People vs. Danger King,'" by W. H. Shelton, "Awaiting Judgment," by W. G. Hewitt, and "She and Journalism," surely should satisfy any reasonable demand for short story, even in the August number of *Scribner's*, when the warm weather and the recreative life of the summer vacation warrants the demand for something light and bright. *Scribner's* has fairly and well met the demand in this capital number. Apart from the short story and the serial instalment of Cable's "John March, Southerner," W. C. Brownell has a descriptive paper on that "swell" American seaside resort, Newport. Professor Roberts has a most dainty poem, daintily illustrated, "A Ballad of Crossing the Brook." Mr. Woodberry edits "Lowell's Letters to Poe," and P. G. Hamerton provides most suitable comment on "The Poet with the Mandolin," by Carolus Duran, and the artist as well.

A pleasing paper to lovers of nature will be that by Frank Bolles in "August Birds in Cape Breton" in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Bolles was a keen

of server and a graphic writer. He says, "The island is certainly remarkably good ground for bird study; species are many, and individuals numerous. The combination of ocean, bay, inland lake, both salt and fresh, forest, and mountain is one which favors diversity and stimulates abundance." Susan Coolidge has a most interesting contribution entitled, "The Girlhood of an Autocrat." The autocrat was the Russian Empress, Catherine II. Sidney Lanier is paying tribute to the letter-publishing mania. W. R. Thayer is in his case the editor. "Professional Horsemen" arouses curiosity, which is well catered to by H. C. Merwin. A. H. Washburn discusses "Some Evils of Our Consular Service," and Theodore Roosevelt "The College Graduate and Public Life." "A Dumas of the Hour" is a review article on Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's books, which is critical and yet not at all ungenerous or unfair.

If one runs one's eye down the table of contents of the August number of *Harper's Magazine* the names of the contributors alone are pleasantly suggestive of good things within. Take some of them and what pleasant expectancy at once arises: Julian Ralph, Richard Harding Davis, George Du Maurier, Owen Wister, W. Hamilton Gibson, Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Smalley, William Dean Howells, Frederic Remington, Brander Matthews and Charles G. D. Roberts. Here is an array of brilliant literary ability—a promise of rich variety in subject and treatment. This is indeed a captivating number. He who does not enjoy it is in immediate need of medical aid or, better still, a trip to Muskoka for, probably, a liver out of joint. "Trilby" ends—alas! there must be an end to everything. But the Golden House most auspiciously has begun and progresses. Short story, descriptive and departmental writing, poetry and miscellaneous matter meet and commingle most charmingly in this excellent number of *Harper's*.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL

The *Literary Digest* reports that:—Editors of newspapers throughout England have been appealed to, through a circular signed by 105 members of the House of Commons, asking them to cease to demoralize the people by reporting sensational cases of immorality or brutality, and in other ways appealing to the sensual nature of man.

Some one says of Paul Bourget, the new Academician: "No one ever unravelled the mysterious complexity of the female heart better than he. No one ever showed such acumen in searching the unconsciousness, the intuitiveness of fair humanity. No one ever showed so much delicate refinement in picturing the little things that make the life of the heroine."

M. Francisque Sarcey, in a recent *feuilleton*, tells this story: Blumenthal, the great theatre-manager of Berlin, was talking with Tolstoi about Ibsen, and said: "I have put a good many of his plays on the stage, but I can't say that I quite understand them. Do you understand them?" Tolstoi replied: "Ibsen doesn't understand them himself. He just writes them, and then sits down and waits. After a while his expounders and explainers come and tell him what he meant."

Archibald Forbes tells this story at Stanley's expense: Stanley had delivered an unsuccessful lecture. When his manager came to call on him about it, he heard an unearthly noise going on below. "What's that?" asked the manager. "That's my black boy; he always makes that noise when he is cleaning my boots." "All right," said the manager. "You divide to-night's lecture in half, and at the end of the first part have your black boy on to make

that noise." The experiment was a triumphant success—such a success that the audience would not hear of his leaving off for Mr. Stanley to resume.

On November 1 will be published at Paris the first number of *Le Monde Moderne*, an illustrated monthly magazine on the lines of the *Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Each number will contain 160 pages, with about one hundred illustrations, and will be sold at 1.50f. M. Quantin, who retired from the well known publishing house that bears his name some time ago, will publish it, and M. Octave Uzanne will be one of its principal editors.

