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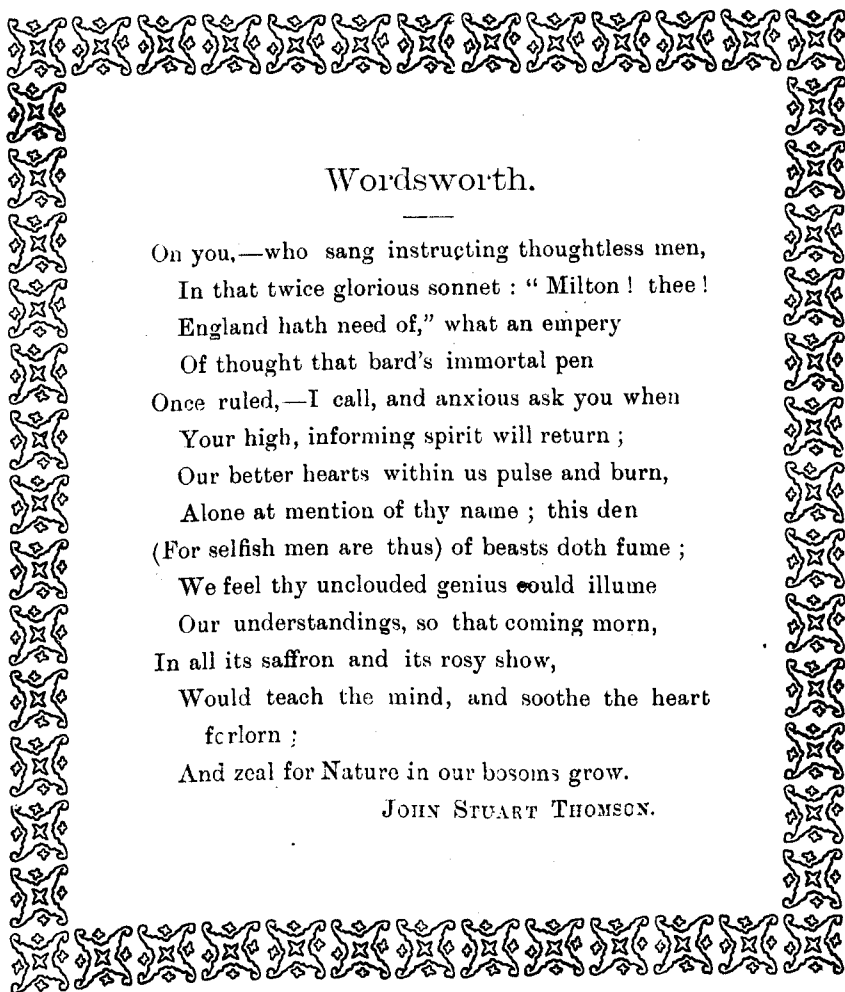
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# THE WEEK

A JOURNAL FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

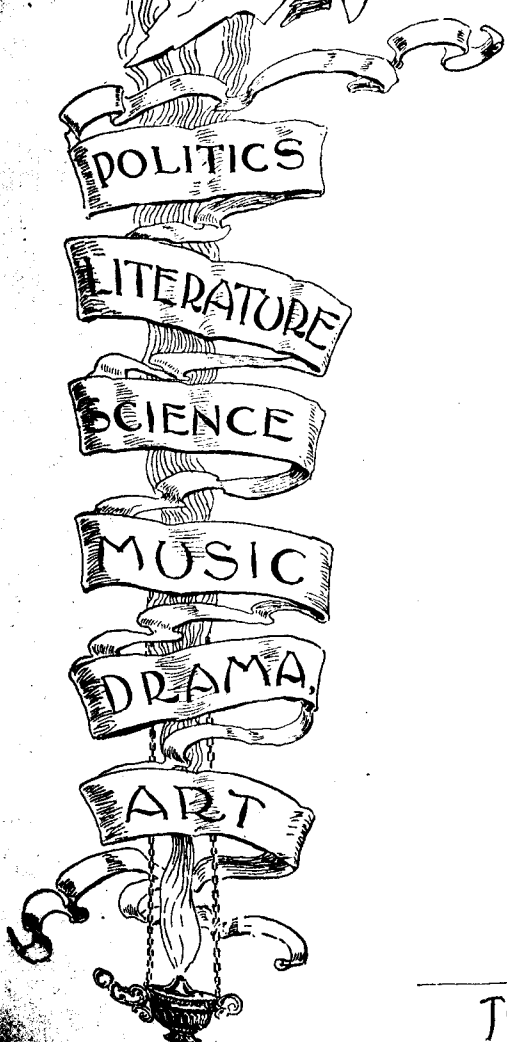


## Wordsworth.

On you,—who sang instructing thoughtless men,  
In that twice glorious sonnet : " Milton ! thee !  
England hath need of," what an empery  
Of thought that bard's immortal pen  
Once ruled,—I call, and anxious ask you when  
Your high, informing spirit will return ;  
Our better hearts within us pulse and burn,  
Alone at mention of thy name ; this den  
(For selfish men are thus) of beasts doth fume ;  
We feel thy unclouded genius could illumine  
Our understandings, so that coming morn,  
In all its saffron and its rosy show,  
Would teach the mind, and soothe the heart  
Forlorn ;  
And zeal for Nature in our bosoms grow.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, September 11th, 1896.

No. 42

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THE WEEK: C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

## Current Topics.

Labour Day.

"Two men I honour," said Carlyle in one of those curious rhapsodies of his; one of the two is the man who toils. Whether it was in this spirit that the Dominion Parliament appointed "Labour Day" as a public holiday or not, we need not inquire. As a matter of fact, we have such a holiday, and few of us will be disposed to find fault with it, or even question the motives which prompted those who decreed it. Labour Day was well observed this year, especially in our towns and cities, where it is easier to bring large masses of the toilers together. As years pass, the institution should become more and more important, with the growth of a more enlightened perception of its real significance. It should become a means of drawing together in bonds of sympathy all classes in the community, some of which are now too ready to fly at each other in what is by a freak of language called "industrial war."

Athletic Triumphs.

Two athletic events of the week turned out to be fitting sequels to the Canada's achievement as Canadian triumphs. Gaudaur, the Orillia oarsman, captured the world's single scull championship on the Thames, and the Canadian cricket team won the international match at Philadelphia. Gaudaur's evolution has been no mystery, no succession of surprises. He has won his high honours fairly, by hard work and temperate living, acting on a capital of splendid physique to start with. Canadians are so entirely free from local jealousies in these matters that all parts of the Dominion will alike rejoice in his achievement, and hope that by an equally creditable moderation he may be able long to retain the championship he has so creditably won. Should the success of the Canadians at Philadelphia promote a renaissance of cricket in this country, there will be no disposition to regret the result. The fine old English game can, for intrinsic merit, hold its own with any of its more modern and more popular rivals.

The Ballet.

When a sight-seer goes to the theatre to see the ballet he has no right to complain of the spectacle, for he knows what to expect. The situation is entirely different when the management of the Industrial Exhibition introduces the ballet as part of the spectacle witnessed from the grand stand on the grounds. It ought to be borne in mind that to a large number of the citizens of Toronto, and to a still larger proportion of visitors from outside places, the ballet is an unfamiliar and a shocking sight. It should also be borne in mind that the Industrial Exhibition is mainly a municipal institution, in which large amounts of the public money of Toronto have been sunk. A word to the wise is enough. The people will hereafter look to President Withrow personally to protect the public against such shows as have this year called forth just animadversions from the pulpit. It is easy to get up enough of variety without introducing any spectacle to which a gentleman would not care to take his wife or daughter.

The Gael in Canada.

One of the pleasant reunions of the Exhibition week was the dinner given under the auspices of the Toronto Gaelic Society. The avowed purpose of the function was to promote co-operation among the various Gaelic societies of the Dominion, and as their objects are laudable in themselves it is satisfactory to learn that the meeting was highly successful. The chief speaker of the occasion was the veteran Gaelic scholar, Rev. Dr. McNish of Cornwall, but he was followed by such eminent "sons of the Gael" as Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College; Dr. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario; Mr. D. C. Fraser, the stalwart orator who represents Guysboro' in the House of Commons; Mr. David Spence, the veteran and unwearied propagandist of the Keltic movement; and Mr. Alexander Fraser, president of the Toronto Society, who is a cultivated Gaelic scholar as well as a graduate of a Scottish university. It may not be amiss to call attention here to an event of which no mention is made in the report of the proceedings—the establishment of a "University of Wales," in the work of which the Keltic language and literature will find an appropriate and an honored place.

The North Oxford Election.

Of Canadian journalists there are now many, but none too many, in public life, and their number has been fortunately increased by the election of Mr. Andrew Pattullo, editor and proprietor of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat to Ottawa. North Oxford has been represented in the Ontario Legislative Assembly by Sir Oliver since 1872, and the constituency could hardly have made a better choice of a successor. Apart from the literary training which is the necessary outcome of practical journalism, Mr. Pattullo has qualities that no training can give, though it may improve them—an alert and aggressive mind, breadth of view, liberality of temperament, and a sense of humour, the lack of which causes too many public men to make themselves ridi-

culous without knowing it. Like other able men he has a "fad," but it is one that adds to his fitness for membership in a body that has to do with municipal affairs. He is the chief promoter, if not the originator, of the "good roads" movement, and it was wise on the part of the North Oxford electors to put him in a position to make so important a propaganda more successful.

#### Municipal Defalcations

The confusion into which the Treasurer of Guelph city has allowed his accounts to fall is only one more in a long series of most instructive incidents in our municipal history. Counties, cities, towns, villages, townships, all suffer alike from the want of a proper audit of their accounts. The treasurer begins by mixing up the municipal funds with his own, and where the latter run short he very naturally borrows from the former, fully expecting to repay the loan before an audit takes place. Unable to do this, he devises some plan of "cooking" the accounts so as to cover up the deficiency until he has had time to make it good. A perfunctory audit fails to reveal the wrong-doing, and the treasurer quite naturally continues it until he has become so deeply involved that neither concealment nor restitution is any longer possible. Sometimes the confusion in municipal accounts is found to be due to incompetent book-keeping, but whatever its cause the fact should be brought out by the auditor if he knows what to do and has the courage to do it. As we have a Provincial inspector of insurance companies' accounts, whose salary is paid by the companies, why not have a Provincial inspector of municipal accounts, whose salary might be paid by small contributions from each municipality? The mere existence of such an officer would serve as a deterrent against deliberate defalcation, and he might do much useful work by educating municipal councils and their officers up to greater efficiency in the discharge of their duties.

#### The Anglican Synod of Canada.

For the first time in its history the Anglican Synod, which represents the whole of the Dominion, has met outside of the older Provinces. Following the example set some time ago by the Presbyterian General Assembly it has held its session this year in Winnipeg. Which of the other great religious denominations will follow suit? The General Conference of the Methodist Church meets quadrennially; would it be expecting too much of it to resolve at its next meeting to hold the one following it in the North west? The missionary needs of that vast region are very great, and nothing is better adapted to impress this fact on any large body of Christians than a meeting of its Supreme Court on the ground, even if it be barely within the gateway. Moreover, these great meetings help to promote the solidarity of the Dominion by making our clergy of all denominations educators of their own people as to the greatness of the heritage of which they are part proprietors.

#### An Envoy to Rome.

The allegation has been publicly made that Mr. Laurier is about to send a messenger to Rome to lay before His Holiness Leo. XIII. his scheme for the settlement of the Manitoba School difficulty. Mr. Laurier's equally public denial of any such intention must be regarded as made in good faith. The proposal, as published, seemed in the last degree improbable, partly because the sending of such an accredited envoy is unnecessary, and partly because it would be unpopular with Mr. Laurier's Protestant supporters. There are other ways of securing what is in itself legitimate and desirable—that

the Pope, who is the admitted and undoubted Head of the Roman Catholic Church, should be made fully aware of the side of the Manitoba case which Archbishop Langevin would not voluntarily present to him. Some of the Quebec bishops have gone of their own accord, or have been summoned to Rome. It may turn out that their going has something to do with the school question. It would be very unlike the great ecclesiastical statesman who presides in the Vatican to sanction or repudiate any proposed solution of the difficulty without hearing all sides to the controversy, and surely Mr. Laurier represents one of those sides. The French revolution which has taken place in Quebec must be known even in Rome, and it is not at all unlikely that its lessons have been taken to heart.

#### The Wheat and Flour Duties.

The Dominion Millers' Association at its meeting a few days ago in Toronto passed, without a dissenting voice, a resolution protesting against any change being made in the present import duties on wheat and flour. These will, of course, pass under review in a few weeks, when the whole customs tariff is considered by the Ministry, but at this stage attention may well be called to the fact that those who passed the resolution do not seem to have taken into account the chances of obtaining a reciprocity treaty with the United States. Under such an arrangement free wheat and flour would no doubt be a necessity, and the millers should be prepared to say what they are going to do about it when the policy of reciprocity comes up for discussion.

#### Li Hung Chang.

The great Chinese Envoy has passed through Toronto and taken the Canadian Pacific Railway *en route* to Vancouver, where he will embark on one of the steamers of that line. With a good deal of *naïveté* he made public, while he was in the United States, his reasons for preferring the Canadian route. One was that he disliked transfers, and the other that he disliked the anti-Chinese law. As Canada imposes an import duty on Chinese coming into the country, Li Hung Chang must have accepted what, from his point of view, was the least of two insults to his race. Time will soon tell whether his occidental tour is going to enable the great Oriental to accomplish anything for the advancement of his race. It can safely be said, at all events, that he has left behind him everywhere kindly feelings toward himself, and that his inquisitiveness, sense of humour, shrewdness, and *savoir faire* have agreeably surprised all with whom he came in contact for the first time.

#### Prince Khilkoff.

More significant for the world than the tour of Li Hung Chang is that of the Minister who has charge of the ways of communication throughout the Russian Empire. Prince Khilkoff, who was a skilled engineer before he rose to the position of a public administrator, has charge of all ordinary highways and railways, as well as the whole system of internal navigation. He has started from St. Petersburg for the Pacific coast by way of the Siberian railway. Crossing to San Francisco, he will be taken through the United States by routes that will enable him to make to the most advantage a study of the means by which the transportation problems have there been solved, so far as they have been solved at all. If a visit to Canada is not in his plans already, the Canadian Government should make an effort to induce him to include it, and Mr. Blair should give him an opportunity, in concert with representatives of the United States, to comprehend the great possibilities of the St. Lawrence deep waterway project.

