

THE WEEK

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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.

The retirement of Sir William Dawson from the position of honour, influence, and usefulness, which he has so long occupied as President of McGill University, is an event of more than local importance. Sir William is one of a galaxy of Nova Scotians, some dead, some still living, who have by their talents and attainments won distinction, not only for their own Province, but for the whole Dominion. That his career, alike as an enthusiastic student of modern science and as an educator, has been eminently successful, is witnessed by the many marks of distinction he has received from learned societies at home and abroad. We do not know whether any other man has had the double honour of the Presidency of both the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science. Geography and nationality no doubt combined to make

him eligible for this two-fold distinction, yet the compliment to his scholarship and scientific achievements implied in either case was none the less genuine. As a geologist Sir William stands in the front rank, and his name will go down to the future beside that of such men as Sir Charles Lyell. In the estimation of those to whom science means much more than a mere cataloguing and classifying of observed phenomena, Sir William's claims to remembrance are vastly greater because he has striven to make it auxiliary to the study of those higher truths of philosophy, which connect themselves with the great problems of human origin and duty and destiny. Of his great services to the cause of higher education in Quebec and in Canada during nearly forty years' presidency of McGill we need not speak particularly. His name is almost a household word in connection with the splendid growth and development of that institution. He has nobly earned the rest which we hope may be the means of his restoration to health and of his enjoyment of many years of a happy and fruitful old age.

With wheat quoted at sixty-five cents a bushel in Chicago, as it was one day last week, the outlook for farmers in the North-West, whose products have to be carried a long way over land to find a market, becomes rather discouraging. It is no wonder that they are growing impatient of the taxes which are believed to increase the cost of machinery, of living, and of production generally; that they are holding international conferences for the discussion of reciprocity; and that they are beginning to cry out for cheaper railway carriage. It is evident that upon the possibility of solving the two great problems of cheaper living and production, and cheaper railway freights, depends very largely the progress of settlement in the Territories. The former of these questions may be said to be just now prominently before the country in the tariff discussions, but it is surprising that so little attention has as yet been given to the latter. Had, for instance, the enormous subsidies which were given in money and land to the Canadian Pacific Railway been bestowed on such conditions as would have secured their repayment, when the Company could afford it, in the shape of reduced rates of carriage for farmers' products, what a boon it would now be to the struggling settlers and to the whole country. If it is good statesmanship, as few will dispute, to build canals at vast expense and open them to the public on terms which

it is not even attempted to make remunerative, why is it that something of the same kind has not been considered necessary in regard to the land carriage, which is so much more expensive? Here is something for our "rising statesmen" to think about.

The meagre and unreliable reports which reach us by cable of the great events which are now taking place in various parts of Europe, such as the Home Rule debate in the British Commons, the sittings of the Council of Arbitration in France, and the great electoral struggle in Germany, should bring home to all intelligent students of current history the fact that we are losing, through inadequate press reports, the greater part of the boon which the trans-oceanic telegraph might reasonably be expected to bring. All Canadians, for instance, are intensely interested in the proceedings before the Court of Arbitration in Paris. Yet, not only are we obliged to content ourselves with a paltry half-dozen lines describing its proceedings from day to day, but very often even these lines bear upon their face unmistakable evidence of colouring, if not of distortion. The same thing is true, though perhaps in a less degree, of the reports of the Home Rule debate. To be able to read day by day the great speeches on these two questions, by some of the ablest living statesmen and publicists, would be almost a liberal education in itself. This being the case, it is not a little exasperating to find dozens or hundreds of lines cabled concerning affairs of comparatively trivial or merely personal interest, for one devoted to these great history-making debates. If the general tenor of the Associated Press and special correspondence despatches correctly hit the popular taste, the fact does not say much for us as a people of education and intelligence. Surely the great Canadian dailies, if they would but manage to pull together, might do vastly better for their readers in the matter of trans-Atlantic news, without incurring any very heavy increase of expense. There is clearly wanted, at the other end of the cable, a man with a judicial mind, and a due sense of political proportion.

It is scarcely likely, we should think, that the rather startling proposal advocated by Captain Gambier, R.N., in the May number of the Fortnightly, for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain in return for the Canary Islands, will meet with sufficient favour in either England or Spain to make it a question of practical politics at any early

day. That Spain would consent to the exchange is improbable. Even granting that the Canaries are a source of trouble and expense rather than of strength or gain to her, the historic pride of the Spaniard would still forbid the admission of weakness which such an exchange might seem to imply. Moreover, Spain is said to expect, perhaps not without some reason, that Gibraltar may one day be handed back to her on easier conditions. On the other hand, the retirement of Great Britain from the position which has so long made her a power and given her an influential voice in the affairs of the nations bordering on the Mediterranean, to say nothing of the surrender of the "coign of vantage" which now enables her to prevent Russia from obtaining access to that sea, would be an act of self-abnegation from which a large class, at least, of her statesmen and citizens would recoil with a shock of indignation. Many, even of those who pride themselves on their freedom from any touch of the jingoistic spirit, might seriously question whether she could, without disregard of high moral obligations, withdraw from the responsibilities involved in her presence as a great power in the Mediterranean. It may, of course, be said that all this is not necessarily involved in the surrender of Gibraltar, but to most of those who look before and after it would be regarded as at least a first step in that direction. Still it is possible that the proposal thus boldly made by a prominent naval officer may come up for serious consideration some day when the Home Rule question and other great problems of immediate and pressing interest shall have been settled.

If recent cablegrams may be relied on, some of the friends of Home Rule for Ireland are becoming rather discouraged in view of the slow progress of the Bill through Committee. Two or three of the Gladstonians are said to be wavering in their loyalty, or to have quite gone over to the enemy. There is, however, no sign of faltering on the part of Mr. Gladstone or his chief supporters. The very fact that the leader resists the pressure which is being put upon him to adopt sterner measures may be accepted as an evidence that he has confidence in his ability to carry the Bill through without resort to means which are still alien to British traditions and instincts. The one question which, it might be supposed, would be foremost in the thoughts of those who are striving so earnestly to defeat Home Rule, viz., "What shall we put in place of it?" does not seem to trouble them. And yet it is a tremendous question. The nation having gone so far, can never go back to the old odious coercion. A suggestive incident in this connection was the visit of a number of Gladstonian delegates to Belfast, carried thither at the expense of Mr. Albert Grey, M. P., who hoped thus to convert them. The effect seems to have

been just the opposite of that anticipated. "I have returned a seventy-five times better Home Ruler than I went, because I found it was a struggle between the democracy and the upper class," said one of the delegates. Another said that "the men he saw were J. P.'s and the like, and they showed a tremendous amount of bitterness and religious intolerance." As a body the delegates were entertained at a dinner, which they wound up by passing a resolution "that our experience during our stay in Belfast confirms our conviction that Home Rule is necessary for the better government of Ireland, and anything we have learned by our visit goes to prove that the objection of the people of Belfast is one of religious intolerance." At the same time, they passed another resolution thanking the Unionists of Belfast for the entertainment provided.

Are we really living in a degenerate age? Is meanness on the increase among us? Is there still some radical deficiency in our educational methods which accounts for the apparent failure of so many to retain and develop those old-fashioned traditions of honourable dealing on which our fathers prided themselves? These questions must sometimes force themselves upon the thoughtful as they observe, not merely the great cheats and defalcations and embezzlements and betrayals of trust, whose records occupy so much space in the newspapers, but more particularly the petty meannesses which abound in daily life. They are suggested to us at this moment by a column in an American paper before us which shows that American ingenuity has utterly failed thus far to prevent great incongruities between the daily records of the numbers admitted to the World's Fair, and the receipts at the gates. It is found impossible to balance the accounts of ticket-sellers and gate-keepers. It is natural to suppose that special pains would be taken to engage for these positions only men with reputations for honesty. Yet the facts are said to show that many of them must be systematically cheating their employers. This is but a specimen fact from the column, but it is painfully suggestive. Were such things confined to the United States we in Canada might congratulate ourselves. But unhappily there is but too much evidence of a similar lack of a nice sense of honour in small things amongst our own people. We sometimes fear that the "transfer" system on our street cars, though a great convenience, is a bad training school for the weak. We have heard within a few days of a little boy being taught by a larger one to steal a ride by a lying use of the word "Transfer," and of several young ladies, or those who deem themselves such, entertaining their friends, and apparently without the slightest consciousness of meanness, with an account of the way with which they managed to obtain a two hours' ride by the dexterous use of the

same system. Surely parents and teachers should be able to inspire the "rising generation" with a genuine contempt for the ineffable meanness of such petty dishonesties.

It is, it seems to us, to be regretted that some prominent ministers of one of the largest and most influential religious denominations in Canada should have deemed it necessary to raise the sectarian cry in relation to the distribution of political and judicial offices in the Province and in the Dominion. We think that many of the best friends of the present Dominion Government will agree with us that one of the weakest points in the structure of the Cabinet is that which is the outcome of an apparent attempt to balance religious extremes, so to speak, one against another. But if it is a mistake to attempt such a balancing as between the two great sections in which the whole population of the Dominion may be roughly classed, Catholic and Protestant, it would be a still greater, an intolerable, mistake to attempt to carry out the principle in regard to the subdivisions of the Protestants themselves. Were there evidence that any ministry, Dominion or Provincial, had at any time passed by the best man for a given public position because he belonged to the particular denomination in question, no one could blame the members of that body for protesting in the most effective manner possible. But we cannot suppose that more than a very few besides the two or three clergymen who have brought up the question on the public platform can really believe such a thing to have occurred. Were the Methodists one of the smaller and weaker denominations the thing might be conceivable, and, if it occurred, would afford ground for just resentment. But the strength and influence of the Methodists of Ontario are such that we may be sure the politicians are much more likely to court their favour than to offer them an intentional slight. Any attempt to bring pressure to bear upon either Government to move it in the direction indicated would be greatly to be deprecated, the more so, as the other denominations would be pretty sure to take the cue, and the result would be a series of unseemly struggles for sectarian supremacy in offices in regard to which no consideration but that of personal fitness ought ever to have the slightest weight. Such a rivalry of the sects in the field of political influence would be bad for the State and worse for the Churches.

Professor Drummond's Lowell Institute lectures have revived in a quiet way the old battle of evolution *versus* immediate creation. We say "in a quiet way," because there is now very little of the superciliousness on the one hand, or the indignation and horror on the other, which marked the earlier stages of the discussion. The scientists, on their part, have come to see more

clearly that there is a vast logical distinction between the *how* and the *why* of a process. In other words, they have come to recognize the fact that such words as "law" and "force," "struggle" and "survival," afford no real explanation either of origin, or of progressive and orderly upward development; that intelligence and power and will are just as necessary to explain the creation of a world or a man by a process of gradual development as by a process of direct creation. The theologians, on their part, have also come to perceive that even were the theory of evolution capable of demonstrative proof it would simply establish the fact that the *modus operandi* of the Divine Architect of the Universe differed in some respects from their previous vague notions. It is certainly hard to see why the conception of a progressive development of the world and its inhabitants, by means of the operation during countless ages of some mysterious force or tendency working out with infinite patience, yet with unerring precision, all the grand results which find their culmination in the human intellect as it exists to-day, should be thought less honouring to the Creative Intelligence than the conception of a series of definite acts or interpositions. The latter, as Professor Drummond very clearly points out in his first lecture, seems to imply that the Creator was personally present, if we may so express ourselves, only occasionally in the creative process, which must have been largely given over to the operation of unintelligent laws and forces; the former postulates his immanence in the movement at every stage of its progress.

On the other hand, it can hardly be denied that if either human intuition or human reason counts for anything, the instinctive repugnance which is almost universally felt to the development theory as conceived and expounded by its scientific advocates constitutes a serious objection to that theory. This sentiment, let us hasten to add, cannot be despised by thoughtful evolutionists, seeing that it will be even harder to account for its origin on evolutionary principles than on any other. The present moment, when even former enthusiastic disciples of evolution are constrained to admit the utter insufficiency of the theory as an explanation of the "causes of things," and when something in the nature of a truce has been tacitly agreed on between the contending philosophies, would be a favourable moment for some competent authority, of judicial temper, to take stock of the situation and put down plainly in black and white just what has and what has not been proved. This is, to a certain extent, what Professor Drummond has been doing with much ability. But unfortunately he has not rested there, but has gone on to "take a side" in a very pronounced manner. Taking the facts of embryology, as he has stated them, and assuming, as we no doubt may safely

do, that the facts of natural history coincide very closely with them, may we not venture to ask whether what has been proved and all that has been proved is not simply that the phenomena of animal and human life, before and after birth, show a wonderfully concatenated series of formations, reaching in a continuous and unbroken progression—always excepting the impassable chasm which still yawns between the highest brute mind and the lowest human intellect—from the lowest organism to the most perfect and wonderfully made human frame? If, now, it could be shown that it is impossible to account for this marvellous series of facts on any other hypothesis than that of evolution, the case for the evolutionists might be considered proved. But if we assume the direct superintendence and energy of a creative Intelligence, working with a view, among other objects, to the greatest possible variety, can we conceive of such an intelligence effecting its ends otherwise than in accordance with a plan of minute variations such as would lead to exactly the same results, which are by evolutionists attributed to development through struggle and survival of the fittest? In a word, do not the scientific facts fit the one theory just as well as the other?

THE COMING LIBERAL CONVENTION.

It is safe to assume that as the day for the assembling of the great Liberal Convention draws nigh, the leaders of that party, and indeed of both parties, feel not a little perturbation. The future history of Canada, especially its political history, may be seriously affected by the success or failure of that Convention. Its success in constructing a platform upon which the great body of those who are known as "Liberals" could take their stand, in all parts of the Dominion, would, it is not unlikely, presage the downfall of the Government and the triumph of the Opposition at the next general election, if not sooner. The struggle would from the date of the Convention be that of a united Opposition against a divided Government—a complete reversal of the situation as it has been at the last two or three general elections.

When we attempt to balance the probabilities in favour of and against such a consolidation of the Liberal forces, we are almost forced to conclude that the latter preponderate. In the first place, Canadian Liberals have always been a rather heterogeneous mass. The Liberalism of the Maritime Provinces is quite a different commodity from that of Ontario, while that of Quebec is, in some respects, distinct from either. Then, again, individuality, which Sir John Macdonald managed to hold so successfully in check in the Conservative ranks, through a long series of years, has always been at a premium among Liberals. There is that in the system which stimulates it. It would be a wonder, indeed, and

might well be dreaded by the Government party as an omen of defeat, should Mr. Laurier and his lieutenants succeed in so far restraining the forces of both individualism and sectionalism among their followers as to effect an agreement upon certain strong and definite lines of policy. Of course there are not wanting great inducements which can be brought to bear to this end. The long sojourn of the party in the cold shades of opposition suggests very strong reasons why all should go up to the Convention in a conciliatory and self-denying spirit. But then the ruling passion is always liable to assert itself even at the most critical moment.

Passing by those questions of policy, which, however important in themselves, may be set aside for the present as secondary, such as those relating to the Senate, the Provincial subsidies, etc., there remain two great issues upon which unanimity will be absolutely essential to any prospect of success. These are, of course, the Tariff policy and the Manitoba school question. In regard to the former, even the variety and diversity of the cries which have from time to time been taken up by the leaders of the Opposition, which variety and diversity have furnished the supporters of the National Policy with opportunities for effective rejoinder of which they have not failed to avail themselves, do not seem to us by any means so contradictory or so hard to reconcile as they are often represented to be especially now that "commercial union," with all that it implies, has passed into the background. All the remaining proposals look in the same direction, viz., that of tariff reduction and the abolition of protection for protection's sake. Within these broad lines there is room for minor divergencies. The crucial question of reciprocity, as involving more or less of discrimination against the Mother Country, may, for aught that appears, be kept in the background only to come up when the framing of a treaty becomes a living issue. This it can hardly become until it has been seen what the special session of the American Congress may bring forth. We may assume, then, that the Convention should find no great difficulty in reaching substantial agreement and a fixed policy on the tariff question. The leaders must be sadly wanting in tact, or their followers must be singularly intractable, if a union cannot be made so far as is necessary for an attack in solid column, which is all that is required for the present.