The *Publishers' Circular* reports the sale at auction, at Berlin, on May 21, of a holograph letter from Raphael to Juliano Leno, the Treasurer of St. Peter's, dated January 16, 1515, never yet printed, and, indeed, previously unknown, accompanied by a legal document referring to its contents. It fetched 3,500 marks (\$875). The only known relics of the artist's handwriting are some receipts for moneys paid to him, and a few lines on the back of one of his sketches preserved in the Museum at Lille.

It is said of Max Muller, the most eminent living Oriental scholar, that if all the medals and decorations his immense labors have brought him should be pinned upon his coat, he would stagger beneath the weight. Merely to enumerate the initials of his various degrees and dignities would fill forty or fifty lines of a newspaper. He is now, at seventy years of age, still busily engaged in translating from the ancient Sanscrit and preparing the treasures of ancient wisdom for presentation to the modern world.

The *Library* of London says that:—M. Delisle, the principal librarian at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, warns us that our modern literature is destined to perish. Old-fashioned paper made from rags has stood the test for hundreds of years, as the many fine specimens of Fifteenth Century printing show; to say nothing of still earlier books in manuscript. Nowadays, however, paper is made of more perishable material. In particular, as M. Delisle points out, paper made from wood-pulp soon decays. At first, the pages are covered with yellow spots, and these in turn are replaced by holes. Mr. Delisle makes no reference to the destruction of books by wear and tear in public libraries, although this is something enormous, as may be inferred from the fact that the ordinary life of a popular book is only from four to five years. The remedies are the constant multiplication of editions by publishers, and the conservation of books by libraries.

The *Boston Home Journal* has this note on two well-known English authoresses' homes: Miss Braddon, whose works have brought her the best monetary returns of any English woman who writes, lives at Lichfield House, on Richmond Hill, London, a home bought twenty years and more ago with the proceeds of "Lady Audley's Secret." Lichfield House, a roomy brick structure, built in the early part of the present century, commands one of the loveliest of the London suburbs, and on the whole is as inviting and delightful a dwelling place as one could wish for. Miss Braddon also has a country villa in the New Forest, a sylvan retreat whose charms were known and written about as long ago as Shakespeare's time. Jean Ingelow's home is in Kensington, an old stone house over-

grown with ivy and half hidden among trees. In summer the spacious garden which surrounds it is always radiant with flowers. Besides her English home Jean Ingelow has a cottage in the South of France, within sight of the Mediterranean, where she spends her winters.

The *Quebec Chronicle* recently referred to the summer movements of the Ministry in the following paragraph: The Cabinet Ministers are mostly still busy rounding up Parliamentary work, and getting clear of such departmental details as would interfere with their vacations. Only a few, as yet, have made definite plans for the summer. Sir John Thompson will go to the Muskoka lakes next week for a few days. Beyond that his plans are undecided. Hon. Mr. Foster is at Aponahqui, Kings County, New Brunswick. Sir Adolphe Caron and Hon. W. B. Ives will leave for Europe on Saturday. Hon. Clarke Wallace is in Ireland. Hon. Mr. Wood, Controller of Inland Revenue, is looking after Mr. Wallace's department. Later on he will probably take a trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, possibly in company with the Minister of Militia, Hon. Mr. Patterson. Hon. Mr. Curran is in Montreal. Hon. Mr. Costigan will shortly leave for his New Brunswick constituency. The other Ministers, Sir Charles H. Tupper and Messrs. Angers, Ouimet and Bowell have made no plans yet.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### BOB-O-LINCOLN.

Lightly tilting,  
Gayly tilting,  
Bob-o'-Lincoln swings and sings.  
Liquid strain of melting sadness,  
Drowned in sudden burst of gladness,  
Bob-o'-Lincoln sings and swings.  
Jolly rogue in priestly gown!  
Down and up, and up and down,  
With the wind-tossed meadow daisies  
Lightly tilting,  
To the listening meadow daisies  
Gayly tilting,  
Love-note clear, but rippling after,  
Saucy, happy, bubbling laughter.  
Merry heart, both brave and tender,  
I to thee my homage render.  
Swing and sing among the daisies,  
To the sunny June thy praises!  
Joy and thou should mate together,  
In the fragrant, fair June weather.  
—Celia A. Hayward, in *July Lippincott's*.