**Mr. Chamberlain.** It is reported that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will return to Great Britain from Massachusetts without coming to Canada. To do so would be a great mistake on his part. The Dominion Parliament is now in session. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, whom Mr. Chamberlain ought to see in connection with his Imperialistic projects, cannot well be expected to leave their posts of duty to suit his convenience, and yet he should see them before his return to his own. Canadians can better afford to do without the compliment of his visit, than he can afford to do without the advantage which it would confer on himself as the administrator of the Colonial Empire.

they have been practically wiped out, having elected only about five per cent. of the popular legislative chamber. This result seems to have been due to the secession of some Democrats to the Republican side, and to the abstention of a still greater number from all part in the election. That this should have taken place in a State contest shows how entirely hostile the Vermont Democrats are to the Chicago platform. Mr. Phelps, one of the most eminent Democratic statesmen in the whole country and a former Minister to Britain, openly seceded from his party on the ground that he desired to defeat it in November on the silver issue. If Vermont is any correct index to the state of popular feeling in New England, there is a poor chance for Mr. Sewall, of Maine, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

**Irish Home Rulers.** The great Irish National Convention has met, deliberated, resolved, and adjourned. It was held, as a matter of course, in Dublin, and was well attended by both home and foreign delegates. As neither Mr. Redmond nor Mr. Healy honoured the meeting by his presence, neither of them is bound by its findings, but each may nevertheless be affected by them. Substantially, they amount to a stern protest against faction fights on mere personal grounds among those who are engaged in a common public movement. Time alone can tell what the full effect of the Convention will be, but one result is likely to follow very promptly—a falling off in the contributions to the Home Rule funds from the United States and the British colonies. It is quite likely that the private intimations of such an event were more vigorous than the resolutions publicly adopted. Whether Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond can get along without these contributions remains to be seen; meanwhile the party which has Mr. Dillon for "Chairman" has scored as against the other sections of the Nationalist body.

**Cabinet Solidarity.** One great historical difference between the British Cabinet and that which advises the United States President is that while the latter may openly differ among themselves, the members of the former must present to the public an aspect of unanimity. As Lord Melbourne once said to his wrangling colleagues, "It matters not what we say on this question, but we must all say the same thing." A recent incident seems to show that in respect of solidarity the Cabinet in the United States is approximating to the British ideal. Mr. Hoke Smith, President Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior, is the proprietor of a Democratic newspaper in Atlanta. He personally sympathizes with the Chicago platform on the silver question, and as his paper supports Mr. Bryan's candidature while Mr. Cleveland's policy is opposed to silver, he has seen fit to resign his secretaryship. This is in sharp contrast with what took place during the régime of President Buchanan immediately before the Civil War. The President, as a lawyer, professed to be unable to make up his mind on the question whether a State had a constitutional right to secede. His Cabinet was divided on the subject. General Dix, of New York, and Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, were strongly opposed to the inclusion of secession as one of the States rights; the other three members of the Cabinet—Southerners all—were in favour of it. The spectacle of a President without decision of character, surrounded by a divided Cabinet, was humiliating, degrading, and disastrous. Had the principle of solidarity been then recognized the Civil War might have been avoided.

**The Turkish Crisis.** Mr. Gladstone's epithet for the Sultan of Turkey—"an assassin on the throne"—is extremely moderate, in view of the events of the past few days. Several thousands of persons were literally butchered in the streets of Constantinople without a shadow of excuse, and by assassins imported into the city from outlying districts for the purpose. Apparently the Sultan has gone, this time, too far for even the callous German statesmen, who are mainly responsible for the continuation of the horrible Armenian massacres. As an evidence of the near approach of a Turkish crisis, it may be noted that the British Ambassador, Sir Philip Currie, has gone back to Constantinople, after a personal interview with Lord Salisbury, and that it is openly announced that he goes with a freer hand than he has had heretofore. If Great Britain has made up her mind to put a stop to the massacres, whether other powers co operate with her or not, she will soon have plenty of support, moral in any event, and physical if it is needed. Nothing else would do so much to win for her the sympathy of the masses in the United States.

**Proposed Statue to the Emperor of Germany.** It is proposed to erect in Berlin, Ontario, a statue of the German Emperor. The published report does not state which Emperor, and a good deal depends on that. The present Emperor has done nothing which should be regarded as entitling him to such an honour at the hands of even German citizens of Canada. He has displayed a degree of hostility to Great Britain which does him no credit, and which has aroused against him a great deal of animosity even among those who are willing to make allowances for him in consideration of his being Queen Victoria's grandson. His father, the late Emperor Frederick, unfortunately had no time to accomplish anything while he occupied the throne. If the Germans of Waterloo wish to honour the memory of the first Emperor, who, with the aid of Moltke and Bismarck, consolidated the great German Empire, they will find among Canadians plenty of admiring sympathizers.

**The Vermont Election.** Amongst the indications that the sixteen-to-one silver campaign is not prospering as its promoters wish is the recent State election in Vermont. Formerly it was customary in Presidential years to hold the election for State officers concurrently with the election for President and members of Congress. This practice has been abandoned in nearly all the States, and one of the first to take the preliminary test this year is Vermont. It has been for a long time continuously Republican, but the Democrats have always been able to make a respectable showing till this year. In this contest

**The Transvaal Trouble.** Mr. Hammond, one of the Outlander leaders in the Johannesburg reform movement, has made public the important statement that the Reform Committee sent word to Dr.

Jameson to forbid his raid at the time it took place. Dr. Jameson's solicitor, not unreasonably, asks for a stay of controversy pending the inquiry into the whole affair by a Parliamentary Committee, but, if Mr. Hammond's statement is true, it will only go to demonstrate more clearly the utter wickedness of the raid and the magnitude of the danger which Great Britain has fortunately, so far, escaped. Meanwhile, there are discomfiting rumours of the continued arming of Transvaal forces, with the apparent intention of asserting, sooner or later, the complete independence of the Republic. For such action Dr. Jameson's raid unfortunately furnished an excuse.

Crowding  
the Profession.

Among the many good things said by Lord Chief Justice Russell in the course of his Canadian sojourn, none was more needed or more appropriate than his warning to young Canadians not to make their education a mere means of finding their way into the so-called "learned professions." These are so entirely overcrowded that disappointment is sure to follow in the great majority of cases. Of course, Lord Russell's own phenomenal career will do much to counteract his sensible advice, for if a young Irish Catholic boy may successfully pass, by his own exertions, from the village school of Killowen to the highest judicial position in the British Empire, it is hard to set limits to the possibilities in any other career. In all probability, however, he had in mind the long struggle through which he had to pass, the many discouragements he had to overcome, and the many competitors who fell out by the way, or at least behind in the race. His words of warning were, we may be sure, earnestly given, and they should not fall unheeded.

A New Parliamen-  
tary Rule.

Mr. Balfour, leader of the British House of Commons, has gained, as well as lost, prestige during the session just closed. He is credited with the invention of an ingenious plan of handling the estimates which secures more uniform attention to all classes of appropriations. In past years comparatively unimportant items of expenditure have frequently monopolized the time available for discussion, and, in consequence, vast sums have been voted without an opportunity for adequate scrutiny. This has been remedied by a sessional resolution, but the system has given such general satisfaction that it is likely to be made a standing rule.

Gladstone on  
Forestry.

Among the many peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone, one that has always attracted the public is his fondness for trees. The other day he took great delight in showing a group of foreign visitors over Hawarden, and, in the course of conversation with them, he said many interesting and some very sensible things about forestry. He made a charge against his own countrymen, that while they have done much to utilize trees for purposes of ornament, they have done little in the way of cultivating them for economic purposes. Mr. Gladstone is himself an adept in the use of the axe, owing to his persistent habit of personally regulating the growth of his own forest.

British  
Conservatism.

The Board of Visitors of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England, has repeatedly recommended that the cadets should be taught French and German throughout their course. The military authorities have endorsed the proposal by offering premiums on French and German at the entrance examination. Nothing stands in the way of carrying the

Visitors' recommendations into effect except the parsimony of Parliament, which has not yet granted the \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year necessary for the teaching of these languages. This is a curious example of the unreasoning conservatism which has too often hampered the introduction of useful reforms in Britain. Surely it is more than reasonable that every British officer should be familiar with French and German, when every French and German officer knows English.

The Gold Democratic  
Campaign.

The convention of "Gold" Democrats at Chicago has nominated candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States, Senator Palmer of Illinois for the former, and Mr. Buckner of Kentucky for the latter. As there does not appear to be the slightest chance of securing election, these gentlemen must be accorded the credit of self-sacrifice in accepting the nominations. Neither of them has ever been sufficiently prominent to have a place in the "running" under ordinary circumstances, but the circumstances are just now so extraordinary that this nomination may have very important results. The convention issued a platform made up of the old-fashioned Democratic planks—tariff reform, sound money, anti-monopoly in trade, and the usual patriotic resolutions on foreign affairs. The effect of this complication of the issue will, during the next few weeks, be watched with deep interest all over the civilized world.

The Health  
of Girls.

The late Dr. Hammond, of Belleville Hospital, New York, was a shrewd observer and a plain speaker, as well as a scientific physician. Among his most valuable sayings are the following aphorisms respecting the physical training of girls, who, in his opinion, need health even more than boys do: "Calisthenics may be very genteel, and romping very ungenteel, but one is the shadow, the other the substance, of healthful exercise. Girls can only obtain health as boys do, by running, tumbling—by all sorts of innocent vagrancy. At least once a day girls should have their halters taken off, the bars let down, and be turned loose like young colts." This hit at the modern tendency towards systematic physical culture is not undeserved, though the latter is valuable in its way. The great lacks of most educational establishments for young girls are good playgrounds and suitable games. No gymnasium, however well equipped with apparatus, will compensate for the former, and not even the bicycle is an adequate substitute for the latter.

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### Song of the Troubadour.

A Troubadour sang in the olden days  
Within the castle gate;  
He sang to the lords and ladies fair,  
And all of high estate:

Oh saw ye not my lady fair,  
The fairest in the land?  
A glory shone o'er her flowing hair  
Like the waves on the sunlit sand.  
Like the sunlit waves on the crystal sand,  
Oh saw ye not my lady fair?  
Like crystal sunlit waves, her hair  
Shone with a glory everywhere,  
In the wide, wide land.

Toronto, Sept. 7th, 1896.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

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One of the most eccentric church spires is that of the parish church of Chesterfield, England, with its curious spire 228 feet high, and sixty-four feet off the perpendicular. Whichever way the observer looks at this curious spire it appears to bulge out in that direction.

## Governor's Warrants.

A CONSTITUTIONAL point of some importance was raised a few days ago in the House of Commons by Mr. Foster, ex-Minister of Finance. The late Parliament expired by efflux of time without voting the supplies for the fiscal year 1896-97, which began on the first day of July last. From that time until the meeting of the new Parliament, on the 19th of August, the public service had to be carried on, if maintained in working condition at all, by means of public funds which Parliament had not voted. Two ways of obtaining money were open to the Ministry—procuring an advance from the banks, and getting from the Governor-General a warrant to spend a definite sum out of the public funds. The latter method was adopted, and Mr. Foster moved a resolution condemning it.

It would be unprofitable to go into the details of the debate on this resolution, as it was made up largely of recriminations which had nothing to do with the merits of the case. It would be equally unprofitable to attempt to place the responsibility for the failure to vote supplies where it rightly belongs, for each party blames the other. It is of more importance to bring clearly into view the issue involved, and to note what instruction the whole incident affords for future guidance. Fortunately all are agreed that authorizing expenditure by means of Governor's warrants is a dangerous impairment of Parliamentary control over the public funds, and the recent discussion will tend to make the resorts to it rarer in the future than they have been in the past.

The question is partly a matter of Statute law and partly one of constitutional practice. If no provision had been made by the Audit Act for the issue of Governor's warrants, that is if the requirement that public expenditures must be carried on under Parliamentary authority had been made absolute, then the issue of the warrants in question would have been illegal. Provision having been expressly made for the issue of such warrants under exceptional circumstances, Sir Oliver Mowat, as Minister of Justice, gave his opinion that there was nothing in the Act to prohibit the proposed action, and several eminent lawyers in the House of Commons took the same view. Mr. Dalton McCarthy, without giving any opinion of his own, accepted that of Sir Oliver, though with apparent reluctance. It is needless, therefore, to say anything further on this branch of the case, except that the language of the statute seems to be needlessly vague, and that it ought to be so amended as to make its meaning perfectly clear.

As regards constitutional practice there is ample room to question the expediency of what was done. Two warrants were issued, covering in the aggregate a sum so large that it has not been all spent yet, though Parliament has been in session more than three weeks. Moreover, the expenditures authorized were quite varied, while it would have been better to limit the authorization to those that were absolutely necessary, such as the salaries of civil servants, and progress estimates on contracts where the wages of contractors' employees would otherwise have remained unpaid. The issue of the warrants was sure to become a dangerous precedent in any case, and it ought to have been made as little dangerous as possible by limiting the sums asked for to what was absolutely necessary in the public interest.

The debate made it perfectly clear that the issue of Governor's warrants has of late years become surprisingly frequent. Some of them have been for expenditures that were certainly foreseen, and others have been issued while Parliament was actually in session and in a position to make

the necessary appropriations. It is not at all likely that the circumstances which led to the issue of the last two will ever be paralleled in this country, but people remember precedents while they forget the circumstances under which they happened. If the present Finance Minister wishes to forestall any bad consequences that might follow the new precedents he has created, his best policy will be to prevent at all hazards any further resort to Governor's warrants.

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## Gold Mining in Ontario.

SO much is being said in the daily journals of Toronto and other towns and cities of Ontario on the gold mines of British Columbia that many people are apt to overlook the fact that there are also gold mines in their own Province, and that here, as well as in British Columbia, there may be promising opportunities for the employment of capital and labour in the development of potential wealth out of dormant resources. Whoever has any doubt on this point might find a satisfaction in looking over and comparing the many samples of ore which have, during the past and the present week, been on exhibition in our great Industrial Fair. In the Canadian Pacific Railway's building there has been put up a very fine display of the ores of British Columbia, massive in size and metallic in lustre, and side by side with them a smaller and less imposing display of the ores of Ontario. In the Natural History building there was another collection, put up by the Bureau of Mines, to illustrate principally the gold ores of Ontario; although here as well as in the C. P. R. building there were large and showy specimens of the copper and nickel ores of our Sudbury district. These latter were very interesting in one particular, viz.: in the close resemblance which they bear to the gold ores of British Columbia. Both are sulphide ores, having sulphur and iron in chemical union; but they differ in the accompanying metals which enter the compound, the one carrying nickel or copper, or both these metals, and the other gold only. Both ores, too, require very much the same kind of treatment. The component parts can only be separated by chemical treatment, and for this purpose fire is one of the most effective agencies, the ores being smelted in a furnace. But this is only the beginning of the business, and it is only by many refinings that the more precious metals of nickel and copper or gold are finally won. This means, of course, the employment of large and costly plants, as well as the service of skill of high order, and it goes without saying that there are but few mines anywhere which can support a plant of their own. Ordinarily a million dollars is a small sum for equipping such a plant, if it is designed to carry on all the operations and processes of mining, smelting and refining, and the ore must be rich to stand all the charges and leave a margin for profits when the product is brought down to bullion. There is little doubt, however, that in some, if not in all the mines of British Columbia there are such ores, and where ample capital is found there is no doubt but some, if not many of them, will become dividend-paying mines. But with most of the Ontario gold ores, as any skilled metallurgist would readily see who examined the various lots of specimens in the Natural History building, the process of treatment is very much simpler and cheaper, as well as more expeditious. They are known as free-milling ores, because a very large proportion if not the whole of the gold which they carry is not chemically united with other mineral substances. Often 80 to 90 per cent. of it is free, and may be won by the simple process of stamping and amalgamation,

and a mill having a capacity to treat 20 to 25 tons per day may be erected almost anywhere in Ontario within reasonable distance of railway or water communication, at a cost not exceeding \$10,000. If the ores are pyritic, as usually they are more or less, the sulphides are saved by concentrating machinery and stored up for the necessary chemical treatment with a small plant set up for the purpose, or sold for what they may be worth. A modest capital of \$50,000 to \$100,000 in the hands of a prudent and skilful manager will usually suffice in Ontario to place a gold mine on a working basis, with all the outfit and equipment for mining and milling the ore, and buildings for machinery and for housing the men. The Sultana mine in Lake of the Woods is an illustration of what may be done in this way, and with its mill of only ten stamps it is producing every week of six working days bullion to the mint value of \$2,500 to \$3,000.