But when we come to the other burning question which must be faced we can see no such way out for the party. How to make of one mind French Catholic and English or Scotch Protestant; how to make a Tarte and a Greenway see eye to eye; how to steer safely between the jutting rock and the engulfing whirlpool; how to bring fire and water into a working union, this is a problem indeed. And it is a problem which will have to be solved, or, so far as an on-

looker can see, the case is hopeless and the Convention a failure. Mr. Laurier will no longer be able to take refuge behind generalities or hypotheses. It will not be sufficient for him to continue to assert the principle, however sound, that Catholic children must not be forced to attend Protestant schools. He and the Convention will have had time to look into the matter and decide whether the public schools of Manitoba are or are not Protestant schools. Just here very much, almost everything, will depend upon the attitude of Mr. Laurier himself. It may be that he will rise to the level of the occasion. It has always seemed to us that the hypothetical principle above indicated, which he enunciated on the floor of Parliament, so far from being, as it was understood by most, equivalent to a declaration against the Manitoba school law and in favour of the Catholic contention, really looked the other way. It was as if he were laying a foundation on which he might at a future day take his stand, and complete his syllogism by adding, "But the Manitoba public schools are not Protestant schools, as any one may see who reads the law; therefore Catholics have no real cause of complaint." His remarks in a recent address to his fellow-citizens in Quebec, in which he told them that "they should never forget that, as leader of the great Liberal party of Canada, he was the embodied representative of all the creeds, of all the races, of all the interests, and of all the places in this wide Dominion, from ocean to ocean, of which that party and the country at large are made up, and that as such he was bound to mete out equal rights and equal justice to all," are susceptible of a similar interpretation. Should it indeed prove that the Liberal leader is prepared to take his stand upon the stable foundation of provincial rights, and maintain the right of Manitoba and the North-West Territories to manage their own internal affairs, including their school and language policies, he would prove himself a true statesman and patriot, and would deserve the admiration of all parties for his manly courage. Whether he could carry his French-Canadian supporters with him, in opposition to the influence of the Church, would be a question not so easily answered. That Mr. Laurier should see his way clear to take this position is, so far as now appears, the only chance for a successful Convention.

But how about the party in power? Their ranks are certainly weakened by division and by the loss of the old leaders. The revolt of Mr. Dalton McCarthy is a heavy blow. They have, too, the same Manitoba question to face. But, most fortunately for the Government, they have not called a Convention. They can pursue a Fabian policy so far as the dangerous North-West issues are concerned. By bringing in a skillfully framed scheme of tariff reform they may perhaps appease the malcontents, or a large proportion of them, without alienating the

protected manufacturers who boast so openly of having given them their present lease of power. They have still undoubtedly very great strength in the country, especially in the smaller provinces. Their rallying powers are great. Above all, they have the tremendous advantage of being in the fort, with all its strong entrenchments. Happily, the country is now pretty sure of a substantial measure of tariff reform, for the people are speaking and their demand cannot be ignored or evaded. If right and wise counsels prevail, the result of the party struggle, as between the "Ins" and the "Outs," is of minor importance.

COMMERCE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

RECIPROCITY.

The statistics relative to the commerce between Canada and the United States, as published in the Trade and Navigation returns of the Dominion, and in the annual reports of the Government at Washington on "Commerce and Navigation", are very inaccurate and misleading. This mainly arises from the serious defects in the system under which returns of exports from both countries have been collected. To arrive at a fair comparison of the extent and character of this commerce, it is absolutely necessary to rely altogether upon the reports of the imports into either country in order to arrive at the exports from each. The following statements will illustrate a few of the inaccuracies and imperfections resulting from the defectiveness of the system of collecting and compiling statistics.

Statement showing the value of merchandise imported into the Dominion of Canada from the United States, and entered for consumption; also, showing the value of merchandise exported from the Dominion of Canada to the United States, during the years ending June 30, 1890, 1891, and 1892, per Trade and Navigation returns for 1892, page viii and ix.

Imports into Canada from United States.	Exports to United States from Canada.
1889-90... \$52,291,973	\$40,522,810
1890-91... 53,685,657	41,138,695
1891-92... 53,137,572	38,988,027
\$159,115,202	\$120,649,532

For three years excess of imports into Canada, \$38,465,670.

There is no table in the Trade and Navigation returns, which furnishes a comparison showing the gross imports and gross exports. The comparison given is very defective and misleading, as the exports to the United States include a large proportion of merchandise not taken for consumption there, but merely shipped through the United States for export to other countries, while the imports into Canada do not include that portion of them which was received for shipment to other countries.

The annual reports and statistical abstracts of commerce published by the United States Government are even more defective than the above, because their returns of exports to Canada do not include the produce or other merchandise shipped by rail. According to these annual reports, the exports to Canada, during the year ending June 30, 1892, only amounted to \$35,930,456. The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington,

in recognition of this defect, and in order to rectify it as far as possible, publishes every year, in his first quarterly report for quarter ending September 30, statements in detail, showing the imports into the United States from Canada; and in order to show correctly the exports from the United States to Canada, he publishes also in detail, a statement of the imports into Canada from the United States, as appear in Canadian Trade and Navigation returns. The quarterly report, No. 1, 1892-93, of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, furnishes in its statements, Nos. 30 and 31, the following comparison:

Imports into United States from Canada.	Imports into Canada from United States.
1889-90... \$39,042,977	\$59,253,054
1890-91... 39,087,782	58,044,081
1891-92... 34,954,203	62,599,439
\$113,084,962	\$179,896,574

Excess of gross imports into Canada, for above three years, \$66,811,612.

This shows that the reports from the United States to Canada during the year ending June 30, 1892, amounted to \$62,599,439, instead of \$35,930,456 as represented in the Washington annual report and statistical abstract. As these two authorities are the only ones to which newspapers and politicians refer, or from which they quote, it is hardly a matter of surprise that there is so much general misapprehension in the United States as to the extent and importance of its trade with Canada. It is also seen, that the balance of trade in favor of the United States, for the above three years, was \$66,811,612, instead of \$38,465,670, as appears in the defective comparison found in the Trade and Navigation returns.

The quarterly report alluded to shows not only the value of the merchandise imported into the United States from Canada, but the value actually taken there for consumption, and this enables a still more valuable comparison to be made, as follows:

Imports into United States from Canada, taken for consumption.	Imports into Canada from the United States, taken for consumption.
1889-90... \$32,416,156	\$52,291,973
1890-91... 35,079,492	53,685,657
1891-92... 29,452,540	53,137,572
\$96,948,198	\$159,115,202

Excess of imports taken for consumption in Canada, \$62,167,104.

In these three years, Canada has purchased from the United States, 64 per cent. more merchandise than it sold to that country.

CHARACTER OF THE COMMERCE.

The imports into each country include several articles not strictly merchandise or products of the exporting country, such as household and personal effects of settlers, returned goods, and foreign merchandise. Deducting these in both cases, the imports of Canadian products taken for consumption in the United States amounted to, for year 1891-92, about \$24,000,000; the imports of United States products taken for consumption in Canada to about \$50,000,000. The imports into the United States consisted of about \$22,500,000 in raw products, and the small balance in manufactured and miscellaneous merchandise. The imports into Canada consisted of about \$24,000,000 in raw products and \$24,000,000 in manufactured goods.

The same Washington quarterly report shows that the percentage of United States merchandise admitted into Canada, free of

duty, was about 50 per cent. greater than the percentage of Canadian merchandise admitted into the United States, free of duty. The returns of both Governments show that the average rate of duty levied in Canada upon imports of raw products from the United States in 1891-92 was 8 1-2 per cent.; while the average rate of duty on like imports from Canada was 15 per cent. in the United States. The tariffs of the two countries show, that while the rates of duty levied in Canada upon manufactured goods from the United States were moderate and conducive to trade, the rates under the United States tariff on like goods from Canada were excessive and prohibitory.

The imports of raw products into the United States from Canada, taken for consumption, consisted as follows: timber, sawed lumber, logs and other unmanufactured woods, value \$10,500,000, or about 46 per cent. of the whole imports; produce of the farm, including animals and provisions, \$7,000,000, or about 31 per cent. of the whole imports; coal and ores, \$3,400,000, or about 15 per cent. of the whole imports; produce of the fisheries, \$1,700,000, or about 8 per cent. of the whole imports.

The imports of raw products into Canada from the United States, taken for consumption, amounted to nearly, \$24,000,000, of which, coal amounted to \$9,500,000; produce of the field, \$12,500,000; produce of the forest, \$1,000,000; produce of the fisheries, \$500,000.

In the exchange of raw products, the trade was about equal. In manufactured goods, the trade is almost wholly in favor of United States; Canada having purchased about \$24,000,000 from that country as against sales of less than \$1,500,000. Canada is the fourth largest foreign customer which the United States has for its manufactures, and its purchases amount to more than one-seventh part of all the foreign exports of manufactured goods from the United States.

The propositions for reciprocity in raw products, which were submitted by the Canadian Government to the late administration at Washington were eminently fair and reasonable, and in view of the actual position of the commerce between the two countries, the reason alleged by Secretary Blaine for rejecting them were untenable. The contention that reciprocity in raw products would be a one-sided arrangement in favor of Canada is contrary to the facts of the trade as now existing; the other contention as to the unfairness of the Canadian tariff towards American manufactures is disproved by the exhibit of the very large value of such articles imported into Canada. All the boastful talk about the superior advantages of a 65,000,000 people market over 5,000,000 is pure braggadocio, as investigation of the position shows that the 5,000,000 people have purchased during the last three years from the 65,000,000, about 64 per cent. more native products than they have sold to them. The extravagant estimate of the value of the privilege of free access to the American market appear very ridiculous when compared with the actual extent of the annual sales of United States products in Canadian markets. It is very evident that the rejection of the propositions submitted by the Canadian Government was not owing to commercial, but to political con-

siderations. The ulterior motives which prompted this rejection were fostered and prompted by Canadian emissaries, who, by their misrepresentations, induced the authorities at Washington to believe that the failure of the present Ministry at Ottawa would result in their defeat, and in the accession to office of a party which would accept reciprocity on any terms which the United States should be pleased to grant.

Canada is suffering from the iniquitous injustice of the McKinley Bill. It is waiting with patience and considerable hopefulness to ascertain the policy of the Cleveland Administration, which it is believed, will vigorously undertake the work of tariff reform. Canada feels that in her magnificent canal route, via St. Lawrence to the ocean, it has it in its power to grant to or withhold from the United States a privilege of greater value to that country than Canada can derive from a free market for its products in the United States. ROBERT H. LAWDER.

PARIS LETTER.

The electoral campaign has commenced and promises to be lively all round. The general elections next October will be the most important that have taken place in France for many years. There will be three definite and distinct programmes, and to have them at last "definite" is an invaluable gain. Comte d'Haussonville is the political middleman of the Comte de Paris, that is to say, the standard-bearer of Orleanism in France. His official creed is: clear away the abominable Republic that has cleared away all the dynasties, and place the Comte de Paris on the throne. The latter, after issuing that rallying cry, must have indulged in a very strong sniff of his smelling bottle. M. Herve is a kind of Independent Orleanist, and is supposed to chime in with the views of the Duc d'Aumale. He feels as the Comte de Paris, but does not approve of "going at" the present constitution so bluntly.

Next comes the "bless ye my children" party, which has for its exponent, the present Prime Minister, Dupuy—it is best to name him, for prime ministers in France are here to-day and away to-morrow. He wants the Republicans of all shades—and their name is legion, to unite, to rally into a phalanx, and leave the rest to—the grace of God; to be all things to all men. All this is called the policy of "concentration." He would welcome in to the fold and press to his bosom the neo-Republicans, who assert that having been up to the twelfth hour ardent Royalists and persecutors of the Republicans, they are now thoroughly converted.

The last programme is that expounded by ex-Premier Goblet; he is now the leader of the Radicals; he wants all the promised reforms realized; detests royalists and concentrationists alike. The "plank" that will interest foreigners, who follow the game, is that insisting on a revision of the commercial tariff, which strangles the nation at home, and leaves her "out in the cold" abroad. Perhaps two-thirds of the coming Chamber will be new and sound members.

The deputies have at last taken up the subject of workmen's insurance against accidents. It is best to view the discussion as only an electoral sop; it, however, showed the tendency of the

legislators; naturally they are divided, but only over the point which forms the main question—who is to pay the premium—the artizan, the employer, or the State? As the law stands, if an accident happen to a workman, from defective or unprotected machinery, the owner will be held responsible; but the operative wants to be wholly relieved from paying any premium, whether directly or indirectly the cause of his injury, alleging that the progress of invention has augmented the risks of his calling. The employers reply, they are already ground down by taxes, and the State admits the Treasury is not in a position to accept new burdens. It is not unlikely the three parties involved will have to club together the annual premiums. That is the German plan. It is conceded that it is only by the principle of insurance that the relief for the worthy soldiers of industry, whether during sickness, accident or old age, can be met.

The Minister of Commerce and Industry has organized a Normal School at Chalons, for training masters for professional schools. The latter are intended to turn out alumni, scientifically prepared for commercial and industrial pursuits, to accord diplomas to the pupils after a standard examination and see that State certificates will ensure applicants the priority for employment. It is something similar to what already exists for the agricultural schools, but ostensibly it is intended to induce youths to settle in the colonial possessions: A certain number of the "big gooseberry" class of pupils will be sent to study for nine months in England, Germany or Spain, at the expense of the State, in order to acquire familiarity with the language of these countries. Only international good can result from this plan, by allowing Frenchmen to see that the universe is not confined to the Boulevard des Italiens.

M. de Mahy is deputy for the colony of Reunion, and has what may be described as "missionary on the brain." But there is a method in his madness, as he always aims to fasten on the English occupation of Egypt the sins of the "English Methodists in Madagascar." The Protestant missions in Madagascar are chiefly conducted by American societies, and really have accomplished excellent civilization work. The natives are very proud and very patriotic, and although they have conceded to France the exclusive right to negotiate their foreign affairs, they claim to possess their independence. England has released her interests in the island in consideration of France conceding hers in Zanzibar. M. de Mahy confesses that the more "the Bible is preached to the natives," the more anti-French they become, and demands that a check be placed on that state of affairs. When asked how it can be done, he replies, by sending out and subsidizing the Jesuits, the historical colonial pioneers. M. de Mahy then runs a-muck against the French Protestants, accusing them of sympathy with the success of the English mission work, and so lacking in patriotism. Though Gambetta was a materialist or an atheist, and demanded the separation of Church from State at home, France, he warmly defended and augmented the Catholic missions

of France abroad, as an omnipotent agency for propagating the political and material interests of France. M. de Mahy is a Republican also of that school.

The Oaks Day at Chantilly proved a great deception for the betting world, as, contrary to the straightest tips, the worst mare won. Those who ran down for the sake of the journey and the walk in the forest, paid dear for their pleasure; on that day there was a down-pour of rain, which made agricultural hearts beat with joy. The betting evil is extending more and more; by making it an official institution the government, through the "Totalisers," has got rid of swindlers, but this security that bets will be safe when placed, and paid if winning, only develops the passion for gambling the more.

Nearly every one is familiar with the details of the private life of Leon Tolstol. There is nothing really extraordinary about it beyond the fact that Tolstol is a very rich landowner, who, instead of living like a Dives, exists as a moujik or Russian peasant. He takes a bath every morning at five o'clock in his tub, then sips a cup of strong coffee, writes for a few hours, enjoys a nap before his first dinner, then takes part in agricultural or trade work, either on his own account or to assist a neighbour. He is a vegetarian, a hydropot, and an anti-tobacco man. He wears immense boots, not greased or blacked, but tarred like a ship's bottom; he wears no stockings, hay does duty for these. He does not undress and turn into bed, but passes the night in a long arm chair, as troopers would do on the ground. One is prepared for Tolstol supplying all his own wants, but it was a little new to learn that he made his own butter and cheese. Admirers ought to present him with a creamer and an electric churn—the latter is common in Chicago.