#### CRITICISM: ITS ROLE IN LITERATURE.

"Criticism has but one right," said Victor Hugo, "the right to be silent." This has never been the opinion of the critics, and it must be confessed that it does not seem to be the opinion of any one else. The truth is that if things continue in their present condition, criticism alone will have the right to speak. It already receives more attention than anything else. A fine account of the most beautiful article or romance, provided it is serious, copious and sufficiently provided with general ideas, is preferred to the original. Literature is becoming the servant of criticism. It provides its subjects, material, and is its source. It prepares the dishes, but it is criticism which feeds on them. But criticism will soon be reduced to serving itself; for the moment seems to be approaching when its ammunition will be wanting. Among twenty young people, who have made their debut in letters, scarcely one poet or novelist is to be found. Criticism

seems to be the only vocation. And it is no longer love songs, but "Essays on Ibsen" which to-day chant in the hearts of the young. After the age of lyric poetry, after the age of romance, we now find ourselves in the age of criticism. After Lamartine and Victor Hugo, after Balzac, Michelet and Flaubert, who dominated the literature of their times, there are two critics, Taine and Renan, who stand at the head of our literature.

It is painful to me to see literature thus attracting to itself the talent and taste of our young people. And if, according to the definition of M. Hatzfeld, criticism should be "only an opinion given on a work of art," it is even then difficult for me to comprehend its utility. For it seems to me that works of art are not made to be judged but to be loved, to please, to dissipate the cares of real life. It is precisely by wishing to judge them that one loses sight of their true significance. In the ideal humanity of which I dream criticism thus understood will have no place. But the uselessness of criticism is so manifest that the critics themselves, in their secret hearts, do not know how to evade recognition of this fact. In all criticism there is an entirely too visible partiality, at least with few exceptions.

In regard to those of our writers whom we call "our critics," I do not believe there is one of them who may be properly called a critic. To a certain extent even the nature of criticism has been changed, and according to the diversity of temperament and habits of thought, different new kinds of criticism have been formed, having but one trait in common: that they are all equally removed from ancient criticism, from that which pronounced opinions. The varieties of our contemporaneous criticism are too well-known to need enumeration. One knows how, under pretext of criticising, M. Faguet gives us solid and living portraits, collecting into a whole all that can be obtained of the significant details which go to make up the life, thought and style of an author. It is well known how, under the same pretext, M. Lemaître and M. France amuse themselves by treating all kinds in turn, giving us, at will, poems, narratives, or philosophic reveries, or interesting us still more with the thousand delicate graces which accompany the subtle changes of their impressions.

But all forms of criticism are to be valued only on account of the originality and talent of the masters making use of them. Some of these seem to me to have characters more settled, opinions more precise, and to be thus more easily defined. They are those whose aim is, not at all to judge of works of art, but to explain them, to show their real significance, to throw on them proper the light. In place of making of criticism a confession or a painting, they make of it, in a manner, a sort of history. They set works in their proper place in the times; and to aid us to comprehend them, they inform us of all the circumstances which preceded them, accompanied or followed their appearance. Thus understood, criticism is no longer criticism; but the title matters little, and it is easy to understand that such a manner of treating works of art may be very useful. The main thing for the critical historian is to know, among all the circumstances attending the appearance of a work of art, which should be noted and retained.—*Translated for Public Opinion from the French of M. T. de Wyzewa in the Paris Revue Bleue.*

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Free Press: The path yet to be trodden by Mr. Cleveland is probably a thorny one. Whether Czár, President or constitutional Monarch, the head of state to-day occupies a position of anxiety and care, to say nothing of the responsibility, which is not altogether enviable. The man who like Mr. Cleveland stands fast to his duty will not have cause to regret his firmness if he has no better reward than the testimony of his own conscience.

Vancouver World: Our cousins from under the Southern Cross say that from the time they landed in this city until they reached Ottawa they felt at home and had repeated opportunities to prove the truth of the old adage that blood is thicker than water. There can be no doubt whatever that the gathering together of so remarkable a body of statesmen, each typical of the best life in the land from which he has come, can only result in drawing together the scattered dependencies of the Empire.