A word may now be said as to the extent of Ontario's gold fields, for there are several of them and they are widely separated. The largest is found in the north-western part of the Province, and stretches from the western boundary behind Lake of the Woods eastward to Lac des Mille Lacs, and from the State of Minnesota to the Territory of Keewatin. The area of this tract is not far from 3,000 square miles, and while the whole of it does not deserve prospecting—it would be absurd to expect gold-bearing veins everywhere—there is clear evidence that promising veins exist in many parts of it, although only a very small proportion of the tract has yet been explored. Wherever there are green Huronian schists, and they extend for scores of miles in many directions along canoeable waters, they are worthy of being carefully examined by the gold-hunter; and the same is also true of the eruptive or altered granite areas of this region, of which there are a large number. Another gold field lies north of Lake Superior, where the first important discovery was made only a little more than a year ago, and already a ten-stamp mill is a gold-producer there. How extensive this field is no one pretends to know, but there are reports of rich veins having been found a distance of 25 miles back from the lake. A third field occupies a portion of the great Huronian belt which holds the nickel and copper deposits of the Sudbury district, and stretches almost across the Province from St. Marie river to Lake Wahnapiatae, if not to the Quebec boundary. The richest showing of gold ores in the collection at the Natural History building is one from the Crystal mine on the north-east shore of Lake Wahnapiatae, there being in it 35 specimens of quartz, and 34 of them show fine nuggets of gold. A fourth field is in the County of Hastings, concerning which we shall probably have good news at an early day. This is the only field whose ores are refractory, being arsenical; but it is claimed that a process recently discovered will treat them successfully and cheaply, and confidence is expressed that the mines in that region which have been closed down for a number of years, will soon be the scene of lively operations again.

Altogether the outlook for a gold mining industry in Ontario is full of cheer, and it is perhaps the only industry possible for us that cannot be overdone. We may have a glut of meats, or breadstuffs, or textiles, or lumber; but there is no fear that we shall have a glut of gold.

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### Errata.

IN Mr. J. M. Le Moine's article on "The Footprints of the Invader, 1775-6," in our last issue, instead of "L'Affaire de Nuchel" read *L'Affaire de Michel Blais*, and instead of "Bishop of Capsu" read Bishop of Capse.

### Beust.—I.

IT will probably be some generations before the art of writing political memoirs shall have become that perfected science in the separate department of literary activity which it is highly desirable that it should properly become. With very few exceptions the collections of documents which remain of the great directors and creators of events in the course of history, the letters, correspondence, and written observations which men have called their memoirs, have failed to satisfy their contemporaries that they have made public accurate accounts of the parts which they have borne in the negotiations distinguishing their strange and chequered careers. Undoubtedly many politicians and statesmen have in their published papers revealed only the records of those deeds which shall never along the distance of the centuries cast a shadow on their honour nor leave a cloud upon their fame. To imagine that they should do otherwise would be to expect that self-interest had ceased to control the deeds and desires of men, and especially of those men who are known as practical politicians, whose whole lives have almost without exception been devoted to the attainment of ends which are in almost every instance of a personal and of a self-regarding character. The vast majority of statesmen, as for example Lord Castlereagh and those of his colleagues who, by their dark and inglorious methods, succeeded in effecting the destruction of Grattan's Parliament, have been far too wise to write for posterity the details of their ignominious negotiations; they knew that the less said about virtue by men whose principal occupation consisted in dealing with vice the better; and that all their writings could do would be to suggest to the critical and unconvinced readers new and more repulsive offences of which they never had been guilty. They sufficiently understood and valued the wisdom of the proverb, "Silence is golden," to employ it as a substitute for memoirs. There have been, however, two notable typical exceptions to this rule, who imagined that they could deceive posterity as they deceived their own generation, and who published memoirs in order to redeem their honour from a contempt which they undoubtedly considered they deserved. These exceptions are Talleyrand and Beust. But great as were their abilities, and successful as were their careers, they have completely failed to accomplish, by their memoirs, the ends which they intended. Posterity cannot be deceived. Between these two exceptions, however, there is a wide and important difference. Talleyrand in his extensive memoirs, so long concealed from an anxious public observation, disclosed only such facts as he well understood could in no measure darken the splendour of his fame. His memoirs are typical of his life. The dark deeds he kept hidden from the eyes of men both in his life and in his writings. Only what he chose to disclose was seen. And men feel, on reading the trifling details of the no less trifling acts of him who never trifled except towards a splendid end, that he is endeavouring to deceive in death as he deceived in life, and hide his shame behind his folly, and obscure his deeds within his tools. A different type of memoir-writer is Count von Beust, the founder of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. His memoirs are unsatisfactory merely because of the utter incapacity of the great diplomatist to shine with the fullest brilliance in two entirely different spheres of intellectual activity. His memoirs read to a statesman as a child's essay reads to his teacher, as the ballads of Warren Hastings read to his most critical of all biographers, or as the sonnets of Frederick the Great read to the illustrious Voltaire. Beust has failed to satisfy any of his readers by the documents which he published that they are really deserving of the name of memoirs. In fact, they have aroused a feeling somewhat kindred to contempt, which the distance of years has not yet entirely allayed. And men wonder how he, who was so austere, so strategic, and above all so supremely sensible in action, should, when he paused in his actions to write his revelations, have descended to the level of a child. Perhaps the future will be kinder than his own generation, and will question their authenticity, and some convincing reasoner will be able to demonstrate to posterity that the memoirs of the great empire-founder were not the production of his pen.

While the reader feels that he dare not trust the records of Talleyrand, on account of their intentional incorrectness, he feels, on reading the memoirs of Beust, that there is a spirit of truth and candour pervading every page. He thinks



that it was due only to the inexperience of the writer that more has not been told of the consolidation of that kingdom whose greatest Minister baffled the genius of both Talleyrand and Napoleon, and had Beust but believed that the disclosures of some of the conversations, and the preservation of some of the interviews which he must have had just before and just succeeding Sadowa, and subsequently Sedan, would be as interesting to other generations as the tales he tells of the debating unions of his boyhood, that he would have devoted more space to the records of international negotiations than to the unimportant and uninteresting details of trifles which history is kind enough to forget. But it is not by his memoirs that Beust will be remembered. They will be read a little longer by those who hope to see between the lines what was never there concealed, and then they will pass out of memory to be buried in that oblivion which kindly hides both the folly and the errors of many generations of statesmen, while his deeds of political greatness, his life, his creations, his diplomatic measures and his subtle negotiations will live on in the glory of history, and ensure for him, in ages yet unseen, an immortality with the greatest of the diplomatists of his continent or of his time.

Frederick Ferdinand, Count von Beust, was born in Dresden on the 13th of January, 1809, a year that is memorable as the birth year of his only great European contemporary, with whom, during his widely influential and active life, he was involved in no great measure of diplomatic relations—the English Parliamentary statesman, Gladstone. Beust, in his memoirs, traces the lineage of his ancestors backward for many centuries in Austrian history, until it is lost in the universal splendour of the many brilliant families that circled around beautiful Vienna in the stormy commencement of the middle ages. The great-grandfather, who was once a Danish Minister, had been ennobled, during his period of power at the Court of Denmark, and through him the title, which was thus acquired, descended to the illustrious founder of the dual sovereignty of Austria-Hungary.

The early years of the future king-maker and rival of the greatest throne-creator of his own age—the great Prussian Prince Bismarck—are not distinguished by many deeds which were indicative that the young peer, before another generation had passed away, should have successfully opposed, for many years, the iron will and unconquerable determination of the greatest of all diplomatists; that he should have mingled and intermingled with great statesmen in the courts of many monarchs, that he should have created out of the wreck and ruin of the proudest of past empires a kingdom which is destined yet for many ages to endure; that he should have left the results of his weakest works deeply and permanently engraven in the history of modern European diplomacy; that he should by determination, sagacity, courage and ability, have subverted the personal desires of the mightiest as well as the most unscrupulous of Ministers; and that after a life of successes deeply interwoven with failures, he should have ceased to exist in an hour when his fame had departed, leaving behind him his name and his deeds to descend to the latest generation as one of the most useful of statesmen who have ever exercised a sovereignty in the council chambers of the greatest kings. Beust's boyhood was uneventful. It was, however, his happy fortune to spend some years of the impressionable portion of his youth in intercourse with minds which, after the elapse of two generations, are numbered among the foremost of the century, and which in all probability exercised over the young student an influence which he felt through his troubled lifetime, and even down until his latest day. At the age of seventeen he entered the renowned University of Gottingen, where for many months he listened to the lectures of the great Hereen, Eichhorn, Hugo, Sartorius and Saalfeld. It was the lectures of the last of these eminent political philosophers, Beust re- members in his memoirs, which determined his future vocation. The remainder of his years of college training were unimportant, or at least were of an unimportant interest to history. At times, no doubt, the manifestations of his intelligence were inferior to those of the least of his companions, but there, too, must have been hours when he saw before him and the printed page, which dreamily faded before his raptured eyes, the dim visions of the great wide darkness far beyond—the days of failure and of fame, of trials and of triumphs, of glory and of greatness, which lay along the pathway of his coming, and perhaps too the young mind,

inspired for a moment by a prophetic wisdom, discerned amid the troubled disturbance of events which were to be, the chaos of empires, the falling of thrones, the red wars, the dark deeds, the victories over striving rivals, the rewards, the throne and the crown; and then, perhaps, calm and clear across the face of the future he beheld the outline of a kingdom whose foundations had been laid for generations in the hearts of its inhabitants, whose pillars had been reared by the judgments of fate, and whose advent to the European system was destined to mean to rejoicing posterity the morning dawn of continental peace.

At the age of twenty two Beust began his diplomatic career in the service of the State of Saxony. This was at the time when the fall of the Bourbon family in France had shaken the civilized world to the depths of its deepest foundations. And well might Europe tremble, for the rapidly conflicting events, familiar to eyes which had seen the Bastille go down, were repeating themselves with extraordinary violence around France's tottering throne. Many feared another reign of terror, and began to think of voluntary exile from the land whose troubled history could be written only with blood. But the wiser saw that the tumult in society would be of but short duration. The grievance this time was merely superficial. And France was not foolish enough to punish all her citizens because of wrongs which might be atoned for by the small sacrifice of a king. During seventeen years Beust represented the sovereign of Saxony at the Courts of various European Powers—at the Courts of Germany, of France, and of England. In the latter country he had much to observe, and much to learn, after years of residence upon the noisy continent. He saw that the gay frivolity which was common to society in Paris was the single distinguishing feature of the aristocracy of London; while to the humble peasant and the digger in the ditch were reserved the enthusiasm which in France pervades the entire populace, and becomes so uncontrollable during revolutions. In England the poor masses may cheer, but when the voice of aristocracy—the repository of authority—is heard, the toiling many are at once driven back into their retreats of obscurity. In France the lowly are emancipated as often as they can banish a monarch, but in England the weak must suffer until the voice of reason has penetrated the walls of the most isolated castles, and the occupants of high places acknowledge that they have been persuaded at last. He saw this, and he saw, too, how public opinion is created in England, and learned how folly fanned by simplicity is as useful an expedient as that thought which is born of brains and made of minds. He saw that England had formed a map of Europe's future, and then for the first time he began to learn the extent of the power which reposed behind the will of Germany's greatest mind.

These years of diplomacy were vast and tremendous years. Their history is not to be read in memoirs—much less in memoirs like the present. They were of great importance, not so much as years of immediate results, and not so much as years of wide achievements, as they were as years of mighty preparations. In Germany Bismarck was planning the course which events should take which were not yet to occur for decades, but which his keen and unflinching eye discerned could not be prevented by any act of skill or statesmanship. And Europe itself was preparing for the last great struggle with the forces of a tyranny which had bound the entire continent in its chains. During these years Beust was not taking any active measures towards the establishment of his own State upon firm foundations which should endure the shaking of the coming revolution. Bismarck had the advantage of Beust by all these years of careful preparation. And if there is indicated, in Beust's negligence during these strong years, an inferiority in the political genius of the Saxon Minister, when he was unable to discern the signs of the age from the condition and the necessities of the people, this much is to be said by history on his behalf. When the hour of vital action came and Bismarck, with his long preparation, met Beust unprepared, the latter was enabled, with the aid of his own great capacity for acting in the most difficult emergencies, to offer a successful resistance to the designs of the Prussian Minister and to limit his plans of conquest and aggrandizement by the boundaries which Beust measured as his own.

The French revolution was too sudden, too violent, and of too impractical a result to satisfy the desires of the revolutionists who abounded throughout all the States of

## The North-West Courier.

Europe. It is difficult to determine the reason for the rising or series of risings which occurred in the year 1848. Perhaps they were the legitimate offsprings of the centuries of discontent which had long sought an outlet, and had found one of narrow dimensions at the close of the preceding century in the more troubled and consequently more revolutionary kingdom; and which, having exhausted its energy in this greater though less skilfully conducted conflict with authority, was now too weak to accomplish a second time its cosmopolitan design. Whatever the cause may have been, the result occurred, and 1848 found Europe again ready to pour out blood in an unorganized endeavour to obtain an undefined supply of uncertain liberal concessions. In Ireland and in Italy, the twin hearts of Europe, the spirit of rebellion centred, and here the concessions were least although the sacrifices were greatest. The Government of Germany avoided the result of a contest, and acted wisely by choice instead of delaying until it would have had to act foolishly by compulsion. Saxony profited by Germany's example, and Beust, now in his fortieth year, was recalled from his embassy and invited to lend the assistance of those abilities which he had displayed in the years of his troublesome, though trifling, international negotiations with foreign powers, in the conduct of the department of foreign affairs in his own kingdom. Seated here in the centre of continental unquietude, he surveyed the scene, planning no vast schemes, and devising no important measures, but with that calm fortitude which distinguishes supreme genius, awaiting the offensive hostilities of the neighbouring principalities, confident in the strength of his titanic resources, if not to conquer, certainly not to be vanquished, and at least to save his small State from ruin and destruction amid the general wreck of greater thrones.