It is said that all good young men in Paris are botanists, tranquil and sentimental as was Jean Jacques Rousseau. Perhaps after photographers, the most numerous parties of young men who go into the country on Sundays, are the botanists. Ladies are permitted to join, and the chief of the excursion is a professor of botany. The railway companies grant tickets at single fares—a good innovation to note. An authorized little guide book is published, recommending in all the suburbs round the city, a restaurant or hotel, at which to repose and refresh the inner man; the proprietors of these establishments make a reduction of prices on presentation of the railway ticket, or a card of society membership. If a photo club be encountered, it must "snap the botanists instantaneously." Z.

The prize of bravery is contested by at least three competitors, the bull-dog, the falcon, and the fighting-cock, but there is no reasonable doubt that the South American capuchin-monkey can claim the championship of cowardice; the mere sight of an inanimate object is enough to frighten him into a fit of extravagant jumps and contortions. Timidity would hardly be an adequate word; if his conduct in captivity can be accepted as a test of his mental constitution, the Cebus capucinus seems to pass his life in a delirium of abject terror, with rare and short equanimous intervals.

CHAUCER.

With May-day in his blood thro' all the year,
The same that gives the skylark stronger wing,
And brings the hawthorn to its blossoming,
What wonder we that wondrous voice still hear?
Yet praise is due, and love, and rev'rence dear,
To him—the city clerk—the sylvan king,
And now behold this flower—a little thing—
We fetch to watch it wither on his bier!
While "smale fowles maken melodie" and while
The daisy fair, that threw o'er him her spell,
Looks up to heaven with her old-time smile,
The human tongue, taught by the heart, must tell
The thirsting world, of this pellucid well
Of Saxon speech that Time may not defile.
Plover Mills, Ont. ROBERT ELLIOT.

PRAIRIE HOMES ON THE FRONTIER.

A prairie summer landscape is made up of grass and sky. Rolling ground there is in places, and bluffs near the rivers. You may see a tree in a hundred mile ride, but probably you will not. In July, wild roses bloom in the grass, and other flowers are not rare, earlier and later. But these you do not note in a general view. Here there, all about, is the grass only, and above is the sky, that is all.

It was chiefly from this lack of any picturesque surrounding of hills and trees, that the homes of the prairie settlers seemed to us at first so bleak and desolate. The houses are small, and are set down in the middle of immensity, without so much as currant bush near them. There are no outbuildings worth speaking of, and no fence about the dwelling. There is no yard or garden, no fields or lanes, no boundaries or limits anywhere.

With us in the older lands, a definite environment of some kind seems to enter into our idea of home. We think that a dwelling house without it must be a dreary place to live in. We need something outside the house around which associations may cluster, and memories may cling. Perhaps it may be but the old wood-shed and pump of the Eastern States and Provinces, a willow tree, or a lilac bush, or a moss covered fence with a rickety gate and path leading up to the door. Such are the scenes that artists love to paint; such are the home pictures that most of us have hung in the chambers of memory.

But one sees nothing of all this on the prairie—not even the pump. The wells are shallow, and the water is raised by plunging a bucket from the hand, and drawing it up with a rope, or by a rude contrivance of a rope and pulley. As the people have no wood, they of course, have no shed to put it in. There is nothing to keep in or out, so there are no fences and no gates. And there is no path to the door because the inmates approach the house directly from all points of the compass, and leave it with the same free irregularity.

So with our minds full of Eastern prejudices, we had almost given ourselves up to pessimistic views of Western homes and Western civilization generally. But longer observation brought knowledge and

wisdom. We found as high humanity and as noble, living here as in the regions of the East.

After all it seems that our home attachments are not so much to places as to the people who live in them, on account of the experiences we have undergone together there. It is all a matter of association of ideas. The place that witnesses the joys and sorrows of our childhood, and the tender affections of family life is forever consecrated. The house may be a humble one, and its surroundings may be commonplace to others. What matters? To us at least, there is a glory there that continually draws back the eyes of memory in after years.

There seems to be, then, quite as much attachment to the home place, and as much unity and affection in the family among the Western farmers, as in the East. The primal instincts of humanity hold full sway in prairie dwellings, and the comparative isolation of position helps to confine and concentrate the family life. When the nearest neighbour lives from one to ten miles away, general social intercourse is necessarily restricted, and the members of the family are thrown in more upon themselves and upon each other.

At the outset a prairie settler encounters a great hardship in the scarcity, and consequent high price of all kinds of building timber. For a dwelling house he must be for some years content, at the best, with a small, poorly built, and unplastered frame structure. This he will have sheeted—if he can afford the luxury—both on the inside and outside with heavy paper. As paper is not a good conductor of heat or cold, this sheeting when properly put on, affords considerable protection against cold weather. The outside sheeting has been soaked in a preparation of coal tar, and is, therefore, waterproof also. This gives such houses, at a little distance, the somewhat strange appearance of having been painted black.

Besides the dwelling houses, the only other frame building usually seen on the frontier prairie farm, is the granary, and, in exceptional cases, the horse stable. But the stables both for horses and cattle, generally consist of a very rough framework of cottonwood poles, over and about which, hay and straw is piled to the depth of three or four feet. When carefully built these stables are quite warm and answer the purpose very well.

Many of the settlers are too poor to build dwelling houses of boards, and so are forced to provide other means of shelter. Of these, the simplest is the "dug-out," which is but a modern survival of the primitive cave-dwellings of our earliest ancestors. The dug-out is a hole in the ground, made rectangular in shape and with a roof over it, and a door at one end. The side of a hill is the most suitable place to make a dug-out, but where there are no hills, the settler must make the best shift he can on the level prairie. I once saw a dug-out used as a school. There was no floor in it except the smooth, hard earth. The teacher's place was marked by a plain little table and a cheap chair. The children sat on rough, home-made benches. They had no desks, but kept their books on the floor, under the benches. The room was lighted by one little window at the same end as the door.

Sod houses are very common in the West. The walls of these houses are made

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of the tough prairie turf cut into strips two or three feet long, and a foot or two broad. They are built up into solid walls, seven or eight feet high. The roof consists of a framework of poles, thatched with prairie grass, or covered with sods. The roof of a dug-out is made after this fashion also. Sod houses and dug-outs usually contain but one room, and here the family eat, sit, and sleep. Sometimes these dwellings are floored, but frequently there is only a little, rough board floor at one end of the room, where the beds are. The chimney is but a hole in the roof, through which a stovepipe projects. If the owner can afford it, he sometimes plasters the inside of the walls with lime mortar, or lines them with boards. A sod house that has been carefully constructed, is habitable for five years or longer. By this time the rootlets that held the sod together are all quite decayed, and the wall crumbles. Both sod houses and dug-outs are very warm and comfortable, in the severest winter, but dug-outs are said to be damp and unhealthy during summer. The settlers who live in these dwellings are chiefly Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, of whom there are great numbers in the frontier prairie States and Territories.

There is a large colony of Russians in Manitoba, and another in Southern Dakota. These people have made for themselves very comfortable and durable adobes or mud walled houses. A plentiful coat of whitewash on the outside, gives them a somewhat attractive appearance at a distance. These houses are only one storey in height, and of ordinary breadth, but are of an unusual length. The cattle, and other farm animals, are housed in one end, and the family in the other, with a mud wall between.

Sometimes one sees a log house in the sparsely wooded bottoms of the larger rivers, or a stone house in the vicinity of a rocky bluff. But the majority of prairie dwellings in the new districts are such as I am describing.

These houses do not always appear so small and unpretentious. They have a glory of their own. Distance and the sun transfigure them. Mirages are frequent in the summer on the plains, and the effect on the little board houses is marvellous. Time after time we used to think we were approaching a real mansion on the prairie. There it was a mile or two distant but plainly seen in the clear, sunny air, two storeys high, at least, large and airy. But as we drew nearer, the proportions of the house seemed to shrink, until it did not seem much larger than a very big packing case with a door and two windows.

The little villages and towns are magnified and glorified by the same magic influence. Seen in the bright sunlight, under the intense blue sky, a prairie hamlet distant six or eight miles, seems but a mile or two away, and its twenty little frame buildings stand out in the clear air like the massive stone blocks of a large city.

No fair comparison can be drawn between the rude dwellings of the first prairie farmers, and the older farm houses of the Eastern States and Provinces. The true comparison is with the log cabins of backwoods settlers in the East. The comforts and conveniences of the latter are quite as limited. The West will improve as the East has done. Prairie farmers

have wonderful energy and adaptability, the soil is fertile and the crops usually good, and produced at a small cost comparatively. And so their wealth grows apace, year by year. Already, in the older districts, there are good houses and out-buildings, and well-kept gardens of both vegetables and flowers. Fruit orchards have been planted, and large groves of cotton-wood have been set out, and are growing vigorously.

Meanwhile, the pioneer prairie settler away out on the frontier, has compensations. He needs not the commiseration of city dwellers. It is his good fortune to be free from the works and ways of the maddening crowd, and the miasms both moral and physical, that rise from the abodes of the multitude. Though his house is small, his door opens upon infinity. And so he comes to have a development and cultivation of character, like people who live long by the sea, or in the presence and shadow of great mountains. We who spend our lives shut in by streets and houses, do not know well what that is. Yet we may recognize some of the traits of the typical settler on the prairies. These seem to be a certain quiet strength, and depth of temperament, independence and breadth of opinion, and sincerity of disposition. A life that develops such character as this, is not lightly to be esteemed in comparison with the fuss and fury of cities.

Arthur, Ont. A. STEVENSON.

M'IVER'S MALADY.

In the afternoon of Sunday, December third, 1837, Malcolm Maciver was industriously furbishing his rifle in the back kitchen of a small farm-house, a few miles north of Toronto, in York County, Canada.

His task completed, Malcolm loaded the rifle and fired from the door at a black cat, which was daintily stepping along the top of the garden fence. The sharp "spang!" of the rifle brought Malcolm's mother to the side of her son, who was now meditatively watching the blue circles of smoke as they gradually widened and dissolved.

"Ah, Malcolm," bemoaned Mistress Maciver; "ye hae kilt auld Tammy! Fuir black beastie; for why did ye dae't?"

"Hunkh," grunted Malcolm; "he was an ugly cat, and I had to take a crack at something."

"Malcolm, ye're no' the lad ye ance was; I mind the day ye wadna shoot on the Sabbath; an' ye hae dune a gey unlucky thing—ye hae ta'en the life o' a black Tammy, an' it'll fare ill wi' ocht ye may undertak' i' the year, boy. Why are ye gaun room sae muckle wi' your gun i' your grup? A buddy wad think ye expectit war i' the lan'!"

"And maybe we do, mother," Malcolm laconically rejoined as he re-loaded, and moodily elevated his weapon to aim at a bird which had alighted near where the cat had been.

"Hold!" cried a voice; and a middle-aged, strapping fellow stepped from behind the fence.

"Ha, Ludwig," Malcolm said; "I nearly finished you that time."

"That's twice I've just missed being shot this week," exclaimed Ludwig. "Plenty of shooting these days; eh, Malcolm? Practice matches and hunting every-

where!" and he laughed bolsterously.

"Ye tak' it gey brauly, Ludwig," interposed the old lady, warningly. "But ye maun guard yersel' noo; for it's three times an' oot, ye ken!"

"Mother's always saying queer things," vouchsafed Malcolm. "Come, Ludwig; let's be going. For war there must be bullets, eh?"

Ludwig nodded assent, and the two men trudged away toward David Gibson's farm—which was a little distance nearer Toronto than the Maciver homestead.

"I'll warrant they be gangin' tae that auld gruesome mill o' Shepard's," grumbled Mistress Maciver, as she turned back into the house; "an' it's no' for ony guid th' y gang there, I'll guarantee!"

"I wish you would not grumble in that way, mother; what are you saying?" asked Malcolm's sister, Maggie, who was "siding" away the tea-things. "We are happy, and why will you persist in running after trouble, mamma?"

"Ah, ye dinna ken bairn; ye dinna ken," was all her mother would say; and Maggie saw it was no use to talk further.

"I'm sayin', Maggie, that thae mysterious ways Malcolm hae gotten intae hode nae guid tae hisel' or ony ane. He hae no' ben like oor ain boy syne rant'n' Wulie Lyon Mackenzie cam' this gait wi' his harangum'."

"He'll get over it in a day or two, mother; it's only some wild youth's freak."

"The guid Lord grant sae," fervently ejaculated the old woman.

Mistress Maciver's surmise was correct, for the two men lost no time in arriving at Shepard's mill—a tumble-down structure near the rear of the Gibson farm.

"Who goes there?" greeted them out of the darkness, as they drew near their destination.

"Friends of the people and responsible government," said Ludwig.

"What bear you?"
 "Hearts true to the core."
 "But small as crabapples?"
 "Crabapples are sour."
 "Pass!"

The spectacle inside was a peculiar one. All sorts and sizes of impromptu crucibles were set up, and men diligently reduced pieces of lead-pipe, tea-chest lead and other lead scraps into bullets. The newcomers were recognized by variously modulated nods and greetings.

"Men," spoke up one from among the group; "what about banners?"

"We'll get those at the City Hall," said another in answer.

"They've put Union Jacks there with the arms, and we'll appropriate both. A couple of cops is all the guard we have to overcome, boys; ha, ha!"

There was a general jubilee at this sally; and two or three began to sing in a martial manner.

"I have a flag," Wademan interposed, producing a bundle from his overcoat pocket. He unwound the folds and flaunted before the company a not unpretentious piece of blue and gold bunting, on which was emblazoned:

BIDWELL AND THE GLORIOUS MINORITY. 1832, AND A GOOD BEGINNING.

An uproarious laugh greeted the exhibition of this.

"Why, Lud," said Malcolm, "the date is five years behind, man."

"We are not in a position to pick our banners," Ludwig retorted; "and this can be easily changed."

"Right you are," spoke up another man. "Just clap a seven over that two and the job's done, eh?"

Again there was hilarious amusement, and Ludwig Wideman was deputed to have the needed alteration made.

A bustle outside diverted the attention of the bullet-moulders; and a man, greatly excited, rushed in pell-mell.

"Boys," he cried, "we are to organize and fall in to-night. Doctor Rolph has sent word from the Executive by young Wright to Gibson's, that the Government is aroused and arming; and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of William Lyon Mackenzie."

"Where is he?" Where is Wright?" a dozen shout together.

"Gone on to notify Sam Lount at Holland Landing. Mackenzie is wanted and no one knows his whereabouts."

At this unexpected intelligence, three or four of the triangulators who were unarmed departed to provide themselves with weapons, and Ludwig Wideman left with Malcolm to have Mistress Maciver sew the higher digit on the flag.

"Will I stitch it? No!" sentimentously said Malcolm's mother, when the subject had been broached. "Ye hae taen the banner o' a losin' cause; an' ye may thank the guid Lord if ye come out o' this ane with hale skins an' unthrangit necks."

"Mother, what makes you say such gloomy things?" expostulated Malcolm. "We're for the freedom of the people; and we strive to thwart the machinations of a tyrannical Family Compact Government."

"An' rix fornent the law o' the A' mlichty, wi' your uncouth bits o' pikes an' blunderbusses—ah, lads, I ken mair than ye'll be takin' oot wi' a sma' tooth-comb. Bidwell was defeated at the elections wi' yon flag, an' it ill becomes ye tae fak' a stauin' beneath a losin' drape. I tell ye ance mair I'll no' saw on a seven."

Malcolm managed to induce his sister to make the alteration, and with Ludwig repaired to David Gibson's house. Here the altered motto was paraded.

"Are you not compunctious about bringing Mr. Bidwell's name into the undertaking against his will?" Mr. Gibson enquired with some concern.

"Never fear, Mr. Gibson," Lud merrily ejaculated; "Mr. Bidwell should be a 'rebel' if he is not one. But, because he has not consented to join with us, I shall take care that this flag falls into no recreant hands. He who takes it kills me first!"