Montreal Witness: One after another the veterans of Canadian banking are departing from amongst us, leaving only the lustre of their untarnished names and the example of their public and private lives for the guidance and emulation of the younger generation. We have recently had to lament the death or retirement of several bankers whose names were household words, but none has in the general opinion gone with a better balance sheet or more sincerely and widely lamented than the late Mr. J. Murray Smith, whose tragically sudden death has shocked the city this week.

Halifax Chronicle: With a few comparatively unimportant exceptions the crops in every county in the Province present a fine appearance and give promise to an abundant yield. The hay crop in particular is exceptionally good and the fruit crop promises well. The promise of good crops, we need hardly say, form a bright edging on the cloud of hard times which has been hovering over our country for some years, and will afford substantial encouragement, not only to farmers, but to all classes in the Province, for the prosperity of all other classes is necessarily largely dependent upon the prosperity of the farmers.

St John Gazette: Canadians who live in the west and in Montreal, and spend their summers sweltering in the intense inland heat of this continent during the months of July and August are densely ignorant of the fact that down by the shores of the Bay of Fundy the weather is always cool. Occasionally there may be a day or two in the hottest of summer when the weather in St. John may be described as uncomfortable, but the occurrence is so rare that we, who live on the shores of this wonderful Bay of Fundy, have come to believe that the weather is never too hot in summer and seldom too cold in winter.

Vancouver World: Mr. Davie has developed a great interest in this immediate portion of the Province, and we hope that his good intentions will continue. We are convinced that, personally, he is much stronger here than he ever was before, and that the Government will be judged fairly at the end of the present term upon the record it makes for itself. We take advantage of this opportunity to congratulate the

## A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all liver and kidney Diseases. It rouses the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and allays congestion of the kidneys.



G. W. SWEENEY.

GEO. W. SWEENEY, Esq., of *Haydentown, Pa.*, says: "I was for years hardly able to go about. I suffered from liver and kidney trouble, six different Doctors treated me during that time but could do me no good. I give your 'Medical Discovery' the praise for my cure. Then, too, my wife had a bad case of Asthma which was cured by the use of that wonderful blood-purifier."

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antees a **CURE**  
OR MONEY RETURNED.

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Before the dinner given at Berlin by Sir Edward Malet in honour of the British officers, the Emperor William presented Colonel Tomkinson with a gold cigarette case, and Captain MacMahon and Prince Francis of Teck with similar cases made of silver. All three cases bore his Majesty's crest. The Emperor also conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, First Class, upon Prince Francis.

Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., Oct. 13th, '93.  
Gentlemen,—I find your Acid Cure, but I do not find your pamphlet. I expect to use your Acid Cure extensively this winter, in practice.

DR. R. O. SPEAR.  
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The covetous man never has money; the prodigal will have none shortly.—*Ben Jonson.*

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.—*De Moya.*

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In a recent lecture, Professor Dewar showed that very fragile bodies, such as soap-bubbles, may be frozen solid.

M. Grandeau, of Nancy, states that the world uses 19,500,000,000 bushels of wheat and 25,000,000,000 bushels of maize annually. Of the latter about 7,500,000,000 bushels are used by man, the rest being fed to animals.

According to a recent report of the Belgian Ministry of Finance the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant in the various countries of the world is as follows: Germany, 11 quarts per inhabitant; Great Britain, 5.42; Austria-Hungary, 6.39; Belgium, 8.86; United States, 5; France, 8.07; Italy, 1.97; Holland, 9; Russia, 6.3; Switzerland, 6.

The Venus' Fly-trap (*Dionaea muscipula*), one of the best-known types of insectivorous plants, has been found by recent investigation to be better adapted to the capture of creeping than of winged insects, a far larger number of the remains of the former than of the latter being found in the trap. The escape of winged insects is much facilitated by the slowness with which the trap acts.

It is said that a fraudulent doormat has been put upon the market, which, though apparently made of textile material, is nothing but cheap wood-pulp pressed into strand through tubes and rendered elastic by treatment with tallow, glue, borax, etc. Such mats can be made for a few cents and sell for \$1.50. They are very attractive and deceptive in appearance, but moisture soon turns the whole fabric back into pulp.