Beust has been condemned by the voice of history because of his arbitrary and tyrannical measures during these years covering the first portion of his home service as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is true that during this period he was tyrannical at times, and that even construed with the greatest favour to the accused his dominion must be regarded as at least arbitrary if not coercive. Yet, in spite of the despotic character of his administration, history is scarcely justified in pronouncing condemnation upon the absolute and determined statesman. Beust moved in the centre of a circle of despotism. His native country, inconsistent and uncertain in many things, was at least consistent and certain in its affection for extremes. If its subjects were not embracing one another they were in fierce fits of passion seeking one another's lives. Rank, title, power, and glory were no barriers to their malevolence, no protection for the objects of the momentary antipathy. In the hour of their wild enthusiasm even the dust of the earth was sacred, and in the day of their wrath and anger God and the angels were profane. When Beust took his seat beside the throne, he saw that a certain and a resolute policy alone would save his kingdom should a stormy epoch open and the power of a people come into collision with a throne. It is scarcely probable that he knew of the impending danger, for Bismarck was too subtle to disclose his designs. But if he did not know Bismarck's intentions, he at least knew this, that so great a statesman as the German Prince was scarcely trifling in his series of manœuvres, and that in the absence of intelligence the highest wisdom consisted in being prepared for any emergency. The foundation of that preparation invoked a species of despotism inconsistent with "common law," with "original compact," with "national liberty," and with "vested rights." Only incidental prerogatives were suspended. Inherent liberties were not imperilled. And when the hushed silence before the storm arrived, Beust was master of his resources, and not only was he enabled to defend his frontiers in the hour of action, but he was also permitted to act on the offensive, and mingle the thunder of his invading cannon with the sound of the defensive artillery which feebly armed the fortresses along the boundaries of the neighbouring States. To the Saxon Minister it was due that the minor kingdom, lost in the centre of Europe, instead of sharing the fate of Italy, of Poland, of Ireland, and of France during the tempestuous continental rearrangement, rose to greatness, and compelled Prussia, instead of becoming the mistress of the continent to the west of the land of the Czar, to divide that vast and splendid empire with a rival which was destined to arise from among the ruins of ancient things.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD.

Up, my dogs, merrily,  
The morn sun is shining,  
Our path is uncertain,  
And night's purple curtain  
May drop on us verily,  
E'er time for reclining;  
So, up, without whining,  
You rascals, instantler,  
Come, into your places,  
There, stretch out your traces  
And off at a canter.

Up, my dogs, cheerily,  
The noon sun is glowing,  
Fast and still faster  
Come, follow your master;  
To-night we may wearily,  
Tired and drearily  
Travel, not knowing  
What moment disaster  
May sweep in the storm blast,  
And over each form cast,  
A shroud in its blowing.

On, my dogs, steadily,  
Though keen winds are shifting  
The snow flakes, and drifting  
Them straight in our faces;  
Come, answer me readily,  
Not wildly, nor headily,  
Plunging and lifting  
Your feet,—keep your paces,  
For yet we shall weather  
The "blizzard" together,  
Though evil our case is.

Sleep, my dogs, cosily,  
Coiled near to the fire,  
That higher and higher  
Sheds its light rosily  
Out o'er the snow and sky;  
Sleep in the ruddy glow,  
Letting "Keewaydin" blow  
Fierce in its ire;  
Rest, my dogs, soundly,  
For to-morrow we roundly  
Must buffet the foe.

BARRY DANE.

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## Parisian Affairs.

THE contemplated movements of the Czar at Paris continue to be methodically uncertain, save that he will arrive at Cherbourg from Balmoral, and will put up when in the Capital at the Russian Embassy. It is likely he will arrive in the suburbs of Paris at a special railway station to be constructed, and then enter Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, as did the Shah of Persia on his first globe trot to this city. The Arc de Triomphe is at present surrounded on one side by a scaffolding for executing repairs of the border sculptures round the monument, and that are far from being completed. To remove, as some propose, the scaffolding, would cost 150,000 frs. and then the same sum to re-erect. Better to mask the sticks, or eye-sore, as was done during several halts for Catherine of Russia, when she was *en route* for the Crimea. It is thought their majesties will remain five days here, and will pay a visit to Versailles, and enjoy a breakfast at Fontainebleau. There will be a gala representation at the Opera, even the upper gallery seats are solicited by the "upper suckles," because the spectators will only be admitted by invitation in the name of M. Faure. Except from the Municipal Council, all addresses of congratulations will be accepted as read, and duly acknowledged. Patriots are puzzled how to edge in proofs of their devotion for the sovereigns. Even the press of all shades is not likely to obtain an exception for its address and sword gift. The French are delighted at the visit which, it is to be hoped, will infuse fresh courage into their public life, that indeed was drifting into a hum-drum groove. This is the more necessary, as not a particle of interest is taken in home politics and all the plans for making the country great, glorious, and free.

After being rather severe on Li-Hung-Chang, the Continental journals commence to examine his mission from the philosophical point of view. He was declared to be a mystifier, because nowhere did he "place an order," or promise any. But he plainly told his national hosts, that he simply

came as an imperial visitor to note how far the Westerns could aid in the fixing up of China. Whether that resuscitation be within the sphere of practical work remains to be seen. All depends on the influence Li can wield when he returns, and if he can dominate the Old China party. He never could expect that he would be accorded the augmentation on imported goods without being prepared to offer a *quid pro quo*. That must come directly from the State office at Peking, and the Westerns interested can act either collectively or singly. There are two salient facts accepted; the Russians and the English are the two peoples that have captured the Envoy. Perhaps this may explain the rumour of the *entente cordiale* of England and Russia to run China, and of the latter's willingness to be so guided. Could it also be a plan—Russia and China are so innocent—to secure English concerted action, the better to destroy the Anglo-Japanese *entente*? England wants nothing from China, but the throwing open of her ports, and the free navigation of her rivers—to all the world; freedom to trade; and to execute public works, if conditions suit. Russia can take no territory from China without counting with Britain and Japan. As for Germany and France sending expeditions to the Far East to oppose these powers, and to help Russia, the idea is not to be entertained. When Germany cannot spare a ship to join in a blockade of Crete, she will not risk her baby navy in the Far East, and the French Parliament would never vote the sums for such an adventure. Besides, how could their ships arrive there with British vessels dogging and raking them fore and aft. However, no reasonable offer for an *entente* with Russia ought to be declined unexamined. She is not the only power that has broken faith with Britain—only Russia has done so most often.

The new departure of England, to depend on herself, to be omnipotently armed, to display a Cromwell disposition to stand no nonsense from the foreigner, while being ready to pull with him for mutual interest, while being perfectly indifferent to his sensibilities and his humours, is bearing its fruits. Britain has at last put on something like the whole armour of righteousness. She is no longer mocked at and jeered; her views are solicited and well weighed. As to any forcing of love between Russia and England, that had been better at once abandoned. Leave all that to the French. Russia is archi-protectionist; can she offer Britain a sound commercial treaty? That would be an excellent example also for China; to be up to-date in reforms is the best bait to catch the money she needs, and to promote the modernization she aspires to. Were the Czar to run up to London on his way down Channel, he would do more to convince Englishmen of his sincere desire for a good understanding with them than any amount of side evidence. He goes to Paris politically, consequently England's *entente* is not so politically important. There is, then, something in the Franco-Russian alliance after all, that keeps Nicholas II. from coming in touch with the British as with the French.

Now, in the near East, as in the Far East, Russia has much to gain by a straight talk with Lord Salisbury. The latter will not separate his action in the Cretan question from the other five powers; all will move together, but on lines well secured in advance, and offering no loop-holes for twelfth-hour retreatings. Abdul Hamid has arrived at the end of his power of resistance; at any moment he may be dethroned, as the Turks have no desire to accept the consequences of setting fire to Europe. Opinion will gladly welcome a settlement of the Cretan question, but insist that the reforms to be conceded be guaranteed by the six powers, and so prevent these becoming as heretofore, waste paper.

Something is going wrong with Germany. Whatever may be her home troubles, the leading commercial men of France are down upon her like Philistines. They intend to dispute her commercial supremacy, and although the odds are in her favour so far, they will not prevent the struggle. French firms are sending delegates to reside in the centres of German industry and commerce, and make a self-apprenticeship as to the ways and means on which the unparalleled prosperity of Germany has been built and is being built. Every observer is noting how quiet the Germans have ever been respecting their "boom;" they wanted no Paul Prys to intrude. That day-dream is now over. There are French fabricants prepared to turn out goods of quality and price on a par with German products. Much of the predominance of the Teuton in the foreign market is due to the Consuls

and Vice-Consuls of Germany; they are experienced, hard-working men, who do not conclude they have been sent abroad for ornamental purposes, but to work, and to work hard, for their manufacturers and shippers. Technical home education, the rehearsing of the *roles* of commercial travellers by the young, are excellent preparations, but not worth much, if, when arriving, the bag-man does not find in his Consul a guide, philosopher and friend, instead of a stuck-up, self-appointed sort of ambassador. The French demand the reform of their consular system from cellar to garret; it is only a refuge for played out politicians and used-up publicists. The right men will now be put in the right place. And England, is she perfect in this respect?

The French have never disguised their sympathies for the Boers, and which may be well comprehended, after the example of the amicable relations the Kaiser proved he entertained for his worthy grandmother. But they are puzzled as to the aim of the Boers in laying in such supplies of arms and munitions when England displays no intention to raid them or allow them to be raided. It is whispered that during the inquiry next spring into the Chartered Company, President Kruger may be astonished at revelations connecting his *entourage* with Germany's best wishes for the success and prosperity of England in South Africa. After the classical pluck of Cecil Rhodes to go unarmed and next to alone into the Matabele rebel den and secure the submission of the chiefs, Oom Paul, after his daily chapter of the Bible and a fresh pipe, ought to demand that he be allowed to sign the petition of the 5,000 for the restoration of Rhodes to the managing directorship of the Chartered Company. That would necessitate the surprises in Jameson's forthcoming book to be also sponged out.

If Italy publishes the proofs she is said to possess, and of which the British Government is in possession of copies, of the secret alliance between Menelik and the Dervishes, His Majesty's independence will be of short duration. England has only to send a small expedition to invade Abyssinia on the south, and his thrill of glory is over. But till Sirdar Kitchener secures Dongola and increases his flotilla and army stores along the Nile, preparatory to starting the Khalifa from his capital, the Italians had better remain quiet at Kassala. The civilization of Africa, like that of China, cannot be rushed. But England can take in hand both simultaneously. She likes work.

A "boon and a blessing" in the eyes of many is the "bar railway carriage" attached to the suburban trains. On returning from "the city," the merchant, trader, or clerk can employ the thirty or sixty minutes' run from Paris to his extra-rural residence drinking and smoking in order to get up an appetite. Even that is better than the present plan of friends securing a compartment in which to play cards. In the "bar waggon" will be materials for writing, so that the busy man can still return to the desk, write a few notes, deposit them in the letter-box in the van, which will be later transported to the post-office. The innovation is only the prelude to the introduction of the corridor cars, to replace the old rolling stock.

The gunning season is in full swing; the game is good, only the poachers have creamed all the preserves as usual. Happily no accidents are recorded; not even a dog has been shot in mistake, nor a John Gilpin recorded to have contracted rheumatism from his first night out in the fields and the evening dews. Alcoholism is reported to be making terrible progress in France, but this fact is to note how rarely a French gunner is supplied with a flask of the mountain dew, or a little Scotch to keep away Scotch mists. Frenchmen set out with a good stomach full of excellent soup and meat; they have a substantial dejeuner at some inn at noon, and at three o'clock recommence setting and blazing. Anything on four legs or with two wings is endangered. However, there is no shooting worth the name, unless over a preserved property, which gives a gunner the right of shooting so many times a week—but few bags are ever filled, save what game is sent from the Paris markets to soothe *amour propre*—if desired. Z.

Paris, August 26th, 1896.

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The Queen signs on an average three photographs a day, and often a much larger number, for presentation to her friends at home and abroad.

## The Inferiority of the Canadian.\*

IT may seem strange for one whose pride is to be a citizen of the great Dominion to discuss before a representative gathering of Canadians, specially interested in literature, a question which apparently casts a slur upon us all; but it is well to wait till the end of the paper before committing one's self to a decided opinion. Burns was uncertain whether what he was at would turn out a song or a sermon; and whether in my opinion the Canadian is so very much below the rest of the world or not will be plainer as we proceed.

If this were a regular discourse it would be proper to divide my subject after the manner of Burton into many parts, members and sub-sections. It would be necessary to determine, in the first place, what inferiority is—physical, moral, mental—to fix upon the standard of excellence below which the Canadian falls, and to marshal pros and cons, proofs and rebuttals. Such a method might be scientific and exhaustive; but it would not fit either the occasion or my purpose. It will be enough if a few suggestions, thrown out almost at random, furnish a little food for reflection, and you are willing to receive kindly some results of personal observation, experience and feeling. My standard of comparison must be a shifting and variable one—that of the average white man all the world over, north or south, east or west. There is not the slightest necessity of accepting my remarks as conclusive.

There is, I believe, an old-fashioned game of cards called "Brag," apparently, though I speak under correction as one unversed in such sinful amusements, the ancestor of a modern method of entertainment known as poker. This is a game played extensively nowadays, without cards, both by individuals and by the nations of the earth. There is one nation I could name which is especially fond of it; but so far Canada has not taken a hand in it. It is distinctly a game she does not understand; she is content to look on as an amused spectator. In fact, to change the figure, she is accustomed to play second fiddle and be discreet and humble-minded. Now, it is not, perhaps, necessary that she should aspire to first fiddle or become an expert in the national game I have mentioned; but I am of the opinion that it will do her no harm to compare herself with the other white races on this planet.

The idea of inferiority comes naturally to the Canadian. The word "Canadian" on any home-made article brands it nine times out of ten as clumsier and uglier than the foreign product. We make unparalleled cheese and butter, I believe, but what else can we make as good as other countries? What Canadiane would patriotically "uglify" herself by dressing in Canadian fabrics? What angler would buy Canadian flies when he could get Scotch or American? Then the Canadian is so accustomed to be patronized by the tourist and the intelligent foreigner that second place seems just exactly the niche he was born to fill. It is almost time I should say that he began to hold up his head, or at least to examine his position with some care. Let us ask, then, boldly, to whom the white native-born Canadian is inferior? and in what respect? Does the inferiority lie in personal appearance? Once upon a time, a Canadian was waiting for a boat in an American port and killing time in a little photographer's shop in company with a fellow-countryman, who had for years lived in the United States and pursued his calling there. Looking over the assemblage of inane and silly and underbred faces such as one meets in every photographer's, he encountered a group of young men and women which presented a complete contrast to the others. They were not all Greek gods and goddesses exactly, but they looked and held themselves like ladies and gentlemen. "There," said one patriot, "those are Canadians, not Americans," and the man of experience concurred. For confirmation strong they asked the photographer. "No," said the man of negatives, with much majesty, "those belong to some of the first families of Philadelphia." The moral is plain. The two Canucks were not on intimate terms with the first families of Philadelphia, but they did know their own people. Here is another story. Once upon a time two young men were making a tour of the Thousand Isles in a steamer that touched at ports on both sides of the river. In all the boat there was only one small

group of good-looking girls—trim, well-grown, rosy, bright-eyed. They all got on at a Canadian port, and were, in fact, native born. The two youths noticed with pride that they formed a complete contrast to the rest of the womankind on board.