The clattering hoofs of a rapidly approaching horse echoed from the northward. Nearer and nearer it came, until young Wright, who had sped on to Sam Lount's forge earlier in the evening, pulled up his foam-flecked steed before the expectant party.

"What news?" was the uppermost greeting.

"Lount has started for the rendezvous with a goodly gang of men. Has Mackenzie turned up yet?" Wright said and asked.

"No," rejoined David Gibson; and, after some further consultation, Wright tore away toward Toronto to report to Dr. Rolph.

The noise of the hoofs of the departing emissary's animal had hardly died away, when "clopp, clopp," came reverberating along the highway once more from the way of Holland Landing. There was a breathless wait of a few minutes, and pudgy little William Lyon Mackenzie came scuttling into their midst.

"What's up, what's up?" he queried in a fluster, glancing about at the plainly apparent bustle.

"The country, sir," said Malcolm Maciver, laconically.

David Gibson told the little agitator that the Government had at last aroused from their lethargy, had begun to mobilize the militia, and had issued a warrant for the arrest of the chief insurgent himself—accompanied by the offer of \$2,000 for his capture.

"Do you mean me, Gibson?" Mackenzie demanded.

"Aye, aye; and if you'll take my advice, you'll make double-quick time across the border into Yankee Land, while your skull and skin are whole."

"Tut, tut, I fear no warrant! I'll stay with my followers to the last!" Mackenzie shouted pompously, and waddled around trying to strut, and pounded his chest viciously—much to the elation of the assembly.

"To horse, then," cried Gibson; "and let us away to Montgomery's Tavern, or Lount, and his men will be there before us."

"No!" yelled Mackenzie, crimsoning with choler: "I set the time of attack for the night of September seventh, and not one iota shall that date be budged!"

"Doctor Rolph has misled us, you know very well, Mackenzie," insisted Gibson; "and now it would be insanity to delay our operations."

Eventually, though still fuming, Mackenzie was convinced, and a start was made south along Yonge street toward Montgomery's Tavern.

A narrative is not needed to deplete the occurrences of the exasperating days that intervened between this Sunday and the seventh of December of that year. Historians have already and often, graphically described the premature outbreak of the Upper Canadian Rebellion, and the disastrous after-effects on the final success of the daring, but misled insurgents.

Bright and early on the morning of the seventh, the ill-armed strikers for constitutional liberty were warned that a body of gaily-caparisoned troops and militia, with flags flying, bayonets glittering, and bands playing war-like airs, was on its way north from Toronto. Loath to believe it, the "rebels" were at length compelled to do so by the actual appearance of the Government's van on the summit of a distant hill.

"Heigh, Lud," said Malcolm Maciver, addressing Wideman, what do you think is the latest?"

"The royal troops are on us, eh, Malcolm?"

"No; better than that, Lud."

"What?"

"Mackenzie has asked me to place a horse, ready saddled and bridled, on the next cross-road north. He expects defeat, I guess, and is shrewd enough to be prepared for flight."

Ludwig laughed, and soon increased his merriment; for the attacking soldiers had planted a cannon and had sent

a ball crashing through the wooden sides of the tavern—much to the discomfort of the rebels within, who poured forth like a swarm of terrified bees, without waiting for a repetition of the dose, and sought shelter in the adjacent woods.

Ludwig carried the "Bidwell" banner; and, waving it vigorously, he exhorted in stentorian tones his comrades to rally.

"Shoot that man!" roared an officer who rode well forward in the attacking force.

Wideman heard the order, but he never flinched. Fluttering the banner gallantly aloft, he cheered for Canada's native land, and the freedom of her people.

"Cr-r-rang!" came from several rifles in the ranks of the loyalists and, with a cry of: "My God! For Canada!" Ludwig Wideman reacted, and fell into the arms of Malcolm Maciver, who had just returned after attending to Mackenzie's desire about the horse. Brave Ludwig was shot through the brain. His soul had gone up with the departing wreaths of smoke from the cruel rifles.

Rushing up, the soldiery seized the flag, and made a prisoner of Malcolm. He was caught red-handed bearing arms against his sovereign; his gun was in his hand; so he was thrown into gaol at Toronto.

Mistress Maciver and Maggie wept bitterly when they learned of Ludwig's violent and untimely death and Malcolm's incarceration. It was a tedious time that elapsed before Malcolm was brought to trial. The two women moved into the city, to be nearer; and, as often as they were allowed, they visited him and did all they could to alleviate his misery. His mother did not upbraid him.

Cold Winter had tightened his frosty bands about yielding Nature, and subtle Spring had once more loosened them that the voluptuous Dame might revel in the toxic trance of Summer, before Maciver's prison-doors were flung ajar and he was allowed again to tread the earth a free, though fearfully altered man. Often had he vowed in the silent gloom of his cell to avenge the death of Ludwig Wideman; and now he reiterated the oath with caustic emphasis before his mother and his sister. They were appalled.

"Ye hae no ca' tae add tae your sins, Malcolm, wi' makin' siccan oaths. Gang tae wark, an' gie thae memories awa'," said his mother; "It'll dae ye hae guid tae brood!" that style, laddie."

Malcolm conceded only half of his mother's desire. He laboured willingly, but continually harboured an intense wish for vengeance; and resolved some day to have it.

Meanwhile his employer despatched him to open a branch business at the royal, western city of Guelph. Shortly after his arrival there, Malcolm was sitting in the reading-room of his hotel and overheard some men discussing the battle of Montgomery's Tavern. It was soon apparent they were not "rebel" sympathizers.

"A lots o' those ragamuffins were killed that day," said one.

"No; only one insurgent lost his life," interjected warmly a man sitting a little apart, who had not hitherto spoken. He was a fierce-faced, weather-tanned man with iron-grey locks, and had a peculiar

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glitter in his eyes. Malcolm felt a mysterious affinity with this being as soon as he noticed him; why, he could not himself have explained.

"There must have been more than that," persisted the speaker, who had designated the "rebels" ragamuffins.

"I tell you, no!" angrily retorted the individual with the iron-grey hair, and the glitter in his eyes became a glare.

"What makes you so cock-sure, friend?" sarcastically remarked the other, as he spat a splurge of tobacco-juice on the floor.

"I was there on the side of the loyal militia," went on the stranger, vehemently, "and took part in the affray. A rebel was waving a flag, and we got the order to shoot him. A few of us fired at him. I aimed at his head and struck him, killing him instantly. There was no other wound on the body."

"What became of the flag?" one asked.

"I pulled it from the clenched hand of the dead man; and came mighty near having my head smashed by the butt-end of a gun, wielded by a young fellow into whose arms he had fallen. There, you have the whole circumstance."

"That banner got Mister Bidwell into trouble."

"Aye, aye," assented the narrator; "that has become historical."

Malcolm, without a word, left his chair and mounted to his room. Opening a drawer, he took from it a revolver.

"Yes, it's loaded," he muttered, and shoved the firearm into his pocket. Down he went, and re-entered the reading-room, but the fierce-faced man had gone.

"Did you know him?" he queried, speaking generally and indicating the vacant seat by a backward movement of his thumb, as he prepared to strike a match and light a cigar.

"No," answered several.

"Where has he gone?"

"To catch the stage for Toronto," vouchsafed the hotel-clerk who was lounging by; "he stopped here for but a half hour, and was going right on to Toronto by the earliest stage."

Malcolm left the group, and, once in the open air, made a frantic rush toward the stage station. He reached the place too late, his quarry had escaped this time, for the stage had gone. Chewing his moustache with vexation, he made his way back to the hotel, fully resolved to search out and run to earth this man in Toronto at some future time. But days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and months threatened to become years, and still his employer did not recall him. He chafed, but was unremitting in his attention to business. Every little while Maggie wrote to him, and he sedulously returned the compliment. He remarked that she mentioned often a young man whose acquaintance her mother and herself had romantically made, and who had become a frequent visitor at the Maelver home. Maggie would not tell the romance, and all she explained about the young gentleman, was that he was called "Ned," for short. Finally there came a missive saying:

"Ned and I are to be married at Christmas, Malcolm; and we all hope so much that you will be here to give the bride away."

The week before Christmas arrived, and with it the welcome man who was to take Malcolm's place at the head of the branch business. Malcolm was to have a month of holidays, and then he would take a more lucrative position in the chief establishment of his employer at Toronto. He was glad of this; but more gratified by the knowledge that he would be able to track the man who, he still strangely schooled himself to believe, had murdered his friend, Ludwig Wideman.

"I must insist now on hearing that little romance, which you have been tantalizing me with so long, Maggie," said Malcolm to his sister in the tiny parlour of the cosy Toronto house, on the second evening of his return. And Maggie began naively to tell it to him.

A few days after Malcolm's departure from Toronto for Guelph, there had been an accident to the stage coming from the west and several passengers were hurt, notably one iron-grey-haired gentleman with a broken leg, who had no relatives near to convey him to a place of comfort. When they asked him his name, he said it was "Ned"—

Malcolm was startled when his sister had got thus far, and abruptly interrupted her by jerking out his watch and rising.

"You won't mind telling me the rest some other time, will you, Maggie?" he said; I have an appointment to keep and must go."

Maggie was surprised, but consented. She noted nothing unusual about her brother's demeanor, as he put on his hat, and lit a cigar before going out. She did not doubt he spoke the truth.

"Where does "Ned" live?" Malcolm asked, casually.

"At 9 Cruickshank street," Maggie replied, as she gave his overcoat a parting pat.

As soon as Malcolm was outside and around the corner, he dashed away his smoking weed viciously.

"She shall never marry that wretch," he hissed with a horrid grin.

A quaint-seeming old footman with half-closed winkers and a cast-iron visage, let him in at 9 Cruickshank street, and presently ushered him into the presence of "Ned."

"Malcolm Maelver?" said interrogatively, the gentleman with the iron-grey hair, still twirling Malcolm's card in his fingers as he arose from a comfortable arm-chair beside a huge box-stove. Malcolm had instantly identified him as the Guelph debutant.

"Yes, sir; and you are—ah—are Ned?" Malcolm superciliously enquired, making a satirical gesture with his hand.

The old man nodded, and laughed in a queer way.

"You are well-known at mother's house, are you not?" Malcolm went on, after he was seated, and the funny-faced footman had gone.

"Yes," returned the elderly man.

"Tell me the remainder of your name," spoke up Malcolm; "it is rather unorthodox for one man to be calling another whose acquaintance he has but made by the familiar cognomen of "Ned;" don't you think so?"

"Well, maybe; my name is Farrier."

"Ah; and I suppose you are a long resident of this vicinity?"

"I am."

"Do you remember the battle of Montgomery's Farm?"

"I do."

"Did you know a man named Ludwig Wideman?"

"Eh?" Farrier exclaimed.

Malcolm repeated the question.

"I did," said Farrier, apparently moved; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said Malcolm, complaisantly lowering his voice, and leaning forward; "you murdered him."

His listener was not abashed, and coolly said:

"How do you know?"

"You said so yourself—at Guelph."

"Did I?"

"Yes; I heard you say that you had killed the only rebel shot at the battle of Montgomery's Tavern."

"I know you did; what of it?"

"Now we are beginning to understand each other; and let us carry on the discussion to its logical conclusion," said Malcolm. "You admit that you killed the sole rebel done out of life at that skirmish?"

"Yes."

"His name was Ludwig Wideman; you slew Ludwig Wideman."

"I see."

"I am the young fellow who came within an ace of knocking your brains out while you tore away that fatal flag."

"I see."

"Then, and a thousand times since, I determined to avenge the death of my friend."

"So now, to come to the 'logical' conclusion, it is incumbent upon me to fulfil my often rehearsed vow and put you to death."

"Exactly," said Farrier, with exasperating calmness, not once having moved a muscle of his countenance since this turn of the conversation and drift, but his eyes still glittering, as always, with the fury of living coals of fire.

To have beheld the two as Malcolm deliberately produced a pistol and cocked it ready for action, a stranger would have pronounced them sire and son to a certainty—so great was the resemblance of the eyes and actions and general contour.

"Are you ready to die, sir?" asked Malcolm, politely.

"No," sentimentously said Farrier.

"Then be quick and prepare, sir, for you have not long to live."

"All in time, my boy; I shall not run away, and you may shoot me whenever you desire. But first I must give you a brief sketch of my life, which it is necessary that you should hear."

"I cannot see how it can be requisite that I should hear anything of the kind, sir; but as you wish it, I hearken. Go on."

"So long ago, that I was a mere boy of ten years, I lived on a farm a few miles north of this place, then not much better than a wilderness. For you to know anything more about the state of the country then, is immaterial; suffice it to say that I always had a relish for tormenting and taking the life of the lower creatures. One day I wantonly destroyed a black cat belonging to Ludwig Wideman's mother. Ludwig was wroth, and thrashed me within an inch of my life. Being of a revengeful disposition, I never forgot that humiliating castiga-

tion. Time went on, and I married one of the finest girls in the section, and was happy. All the while that unaccountable propensity for killing grew within me; and when a son was born to us I had a horrible mania to murder him. I forced this from me desperately, and succeeded for a time in conquering. Then came a wee girl; and, after awhile, another boy. Again I was seized with that fiendish wish; this time to do away with all three. I struggled against it day and night, until I became well-nigh a raving maniac while alone; but in company I had not so much trouble to control myself. We called our first-born Malcolm, our daughter Maggie, and the young boy Edward; and when this child was about a month old I conveyed myself from the country—fearful that I should massacre my entire family if I remained with them.

The old man was greatly overcome, and had to halt in the narration for a moment. He went on again:

"After a terrible tussle with nature for a year, I sneaked back to my home in York and abducted my youngest, Ned. I wandered about, having him always with me until I finally reached the mines of California. I worked for years there, with a chum, and made nothing. He had a little son also, and was very fond of the lad. One day a cave-in occurred and imprisoned my companion. I released him, after great exertion, but he was hurt internally and died in three hours. He bequeathed the boy to me, and made me swear to be a father to him. From that day out I had paroxysmal returns of my fatal malady of insanity—I can call it nothing else—and my longing was to kill my adopted son. Whenever I was attacked I would rush off to the mine and labour furiously, till utterly exhausted; then I would go to the shanty and tumble into bed. I would sleep like a log, and in the morning all would be well. I persisted in this mode and eventually succeeded in allaying my terrible inclination. You will notice that the peculiarity of my disease was that I was selfish enough to own one person at a time, but could not bear others. I was satisfied with my wife before a son came; and here I had been experiencing no longing to be rid of my son Ned until there was another rival for my affections. I took antipathy to the latest comer.

"Well, I made a pile of gold. Then I was consumed by a craving to return to Canada, and packed up my traps and came here once more. Since I had been idle my old insanity had returned somewhat, and the breaking out of the Mackenzie rebellion gave me an opportunity to exert myself. Before marching to the defence of the city, I took all my money and valuables out of the bank and buried them in a place of safety, fearing that the rebels, if successful, would sack and loot the place. This precaution was a foolish one, however; for, as it turned out, the patriots had no intention of looting—and, which was worst of all, I lost the chart showing the spot where my wealth lay. All my searchings for it, from that day to this, have proved fruitless. Sometimes I am inclined to the opinion that this is a wise dispensation of Providence to avert my mind from dwelling upon its in-nate fiendism.

To return to the rebellion: when we arrived at the front and got the order to shoot the standard-bearer, I recognized him at once as my old enemy. There and then my insane fury was aroused seven-fold; and, taking deadly aim—my wild experience in California had made me an unerring marksman—I brought Ludwig Wideman to earth. Awful, you say; fearful? Aye, aye; maybe. Before the law I was innocent—in fact, the Government gave me great encomiums as the doer of a noble deed—but, inwardly, I knew I had committed murder, and gloried in it. Keep quiet, my boy; keep quiet. While tearing away that flag I recognized the supporter of my victim as—

"Who?" asked Malcolm, leaning forward toward the narrator and speaking with pent emotion.