Among the new and curious uses to which photography has been put by M. Marey and by other French scientific men, some of whose work has recently been described in *The Digest*, are the recording of the locomotion of serpents, eels, and insects; the movements of liquids, little drops of silvered wax being suspended in it to make them visible; making pictures of the interior of the eye; and detecting fraudulently obliterated cancellation marks on postage-stamps.

Of the seventy-nine works which use natural gas in whole or in part, forty-two are in Allegheny County, Pa., fifteen in other counties of western Pennsylvania, five in Ohio, and seventeen in Indiana. One now being rebuilt in West Virginia and two in course of erection in Indiana will also use natural gas. In 1892 only seventy-four works used natural gas, but their consumption of this fuel was much larger than that of the seventy-nine works which now use it. It is only in Indiana that the consumption of natural gas has increased during the last two years. In January, 1892, it was used by only six works in that State.

Professor Frohner, of the Berlin Veterinary School, has investigated the prevalence of tuberculosis among small domestic animals. In the clinic for small animals, during the last seven years, out of a total of 70,000, only 281, or 0.4 per cent., have been found to be suffering from tuberculosis. The proportion of tuberculous dogs was as low as 0.4 per cent.; cats seem to be considerably more subject to the disease, the proportion being 1 per cent. The animals most severely affected are parrots, the ratio of tuberculosis among them being as high as 25 per cent.; no doubt owing to imperfect

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Ask for Minard's and take no other.

acclimatization. Living as these birds mostly do in rooms constantly used by members of the family, their liability to tuberculosis makes them somewhat dangerous pets.

A phenomenal gas-well was recently drilled on a farm in Hancock County, Ohio, near Fostoria. The drill only reached the depth of 350 feet and the well had just been cased, when the drillers heard a roar of gas as the drill tapped the reservoir. They ran for their lives, but none too soon, as the ponderous drill was hurled as from a gun nearly 100 feet above the tree-tops. The casing followed in quick succession and was scattered and bent in a tangled mass. The gas soon ignited from the fires of the boiler and flame shot up 150 feet. The oil thrown out with the gas formed a lake of fire, making it impossible to get within 100 feet of the well. For quarter of a mile round the well, the gas rushed up through the boggy earth with such force that dirt and water were thrown ten feet or more. The entire wood is still filled with the gas coming through the ground, and people have left the place in fear. The roar of the gas can be heard nearly ten miles. Oil men declare that nothing like this well has ever been known. It is in entirely new territory, and is supposed to be a crevice or pocket which will soon blow itself out. At its present rate of speed it can never be brought under control.

Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.—*Cowper.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Never get tired of journalism," said Sir Edwin Arnold the other day to a press man, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last thirty years Sir Edwin himself has written probably more than 10,000 leading articles.

Fred Douglass wrote a sentence by request in a lady's birthday book. Picking out the date of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, he wrote under Lincoln's name: "The only public man with whom I ever conversed for an hour without being reminded of my colour."

There are still five of the road coaches running out of London, and they will, as at present arranged, continue doing so until Easter, while it is probable that one or two others, notably the Quicksilver, which ran to Burnham Beeches during the summer, will be added to the number before Christmas.

Among the many anniversary celebrations which are to be observed this year in England is the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the Bank of England. The Old Lady of Threadneedle street came into existence in 1694; and its charter was renewed by the administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1844, when it received what is practically a monopoly of issuing English banknotes.

The jewellery found recently in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skilfully worked, and precious stones are set into it so as to give the effect of enamelling.

Probably the oldest clergyman in the world was a Greek priest who lately died in Thessaly, Greece, after completing his 120th year. He never left the place in which he was born and where he died. He was accustomed to begin his priestly offices before sunrise, and to retire promptly at nine. His sight and hearing were in excellent condition to the day of his death, and he never made use of glasses. He was in the active ministry for ninety-nine years.—*New York Tribune.*

As everybody knows, a good many steady customers of barber shops and Turkish bath establishments have their own cups, brushes, soap, and so on; but it may not be so well known that certain steady customers of beer saloons keep their own mugs there. Nevertheless, this is a fact. Usually the mugs are of German stoneware, with illustrations, mottoes in old text and pewter covers. And they hold more than glasses, which is much in their favour from the customer's point of view.—*Evening Sun.*

Mr. Grant Allen will have it that Tyndall was not a materialist. In an appreciative article in the *Review of Reviews* he says that "the City and West End are full of materialists, who think the universe consists entirely of matter, with a material heaven and a material hell, and with material spirits more or less pervading it. They think they themselves have souls, but that the universe at large is inert and lifeless. Against this gross materialism of the world, Tyndall, like all other thinking men, revolted. He was impressed with the infinite mystery and majesty of the cosmos."