To the superficial observer Canadians and Americans are just exactly alike.

"But let us try this truth with closer eyes."

Though neither they nor we have produced a race-type, there are differences between us which are plain to the observer who has spent time in both countries. One result of my own observation is the establishment of what may be called, "gastroncemius Canadensis." Blaikie, in his well-known book, "How to Get Strong," laments the fact that the American youth is flat-footed and has no calf to his leg; and the fact is patent to anyone who has attended athletic meetings on the other side. The American leg (I beg pardon, limb) is either slim or shapeless; but study the groups in our illustrated papers of young Canadians—footballers, hockeyites, lacrosse players or whatever—and you will discover a trimness of ankle and a pronounced muscular roundness on the inside of the tibia which makes Mr. Blaikie's dictum inapplicable on this side of the line. This peculiarity, this national difference, knows no east and no west and respects neither age nor sex. As Matthew Arnold put down everything good in English literature to his wonderful Celts, I am inclined to ascribe this admirable national peculiarity to the blood of the tight-limbed Scottish and Irish mountaineers, which flows in the veins of so many Canadians.

The Canadian is distinctly athletic. For instance, when it is necessary to navigate a half-rater in Oyster Bay, or a forty-footer at Toledo, or win a Kolapore cup, or handle big guns at Shoeburyness. His climate makes him so, and he is devoted to field sports. He crickets, he skates, he baseballs, he foot-balls, he cycles, he snowshoes, he rows, he sails, he is beginning to golf; and to the most athletic of all pursuits, soldiering, he takes like a duck to water. As a soldier he is steady, with plenty of science and dash, and besides, sensibly subordinate, in the spirit of Kingsley's buccaneers, willing

"To choose our noble captains and obey them loyally."

The present Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces worked with them in '70 as Colonel Wolseley, and has left on record his opinion of them to which nothing need be added. In '66 there were a number of them in a little frontier skirmish, who did their utmost for Canada—they gave up their lives for her. What more could be asked of them? But the supreme test of Canadian discipline and strength came in 1885. No one who lived through it will ever forget the memorable Friday night in Toronto, when the sergeants of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers made the round of the city and waking the men with the news that they were wanted at the front. The next morning at nine o'clock every man on the roll answered to his name in the drill-shed and on Monday they were on the move. Great was the disgust which prevailed when it was discovered that only half the men—two hundred and fifty from each corps—were to form a mixed battalion. There were two hundred and fifty "Queen's Own" men drafted for active service, but by the time the troop train reached Carleton Junction the number had mysteriously increased to two hundred and eighty seven, something unheard-of in the annals of war. Then this handful of unseasoned boys from offices and warehouses and college were flung into the midst of an Arctic winter, when their drenched clothing froze stiff on their backs as they stood on the flat cars and marched in the snow between the sections of railway. In a week or two they were campaigning in the North-West prairie Spring which is almost torrid. They marched, they camped, they kept open lines of communication, they suffered privation and sickness and hard fare and all the work of real warfare, including wounds and death; and these boys came through it as tried regular troops could hardly be expected to do. No wonder that the private who fell was given a funeral fit for a general officer, to quote Goldwin Smith's sneer; and that when our boys came home again, brown and disgracefully ragged, but sturdier than ever, the people went wild over them. It was worth the loss of life and money to see how Canadian young manhood

\* Read before the Haliburton Society of King's College, Windsor, June 16th, 1896.

"On war's red tech stone rang true metal."

In the last crisis, only six months ago, a Canadian regiment volunteered for the Soudan and, before it was known that the offer would be accepted by the Imperial authorities, the commanding officer was overwhelmed with offers of recruits from all over Canada; some even came from long distances on the off chance of being accepted. Little things like these show the temper of our people; and if the "next war" so long prophesied ever comes to pass, and Great Britain has to fight for her life, Canadians will not be wanting in the forefront of that Armageddon.

There are not a few Canadians in the little army that wears red, and they are well thought of and give a good account of themselves wherever they go. It was a Canadian—Stairs—who guarded a lonely fort in the heart of the Dark Continent and kept Stanley's way open. It was another Canadian who had just got his captaincy and was on his way home who volunteered for active service into the East African jungle; and, after endearing himself to all his comrades by his soldierly qualities on the march, laid down his life in a brilliant attack on a stockaded village. He did nothing more than his duty, but if he had lived, he would have worn the coveted little bronze cross which bears the words, "For Valour." It is a R.M.C. cadet who is engaged just now in laying the railway along the Nile which safeguards England's advance. "Kitchener wanted him," he said last year, in passing through; and such was undoubtedly the case. Though not so numerous in the navy, still Canadians are found there. Who that saw it will ever forget the impressive spectacle of New Year's day, '95, when the great black war-ship, the bier of a Canadian statesman, slowly made her way up Halifax harbour, amid the driving rain and the pealing of the minute guns? It may have been just a coincidence, but the first officer on board was a Canadian. These are only a few instances which have come under my own observation, but they go to show that the Canadian is a useful man, when he goes for a soldier or dons the blue jacket.

The Canadian is again a person of pretty steady nerve. As Byron says, "I'll tell you a story." It may be remembered that baseball was once a craze, before the world took a notion to go on wheels, and that in the year '88 Boston and Chicago possessed the two chief teams of gladiators. Boston, the city of Lowell and Longfellow, then had a greater title to the respect of the universe in the fact that Mr. Kelly, "the eminent baseball virtuoso," was captain of the Bean-Eaters' team. The "Giants" of Chicago were led by the equally famous Mr. Anson; and it was beautiful to see these athletes from the West, uniformed in silk hats and claw-hammer coats over and above their baseball kit, line up at the entrance to the grounds and swagger across to their bench. The "bleaching-boards" were covered with masses of the undistinguished, smoking acrid cigars in the broiling sun; and among them a lonely Canadian, who had been taken to the game, to improve his mind. Every now and then the multitude would rise to their feet and shriek at some crisis of the game. They were "trained to excitability." The Canadian onlooker sat still. True, he had made no bets; but the excitement even at good play seemed out of proportion to the occasion. In the words of an American poet, he feared,—

"the end

"Would not justify the proceedings."

That difference is, I would fain believe, national, like the out-curve of the gastrocnemius Canadensis. Nay, more, it has been recently demonstrated to be a fact. We are just beginning to draw breath freely after the trial of last winter, when this country for the fault of loyalty to England was on the brink of a most disastrous war. The test was unexpected and severe, but our people stood it well. They sat still. It was the other set who stood up and shrieked. Nothing in the history of the great Dominion was finer than her attitude then or made me prouder of being a Canadian. Through the mouth-piece of the press and by the formal deliverance of Parliament, the people of Canada said to the world, "We've counted the cost; it is not slight; and we have taken our stand now and for ever with the Empire." As the Principal of Queen's said, "Not a man trembled; and better still not a man blustered." Nor must it be forgotten that it was a Canadian journalist who in the very heart of the crisis gave the rallying word "splendid isolation," which precised the situation and found an echo in every true heart all round the Anglian world.

But leaving the physical and moral, let us consider the Canadian on his mental side. We have been told by the superior persons who come out to this country to instruct us as to our manifest destiny and other important matters, that we are a rude, raw democracy, with no soul above railroads and village politics. There is just enough truth in this to make it sting. It might be expected that any literature produced would bear the raw, rank, democratic stamp; but the curious thing about whatever has been done that is worth consideration, is its lofty, I might say ethereal, tone. We have at least three writers who are not ashamed of Canada and of whom Canada is not ashamed—Roberts, Lampman, and Parker. What stamps the verse of the first two and the tales of the third is the ideal note. This is not the time or place to enter into the merits of men so well known; it is sufficient to mention their chief peculiarity, germane to this discussion, and pass on. What they have done has brought honour to themselves and to the country to which they belong. They are the pionners who have shown the way to the rest, they are the chief musicians who have set the tune for all who will be singers. Once upon a time, a Canadian in an American university read part of a letter from an old friend in the dear north-land to a curly-headed man from Tennessee. The letter was chiefly about the moonlight sonata as interpreted by a Canadian girl; but what impressed the Tennessean was the capacity of the northern youth for emotion and enthusiasm; it seemed to him that the ideal were surer of a home under the cold north star than in the sunny south.

There is another field, besides the literature of power, in which the Canadian of this generation has distinguished himself—the field of academic study. About fourteen years ago, Canadians who had been "looking to Cornell" discovered what they thought was the ideal university in Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, and began to emigrate thither. It was not quite so ideal as fancy pictured, but it helped the ambitious ones, as no other institution on this continent could. Still Baltimore was a long way to the southward, and many a time would the exile pilgrim to the wharves and the shipping to refresh his eyes with the sight of the battered, grimy, old red ensign hanging over the stern of some tramp steamer. Of course, Canadians did not change their mind when they changed their skies, and south of the border it was even more necessary to observe the national festivals than at home. On one occasion ten Canadians from Canadian universities sat down in the dining-room of a fine old mansion a little away from Baltimore to do honour to Her Majesty's birthday. The repast was modest, and the old family punch-bowl in the centre of the table was innocent of anything stronger than lemonade. There was plenty of loyal enthusiasm, but that is not to the point. Of the ten travellers, all but one had obtained scholarships, or fellowships, or both, in open competition with all comers, from the length and breadth of the States; and four had completed their course and won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. They had not assembled except to keep holiday; the demonstration of the Canadian inferiority was a mere incident.

So far I have considered only half my subject, the better half is to come. So far I have said nothing of the Canadian girl, but any discussion of this nature which omitted her would be lamentably incomplete. The subject is so large that it is quite impossible to do it justice; and here I must at once drop any affectation of humility. "Hushed be every ruder breath." What can be said of her looks, her attainments, her character, that will sound exaggerated?

"She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant too, to think of."

She does not yield in looks to any girl on this footstool. To draw comparisons with our nearest neighbours, though there is nothing in the United States more famous than the pretty but fragile "Terrapin girl" (who is the nearest approach to the impossible Gibson young woman), it would be easy to show more pretty faces and fine figures any afternoon on King Street, Toronto, than on any street in the continent. The average Canadian youth of twenty-one has only to look at the picture he carries in the back of his watch to be completely in accord with the general proposition just laid down. The Canadian girl is sensible, she is athletic, she strikes the happy mean between the stiffness of the English girl and the flirtatiousness of the Americane. She has a

happy faculty of adapting herself to circumstances. She is capable of keeping house in a one roomed prairie "shack," and of adding a lustre to the magnificence of the multi-millionaire. She has a pleasant voice, low-pitched and musical (Albani is a Canadian by birth), she can cook, she has been heard of at Girton and Bryn Mawr. She beats the best men at our universities and they rejoice to be vanquished. She has not been brought up to the notion of divorce as a possibility of marriage. As a sweetheart she is ideal, and when she marries she makes the best of wives and mothers. One Canadian girl has taken it into her head to write, and her work takes rank with the best of its kind anywhere. In Sara Jeannette Duncan, Canadian women have a representative of all that is brightest and soundest in their character.

It may be thought that there is no other side to the picture and that the present writer is an incurable chauvinist, incapable of seeing a fault in his country or his countrymen. Unfortunately there is another side. There is a real inferiority in our national life so great that it is difficult to speak of it without shame and confusion of face. The two chief causes for national humiliation are, the prevailing Philistinism and our politics. We have authors, but no Canadian publisher will take the risk of publishing their work. We have artists whose pictures pass the severe tribunal of the Salon, but they are not bought in Canada. Artists and writers must seek markets outside of their own country. When I speak of Canadian politics I do so not as a partizan but as an independent citizen who believes it to be his duty to keep himself free from the entanglements of faction and to throw his weight on the side of justice and right. When one hears political leaders of both sides speak of office as "a prize" which one side holds and the other snatches at, how can thoughtful man feel pride or hope? When one notices that in English politics one party is overthrown because it has made errors in judgment and that here the great difficulty is to find men honest enough to administer our affairs with the same care as a trustee is bound to administer the affairs of a private estate, it makes one ashamed of being a Canadian. Again, the tone of journalism is notoriously low. There are, perhaps, not more than three newspapers in Canada which even pretend to be just to the other side, that will report speeches or meetings of their opponents except in a manner grossly unfair. Our single literary journal has to make a most desperate struggle for existence, and one daily which showed great ability during its year or two of independence has been reabsorbed by the party to which it formerly belonged. These are only a few of the disheartening things, the ugly facts, which we must look in the face and decide what to do with them if our country is ever to be really great. But I would not end these rambling remarks with words of discouragement. I would rather leave with you the great message of Goethe,

"Wir heissen euch hoffen."  
"We bid you hope."

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

### Letters to the Editor:

BOYDELL'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—Since writing the article which appeared in your columns last week on these beautiful illustrations, I have had the opportunity of studying a copy of the American reprint of 1849, referred to—the copy in the Public Library at Buffalo, New York State, and I think it is of sufficient interest to speak of it in connection with the copy of the original English edition now in Toronto.

There is literally no comparison between the old and the new in value. Many of the prints in the latter are so distinctly different in the details of drawing, the expression given to the faces, the effects of light and shade, that had I not known it as fact, I should have hesitated to assert the prints were made from the same plates that had produced the old. The depth and softness which gives such richness to the original prints is entirely absent in the American reprint. The paper also is poor, and the binding of the two volumes, into which they are divided, is of a much cheaper and less durable material. The plates are not arranged in the same consecutive order, and altogether the two editions

are so unlike that while the original may well be worth a thousand dollars, I should consider the American reprint dear at one hundred.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

Toronto, 5th Sept., 1896.

—————  
KIPLING'S "BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST."

SIR,—I was pleased to find in your issue of 28th August some bright remarks anent a few of the poems of Rudyard Kipling, by Mr. J. Montgomery, B.A. But the reviewer seems to have made a very curious and incomprehensible mistake. Speaking of the "Ballad of East and West," Mr. Montgomery says, "it is about the son of an Arab chieftain and his pursuit of the border thief, Kamil." Now, how on earth could the former be an Arab chieftain or the son of one?

The line goes thus—

"Then up and spoke the Colonel's son, who led a troop of the Guides."