"Malcolm Maciver—my own son," added the old man brokenly.

"God forgive me; my intuition told me this was so," Malcolm sobbed convulsively; "and as my father I embrace you. That strange propensity for crime is of me too—I have inherited it! Verily, this hellish heredity can ruin what otherwise would be a noble soul!"

"Alas!" echoed the elder man; "but, son, by the grace of God and our own dogged wills, we may curb if not totally overcome."

"Father, your name is not Farrier?" interrogated Malcolm, when they were a little calm.

"No, son; what more appropriate than that I should take the name of my co-labourer and cabin-chum? I had not the courage to reveal myself when I came back to Canada. That is but a small offence. I sent money at intervals to your mother; but I presume she never told you where it came from."

Malcolm rose from the chair; the old man tottered to his feet.

"Your are weak and worn, father," Malcolm said; "I'll leave you. This is enough of revelation for to-night."

There was a sleeping silence reigning when Malcolm reached his home, and he lost no time retiring for the night. He could not sleep for quite a while, and as a drama of the evening's doings passed before him, he suddenly realized the astounding fact that his father was engaged to marry—who?

"My sister and his own daughter!" Malcolm whispered horrifiedly, rising on his elbow in the bed.

Then there surged through his frame a bitter revulsion of feeling against his father and this dastard duplicity.

"It will wreck my poor Meg's life," he muttered, getting out of bed, and pulling on his pants. It was quite a different feeling this, than that which formerly prompted the destroying of his sister's lover. She'd live through that—but to know that her own father had thus wittingly deceived her.—He could contemplate no more; so he tramped about the room, cudgelling his brain to find an explanation for this cruel act. But none would come. In his agitation he strode with forgetful feet, and presently a knock at his room door startled him. He had aroused his mother and sister, who slept in the chamber underneath his own. His lamp was dimly burning.

"Come in," he said.

And Maggie pushed the door ajar.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Malcolm?" she cried, aghast at his dishevelled, haggard look.

"I might as well out with it, now, my sister; is your mother up?"

"Yes," said she herself, entering.

Malcolm rehearsed everything.

"This can't be so," said Maggie, trembling with excitement.

"Too true, my sister; too true," Malcolm bewailed.

"Pairst true; an' pairst surmise," put in matter-of-fact Mistress Maciver. "Nae doot your scamp o' a father hae turned up, for ye hae gotten the richt gait o' the story, Malcolm; but he's no' the ane wha's gangin' tae wed wi' oor Meggie. Onyhoo, thot ane wad be over young tae be your father; he's no' twa years aboon the age o' her, mon!"

Here was a conundrum.

"Well, well," ejaculated Malcolm; "and I have not been on the track of Maggie's Ned, after all."

"If ye hae found your dad, Malcolm, ye maun tell him tae keep tae hisell," Mistress Maciver went on; "but he will hae tae gie me accoot o' my bonnie boy Ned?"

Malcolm repaired once more to No. 9 Crutchshank street early in the morning, but his father had gone out.

"Where to?" he asked of the metal-faced laquay.

"Don't know; to meet Ned, I guess," the factotum growled.

"Who's Ned?"

"His boy."

"Ah! The one who is to marry Miss Maciver?"

"Don't know."

As was characteristic of him, Malcolm jumped to a conclusion; and, with his Scotch blood again in a ferment, rushed back home.

"This is worse, and worse," he fumed, bursting into the room where Maggie sat and sewed. "Your lover is your brother, Meg!"

"I do not understand," she said.

He soon enlightened her; and this time there seemed an appalling weight of feasibility in what he told her. She was overcome, and Malcolm called their mother.

"What hae ye ben daein' noo?" she demanded; "ye're aye up wi' some daft sayin', Malcolm. Ye'll be the death o' your puir sister."

Malcolm furiously explained.

"As they wad say in court, ye hae circumstantial evidence eneuch tae mak' it look as if ye were richt, Malcolm; but ye maunna tell't tae me that a mither wadna ken her ain bairn instinctively; an' I hae had nae kaind o' baklin', artan'— I hae seen young Farrier, thot he might be a son o' mine. Na, na; I think ye hae gotten the wrang soo by the lug an' a' mair, Malcolm, my laddie."

The door-bell rang and put a stop to the talking. Presently the man under debate himself appeared in the door-way; then old Mister Maciver, and finally a strange young man.

"Meg," said the elderly gentleman.

"Malcolm!" shrieked the old lady, and these two ageing ones recognised, relented and resolved to rest together the remainder of their days on earth.

"And this is Ned; your own son Ned."

June 16th, 1893.]

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

said Malcolm, senior, bringing to the front the uninitiated young man.

Mistress Maciver looked. That was enough; she knew her son, he knew his mother.

The other Ned stood aghast at what was going on.

"Am I not then your son, that I take no part in all this reuniting?" he asked, with a tinge of sorrow in his voice.

"My son in everything but blood; you are my adopted son," explained sire Maciver.

"Then my name is still Ned Farrier?"

"It is."

A scream from the younger Maggie, as she threw herself into Ned Farrier's embrace, was more eloquent with happiness than could have been a thousand words. Malcolm, junior, saw it all, and was amazed and pleased. He had become a changed being, as had his father, since each confided in each other and laid bare their mutual and horrid taint.

There was much felicity in that residence that day. Ned Maciver recounted, with great gusto, his adventures in New York, from whence he had just returned, and whither he had gone when his father took up arms against the patriots. While talking, he suddenly bethought of and produced a valuable document, which he had discovered in the breast-pocket of the overcoat his father had given him on his departure for the land of Jonathan. This was the long-lost chart showing the whereabouts of the buried treasure.

"And now," interjected Malcolm, junior, turning to his sister, "you must finish the relation of your romance, Maggie, which I cut short sans ceremonie last night."

"There is not much to tell," said Maggie; "the man with the broken leg was father, but he concealed his identity; we did not know him. Mother and I were there and brought him to the city in our care."

"I shall supply a missing link," Maciver spoke up. "I was on one of my rushes over the country, resisting my insane desire to kill, and dutiful Ned Farrier was posting after me. He heard at Guelph that I had gone on to Toronto; and he was away on the chase when the accident occurred to our stage at the Humber bridge, just west of Toronto. He arrived home just as our mother and sister were having me carried into the house on Cruickshank street."

So all ended well and, according to the traditional proverb, all was well. No. 9 Cruickshank street became the Farrier home, with young Maggie as its mistress. The re-amalgamated Maciver family dwelt happily in the other house. Father and son perpetually encouraged each other to fight against their fearful malady; and by much prayer, with the help of their Creator, and after strenuous struggles they succeeded in subduing their fell disease. Experience had taught them that it would thrive only by cultivation, and this they manfully avoided at every appearance of temptation. JOHN A. COPLAND.

I know the past; and thence I will essay to glean a warning for the future, so that man may profit by his errors, and derive experience from his folly.—Shelley.

"A certain kind of preachment," says Mr. Stedman, "antipathetic to the spirit of poetry, has received the name of didacticism." And indeed when we come across a suggestion of this "preachment" in what were otherwise the expression of the beautiful alone, we feel, as it were, that a "double-mindedness" has been at work, and that the result has been a false note. The analysis of this result is not difficult. Didacticism in this sense is subjectivity, which necessarily fails to harmonize with the purely impersonal. It is the intrusion which is born of self-consciousness, and which is utterly antagonistic to spontaneity. It is man's individual comment upon the universal, as if the expression of the universal were not in itself the supreme lesson of art. In short, when a great poet gives vent to this conscious didacticism, he comes down from the sublimity of the seer and stands amongst us, teaching still—we grant it—but only as a pedagogue teaches. And dull as we are, we see the change and feel vaguely that one flash of inspiration is worth a volume of platitudes.

And yet in the higher and real meaning of the word, didacticism, is not only common but essential to creative writers. Essential to them, because a great mind cannot reveal the expression of a noble thought without at the same time imparting a lesson of greatness and nobility. And in this sense, it is perhaps the objective and non-self-intrusive writers in almost the most purely impersonal form of literature, who are the greatest teachers of all. It is to Shakespeare that we turn in the hour of conflict or doubt, and not to the so-called didactic poets. The "malice" of Moliere's mockery vibrates through centuries, while the appeal of the novelist, "writing for a purpose," dies only too often before that purpose has been fulfilled.

The writer of a great tragedy or of a great comedy is, we repeat, of necessity—whether he will or no—a teacher. Whether tragedy or comedy has the more important role in this higher didacticism, is a question worthy of the most serious reflection. The eternal kinship between the two, the innate connection of humour and pathos, does not even modify the difficulty of the question. For to most of us—however evident the superficiality may be—comedy is the reflection of the laughter of life, tinged perhaps with irony, tragedy the picture of its gloom, with something also of its bitterness. The greatest tragedian, perhaps, is not without some touch of irony, the writer of a great comedy must, in our opinion, have in his nature something of tragedy. But the pictures of life which they present are so different that we have become accustomed to consider the difference of their lessons as one of kind rather than of degree.

The tragedian towers above us, showing us a conception of life which terrifies, while it enthral. The figures of Prometheus and Lear stand out apart from us, isolated and unapproachable. The trivial feelings of anger and revenge, modified in the case of most of us by conventionality or timidity, become in tragedy enduring passions. The vague impulses towards what is felt to be right,

which in ordinary life constitute what for want of an appropriate word, we have styled "goodness," appear to us in tragedy, transformed and radiant with sublime possibilities. The result is a feeling of awe in those souls which are capable of reverence, a feeling of oppression in those which are incapable of such. The pleasure derived from witnessing violent situations and intense emotions merely because they are violent and intense, need not, in passing, be considered a recognized factor, however difficult it may be to ignore it.

Comedy, on the other hand, deals precisely with those smaller emotions which tragedy transforms. Comedy shows us the mean man without exaggerating his meanness, the kindly man without exalting him to the sublime. The creator of comedy holds his mirror so near that each of us recognizes his neighbour's reflection and takes comfort and warning accordingly.

What tragedy effects on a grander and nobler scale, comedy effects no less inevitably. The tragedian raises—the writer of comedy comes down to—the many. Tragedy is lofty, but alien, comedy humbler, but nearer home. The words of the tragedian are too deep for most of us, the voice of comedy strikes home to each. The lesson from both is inevitable, and while we preserve Iago, we must not forget Tartuffe. For if, in the words of Landor, "The tragic poet rolls the thunder that frightens," it is "the comic" who "wields the lightning that kills."

O GOWAN BY THE BROOKSIDE.

O gowan by the brookside,
Awake! it is the spring
That calls thee from thy slumber;
What message dost thou bring?

Hast heard the stormwind raging,
Or felt the frost or rain?
I thought thee dead, pale gowan,
Yet there you smile again!

MARY MORGAN,

June 1st, 1893. (Gowan Lea.)

ART NOTES.

Mr. G. R. Bruenech, so well known to Canadian art lovers for his graceful and pleasing representations of scenes in Norway and Muskoka, and of many a beautiful nook and landscape in Canada and the United States, returned recently to his old home, Toronto, from holding a series of exhibitions of his art work in the United States, which were well and profitably attended. Mr. Bruenech deserves success—as apart from being a conscientious, painstaking and gifted artist, his courteous, gentlemanly demeanour, and excellent character cannot fail to win for him just commendation. Now on a sketching tour down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending probably to the Maritime Provinces, we may expect to find many new scenes to admire and to compare with old favourites when we are again favoured with an exhibition by this favourite artist. Mr. Bruenech tells a good story of an old American, one of a party of tourists viewing the solitary grandeur of the North Cape at midnight, who remarked to the artist that if they had the North Cape in the States they would soon make money out of it by clapping a summer hotel upon it—and, said the artist, rob it of its distinctive character and natural attractiveness.—Not at all, said the imperious Yankee, we would make it popular and make it pay, at the same time.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The vocal pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds gave an enjoyable recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, June 8th, assisted by several College of Music students, when a choice programme of music was performed. The concert on the whole reflected great credit on Miss Reynolds, who is well known to be a good singer, and a most capable teacher.

Miss Minnie Gaylord, a piano pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, was to have given a piano recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall last Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., but was prevented from doing so at the last moment by being called by telegram to Chicago, where a position has been offered her as soprano soloist in one of the churches there at a salary of \$800 per year.

A concert is to be given to-morrow evening in the Pavilion, under the auspices of the Upper Canada College Musical Society, of which Mr. Walter H. Robinson is music master. The performers will be Mrs. Martin Murphy, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Lee, vocalists; Misses Gurney, Cummings and Labatt, pianistes; and Miss Street and Miss Littlehales, violinist and cellist, respectively. The concert promises to be one of great enjoyment and merit, which no doubt will draw a crowded house.

Mr. J. W. Baumann, the well known violinist and teacher, of Hamilton, has engaged Miss Nora Clench, the distinguished Canadian violinist, who has for the last year been pursuing her studies under the great Belgian master, M. Teye, for a series of 40 concerts to be given throughout Canada and a number of American cities. We have no doubt but this tour will be highly successful and artistic, for Miss Clench is a great favorite where she is known, and is an admirable player.

The closing exercises of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution were given in Association Hall, Friday evening, June 9th. The house was full, and the programme a good one, and well varied, only somewhat too long. The performances throughout showed most excellent teaching on the part of the faculty, Mr. H. V. Shaw (principal), Miss Bowes, and Miss Eva G. May, and gave great pleasure to the large audience present. The studies from the classics in the second part were beautiful and effective, and the musical selections meritorious.

In an interview with several musicians by an Empire reporter, regarding a patriotic and national anthem for Canada, Mr. F. H. Torrington said he had never heard "The Maple Leaf," composed by Alexander Muir in 1870—although it has been sung scores of times in this city during the last 20 years. He, however, very modestly referred to a national song he himself had composed which had been popular, and had been sung at the musical festival here in 1870—presumably under his own direction. Mr. Hughes likewise said, "The Maple Leaf" was not sung in the country to any extent, so he had composed one adapted to the jingle "Beulah Land", which contained all the elements of popularity. The remarks of Mr. D. E. Cameron and Sig. d'Auria were however most consistent, that when the people demanded greater independence, and the national spirit acquired greater strength and pride, a song of inspiring character would follow which would be an outlet for the people's exuberant enthusiasm.

A piano recital of more than usual merit was given in the Chapel of Moulton Ladies' College last Saturday afternoon, the 10th inst., by Miss Muriel Lalley and Miss Wilson, the former a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth and the latter a pupil of Miss Smart who recently graduated in music at the above excellent institution. The young ladies had the assistance of Miss Fowler and Miss Millechamp, vocalists—also pupils of Miss Smart, who sang most

acceptably, and with pleasing voice and style, songs by Goring Thomas, Cowen and Nevin. Miss Lalley played a prelude and fugue by Bach, the last movement of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 10, Bendel's Improvisation over the "Prize Song" from the Meister singer, Wagner, two Chopin numbers, a valse and prelude, and Schumann's novelette in F major. Miss Wilson played the last two movements from the Sonata, op. 26, Beethoven, Chopin's military polonaise, Ravi's "La Fileuse" and Greig's "Papillon" and "Poeme Erotique." Several of these numbers were played by the two talented young ladies, without notes, with splendid technique and with considerable repose, showing already commendable maturity and musical skill. When these aspiring young ladies complete their entire pianistic studies, they will be valuable additions to the army of piano players constantly being developed in Canada, for each possesses talent, ambition, and genuine conscientiousness.