The way in which the late President Carnot was named after the Persian poet, Sadi, who is little read nowadays, is interesting, and recalls a deal of French history. Sadi was the favourite poet of the French revolutionists of the last century, and the literature of the day is full of quotations from him. Carnot's father, of the Directory, was, like the rest, a great admirer of Sadi, and named one of his sons after him. This son was the late President's uncle, and the name was continued in the family. After the death of his father the late President was simply Mr. Carnot. Before that he had been Mr. Sadi Carnot.

Hung Fung, the Chinese sage, nearly a hundred years old, being asked by the Emperor what was the great risk of the Empire, answered: "The rat in the statue"; and he explained that the rat hides in the hollow, painted, wooden statues, erected to the memory of dead ancestors, and he cannot be smoked out, because that would desecrate the statue, and cannot be drowned out, for that would wash the paint off; and so the vermin can find secure refuge in the sacred inclosure. Everywhere social evils are the rat in the statue. Many a sin gets into the Church itself, and cannot be smoked out, lest we defile the Church, nor drowned out, lest we wash off from the Church the paint of respectability.

The Duchess of Bedford recently told a girls' needlework society in Mile End, England, that the bonnet which the Queen wore at the jubilee service was practically made by the Princess of Wales. "It was sent home," said Her Grace, "looking heavy and ugly. Nobody dared return it to the milliner without the Queen's orders, and nobody liked to ask Her Majesty for such instructions. So the ladies in waiting showed it to the Princess of Wales, knowing how clever she is in all such matters, and Her Royal Highness with her own hands altered it and twisted it till it became the extremely becoming and tasteful headdress which we all admired on that memorable occasion. Everybody who saw it thought that the Queen had never had a prettier bonnet, but how it came to be so pretty is news of to-day."

## AN OLD RHYME RESET.

"Affliction sore long time she bore  
Physicians were in vain."  
At last one day, a friend did say,  
"You'd soon be well again"

if you would take, as I did, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for that is the cure for all the peculiar ailments of women. It is a safe, simple and sure remedy. It banishes those distressing maladies that make woman's life a burden, curing all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammations and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As a nerveine it cures nervous exhaustion, prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria and induces refreshing sleep. She took the advice and and is well. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of curing in every case, or money paid for it returned.

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## AN ESSEX COUNTY MIRACLE.

HOW AN OLD LADY WAS RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

Strong Testimony of a Reliable Witness Added to the Already Long Chain of Evidence—Why Suffer When the Means of Cure are at Hand?  
From the Leamington Post.

Mrs. Mary Olmstead, a highly respected and well known lady residing south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Leamington, has been the subject of an experience that has created not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vicinity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she was in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would forego any scruples in the matter. She then related the story of her case as follows: "About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my sufferings. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. My case was a stubborn one, and it was not until I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills that I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and to-day I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the Company's trade mark. Do not be persuaded to try something else.

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Inglesville.

J. W. RUGGLES.

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

The crank is great when it comes to winding people up.

Unless the truth hurts somebody a little it does not seem to do much good.

Mistress: Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the floor, Kate?  
 Servant: Oh, yis, mum—aisily. Oi shteped in it.

The only way the great army of clerks can prevent the women from taking their places as clerical assistants is to call in clerical assistance and call on the women.

"This is so sudden," she said, blushing at the tender question. "I know it," he responded gallantly: "I never should have done it if I had taken time to think about it."

Citizen: What did you do with that gang of tramps arrested last night? Magistrate: They said they were not a gang, but an "army," so I tendered them a banquet and bought them tickets to the next town.