Does not Mr. Montgomery know that the Guides is one of the most famous native corps in our Indian Army? Its commissioned officers are British, of course (with perhaps a few *honorary* exceptions). The *Colonel's* son spoken of *must* have been an Englishman. What would have been the use in calling the poem "The Ballad of East and West," if both the heroes were *Eastern*? It is a most extraordinary mistake for Mr. Montgomery to have made; he seems to have missed the one and simple point in this ringing ballad.

AN ADMIRER OF KIPLING.

Toronto, 4th Sept., 1896.

### Conversational English.

Percy F. Bicknell, in The Dial.

IS conversation becoming with us a lost art, and the correct use of its medium a thing of the past? This is a question calling for the serious consideration of educators of the young. Spelling and composition receive attention perhaps out of proportion to their relative importance; some of the methods of teaching the former—as, for example, the singing of the letters—being very peculiar, and demanding an undue share of the pupil's time. But neither in school nor at home are correct habits of speech inculcated. In no country in the world do the educated classes pay so little attention to correctness of accent, clearness of enunciation, and the observance of grammatical rules, as in our own. Even in New England, where, during the first half of the century, taking the whole population together, perhaps the best English in the world was spoken, there has been a sad degeneration.

The pulpit makes some pretence to the correct use of English, but even here colloquialisms are not rare. The writer recently heard a clergyman of some claims to culture and refinement, in the course of a sermon on the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, exclaim with much fervour: "Oh, my brethren, what a blessed world this would be if only we were all plumb full of God!" Another preacher whom he frequently hears is addicted to deploring, in his exhortations to spiritual-mindedness, a too great desire to "keep up with the procession." The bar has long ago given up the attempt to furnish a model in the use of English. Not a few lawyers purposely make use of slang and faulty grammar in court, thinking thus more surely to hold the attention of the jury.

As has often been observed, Europeans pay more attention to their speech than we do, because in all leading European countries correct and refined utterance is an indispensable requisite for attaining good social position. Irish and Scotch barristers, seeking to make their mark at the English bar, take incredible pains to get rid of their native accent. Lord Campbell succeeded so far in this endeavour that he said his Scotch origin was finally discoverable only through two or three words which were always more than he could master; one of them was *solicitor*, which he always made *soleecitor*. In France, Germany, and Italy, as well as in England, among the educated classes the child's speech is watched as carefully as are his manners and morals. To the upper classes of society is assigned the care of their native tongue, and neglect in this matter is punished by loss of

social consideration. A little experience abroad will make an American painfully conscious of his national defect. In the very act of introducing himself to a German as an *Amerikaner*, he will almost certainly slur the unaccented vowels, and, if he be from New England, fail to give due value to the letter *r*. It is then that he will begin to deplore the birthright of the modern American, the liberty to talk in any way he pleases, and to produce a jargon of slovenly pronunciation and street slang, uttered with a harsh nasal twang. Let us beware of reaching the condition of Greece and Rome of old, and of Turkey and parts of Germany and France, and other European countries of to-day, where the literary and spoken languages are entirely distinct, and the uneducated man is obliged to study a book in his own tongue as he would a foreign language.

Of course, the most assiduous attention to the rules of good talking will not produce conversation; for, as the "Poet at the Breakfast-table" says: "Good talk is not a matter of will at all; it depends—you know we are all half-materialists nowadays—on a certain amount of active congestion of the brain, and that comes when it is ready, and not before." As in producing fire with tinder, flint, and steel, so in conversation, "after hammering away with mere words, the spark of a happy expression takes somewhere among the mental combustibles, and then we have a pretty, wandering, scintillating play of eloquent thought that enlivens, if it does not kindle, all around it." And then we are told that the explanation of the phenomenon lies in the fact that a "chance thought or expression strikes the nervous centre of consciousness, as the rowel of a spur stings the flank of a racer. Away through all the telegraphic radiations of the nervous cords flashes the intelligence that the brain is kindling, and must be fed with something or other or burn to ashes. And all the great hydraulic engines pour in their scarlet blood—a stream like burning rock-oil. You can't order these organic processes any more than a milliner can make a rose."

Too great an effort to make conversation is disastrous to its spontaneity and charm. All have had experience of those men of *esprit* who, in the words of the "Autocrat," "have what may be called jerky minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

Equally wearisome is the man with whom conversation is impossible because he talks always in monologue. Coleridge would pump his listeners full on the slightest provocation. "Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words," exclaimed Sir Walter Scott, in describing a dinner-party at which he was forced to listen to a long and learned harangue from the Highgate sage, on Homer and the Samothracian mysteries and the Wolfian hypothesis. Theodore Hook, after enduring a three-hours' discourse from "the rapt one with the god-like forehead"—a monologue suggested by the sight of two soldiers sitting by the roadside—exclaimed: "Thank heaven! you did not see a regiment, Coleridge, for in that case you would never have stopped." The true master of the ready give-and-take of conversation, as distinguished from monologue, is like Mr. Bagehot's subtle reader in the essay on Gibbon: he pursues with a fine attention the most delicate and imperceptible ramifications of a topic, "marks slight traits, notes, changing manners, is minutely attentive to every prejudice and awake to every passion, watches syllables and waits on words, is alive to the light airs of nice association which float about every subject—the notes in the bright sunbeam—the delicate gradations of the passing shadows."

A common trick of the man who would converse fluently is to guide the conversation into some pathway already many times trodden by him—into one of those ruts or grooves into which, especially if he be a professor or lecturer or schoolmaster or clergyman, his conversation is perpetually sliding. This is not a practice to be followed. We like rather to converse with such men as Sydney Smith, who talked not for display, but because his mind was a spring bubbling over with ideas, and, as he said, he must speak or burst. He talked on any subject that was started, rarely starting anything of his own, and making it a rule to take as many half-minutes as he could get, but never to talk more

than a half-minute without pausing, in order that others might have an opportunity to strike in. In this he was quite unlike the Frenchman who observed the contrary principle, and caused an envious and impatient rival, watching for an opening, to murmur: "S'il crache ou tousse, il est perdu!"

In general company, the conversational style should be light and constantly passing from theme to theme. If, as Dr. Johnson has said, solid conversation be indulged in, "people differ in opinion, and get into bad humour, or some of the company, who are not capable of such conversation, are left out, and feel themselves uneasy." For this reason Sir Robert Walpole said he always talked gossip and scandal at his table, because in that none were too shallow-brained to join. Whatever be the theme of conversation, whether weighty or light, much depends, for its ready flow and entire success, on how much is taken for granted and how much is left unsaid. Conversationalists should beware of insisting on nothing but absolute truths rigidly stated in the form of propositions. Conversation, like the other fine arts, aims at the ideal, and must be allowed to state its truths with embellishment, with modification, or even with exaggeration. One man who persists in being literal can spoil the talk of a whole company of wits; like the production of a well-trained orchestra, "its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note."

Bacon has a word to say on the mode of delivery—in his "Short Notes for Civil Conversation"—which may be of interest. "In all kinds of speech," he says, "either pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly, than hastily; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drives the man either to stammering, a non-plus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech confirmeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance."

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### The Woodman.

Mrs. Frederic Harrison, in Temple Bar.

"Nightingales warbled without,  
Within was weeping for thee:  
Shadows of three dead men  
Walked in the walks with me—  
Shadows of three dead men—and thou  
Wast one of the three."

—Tennyson.

OUR village, as we have said, stands in a clearing in a woodland country. Below us stretches a great oak-forest on its ancient home of clay, and around and above us grow almost every variety of tree. Beeches, with their splendour of autumn colouring, the feathery ash and huge chestnut-trees, not the chestnut only that reminds one in shape of the trees in a child's toy-box, but the beautiful Spanish variety, its trunk curving flames.

There is perhaps no country so melancholy yet so fascinating as a forest country, nor one in which the individual finds his own personality so completely reflected in nature. The dweller in the mountains has ever before him the sense of the unattainable, as the eternal hills disclose themselves fold behind fold; but the forest whispers to you of your own thought; what you left in its charge yesterday you find again to-morrow. Your own thoughts are but hidden among the trees.

The forest is even yet the great fact about our countryside. Down to the year 1700, or thereabouts, the forest had been the Birmingham of England, and even so late as the last century it saw the smelting of iron and the casting of cannon. Now the fires are out, and the forges cold, the forest seems to have reverted to its original uses. A number of small industries have sprung up anew which give employment to the woodlander all the year round, and which furnish work to many farm-labourers when farming operations are at a standstill.

Occupations are still more or less hereditary amongst the country folk about us, but in no craft is the work carried on so steadily from father to son as in the craft of the woodlander. There is perhaps a feeling that it is an artist's life, something apart from and superior to the ordinary agricultural work; perhaps, too, there is an inherited instinct which draws men to the woods and gives them what seems

to the vulgar an almost miraculous power of understanding about trees. The woodlander will tell you, by the appearance of the branches, whether or no a young oak has struck fresh soil, and if so, of what soil; he will tell you, by the appearance of the bark, whether a rabbit, a hare, or a squirrel has caused certain damages. He knows by the southing of the wind in the branches what manner of tree is near to him. But of all this, and much more, may we not read in Mr. Thomas Hardy's delightful book "The Woodlanders"?

We, however, here are concerned with the story of a certain young Asaph Halnaker, the tallest, brightest, most intelligent young fellow of these parts. He lived with his widowed mother in a small house in the woods. It was a most romantic spot, far away from the high road, far away, indeed, from any public pathway. It might have stood for the original house in the wood belonging to the mythical "three bears" of our childhood. It was perched at the top of a deep ravine, down which rushed a little mountain stream, and on a summer's afternoon the sunlight flickering up through the banks of larches seemed to linger lovingly on the little homestead. So remote, so solitary, so silent an abode we had never before seen; but Mrs. Halnaker laughed at the notion of silence. The forest she explained to us, "was full o' company" when you know how to understand it, but "mayhap," she said, "you've only lived among folk."

Asaph Halnaker's father had been a notable woodman in his day, and, though he had never held any official position, his opinion was sought far and near. He had been one of those who in his hot youth had tramped fourteen weary miles at night to bring to our village a new maypole, to set up in place of the old. A fine, brave, resolute old man he was when we knew him. Unhappily he had caught the "copse fever" some years back, and every autumn and spring he was down with it, but his fine constitution and temperate habit soon set him up after these periodic attacks. One spring, however, the dread influenza came "atop," as he said, of his usual malarial fever, and, "being *ring* time, it ate the heart out of him," and so he died, and was buried near the other Halnakers, under the great yew of our churchyard. He left a widow and two sons just grown to manhood.

Mrs. Halnaker had hardly dried her tears and taken up the thread of life again when a second blow fell upon her. Her eldest son, the joy of her heart, and now the chief pride of her life, was brought home to her one day broken and twisted out of the shape of a man. He had been crushed by the fall of a tree, and in the hours of life that remained to him his mother had but one thought, could breathe but one prayer—that his cruel sufferings might have an end, and that he, too, might be at rest with his father in the quiet churchyard.

Mrs. Halnaker's sorrow, in its dignity and simplicity, set aside all attempts at a vain condolence. "Yes," she would say, "it was kind, very kind, to try and comfort her, but she alone knew what she had lost." She steadily resisted all the well-meant efforts of friends and neighbours to induce her to leave her lonely house, now darkened with painful memories, and to take a cottage nearer to the village. She, in answer, would only shake her head and rock herself to and fro in her grief, until one day some would be comforter persisted over-much. Then, rising from her seat and drawing herself to her full height, "Ye weary me, woman, ye do, with y're talking—'twas their home, and 'tshall be my home! 'Tis hard, very hard, but I'd scorn myself if I could forget. Leave me alone with my dead."

And so the days went on. Mrs. Halnaker found an interest in life in keeping things within the cottage just as they had been of old, when the jolly woodsman came up the glen and whistled to his wife to tell her of his home coming. His chair was always drawn to the chimney-corner, the list slippers were put handy, the old pipe peeped over the ledge of the chimney-board. Little by little Asaph came to understand that in no way could he give so much pleasure to his mother as by sitting in his dead father's chair, and in every way trying to take that father's place. One evening, as he came up the steep pathway that led to the Crow's Nest, footsore and weary with the day's work and a long tramp home, his thoughts were full of his father, and of how cheerily he had always known to beguile the way, if not with much of talk, yet with his robust and sympathetic presence; he remembered, too, the whistle and the nightly "Well,

dame," which seemed to fill the little parlour with warmth and affection. Poor Asaph groaned, and almost without knowing it he blew his father's well-known whistle. The sound startled him, and, angry with himself for his heedlessness, he hurried up to the cottage door, where his mother met him, and, throwing herself into his arms, sobbed aloud. But Asaph knew that in some mysterious way he had given her pleasure, and from that day forth the young vigorous whistle rang every evening through the woods as seven o'clock drew near.

It must be remembered that village life in these latter days does not apparently admit of much amusement, and, good mother as she was, Mrs. Halnaker would oftentimes say to her son that it was but a sad life that he led with a lonesome old woman. He must take up with some bright good girl and get married; and "Zaph," she would say, "remember this: I lived with my husband's mother a many years, and was a good daughter to her, an' I shall know how to be a good mother to your wife when you gets on. As I take no more pleasure here in bein' mistress, so do you bring in a new mistress. I won't never be in the way; the place is big enough for us all."

Asaph had always laughed hitherto, and replied that he did very well as he was—he had no time "to go round courtin'."

His favourite pastime was to go once a week during the winter months to the blacksmith's house on the village green, where the smith and one or two others made music together. The blacksmith played the 'cello, and, by a genius for discreet omission in the rendering of the printed text, managed to provide a very respectable bass. The 'cello was an historic instrument; it had descended in the blacksmith's family from the days when, with a violin and a viola, it led the hymn-tunes from the old church gallery. The smith had taken unheard-of pains to learn to play upon it, and had almost given up the attempt in despair when a musical friend suggested to him to paint a long, deep, white band on either side the strings, and with dark lines mark the scale. It cost immense labour to get this done, but it enabled the smith to play certain tunes in certain keys, and, as I say, the 'cello proved a very respectable bass in the village quartettes.

One day in early spring, when the air rang with the songs of birds and all the country-side was gay with blossom, Asaph came home somewhat earlier than usual, and prepared himself evidently for a formal event. The winter practices had come to an end, but they were to result in a concert, a real concert, which was to be given in a sort of barn at the back of the smithy, and it had been suggested that, with all the instruments at hand, it would be right and proper to end the evening with a dance.

"Zaph" Halnaker looked a fine figure of a man as he hastened down the steep path, dressed in his best, for the village merry-making. He was tall—"a good six feet," he laughingly would say, "in the morning"—broad-shouldered and straight limbed, and his head, well set upon his shoulders, was covered with clusters of dusky fair hair. His features were not strictly handsome, but his clear open blue eyes and frank pleasant smile gave him a title to be considered the best-looking young fellow of the village. He was dressed on this occasion in a round coat, a bright coloured waistcoat, leggings—apparently he would hardly have known how to stand upright without his leggings—and a new blue tie, of which the ends hung loose. His mother watched him with pride and something like a new joy at her heart as he swung down through the woods, carrying his violin in a bag upon his arms.