The Philharmonic Society, as mentioned in our last issue, gave their closing concert of the season with a performance of Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata, "The Golden Legend," in the Mutual Street Rink. The evening was cool, and the building abundantly supplied with fresh air, which circulated freely through the open skylights and the doors which were frequently left ajar—only this air came in draughts so cool as to cause considerable uneasiness to those at all inclined to take cold; for it is well known that gusts of cold air coming in contact with persons in a heated building are neither good to cure colds, nor do they offer any protection against them. The Cantata was preceded by a short programme consisting of Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—played by the orchestra, Weber's always beautiful "Concert Stueck," for piano, with orchestral accompaniment, (pianiste, Miss Fanny Sullivan), and Jensen's "Murmuring Breezes," sung by Mr. Whitney Mockridge, to the piano accompaniment of Mr. F. H. Torrington. Miss Sullivan's performance of the Concert Stueck was neat, clean, and generally worthy of praise, her touch and style being much improved. Mr. Mockridge sang Jensen's lovely song with much beauty of phrasing and fine tone, his rich voice and cultivated, yet easy, style pleasing the audience immensely. The same cannot be said of the overture's performance by the orchestra; it was played too fast, and parts of the work in consequence of the tempo were indistinct, uncertain, and amateurish. We have had good performances, hitherto, by our local orchestra, and the past two or three seasons have enjoyed the magnificent playing of the three great American orchestras; so a performance at the end of the season, such as we have referred to, is not a pleasing reflection. The Cantata is a composition which may be classed as a work of art. It is highly descriptive, dramatic and imaginative. The orchestral parts are difficult, yet very effective; and the choruses and solo parts genuinely well constructed, musical, and full of interest. The work had its first performance in Toronto by the Philharmonic Society several years ago, so is not entirely new to the public; and the work of the Society at its second performance may, perhaps, on the whole, be added to its successes. The chorus, considering the large auditorium and the preponderance of female voices over men's, sang with good tone, and attack, with, however, but little attention to light and shade, or the details that show a finished and artistic performance. The male voices, although comparatively few in numbers, sang remarkably well, with a richness and steadiness of tone that was in itself a feature of distinct merit. The chorus won their greatest success in the beautiful and popular "O Gladsome Light," which was repeated. It is to be regretted that in nearly every concert we have attended, by the Philharmonic Society, the conductor has systematically stopped the chorus for some trivial matter, causing not only confusion amongst

the members of the chorus, but shows disrespect for the audience, who do not come to hear reprovals, as in a public rehearsal. The soloists were Mme. Bruce Wilkstrom, mezzo soprano; Miss Florence Brimson, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. H. W. Webster, bass. Mrs. Wilkstrom has a voice deep and mellow, and she created a good impression. Miss Brimson, who can scarcely be called a professional, sang in a manner which speaks well for her subsequent appearances. Her voice is flexible, somewhat white in colour perhaps, at present, but will mature and improve, as she has evidently both talent and ambition, and is moreover, most attractive in manner and appearance. We shall look forward with pleasure to hearing her again. Mr. Mockridge sang superbly, and is always the artist; more than this it is unnecessary to say, as every one here knows what a beautiful voice he has, and how well he uses it. Mr. Webster sang with abundant energy, and in a style which may be said to be robust. He, however, was handicapped by the loud orchestral accompaniments and the large building; but nevertheless sang his part in a creditable way. The Rink was crowded almost to the doors.

LIBRARY TABLE.

QUEBEC, LAKE ST. JOHN, AND THE NEW ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY. By E. T. D. Chambers.

Mr. Chambers has prepared a neat and entertaining guide book for the new railway, which is opening to the sportsman, the fisherman, the artist and the tourist, one of the most attractive fields for their varied tastes which the Dominion of Canada presents. This line will facilitate the approach to a maze of beautiful rivers and picturesque lakes; haunts of the tiny speckled trout and the lordly Ouananiche. Here the invalid, or peace-loving summer tourist will find delightful resorts with balmy and bracing air; and the adventurous angler will realize his fondest hopes of stirring and splendid sport amid wild and rugged scenes.

MANUAL OF NATURAL THEOLOGY. By George Paget Fisher, D.D., LL.D. Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: William Briggs. 75 cents.

Like the distinguished author's little volume entitled "Manual of Christian Evidences," this work is designed for readers and students who have not time for the study of more extended works upon the subject of which it treats. Dr. Fisher takes the ground that the modern doctrine of evolution so far, as it can be said to have established itself in the creed of naturalists of highest repute, has the effect of fortifying rather than weakening the argument of design. The book is marked by the clearness and precision of statement, aptness of illustration, wealth of learning which characterise the author's writings. To the student it will prove of great value as an introduction to more elaborate works; to the general reader it can be highly commended for the union of simplicity and thoroughness with which it deals with a difficult and universally interesting problem.

THE AESTHETIC ELEMENT IN MORALITY AND ITS PLACE IN UTILITARIAN THEORY OF MORALS. By Frank Chapman Sharp. Ph. D. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The essayist attempts to examine and define the aesthetic element in character and its relation to the general welfare as an end of action with a view to obtaining a consistent and satisfactory criterion

right and wrong. In discussing the problem, he treats in an interesting if not very profound or remarkably lucid manner of The Theory of Altruism; The Intrinsic Worth of Character; An Analysis of Moral Beauty; An Examination of the Aesthetic Method of Ethics; and The Idea of Obligation in Aesthetics and Ethics. Very few thinkers will be found—except among the veriest Utilitarians—to accept the "positions" which the author so complacently claims to have established, e.g. that the object of desire is always pleasure, and the idea of good being correlative with desire, all that is good is such in virtue of its pleasure-giving quality; that the aesthetic quality of a single action or of an entire life is primarily independent of the moral ideal; that the deepest tendencies of the moral life find their only consistent expression in what is known as the utilitarian criterion of right and wrong, etc. The essay, however, is fruitful of suggestions and may be read with pleasure and profit by all who are interested in the discussion of ethical problems.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER AND THE SCOTCH ATTEMPT TO COLONIZE ACADIA. By the Rev. George Patterson, D.D. Transactions, Royal Society of Canada.

Twenty-eight quarto pages and the facsimile of an ancient chart, constitute Dr. Patterson's exhaustive monograph dealing with an exceedingly interesting period in early Canadian history. Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, and Viscount Canada, poet, philosopher, and jurist, received from King James I. a charter, by which he was made viceroy, with almost absolute powers, over the whole of the present Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, with parts of the State of Maine and of the Province of Quebec south of the St. Lawrence, the whole bearing the name of New Scotland. The particulars of this charter, the foundations of the Order of Baronets of Nova Scotia, the attempts at colonization, and the failures consequent upon the opposition of the French, are set forth by Dr. Patterson in his lucid style and with his historical accuracy and judicious criticism. Most of the histories of Nova Scotia treat more or less fully of the subject chosen by the learned author for his latest treatise, but no one, so far, has given it the same amount of attention, nor invested its characters with the same living interest. Such papers as Dr. Patterson's are among the strongest pleas on behalf of the existence of the Royal Society of Canada.

HOUSES IN CITY AND COUNTRY. By Russell Sturgis, John W. Root, Bruce Price, Donald G. Mitchell, Samuel Parsons, jr., and W. A. Linn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs, 1893.

This is a republication in book form of an admirable series of papers which appeared in Scribner's magazine. These papers present in most readable form a variety of useful and interesting information bearing on the architectural features of certain well known types of building in the United States—such as the city house in the East, South and West; the suburban house; the country house and small country places; and the concluding paper treats of the work of Building and Loan Associations. As may be imagined, the reader is taken by a skilled guide through the homes of wealth and elegance as well as those built from small means and sustained by limited incomes. From basement to attic the guide will often take you making clear the mysteries of building. Grounds the most ample and beautiful will be visited as well as those where limits but little exceed the house which is built upon them. Facts and figures are set forth in orderly array and the innumerable are given which will add to the taste and extend the knowledge

of all who are interested in the subjects treated. And who, may we ask, is not? This volume will prove a welcome addition to every well informed architect's library and so pleasing, practical and popular is the treatment that its worth will be evident to a wide class of readers. It contains 100 illustrations, including types of eminent American architects and some famous and historic buildings of the States.

PERIODICALS.

Storiettes for June has eleven short stories. The names of Edgar Fawcett, Geo. A. Henty, Marion Harland, and Geo. M. Fenn are a guarantee for their share of the work. Not that we wish to disparage the work of the other authors who have contributed.

Book Chat for June, besides the notices of "Some Notable Books," Notes, etc., gives us readings from Justin McCarthy's "The Dictator"; Gertrude Atherton's "The Doomsdancer"; Margaret Deland's "Mr. Tommy Dove" and Jules Lemaitre's "Prince Hermann, Regent."

Richard McDonald, jr., says that "the greatest present grievance is the burden of taxation" in his thoughtful paper entitled "The Danger to the Republic" in the Californian Illustrated Magazine for June. We find a strong sonnet from Archibald Lampman, in this number, on "A Thunderstorm." This issue has so many and such excellent contributions that one is at a loss to select from them. Yachting, Cycling, Travel, Geology, Astronomy, Literature, are all introduced, and readers with varied taste will enjoy this excellent number.

The Canadian Engineer is a new monthly journal issued by the Canadian Engineer Company in the interests of the mechanical, marine and sanitary engineer, the manufacturer, the contractor and the merchant in the metal trades, and published in Toronto and Montreal. The first number is most creditable. Its original matter, illustrations, selections, industrial and other notes give promise of a home journal, in the engineering field, of practical worth and mechanical excellence—which will attain undoubted success.

No one needs an incentive to read Outing during this warm weather, it is the next best thing to having our own summer outing. F. J. Hagan treats us in the June number to a bit of rather florid prose, on "Black Bass Fishing." Edward Wakefield has a lively description of Kangaroo Hunting. "All for a Life" is a stirring sea tale by John Heard, jr. Charles Leonard Norton's paper on "The Sailing Yacht of To-day" is timely and instructive. The Turf series is well sustained. Lenz's tour is approaching completion. E. W. Sandys writes brilliantly on shore birds. The Canadian Militia receives attention, and Mrs. Denison has a bright instalment of "Through Erin Awheel."

The opening paper of the June number of the Methodist Magazine should prove of interest to Canadian readers; it is entitled "A Canadian Lady's Adventures in the Orient," and is from the pen of Zella Carman. Carmen Sylva, in her interesting and intelligent sketch of "The Kingdom of Roumania," observes: "Roumania bids fair to become what King Charles dreamt she might—a living artery of Europe." Algernon Blackwood contributes a most readable sketch the name of which is "Over The Spugen." "Catherine Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army" is discussed in this issue, which is in every respect up to the standard of the Methodist Magazine.

Gilbert Parker's story in the June Lippincott, "The Translation of a Savage," is one of the brightest, cleverest things we have yet seen from this rising Canadian author's pen. Mr. Parker's

work in fiction has dispelled the illusion that our country cannot produce a success in that department of literature. No one will be disappointed who reads, "The Translation of a Savage." This is a capital number; the athletic series, the notable story series, and the journalistic series as those of Frank Dempster Sherman, Clinton Scollard, Graham R. Tomson, are as well sustained; and such names as John Burroughs, Philip Bourke Marston and Bliss Carman are a guarantee of excellent contributions.

Oscar L. Triggs commences the current issue of Poet-Lore with an able paper on "Walt Whitman." "Whitman's positive artistic contribution," says this writer, "is above all else the sense of wonder which he applies to the treatment of life." Dorothy Lundt tells a clever story, not without touches that are true to life, entitled, "An Inspection." Mary M. Cohen is the author of an interesting study, entitled, "Emma Lazarus: Woman, Poet, Patriot." "The Singer" is the name of a powerful sketch from the pen of M. A. Worswick. Mary Harnet treats upon the "Early Women Poets of America." The June number is a most readable issue of Poet-Lore.

Temple Bar for June, apart from the well sustained serials, "Diana Tempest" and "The Greater Glory," has some very readable contributions. A pretty and pathetic ode is that by Cecil Cayley, entitled, "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation." Another of those delightful biographical sketches which mark this fine old magazine, is that on "Lady Mary Wortley Montague"; one is never wearied of old favourites. Akin somewhat to this is a paper on the writings of the philosophic theologian, Joseph Glanville. Rhoda Broughton's story, "Rent Day," is, like all her work, entertaining. There are other pleasing papers and poems, etc., in this acceptable number of Temple Bar.

Archibald Lampman's noble poem, entitled "June," will to many prove the chief charm of The Cosmopolitan for this month. The gentleness and modesty of this gifted poet, and the purity, delicacy and grace which characterize his poetry add dignity and distinction to the literature of our country. This new poem will delight those—and they are neither few nor unqualified to judge—who see in Mr. Lampman's work the highest poetic quality as yet attained in Canada. This number contains many articles of excellence and interest, such as Murat Halstead's sketch of Brooklyn; C. F. Lummis' description of the chase of the Chongo; Camille Flammarion's weird and gruesome "Omega"; E. S. Holden's sketch of Muhammed Baber, "the greatest of the Mogul kings"; Clifton Johnson's "Deserted Homes of New England," and E. B. Andrews' "Notes of the Brussels Monetary Conference." Stories, poems (among which is one by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts), etc., and the usual departments complete an attractive number.

John J. Mackenzie, B. A., opens the Canadian Monthly for June with a popular science article entitled, "Bacteria, and their Role in Nature," "We know," says the writer, "that dry air and bright sunlight will destroy the cholera germ in two hours, and diphtheria in very little longer time, whilst in a damp, dark cellar they will remain alive for months; yet people continue to build and live in houses which are damp and dark." Chauncey N. Dutton argues for cheaper facilities in transportation by water. John Hague contributes a short, but pretty, bit of poetic prose on "Aspects of Lake Ontario." Cecil Logsdall writes from observation and experience, "as an Englishman who has resided for many years in the United States," of their women. Duncan Campbell Scott's poem, "At Scarborough Beach," has a fine rhythmic flow. Z. A. Lash, Q. C., has a thoughtful and impartial paper on

"The Behring Sea Question." H. A. Hilliard's contribution on "The Nickel Region of Canada," in this number, is both interesting and instructive.

The American edition of "Review of Reviews" for June, in commenting on the progress of the work tells us broadly, after speaking of the banking collapse in Australia, that "whatever may be asserted to the contrary, the farmers of the United States . . . are in a condition of most fortunate and hopeful prosperity." When, may we ask, did the farming community of New England sever their connection with the United States? In referring to the Behring Sea argument, Sir Charles Russell's demeanour is compared unfavourably with that of the United States Counsel. Sir Charles Russell has borne himself before the great tribunal as any honourable British gentleman would when provoked by a case partly based on forgeries; by lofty assertions unfounded in international law; and assumptions of superior morality, discredited and disproved even by the American expert, Professor Elliott. The Character Sketch of Sir Frederick Leighton and the portrait bust of the great English artist are notable features of the issue. Dr. Edmund J. James argues strongly for education as a calling for college men. Ernest Kraufft has a timely and thoughtful paper on "Art at the Columbian Exposition." The general departments are well sustained in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Rider Haggard has just completed a new novel which, we believe, is somewhat in the manner of "Beatrice." It will probably be called "The Way of the Transgressor."

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is to publish the New Irish Library, which is to appear under the general editorship of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The first volume of the Library will be Davis's "Patriot Parliament."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, not content with being one of the most popular authors of the day, the editor of one of the most popular magazines, and a partner in a publishing business, himself is, we hear, about to start another magazine, which will be remarkable for the entirely novel lines on which it will be run.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has been very cordially received at Sydney. He was made specially welcome by the Presbyterians, and gave an interview to the organ of the denomination. The interviewer describes him as tall and thin, walking with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and indicating by his whole bearing and manner the intense and enthusiastic temperament of the poet.

An interesting edition has just been made to the Baedeker Guide Books, in a new volume devoted to the United States, including also an excursion into Mexico. It has been prepared by Mr. J. F. Muirhead, the compiler of Baedeker's Guide to Great Britain, and the general manager of the English editions of the Baedeker Guides, and is issued by the Scribners, the American agents of the Baedeker Guides.

The German poet, Hermann V. I. Igg, has written a comedy entitled "John Spellmann," in which the principal characters of Shakespeare's dramas and the great British author himself appear. John Spellmann, though a German, was the court jeweler of the English queen, and the first to fabricate cream paper in his mills at Dartford. On the cream paper he had the first edition of "Hamlet" printed for his friend Shakespeare.