Dickey (greatly puzzled by the twins— to one of them): Are you yourself or your sister? One of the twins: I'm my sister. Gracious! Well, where can I find you? I've got this dance with you.

Mrs. Youngwife (welcoming husband home): Now, duckey, I've been cooking all day. I've made pie and cake and biscuits. Duckey (cheerfully): Then let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

He: I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine. She: And was there no bridge and no boat?

"Daubs is mad as hops about his picture that was on exhibition." "Wasn't it noticed?" "Yes, took a prize." "What's he mad about then?" "Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."

Highwayman (to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property): Your money or your life. Mr. Levy: Mine friend, you cannot expect me to give you my money for nodings, and my life won't do you no good. But I tells you vot I will do—I will buy dot bistol off you at a fair price.

Old Gentleman: Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you? Little Boy: Never. We have moral suasion at our school. What's that? O, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and loked out and loked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all.

Old Hen: Yes, it is true that at times, in moments of enthusiasm or unusual energy, I do lay an egg with a double yolk. Pullet: Well, madam, as the representative of the Egg-Layers' Union, I want to tell you that your energy is misdirected and your enthusiasm is uncalled for; and if you offend again you will hear from us unpleasantly. Good morning.

A minister recently watched a well-known horse-dealer in his endeavors to cheat a farmer while trading horses. The minister took the farmer aside and warned him against the dealer, whose reputation was none of the best, whereupon the farmer

refused to do business. The dealer then said, turning to the minister: "Reverend sir, I would much prefer to hear you speak from the pulpit than to see you interfere in a matter which does not concern you." "Well, sir," replied the pastor, "had you been where I preached last Sunday, you would have been compelled to hear me." "And where was that?" asked the dealer. "In State's prison," answered the minister, dryly.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,  
 J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,

Principal of Collegiate Institute,  
 St. Catharines.

COUTTS & SONS.

Banker Henry Clews suggests an international note currency or bond to take the place of gold in adjusting commercial balances due from one country to another. His plan is to have the four great commercial nations, England, France, Germany and the United States, issue not to exceed \$400,000,000 of gold-redeemable international currency or bonds bearing 1½ per cent interest, each to issue \$100,000,000 and all to be equally responsible for principal and interest by mutual agreement. This, he thinks, would do away almost altogether with the shipment of gold back and forth from one country to another.—*Chicago Herald.*

In an opinion of great importance to carriers, as well as to manufacturers and merchants, the United States Supreme Court has just decided that a license tax imposed by a State upon an agent of a citizen of another State for the privilege of selling goods is a direct burden on interstate commerce, and therefore beyond the power of any State.—*Railway Age.*

Every time we break a law of health we drive a nail into our coffin.—*Ram's Horn.*

If you have never been in adversity you cannot be sure that you have a real friend.—*Ram's Horn.*

Knowledge is power in this noblest sense, that it enables us to benefit others and to pay our way honorably in life by being of use.—*James Russell Lowell.*

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For headache (whether sick or nervous), tooth-ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidney, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

**Strong Testimony of Emigrant Commissioner, the Hon. George Starr, as to the power of Radway's Ready Relief in a Case of Sciatica, Rheumatism.**

VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather, I know how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

**INTERNALLY.**—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Champs, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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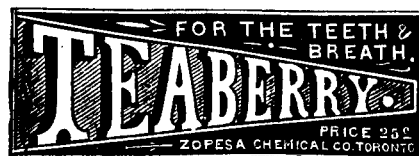
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The Society of Arts of Canada, Ltd., is an institution founded to create a more general interest in art. The Society has large galleries in Montreal and Toronto as well as Free Art Schools in both these cities. They have about 150 artist members and sixty of these are exhibitors at the Paris Salon. The paintings in these galleries are sold at artists' prices and the Society also holds a drawing weekly in which the public may take part on payment of 25 cents. Canada is too young a country to rely entirely upon sales of good paintings and hence the privilege is given to this Society to hold distributions. If a painting is not drawn the sender has the satisfaction of knowing that the 25 cents will assist in maintaining the free galleries and free schools. Scrip-holders are entitled to purchase the paintings of the Society at 5 per cent. reduction. A postal card sent to Mr. F. E. Galbraith, 108 King St. West, Toronto, will send you all information



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