But his mind was intent upon other business beside music that fine spring evening. On the brow of the hill, where the road turns to wind through the village, stands a farm, a homely old-world place with high roofs and important stacks of chimneys, the whole now touched to russets and crimsons by the setting sun. What garden there was was stocked with spring flowers, but the great glory of the front consisted in a hedge of lilac. The great tassels of bloom hung heavily in rich clusters upon the dark green foliage, and mounted on a low wooden stool, with arm outstretched to pluck the lilac and eyes turned upon the road, stood a young girl. Her sun-bonnet had fallen upon her shoulders, and her round, soft arm, from which the cotton sleeve had been thrust aside, lay white among the flowers, the fairest



may-blossom of them all. She hastily jumped from the stool as she caught sight of Asaph, not, however, before he had seen her and had asked permission to come inside the gate.

"What! Master Halnaker, going to the music?" said she.

"Yes," he replied; "but there's time enough for that. Mayn't I just come in and help you gather the laylock? I've been wanting to see you, to tell you as I'd got a bird for you o' mother's own breeding. If it sings like its father, it should make a deal o' music in the house. But, Mercy," he continued, in more earnest tones, "you have some't to say to me first. I've got the job up by Absters, and that'll put a good bit o' money in my pocket, and I've planned it all so as to spend nothing when I'm away, and now that is so, Mercy dear, and the house is all ready, and mother so anxious, won't you say you'll be mine, and let me go and tell y're father? I know that you're above me, and that, mayhap, y're father will be lookin' higher for ye; but ye'll never find a man to love ye better, an' I'll wait on ye, an' learn o' ye, and Mercy dear."

How it was they never knew, but Mercy dropped an apronful of great branches of lilac, and found herself gathered into Asaph's strong arms and her head upon his shoulder.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and, favourite as he was of the country-side, Asaph had his difficulties. Mercy's father expected her to marry money and keep a maidservant, to have farm-servants under her, and to be a thriving farmer's wife as her mother had been before her; but Mercy was his favourite child, and there was no denying that young Asaph was a credit to the place, and might in time become a man of importance and command in the woods. So a somewhat reluctant consent was won from the parents, the marriage was to take place early in the next spring, and Mercy was to spend the long days in sewing for her new home, while Asaph went up to Absters for the copse work.

Once or twice in the autumn Asaph came home, but it was a long tramp from Absters, and he resolutely denied himself the hire of any sort of conveyance however humble. The folk in our village are not given to letter-writing, and, though Asaph so far forgot himself as to send one letter to his sweetheart, it would have been considered beneath his dignity, as a man of sense, to write oftener.

Mercy hemmed and sewed, and stitched and blushed, as she put in the red letters on the household linen which joined their names together—and so autumn and winter came and went. The weather was chill and very dry, when one day in early spring a rumour came to the village that a man was very ill—of fever, so it was said—up at Absters, and that there were children down with it, too. The nearest doctor was communicated with, and he, saddling his horse, at once rode up.

Absters is the name given to a straggling collection of rough houses on either side of a green lane. It can in no sense be called a village; there is neither church nor school, nor, more wonderful still, public-house. The whole hillside is dense forest, but on the edge there is a clearing running for about three quarters of a mile, with scattered houses on either side the green way. The houses are not regularly inhabited; the population is a wandering one, the whole place, though strangely fascinating, is lonely and very wild.

When the worthy doctor arrived he inquired first after the children, and found that several of them were down with typhoid fever, fortunately, as it seemed to him, of a mild type. He had almost forgotten the existence of the supposed adult patient when a big lad came to tell him "that the man was took very bad like."

The doctor asked to be taken to his quarters, and was greatly surprised to be told that he had no quarters, and that he could not see him.

"No quarters!" said the doctor. "Why, where does he lodge, and, pray, why can't I see him?"

"Well, dy'er see, it's this way," said the tall lad; "many of our folk in the forest they don't lie o' nights in houses; and this chap he was doin' it on the cheap for his marriage, and so he just took a fox-hole and there he be, and there he mun bide, and ye can't get to see him."

"Good heavens!" shouted the doctor; "but I must see him—take me to the place."

The lad accordingly led the way off the main track to where a deep cutting had been made for hauling timber, and there the sand-banks lay high and steep. Looking up he saw what the boy called "fox-holes," but which, in truth, looked much more like the nests made by some gigantic form of sand-martin. Each hole was sufficiently wide to enable a man to creep in on all fours, and was deep enough, he was assured, inside to enable him to stretch himself at full length. Rude beds, indeed, but protected from wind and weather, and warm in the sheltering sand.

"He's in there," said the lad, pointing to one of the largest of the holes, "an' he's very bad; he cries and moans something fearful, but ye can't get in."

"Can't I," said the doctor, and stripping off his coat he prepared to climb the bank.

"It's very narrow," he exclaimed, when his eyes were on a level with the hole, and he could see something like the dark form of a man lying inside; "but I'm only a little one"—and with much care and precaution he crawled over the poor helpless body. When after two or three moments he reappeared his look was very grave.

"We must get him out of this at all costs," he said. "If I had only known of this earlier!"

And so with infinite care and tenderness the sick man was pulled out of his strange resting-place, feet first, and carried on a sort of leafy stretcher to the nearest house where the good doctor could find a comfortable bed.

"Who is it?" asked he, when he had lain the fever-tossed limbs between the cool sheets.

"Zaph Halnaker," was the reply. "He wanted to make a good thing this bout, an' he wouldn't pay for no lodging. There's a many o' the young fellows travellin' in the woods does the like, an' they never come to no harm."

But poor Asaph never rallied, in spite of all the care and nursing of the doctor. Some hours he lingered, moaning constantly, and muttering of his marriage, of Mercy, and his mother. At last, on the following day, when the cold March sun was setting behind the hill, he raised himself in bed and whistled. Those about him drew back in dismay. "Coming, mother," he said, and so with a smile he died.

They made a litter and covered it with fern and laid the brave young fellow upon it, and loyal comrades bore him home, past the homestead on the hill, up the rugged path, to the Crow's Nest, where his mother awaited him.

Mrs. Halnaker lived to be an old, old woman, and she has told me many times that it was no news to her when poor Mercy came to break the sad tidings to her.

"I was sitting by the window," said she, "mendin' o' his clothes, an' I heard our whistle. I went out an' I looked around, an' I could see naught, nor hear naught; an' then it came to me," she would say in a low, awe-struck voice, "as it was his father whistlin'. I thought it must be for me, but it was him he warnted, an' I think it can't be very long now before he calls me, too."

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### Music.

THE choir of the West Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, is at work on Gaul's "Ruth," which is to be performed in the church in a few weeks.

Vanoni is singing again in London.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson last week concluded by cable negotiations long pending for the appearance in America (after an absence of seven years) of the celebrated pianiste, Teresa Carreno.

E. A. McDowell, the composer, has been appointed to the head of the new musical department in Columbia College. He is of the same age as Paderewski, and the New York Post says of him that he "has no superior among the living composers of Europe."

Frederick William Nichols Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," who died a few days ago at the age of eighty-eight, had been married four times and was the father of twenty-seven children. He was a native of London, but for nearly fifty years had lived in Baltimore.

## Public Opinion.

Dundas True Banner (Lib.): Civil service employees, Dominion and Provincial, should keep out of politics. If they cannot keep out of politics, let them resign their offices.

Manitoba Free Press (Ind. Con.): If Mr. Foster's opinion of the liberty that ought to be accorded civil servants is to prevail we shall never have peace; what is worse may be, we shall never have a painstaking and efficient service.

Toronto Mail and Empire (Con.): Mr. Pattullo, the new member for North Oxford, is pledged to aid in the reforming of the school system. There is plenty of work for him, and it would be well if he would commence by advocating its separation from politics.

The Templar (Ind.) The Hon. Mr. Davis was sworn in as Provincial Secretary on Friday, August 28th. He will have control of license affairs, and if a record is worth anything his devotion to temperance promises well for a faithful administration of that department.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): Although some of the new members of the House of Commons have hardly found their parliamentary feet yet, it is by this time evident enough that in point of debating power the present House will compare favorably with most of its predecessors.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): The decencies of public life demand that public servants should be neutral. The reasons for this are various. They are paid by the whole people; consequently they should do nothing to make themselves personally distasteful to one-half of their employees.

Toronto Globe (Lib.): The public revenues from the liquor traffic, Federal, Provincial and municipal, amount to several millions of dollars, and the loss of this source of income, while not to be weighed against the benefit of a really effective prohibitory law, is a matter to be reckoned with.

Brantford Expositor (Lib.): In the enforced absence of Mr. Laurier from the opening of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, the management acted wisely in securing the services of the Hon. A. S. Hardy. To such a duty the Premier adapts himself easily and gracefully, and his remarks on this occasion were felicitous and appropriate.

Toronto Mail and Empire (Con.): Officials should not take part in politics, further than to think as they please and to cast their votes as conscience may direct. By the same salutary rule officials must be treated by Administrations as public servants and not as politicians. The public interests demand that the old American system be not adopted here.

Quebec Chronicle (Con.): The politics of Quebec are largely the creation of the different methods of Provincial administration. Progress and purity of Government are needed rather than the bitterness of party struggles, and the development of our resources is more to be desired than the victory of leaders who plume themselves upon their affinity with one or the other of the great political parties in the Federal arena.

Ottawa Citizen (Con.): There is no evidence that the Upper House possesses any greater power, authority or fitness where it is elective than where it is nominated. Consequently it would be an unwise step to interfere with the constitution of the Senate in Canada. What is required here is that there should be a fair representation of both parties; but, above all, that the men placed in the Senate should be men of superior calibre and character.

Halifax Chronicle (Lib.): If there is one department which more than another should be kept aloof from the manipulation of either political party it is the militia department, which requires active sympathy and support from both political parties to keep it upon a proper footing, and nothing will cause it to

fall behind hand so quickly as the introduction of a system controlled by political bosses with a "pull."

Hamilton Spectator (Con.): It is all very well for Mr. Laurier to assure the people in general terms that he will so handle the tariff that it will be better for the manufacturer and better for the consumer: it is all very well for Mr. Laurier to promise that he is going to materially reduce the burdens of the people; it is all very well to say that the needs and wishes of every class will be consulted; but what the people want is some slight inkling of what is to be done.

Toronto Telegram (Ind. Con.): Corporations with the help of friendly State legislators, have stripped American cities of franchises worth millions. Corporations intent on robbing Toronto have not usually found the Ontario Legislature friendly, and it is simply justice to admit Hon. A. S. Hardy's leading and honorable part in the assertion of the Legislature's hostility to the idea of allowing Ontario municipalities to be plundered by corporations.

Montreal Gazette (Con.): The Government employees, as a class, are quite as intelligent as any other body of men in the country. They have the same interest in the proper administration of the country's affairs as any other citizens. They suffer from misgovernment and gain by good government as all other residents within the country do. In national affairs they pay the same taxes as do other people. There is neither logic nor justice in disfranchising them, in degrading them to a level below their fellow-countrymen in other occupations.

Canadian Baptist (Ind.): The proposal which is to come before our Parliament to increase the tax on the Chinese entering Canada to the prohibitive rate of \$500 a head raises some serious questions for thoughtful men. Of course China is not just now in a position to make very effective resistance to any course which a strong Western power may see fit to pursue towards her people. But the imposition of so outrageous a tax will be very hard to reconcile, notwithstanding American precedent, with Canadian or British notions of international fair play.

Hamilton Herald (Ind. Con.): The principal reason why the result of a plebiscite could not be regarded as binding on the members is that there would be grave suspicions as to whether it was a genuine indication of the people's will. When the Ontario plebiscite was taken it was well known that many Tories voted in favour of prohibition for no other purpose than to embarrass the Mowat Government. They didn't believe in prohibition; they didn't want prohibition; but they hoped to be able to "put Mowat in a hole" by rolling up a majority in favour of prohibition.

Montreal Star (Ind.): We are not, of course, arguing for the continuance of the present Franchise Act. The sooner that dies the better. It is costly, clumsy, and slow. It is almost certain to compel the holding of important elections upon stale lists. It is only a trifle removed from manhood suffrage, and it keeps up the difference at an enormous expense. The common sense course for this Liberal Government would be to boldly enact manhood suffrage for the Dominion and provide a simple and inexpensive system of registration. This would be nearer to Liberalism than the reactionary proposal of the Ottawa platform.

Guelph Mercury (Lib.): There has been considerable interest shown in the constitutional points in difference in the Aberdeen-Tupper correspondence. Perhaps it is because the questions are not worn threadbare, as most of our political issues are, that they attract more attention. Outside of the party press, the most notable deliverances on the matter so far have been those of Goldwin Smith and Principal Grant. Both agree that the Governor-General was within his rights in his action, but the former doubts the expediency of the reasons advanced by Lord Aberdeen, while the latter endorses him through and through.

## Literary and Personal.

John Langdon Heaton, the literary editor of The New York Recorder, is to have his verses published under the title of "The Quilting Bee, and other Poems."

Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Provincial Treasurer, has returned from Europe, where he spent seven weeks. He visited Paris and Edinburgh, but spent most of the time in London.

Dr. George Stewart, who has been editor of the Quebec Morning Chronicle for the past seventeen years, has severed his connection with the Chronicle and intends, it is said, to start a Liberal evening paper in Quebec.

Mr. Blackmore has just celebrated his 71st birthday, George Macdonald is his senior by one year, Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are each 68, Miss Braddon is 59, Sir Walter Besant is 58, Ouida 56, and Mr. William Black 55.

The Century Co. has just issued a new edition of the pamphlet "Cheap Money," containing the various brief articles which have appeared in The Century, giving a history of many of the cheap-money experiments which have been tried in many countries.

Professor Nathaniel S. Shaler has just completed his work on "American Highways," and it will be issued in the autumn by The Century Co. It will be a practical book, containing a great number of illustrations and diagrams, and appealing to all persons interested in good roads.

It is said that 200,000 copies of a selection from Matthew Arnold's poems, published by Mr. Stead in his "Penny Poets," have been sold in less than six months. When Mr. Stead put out the selection he admitted that he "wondered greatly whether a poet so exclusive and so cultured would meet with a welcome from the masses."

Marion Crawford has written a new story specially for The Century. It is called "A Rose of Yesterday," and it will begin in the November number and run for six months. The story opens in Lucerne, and while it is entirely separate in interest, some of the personages that appear in it will be familiar to readers of "Don Orsino." It is wholly romantic in character.