The series of "Men's Occupations," recently begun in Scribner's Magazine, will, it is believed, prove equally popular with the famous Railway, Steamship, and Electric series, which have been features

of this magazine. The series includes the "Merchant Sailor," by W. Clark Russell, "The Actor," by John Drew, "The Journalist," by Julian Ralph, and the "Mechanic," by F. J. Miller. Among the artists who will illustrate the series are W. L. Metcalf, Frank Brangwyn (the English marine artist), Dan Beard, W. T. Smedley, and Otto Bacher.

The New York Critic has the following items: Mr. George Meredith, who has returned to Boxhill from Guildford, where he has been giving some more sittings to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has written a short story entitled "Lord Ormont and his Araminta," which will be published in The Pall Mall Magazine. Mr. Meredith has, we understand, nearly completed a novel called "The Amazing Marriage," which will be published in Scribner's Magazine. The rumour that Mr. J. M. Barrie has indefinitely postponed the writing of his serial story for Scribner's is, we believe, without foundation, for the novel is nearly if not quite completed. Mr. Barrie, by the way, has been invited to become a candidate for the chair of English Literature at the University of Aberdeen.

In Canton and Singapore there are "fisherman's suburbs," where thousands of picklers, shop-keepers, and peddlars follow the trade of a fishmonger as a hereditary occupation; but Leipzig is perhaps the only city in the world where whole streets are devoted almost exclusively to the sale of literary commodities. The number of antiquary shops in the old city on the Pleisae far exceeds the local demand, and some of their proprietors, indeed, make a speciality of supplying foreign markets and display their show-tables only for the benefit of incidental visitors. Others deal exclusively in second-hand school books, others only in maps; but the representative firms boast that they can supply old English books that have disappeared from the Cheapside book-stalls, and old French works not mentioned in the catalogues of the Paris boutiquiers.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Block, Louis James. El Nuevo Mundo. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
- Beawetherick C. B. Practical Hints in Painting on China and Glass, 25c. Toronto: Art Metropolis, 131 Yonge St.
- Douglas, Amanda M. Larry, 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Green, Anna Katherine. Marked "Personal." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Hamilton, James C., M.A., LL.B. The Georgian Bay. London: E. Marlborough & Co.
- Heinsburg, W. A Fatal Misunderstanding, 75c. New York: Worthington & Co.
- Smith, Jeanie Oliver. Donald Moncrieff, 50c. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

In the little village of Egmaning, in Bavaria, a curious nocturnal expedition has just taken place. A few minutes after midnight there suddenly appeared in the village a party of 150 armed men, mostly peasant proprietors, driving apparently some imaginary spectres before them. Presently every man discharged his firearm. Many of the inhabitants who were indoors behind strong barriers trembled at the thought of the carnage that must have ensued. Then a specially appointed person recited the Record of Deadly Sins by way of exorcising the spirits of evil supposed to be hovering about. As a rule, nobody dared venture out; but one more bold than his fellows did open his door, and expostulated against such an unwarranted disturbance of the night. But the firing-party heeded him not. This ceremony of exorcising the evil spirits from the village continued for an hour. And as suddenly as the party had arrived, so suddenly did they depart. There was a strong smell of powder in the air, but not a trace of brass-stone.—Daily News.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ODE.

On the opening of the Imperial Institute
May 10, 1898.
Six years have fled, since rose among the
flowers
The vast Pavilion, with its courtly throng
And 'mid the trumpets' blare, to prayer
and song,
Where soars to-day a coronal of towers,
The Empire swept along.
Long years! To-day the same Imperial
hand
Which laid the granite, holds a golden key
Fair token of the visible Unity
Which shall encircle while these proud
walls stand,
Our Britain, land and sea.
To-day our dream embodied meets our
eyes,
A thousand tolling hands and brains
have wrought,
The worker's willing strength, the pro-
vident thought,
And lo! the airy domes and towers arise
Clear on the vernal skies.
Not of our colder Northern Art sedate,
But lighter, blending East and West in
one,
A flower of Fancy, quickened by the sun,
Yet keeping still to guard our Regal state,
The Lions at the gate.
Here, in the stately chambers everywhere,
And corridors with veined marbles, fine,
The treasures of the wood, the sea, the
mine,
All kindly fruits our wide dominions bear,
And corn, and oil, and wine,
With all the gains enfranchised Labour
brings,
Are ranged to-day, to deck these ordered
halls
Whereon no shadow of the sheathed sword
falls;
But Peace, an angel, folds her golden
wings,
And Commerce, smiling, calls.
Dream, Prince, the dream dear to thy sire
and thee!
Fulfill it, Patel! Here let the toiler come
And find sure guidance to his waiting
home
And honest work, and rear in days to be
New Britains over sea.
Here let the Daughter-Nations, East and
West
And North and South, take counsel and
discern
How fair their mighty Mother is, and
yearn
With love renewed, content awhile to rest
Safe on her fostering breast.
Till drawn together nearer, they shall
bind
Close bonds of blood for all of British
blood;
Then, our broad subject-realms in brother-
hood;
Then, our great alien kinsmen, heart and
mind;
Then, if Heaven will, mankind!
I'ent joy-bells unawakened yet, nor cease
I'ent till our isles and continents related
Fling far and wide a new harmonious
Voice!
While, through long ages yet, our nations
increase
In Unity and Peace!

—Louis Morris.

"PASTOR FELIX."

Among the poets of to-day whose names are not so well known to the public as they deserve to be, is the Rev. Arthur John Lockhart ("Pastor Felix"). Mr. Lockhart is at present a resident of Cherryfield, Maine, and is the author of "The Masque of Minstrels," a modest little volume of 361 pages (B. A. Berry, Bangor, Maine, publisher), but which contains between its boards poetry of high distinction. There is nothing insignificant or strange or unpoetical in Mr. Lockhart's verse. His themes are numerous and

subject are well chosen, and we become interested and attached to them at once. His muse is pure, bright, cheerful, and inspiring, while each of his poems, daintily clothed in classical and musical language, is set before us intelligently, complete and finished—like a cameo. He possesses great lyrical sweetness, profound thought, considerable originality, sincere tenderness, good argumentative powers, true but genial plety, besides a warm love for fatherland, for nature, and all created things.

As a specimen of the delicate manner in which Mr. Lockhart weaves his thoughts into verse, we quote "The Woods of Carr." Here we have a poem of great beauty, simple in detail, charming in conception, full of feeling and pathos and eloquence, the work of an enthusiast.

THE WOODS OF CARR.

O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice calling,
calling,
Through its clostral deeps afar?
'Tis the Indian's babe, they say,
Fairy-stolen, changed a fay;
And still I hear her calling, calling,
calling,
In the mossy woods of Carr!
O do you hear when the weary world is
sleeping—
Dim and drowsy every star,—
This little one her happy revels keeping
In her halls of shining spar?
Clearer swells her voice of glee,
While the liquid echoes flee,
And the full moon through the green
leaves comes peeping
In the dim-lit woods of Carr.
Know ye from her wigwam how they
drew her,
Wanton willing, far away;
Made the wild-wood halls seem home unto
her—
Changed her to a laughing fay?
Never doth her bosom burn,
Never asks she for return;—
Ah, valiant care and sorrow may pursue
her,
Laughing, singing, all the day.
And often, when the golden west is burn-
ing,
Ere the twilight's earliest star,
Cometh her mother lone with mortal
yearning,
Where the haunted forests are;—
Listens to the rapture wild
Of her vanish'd fairy child:
Ah, see her soon with smiles and tears
returning
From the sunset woods of Carr!
They feed her with the amber dew and
honey,
They bathe her in the crystal spring,
They set her down in open spaces sunny,
And weave her an enchanted ring;
They will not let her beauty die,
Her innocence and purity;
They sweeten her fair brow with kisses
many
And ever round her dance and sing.
O do you hear the merry waters falling,
In the mossy woods of Carr?
O do you hear the child's voice laughing,
calling,
Through its clostral deeps afar?
Never thrill of plaintive pain
Mingles with that ceaseless strain:—
But still I hear her joyous calling, call-
ing,
In the morning woods of Carr.

Mr. Lockhart was born on the fifth of May, 1850, in a small village some few miles distant from Hantsport, on the uplands overlooking the Avon and the Basin Minas, Canada. His father, Albert Lockhart, was for many years a master mariner, and his mother, Elizabeth Beanson, was of Huguenot descent, her ancestors having emigrated to America in times of persecution. "I had such education," writes Mr. Lockhart, "as books and a common school afforded. The books that nourished me earliest, were the Bible, an old dark covered hymn-book-looking edi-

tion of Currie's Burns, a pocket edition of Gray, and one of Goldsmith. By these my tastes in poetry were formed, and they hold still the perfect charm. Later came Byron, Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest. I began to rhyme early, did so in fact in school on my slate when I should have ciphered. I loved figures of speech, and hated numerals. They convey little to me even to-day. At the age of four I received an injury to my left foot, and was through childhood a cripple and partial invalid, never sharing in rough plays or athletics, but fond of roving in fields and by brooks, brooding by the way." His birth-place held many charms for him, and it is affectionately referred to by him in his poems "Acadia," "The Retrospect," "Tommy Father," "By Avonside," and "Gaspereau." Some of the stanzas of the latter are as follows:

O sweet Acadia vale! with thee
My earlier, happier years were passed!—
The day of blest security,
The peaceful hours, too bright to last,—
When on thy hills I sang in joy,
And traced thy brook and river's flow;
Hast thou forgot thy minstrel boy?
O much-loved vale of Gaspereau!

Off memory on the track returns
By which my life the earliest came;
And Fancy many a scene discerns,
And lists to many a magic name;
Then do thy woods and streams appear,
With paths my wandering feet did know,
And all thy music meets my ear,
O winding vale of Gaspereau!

How oft from yon hill's dark'ning brow
Where twinkles first the evening star,
I've watched the village windows glow
At sundown in the vale afar;
Or, from the shadowy bridge leaned o'er
The river's glimmering darks below,—
Breathed freshness of the sylvan shore,
And heard the songs of long ago!

'Twas here, of old, a people dwelt,
Whose loves and woes the poet sings;
The beauty of the scenes they felt,
When 'mid the golden evenings,
They set the willows, lush and green,
Now gnarled in their fantastic age,
That, with their blacken'd, broken men,
Still stand—the blackbird's hermitage.

Secluded in this calm retreat,
They tilled the soil, and reared the home;
Nor dreamed to an abode so sweet
The lordly spoiler e'er could come:
For them the corn, green-waving, grew,
Studded with many a yellowing gem;
Round them the doves and swallows flew,
And eod'd and twitter'd love for them.

Mr. Lockhart is an active worker from morning till evening, church work, educational work and literary work keeping him busy all the time. He is a contributor to The Week, Dominion Illustrated, Methodist Magazine, Canada, and other leading Canadian journals, and to the Magazine of Poetry, Portland Transcript, Eastern State, Zion's Herald, and other journals of the United States. He has written a series of prose articles under the nom de plume of "Pastor Felix," and the general titles of "Heart on the Sleeve," "Red and Blue Penell" to the Portland Transcript and Dominion Illustrated. He has also appeared in such anthologies as Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion," "The Poets of Maine," "Round Burns' Grave," "Burnsiana," etc.

The poetical powers of Mr. Lockhart are shown to great advantage in his various religious musings. In them we find many chaste and useful thoughts carefully studied out with a spirit of faith, hope, charity and love, while a sacred feeling of the highest kind predominates throughout all of them.

In 1871, Mr. Lockhart entered the Methodist ministry and was stationed at Pembroke Iron Works. He was subsequently stationed at Lubec, East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth, and Cherryfield, Maine. In 1878 he was united in marriage to Miss Adelaide Beckerton, a well educated, and highly accomplished young lady.—John D. Ross, in New York Home Journal

Canada's Book Store.

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An excellent manual of the study and practice of singing.—Montreal Gazette.

Concluded in next Advertisment.

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Captain James McKay Tells His Story of Suffering and Release—His Recovery Was Despaired of and He Lapsed for Death—"The Darkest Hour is Just Before the Dawn" and With It Came a Ray of Hope—Health and Strength Again Restored.

From the Weymouth, N. S., Free Press.

Probably one of the best known men in Digby County, N. S., is Captain James McKay, of Tiverton. The Captain is known among ship-owners, as a first-class mariner and pilot, has been chiefly engaged in the West Indies trade, and has been very fortunate with the vessels under his charge. Some three years ago Captain McKay had a very severe attack of la grippe, which gradually developed into more serious troubles, until his life was despaired of. It was with deep regret that his employers and friends saw him sink gradually under a terrible disease, until his death seemed only a question of a few weeks. At this time, when physicians could do nothing for him, he was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by that wonderful medicine was restored to health and strength. Captain McKay's almost miraculous recovery created no little amazement, and as much interest was manifested in it, both in his own village and in the adjacent places where he is so well known, that the Free Press thought the matter of sufficient importance to the public, to get a statement of the facts from Captain McKay, and accordingly detailed a reporter to interview him with that end in view, when the following facts came into his possession.

"I have heard," said the reporter, "that your recovery was wonderful, and was brought about entirely by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Would you let me have the particulars of your illness and restoration to health?"

"Certainly," replied Captain McKay, "I have told the story a hundred times already, but as the truth never wears out, once more won't hurt, and besides, I always think I may be adding some person who is now suffering as I suffered, and giving them a clean bill of health. To begin at the beginning, I had la grippe about three years ago, and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse and companion for an invalid gentleman. The weather at that season was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used up, and continued to get worse, until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation as though a thousand needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. It was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes almost closed. At times my flesh would become a grayish colour, and remain for days in that state, being at the same time cold and death like."

"Could the doctors do nothing for you?" enquired the reporter.

"Scarcely anything. They gave advice, sent medicine, and rendered their bills promptly, so that I think they derived

the most benefit, for under their treatment I did not improve a bit. At last I got so bad that I lost all ambition, I suffered terribly, was only a burden to my friends, and actually longed for death, which all thought was soon in store for me. But the darkest hour is just before the dawn. I had become so bad that I hardly cared how soon I slipped my cable, for I was now almost completely paralyzed, but at this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton, whose case had been somewhat similar to mine, came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought that there might be a chance for me, though I confess, I had at that time but very little faith in any medicine. To make a long story short, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances, who never expected to see me around again. Since that time I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to several persons who have used them with good results, and I feel it my duty to advise their use by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. I believe they saved my life, and you may be sure I am grateful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending on a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form, is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$3.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PERPETUITIES.

A perpetuity, as ordinarily understood, is a definite, guaranteed money income continuing forever; an example of which can be found in the consols of the Government of Great Britain, the holders of which have secured to them and their representatives an income of 8 per cent. on their face value. Although money may not be worth 8 per cent. or, if it should happen to be worth more, the consols are unaffected in so far as the income derivable therefrom is concerned. It will thus be seen that this particular class of security is of a most permanent and reliable character, and in some respects a valuable one to possess. Aside to securities, known as perpetuities, are the Annuity Bonds of financial institutions having special powers by Government to grant them. This class of security is considered by many as being much more advantageous than the former class. It is contended, and rightly so, that the income derivable under an annuity bond is considerably greater than that under perpetuities, the reason being that the income in the one case is a continuing one, while in the other it is limited to the natural lifetime of the annuitant. An illustration will serve to make this plain. Supposing a person at the age, say, of sixty-five, has \$10,000 invested in British consols, the income from them would be \$800 each year, while if this same person had \$10,000 invested in an annuity bond his income would be at the least \$1,200 each year, or four times what it would be in the case of the perpetuity. In the one case he would receive 8 per cent. for his money, while in the latter he would net 12 per cent. during life. In several cases which occur to the writer advantage has been taken of annuity bonds to provide a permanent specific income for an aged mother or father; also by people who have had their money invested in mortgages, stocks, etc., in which their income for these securities was but small, and the income irregular. In such a case as the latter an arrangement can generally be made by the financial institution which has the authority to take over the mortgages of other securities at their face value and in lieu issue its annuity bond.

Another valuable feature which can be incorporated in annuity bonds is a provision that the interest cannot be assigned or in any way parted with, thus making the income a certainty to the party intended to be benefited. In a word, an income of a most permanent and regular character is secured so long as life continues. It must, however, be understood that what has been said in the main depends upon the financial standing of the institution empowered to grant the bond. Only those institutions who have a favourable record, backed up by large assets and a substantial surplus over and above all liabilities, should be negotiated with. Among the corporations long and favorably known in the annuity business, is the North American Life Co., of this city, whose President, Mr. John I. Blake, has had wide and successful financial experience, and whose Managing Director is Mr. William McCabe, Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain.

One of the loveliest and most attractive summer resorts in Canada is that known as "Peninsular Park," situated ten miles from Barrie, on Lake Simcoe. Every feature of a high class summer hotel will be found at this favorite resort. Mr. S. Barnett, so well known in Toronto, has the management.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

In these modern times when most young women intend and expect to earn their own living, the question of selecting a business, or profession, is one of very great importance. It is, of course, most natural that each one should make the selection, as far as it lies in her power, of the profession for which she seems to have the most natural inclination, and music is the choice of many. Those who decide upon music will do well to remember, that in order to become a competent teacher, it is of no use to take half measures—a "smattering" will not do.

The most satisfactory way to obtain a thorough musical education in this country is to attend one of the great Conservatories, whose courses are specially arranged with a view to educating teachers, the number of whose pupils enables them to provide many lectures, concerts, and other advantages which cannot be obtained under private tuition, and whose diplomas have a real value to those seeking positions as teachers.

Of these Conservatories, undoubtedly the first in the land is the New England Conservatory of Music. It was the first to be established in this country, and has kept in advance of all others, by constantly improving its methods, and offering more valuable free advantages. Its faculty is unsurpassed in excellence, and its methods are followed respectfully by most other American Conservatories.

It has, moreover, a most elegant and well-appointed home, in which reside nearly four hundred lady students, whose own homes are afar. The advantages of living, and taking all studies (no matter whether music, elocution, Art, or language), under one roof, is of immense importance to the student, as it does away with so many causes for loss of leisure, etc.

This advantage is accentuated by the fact that the home life in this institution is replete with comforts and safeguards. The moral influences are of the best, and have gained the repeated endorsement of such people as Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Dr. Phillip S. Moxom,

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been

gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well. ●

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. A. J. Gordon, and hosts of others of national reputation.

Everything tending to the comfort and welfare of the students, is judiciously provided by a management whose experience in this line is of many years. There can be no doubt, that the New England Conservatory of Music can most fully satisfy those who are in earnest about selecting music as a profession.

EUPHUISM AND STYLE.

Euphuism, whenever and wherever it appears, is a fashion or a fad. It never rises to the dignity of a style. One may affect a style; but style is not an affectation; it is the expression of a temperament in composition. Style is a mode of dressing thought. One man looks well in a suit of light gray, another is never so becomingly dressed as when clad in sober black, another yet can take the most daring liberties with vivid colors. It is just so in the matter of writing. We are aware that there are full-dress occasions in literature. There are subjects which no one should venture to treat with levity; but no writer can afford to forget his own limitations. The chief charm of style is its clear note of individuality. Young writers almost inevitably imitate the authors who have not attracted them; but, however close the imitation, the world will never place it on a level with the original. Twenty or thirty years ago there were many young people who fell in love with Dickens and undertook to imitate his style. Some of them succeeded in producing quite recognizable parodies; but they all began with one capital mistake.

The reading world did not want another Dickens. A story written "à la Dickens" his manner would have been discounted on the ground of imitation even though it had been better than anything he ever wrote. A writer should not even imitate himself, and we doubt whether anyone should be advised to cultivate a style. Let a man cultivate a habit of accuracy, of propriety and elegance, if you please, but trust his style to nature. Indeed, to advise one to cultivate a style is very much the same thing as advising him to cultivate a countenance. One should have a style, certainly, but only for the reason that he should have a facial expression. There are a few impulsive people who never betray the least feeling on any occasion. They say the right thing, perhaps at the right time; but their speech lacks force because it is, in effect, impersonal. This illustration indicates the demand for style, for personal expression, as an element of literary power. But, as we have said, style is determined by the temperament. It is not determined by character—at least, not necessarily. Character is a fixed moral disposition; temperament is constitutional. Impulsiveness, for example, is a natural trait, a result of temperament, which can hardly fail to reveal itself in composition.

But let the man who looks well in light gray beware of an iridescent splendor. Children and savages delight in startling colors, and in literature our first love is usually a brilliant or, at all events, a showy rhetorician. Some never get beyond that stage of culture.—New Orleans Picayune.

C. C. Richards and Co.
Gents, I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied Minard's Liniment freely, and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.
Joshua Wynaught.

Bridgewater, N. S.
That sting on your finger means "Bring home a bottle of Minard's Liniment."

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:
"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GORF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty and desires restrained; not that which is usually called so.—Plautus.

All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself.—Goethe.
No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of the autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.—Warwick.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc.; come suddenly in the night, and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.
Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.—Goethe
There is strength deep-bedded in our hearts, of which we reck but little till the shafts of Heaven have pierced its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before her gems are found?—Mrs. Hemans.

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

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

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Yours wouldn't be the first case of scrofula, or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good.



CHILDREN who are puny, pale, weak, or scrofulous, ought to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That builds up both their flesh and their strength. For this, and for purifying the blood, there's nothing in all medicine that can equal the "Discovery."

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scurfula) in its earlier stages—the "Discovery" is the only guaranteed remedy.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

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is a valuable food and tonic for the warm weather.

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IMPERIAL

Cream

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BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
McC. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Toronto Empire: The English people are essentially a domestic people, attached to the domestic relations and with a healthy respect for the ties of home and family, and the marriage of the heir to the throne will touch millions of hearts and evoke millions of prayers for future happiness and prosperity.

Dundas Banner: The fact that Rev. Dr. Douglas thinks that there should be a Methodist in the Mowat Cabinet, suggests that he thinks that the Mowat Cabinet is not a political body, but a theological faculty. Sir Oliver Mowat might fit in if it were, but we have our doubts about some of the other fellows.

Manitoba Free Press: The party that goes into the next election with Mr. McCarthy as its ally will find itself terribly handicapped. It will get the fanatics, for it is Mr. McCarthy's game to throw his support against the Government; but it will lose many who believe that toleration is even greater than free trade, and we would like some of the organs who are rejoicing in Mr. McCarthy's support, to tell us how many constituencies there are in Ontario, for example, with Catholic votes enough to turn the balance between the parties. The Liberals would do better to stick to tariff reform and refuse to have part or lot with Mr. McCarthy and his little party of fanatics.

St. John Gazette: The farmers of Canada cannot feel complimented by the contention of Liberal speakers and writers that the National Policy is antagonistic to their interests. If the Government favours any class of our population, it is the farmers more than any other that are favoured. It is in their interest as well as the interest of all other classes that our manufacturing industries are protected from slaughter by American manufacturers making Canada a dumping ground for their surplus products, for were this done the factories, foundries and workshops of various kinds, that now give employment to hundreds of thousands of our people, who are the farmers' largest customers, would have to go elsewhere for employment.

P. E. Island Patriot: In Dominion affairs the only thing that is exciting much attention, is the Foster-Bowall travelling circus. Well, it is not much of a circus after all, for the interviews which they grant are "confidential." It is, however, leaking out that though farmers and artisans are excluded, there is at times pretty plain talk indulged in by merchants and some manufacturers. We agree with what the Toronto Monetary Times (Conservative) says: "The truth is, this secrecy in what concerns the whole public admits of no justification. The public is apt to conclude, rightly or wrongly, that where matters of public policy are treated as secrets between interested individuals and the Government, there is something to conceal, which ought not to be."

Hamilton Spectator: The Bank of Montreal is not at all singular in its experience of the year's business. The tune of other bank presidents and managers was set in the same key. The profits had been fair, the business large, payments good. It is simple folly to tell the people that the country is in bad shape when every scrap of obtainable evidence proves the reverse. Exports and imports larger than ever before; failures few and decreasing; revenue increasing, though duties have been remitted; deposits in savings banks increasing; banks doing a large and profitable business; farmers paying off their mortgages; manufacturing industries active—these are the evidences of the country's condition which Reform writers and speakers have before them when they assure their audiences that the country is going to the dogs.

TWO CANADIAN WRITERS.

Garth Grafton's New Book

THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMBER.
By Sarah Jeannette Duncan. Mr. F. H. Townsend's clever illustrations, cloth..... \$1.50
Relates in her most brilliant manner the amusing experiences and trials of a young housekeeper during her first year in India.

MISS DUNCAN'S OTHER BOOKS.

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ONTARIO'S PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS 1877-1904.
A historic sketch of U. per Canada History for the past century. Over 30 fine photographs and wood cuts, cloth, extra..... \$2.50

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OPENS JUNE 29TH FOR THE SEASON.

Under the management of Mr. SAMUEL BARNETT, of Toronto Board of Trade Cafe.

Electric Lighting throughout Building, Electric Bells, Ball-Room, Bowling Alley, Lawn Tennis, 40 acres of land, Ladies' Bathing, House, Good Boating and Fishing.

Continuous connection with all trains and also to Orillia and Barrie.

First-class accommodation for families. For terms apply to

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UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

(FOUNDED 1829.)

The Autumn term will begin Sept. 5th. School consists of 13 masters. The curriculum includes a Classical, a Science, a Business and a Musical course. 25 acres of playground for cricket, football and tennis. Covered hockey rink, quarter mile track, swimming bath and large gymnasium.

For prospectus apply to the Principal,
U. C. COLLEGE, (DEER PARK),
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Will leave Geddes' Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., for Niagara, Lewiston and Lewiston, connecting with New York, Central, Michigan Central Railways and Niagara Park and River Electric Road—the short route to Falls, Buffalo, New York and all points east. Tickets at all principal offices and on wharf.

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 Summer courses are also offered in the **SCHOOL OF LAW**.
 For circulars apply to
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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
MISS VENNOR, PRINCIPAL
 (Late Trebovir House, London, Eng.)
 A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish Carving will also be held twice a week.

Milk Granules

is the solids of Pure Cow's Milk so treated that when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is
The perfect equivalent of MOTHER'S MILK.



RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family use in the World!

CURES AND PREVENTS
COUGHS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, INFLAMMATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING INFLUENZA.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to two minutes. **NOT ONE HOUR** after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain **INTERNALLY.**

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains

MALARIA.

CHILLS and FEVER, FEVER and AGUE CONQUERED.
 There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious Bilious and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
 Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian - Resolvent
A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigour. Sold by druggists. \$1 a bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS
 For DYSPEPSIA, and for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipations, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.
DR. RADWAY & CO., - MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL

MISCELLANEOUS.

The banking system of the world dates from the establishment of the Bank of England, about one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

True Merit Appreciated.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are world renowned as a simple yet effective remedy for Coughs and Throat Troubles.

In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, they are thus referred to:—
 "Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here I found that, after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few."

A bulletin of the Geological Survey shows the product of minerals and mineral substances in Canada last year to have been \$19,500,000.

A Distressing Situation.—What a dreadful thing it is to wake up in the middle of the night suffering from cholera—the nearest doctor a mile away, and no one to send for him. Imagine a more distressing domestic situation, if you can; and yet cases of this kind are very common. The trouble, however, would never have become serious if the man of the house had a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer at hand, for it is a remedy that never fails to cure cholera, cramps, diarrhoea, or dysentery. All druggists keep it. 25c. each for large New size.

The railways in Japan are, at present, all of the narrow-gauge kind. For some time it has been under consideration to convert all the main lines to a broader gauge system, and the Railway Council has recently entrusted to a committee the investigation of the cost of carrying out the work, and the advantages or disadvantages of the change.

THE ADVERTISING

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason, because it is true: it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements, which, in the financial world, would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

For a general family cathartic, we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

An amendment to the bill for better regulation of coal mines and collieries, has been carried in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, limiting the working day to eight hours.

TARIFF REFORM.

Tariff Reform is in the air. The praises of B. B. B. are also heard everywhere. No other medicine cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood so rapidly and so surely as Burdock Blood Bitters.

A bronze statue of the great sculptor, Thorwaldsen, is to be given by the Danish citizens of New York and Brooklyn to the former city, and will be placed in Central Park. It is a copy of the marble statue executed by Thorwaldsen himself, and represents him as the sculptor at work, in his blouse, mallet and chisel in hand. The World's Fair will have the statue first.

The fortunate find of a freely flowing mineral spring of one of the most delicious mineral waters yet discovered, and found at our very doors, is arousing unusual interest. Islington will yet be famous as the source of supply of the successful rival of the famous Apollinaris water. O'beo is the name of the new water. Competent physicians and chemists are sounding its eulogies, and to the general public it is proving itself to be a cool, refreshing and most healthful beverage. Messrs. Hooper & Co. have it on draught.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer Speaks.



MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, but that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. Haun, Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cumines, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself: Me-srs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly, THOMAS CUMINES, Welland, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"That air is very familiar," said the musician, as a gust of wind took his hat away.

Aunt Mandy (putting down the paper)—"So the Mary Ann made sixteen knots an hour, did she? Wa-al, ef I couldn't tie knots faster'n that I'd stop knittin', that's certain."

Jones (a wealthy Prohibitionist, who is giving a dinner to Parcher on strictly temperance principles)—"John, it is very close in here. Can't you open something?" Parcher (with eagerness)—"Yes; that's a good idea: Open a bottle."

The marriage of Nai Chan, the eldest son of H. E. Phya Montri Surywongse, the King of Siam, to Khoo Prachoon, third daughter of the Governor of Mekon, and grand-daughter of Phya Isaranuphab, solemnized at the Sampeng residence of the bride's grand-father, who is popularly known as the local Duke of Westminister, was attended by the Siam-ese elite of the capital.

A timid creature is woman fair,
Whom the tiniest bit of a mouse will scare,
And throw into agitation;
Yet, the greatest of hardships she can bear,
And to marry the veriest rake she'll dare
To accomplish his reformation.

London society is much exercised as to whether or not men shall wear "spats" (overgaiters.)

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhoea, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 33 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

A Judge who kept his hair very short was one day taking a walk with a friend in the country. Being thirsty they entered an inn, in the rear of which were two men playing skittles. The Judge and his friend becoming interested joined the play, each man taking a partner. After a while the Judge took off his hat, whereupon the man stopped playing. "What are you stopping for?" asked the Judge. The man looked at the Judge's closely cropped head, and exclaimed: "I don't mind being neighbourly, but be danged if I like to play skittles with a tick-to-leave man!"

STICK TO THE RIGHT.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.—an infallible cure—made on the principle, that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

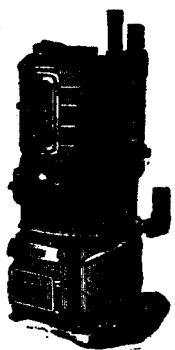
In a small village in Maine there lives an old soldier who has for many years received a pension from the Government, which with his small earnings by occasional jobs, make him comfortable. One day, while at work in the house of a neighbour, he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell to the bottom. The lady of the house heard the noise and hurried to learn the cause. "Why, Am-rose," she said, "is that you? Did you fall down-stairs?" "Yes, marm, I did," answered the old man, "and for about a couple of minutes I thought I'd lost my pension."

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Dear Sirs,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good, and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. B., and am also giving it to my children.
Mrs. Walter Burns, Maitland, N. S.

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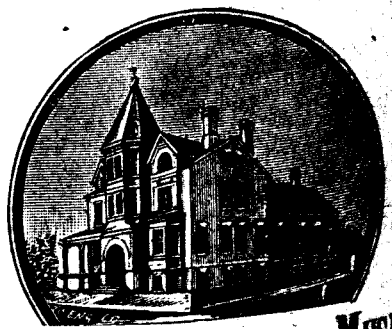
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