It is proposed to erect in Paris a monument of Paul Verlaine. A bust by Niederhausern is to be placed in the Luxembourg Gardens, near the statue of Henri Murger. The money is to be raised by international subscription. Stéphane Mallarmé is president of the committee and the Chap-Book has been appointed to receive subscriptions in America.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once in the Series of Questions of the Day, a monograph by Judge Tourgee, entitled "The Battle of the Standards, or Coin and Credit the Antidote for Coin without Credit." They also have on the press a revised edition of Wheeler's "Real Bi-Metallism, or True Coin versus False Coin." A new edition of Shaw's "History of Currency" will be ready shortly for publication in New York and London.

Commenting upon Gaston Paris's unanimous election to the French Academy at the same time as the appearance of his scholarly new book, "Penseurs and Poetes," the St. James's Gazette pays a very pretty compliment to French thinkers and scholars in general. It says: "Frenchmen seem to possess a secret art of robbing learning of its terrors for the unlearned, of casting the robe of a most captivating simplicity and ingenuousness over their intellectual greatness. To begin with, they have no airs and they have common sense. They do not regard the fact of their being an authority in the College de France or the Academy as a reason for rendering themselves rude and insupportable in a drawing-room. The superior Englishman might do worse than study the manners of these simple savants from across the Channel."

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Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Sumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Among the theological books announced by The Macmillan Company, is an interesting volume by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, D.D., entitled "The Hope of Immortality." It is not intended, however, especially for theologians, but on the contrary, is for those who without such pretensions have yet deep thoughts and feelings about religion, and a desire to face the facts of human nature and life.

Sir Walter Besant's "The City of Refuge" is to be published in the early autumn. It deals with the supernatural to some extent, and its chief incidents occur in a community, situated near the city of Aldermansbury, New York. The heroine is said to be a young girl of great beauty, who is a member of the community and who has the power of conversing with the dead. A young Englishman of high social position, who has pursued his enemy to this community, is the hero of this tale, which goes into a new field for this author, and should make a stir because of the commingling of a charming love story with the ghostly occurrences touched upon.

September 15th will be publication day for several notable and long-expected works of fiction, including "The Heart of Princess Oera," by Anthony Hope; "Sweetheart Travellers," by S. R. Crockett; "The Herb-Moon," by John Oliver Hobbes; and "One Day's Courtship," by Robert Barr. The scene of Anthony Hope's story is in Zenda, and the time somewhat earlier than that of the "Princess of Zenda." "Sweetheart Travellers," which its author calls a Child's Book for Children, for Women, and for Men, is largely an account of a cycling trip made through many odd corners of Great Britain. In the Old Country it has had an enormous sale and should have a strong attraction for the multitude of cyclers, and others, here. "One Day's Courtship," is a story of an English artist and a Boston girl. The courtship takes place among most amusing and unusual circumstances, at the Shawanegan Falls of the St. Maurice River in Canada. The subject is treated with Mr. Barr's characteristic humor and vivacity.

The following books are announced by Messrs. Harper & Brothers for publication during September: "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow; Curtis's "Constitutional History," Volume II.; "Literary Landmarks of Venice," by Laurence Hutton; "With My Neighbours," by Margaret E. Sangster; "The Old Infant, and Similar Stories," by Will Carleton; "Modern Greek Mastery," by T. L. Steadman, A.M., M.D.; "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities," edited by Professor Harry Thurston Peck; "Shakespeare the Boy," by William J. Rolfe; "Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism," by Brander Matthews; "Rick Dale," by Kirk Munroe; "Lyell's Geology" (new edition); "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian, 1816-1860," by Charles H. Haswell; and "Impressions and Experiences," by W. D. Howells.

\* \* \*

## The Kidneys and Liver.

THEIR DERANGEMENT THE SOURCE OF MUCH SUFFERING.

A Great Sufferer for Thirty Years Tells How He Obtained a Cure—His Advice Should be Followed by Others Similarly Afflicted. From the Caledonia, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Mr. George Uhlman, a well-known farmer living near New Elm, is loud in his praise of the benefits he received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Recently while visiting his daughter in Hemford, he was interviewed by a reporter and to the scribe's salutation, "Well, Mr. Uhlman, you are looking ten years younger than you did two years ago," he promptly replied, "yes, and I am feeling that many years younger. I am now in my sixty-fourth year and am feeling better than I did when I was thirty-four. It is pretty generally known hereabouts that I suffered intensely for upwards of thirty years from kidney and liver trouble, during which time I was treated by different doctors, and I can hardly tell how many different kinds of patent medicines I used, but can say "heaps" of it, but I got very little relief from them. Eventually I began to think my case incurable. But I have found a cure and one which I believe is permanent, and if you are interested I am willing to tell what it has done for me. While having a very bad spell and suffering intensely from the effects of liver and kidney troubles, I noticed an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them. After beginning their use I found a gradual improvement, and having suffered as long and as severely as I did, you may be sure that I determined to continue the treatment. Very steadily the improvement went on, and after a few months' treatment with the Pink Pills I felt that the last vestige of my trouble had disappeared. New blood seemed to course through my veins, and the organs which for so many years imperfectly performed their functions now work like a charm and give me not the slightest trouble. In addition to this my weight has materially increased, and I can stand a day's work on my farm better than I have been able to do in years before. Of course this may sound enthusiastic, but I know what Pink Pills have done for me and I naturally feel grateful, and I never lose an opportunity to say a good word for this grand medicine."

The secret of health, strength and activity is pure blood and sound nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich, red blood and strengthen the nerves, and this is the secret of the marvellous success with which this medicine has met—the reason why it cures when other medicines fail.

The list of diseases having their origin in impure or watery blood, or a shattered condition of the nerves is a long one, but in every case Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health and strength if given a fair trial. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

## Chess.

The Professor plays the Philidor, but is downed in good style.

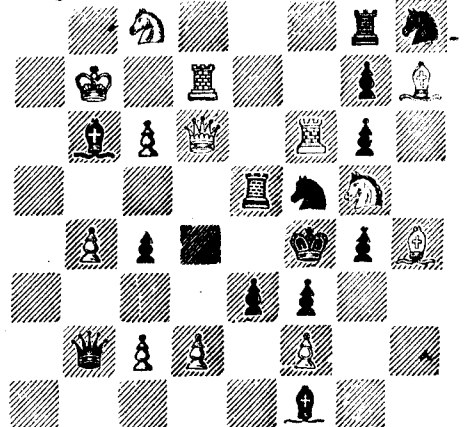
Goldstein	Post	Game 751	
1 P K4	P K4	BD	GE
2 Kt KB3	P Q3	SM	76
3 P Q4	Kt QP3	24	rx
4 B B4	P KR3	Jv	77.66
4... loses time.			
5 Kt B3	B Kt5	ju	xV
6 P xP	Kt xP	4E	xE
6... wrong take.			

(r2qkbnr, ppp2pp1, 3p3p, 4n3)



2B1P1b1, 2N2N2, PPP2PPP, R1BQ2R)			
7 Kt xKt	B xQ	ME	V1
8 B xP ch	K K2	vQ†	HG
9 Kt Q5 mating.....			u5±

14 Black + pawn. (2N3rn, 1K1R2pB, 1bP Q1Rpt, 4rnN1.

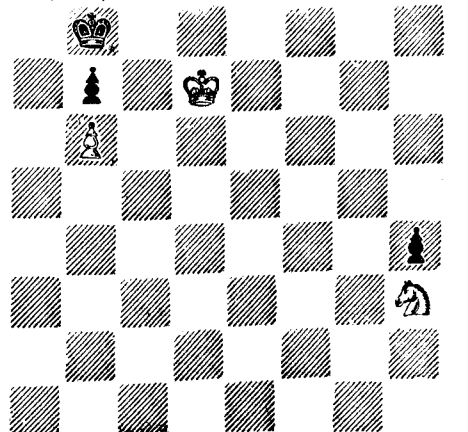


1Pp2kpB, 4pp2, 1qPP1P2, 5b2)

751, White to play and mate in 3 moves. (13)

NOTE.—By turning the board around you have four problems.

W. Branton, 3 Black—2 points. (1k7, 1p 1K4, 1P6, 8.



7p. 7N, 8, 8.) S. Goldstein, 3.

White to play and mate in eleven moves.

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## Periodicals.

With the September number that useful publication for the household, The American Kitchen Magazine, completes its fifth volume. Among the articles in this number are "A Week at Chatauqua," "Furnishing a Model Home," "Household Science in Women's Clubs," "A General View of Cooking in the Grammar Schools," "The Kitchen Garden Defined," "Fall Mushrooms," "The Children's Table," and "Food in Old Age;" besides many useful recipes and valuable suggestions in the various departments of the Magazine.

The September Review of Reviews is practically a "campaign" number in which the main issues of the contest are discussed by able writers from different standpoints: but questions of British and European politics are by no means neglected. Probably the most striking article is that on the "Three Vice-Presidential Candidates and what They Represent," by Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is a vigorous, outspoken writer, and in this article he expresses his opinions about the Democratic and Populist candidates with a force and severity that to some readers may appear excessive. Mr. Henry D. Lloyd gives an account of the Populist Convention at St. Louis very different from that furnished by most of the daily papers at the time. The student of the silver question will find a concise statement of the arguments on both sides in the articles of Chas. B. Spahr, Ph.D., and Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin on "Would American Free Coinage Double the Price of Silver in the Markets of the World?" the former supporting the affirmative and the latter the negative view.

The North American Review for September opens with a valuable paper by Sir Alfred Maloney, Governor of British Honduras, entitled, "From a Silver to a Gold Standard in British Honduras," in which he clearly shows the material benefits derived by a country from the establishment of its currency upon a gold basis. In "Are the Farmers Populists?" John M. Stahl contends that the farmers of the United States, as a body, have always, by their votes, proved themselves solicitous for the national honour, and that they will do so again in the approaching elections. "Woman's Battle in England," by Rev. Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., tells the story of the efforts made by the women of the British Islands to win for themselves higher education and admission to the universities, medical education with a view to medical practice, and the right of female suffrage. In "America's Duty to Americans in Turkey," Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College, Constantinople, protests against the lax protection bestowed by the United States Government on United States missionaries in connection with the present troubles in the Ottoman Empire. A clear insight into English politics of to-day is obtained from a perusal of "The Late Session of Parliament," by Justin McCarthy, M.P., while in "An Industrial Opportunity for America," E. Sowers fully treats of the development of the beet-sugar industry. Arthur Silva White discusses "The Coming Struggle on the Nile," and "The Pay of College Women" is considered by Miss Frances M. Abbott. The problem of "Neo-Malthusianism" is handled with skill and delicacy by the Rev. Father Clarke, S.J., and under the caption of "The Duty of the Hour" the Presidential campaign is dwelt upon by the Hon. Warner Miller and the Hon. Richard P. Bland. Other topics treated are: "Stage Scenery and the Vitaseope," by George Parsons Lathrop; "The Truth About the Oium War," by Joseph G. Alexander, Honorary Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, and "Roman and Anglo-Saxon Criminal Jurisprudence," by E. I. Felsenthal and the Mexican Minister at Washington.

The publishers announce that Mr. Lloyd Bryce has sold the Review and retired from all connection with it. It is now issued by The North American Review Company, but will follow the policy and methods that have distinguished it in the past.

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Periodicals.

Some of the most prominent articles in the  
 September Avena are on the burning subject  
 "Free Silver," and comprise a paper by Wm.  
 St. John M.A., Treasurer of the National  
 Democratic party, entitled "Free Silver and  
 Prosperity;" a paper by Hon. W. J. Bryan  
 entitled "A Remarkable Prophecy in Regard  
 to the Present Financial Crisis and its Start-  
 ling Fulfilment;" a paper by a leading Boston  
 financier on "The Reckless and Revolutionary  
 Policy of the Gold Ring," and editorials on  
 "The Gold Trust and the People." Other  
 questions of a social and economic character  
 treated of in the number are: "The Evil of  
 Land Monopoly;" "The Initiative and Refer-  
 endum;" "The Right of Women to the Bal-  
 lot;" "A Remarkable Statistical Report;"  
 "Model Model Tenements;" "The Negro's  
 Place in History;" "The Telegraph Monop-  
 ly;" "Compulsory Arbitration," a practical  
 remedy; and "Inscribed Wretchedness." Mr.  
 J. N. Taylor writes on the subject, "Is a  
 Universal Religion Possible?" and the Editor,  
 Mr. Flower, contributes a graceful essay, en-  
 titled "Whittier—a Modern Apostle of Lofty  
 Spirituality." "The Valley Path" is conclu-  
 ded in this issue, and the serial "Between Two  
 Worlds" is continued. The usual book reviews  
 and notes by the editor complete the number.

The September number of Harper's Maga-  
 zine includes in its contents: a paper on  
 George Washington and his life during the  
 critical years between the close of the Revo-  
 lution and the adoption of the Constitution;  
 "The Art of Driving," by Henry Childs Mer-  
 win; and the concluding portion of Mark Twain's  
 story, "Tom Sawyer, Detective;" "A Picture  
 of St. Cloud," by Gertrude Smith, a story of  
 provincial life in France; "A Summer Among  
 Cliff Dwellings," being an account of explora-  
 tion in the region the centre of which is the  
 meeting-point of the boundary lines of Colo-  
 rado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, by T.  
 Mitchel Prudden; "The Mortuary Chest," a  
 story by Alice Brown; "Where Had John  
 Been," a sketch which raises a question in  
 psychology; a paper by Theodore S. Woolsey  
 on the subject of old colonial silver-ware; the  
 conclusion of Langdon Elwyn Mitchell's story  
 of "The Mormons from Muddlety;" "The  
 Death of Espartero," a tragedy of the Span-  
 ish bull-ring; an article advocating forestry  
 as a pursuit for women entitled "Among the  
 Trees," by Anna C. Ickett; a story called  
 "His Duty," by Octave Thanet; "Musical  
 Celebrities of Vienna," by William von Sacks;  
 and Mr. Warner in the "Editor's Study" dis-  
 cusses the probable conditions of life on the  
 planet Mars.

What is especially striking about the Sep-  
 tember number of Massey's Magazine is the  
 timeliness and Canadian character of its con-  
 tents. First, there is "Our Yachtsmen  
 Abroad," by William Q. Phillips, with many  
 illustrations of the Glencairn, Canada, Zelma  
 and other yachts; but Toronto readers, whose  
 tastes are martial rather than yachting, will  
 turn to "The 48th Highlanders," by Alex-  
 ander Fraser, M.A., who gives an admirable  
 sketch of the regiment, while the illustrations,  
 chiefly by A. H. Rider and F. H. Bridgen,  
 are numerous and striking. No warrior could  
 possibly look more warlike than Col. Davidson  
 on his charger in the frontispiece. The gal-  
 lant Colonel appears again in the Thanksgiv-  
 ing-Day Review picture, but on "another  
 horse"—this time a dappled-gray—and with  
 face turned towards his regiment. There is  
 also a portrait of the late Regimental Chap-  
 lain, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. Then we have  
 "Placer-Mining in British Columbia," "Can-  
 dian Successes on the Stage," by W. J.  
 Thorold, and a second paper on "Cuba in War  
 Time," by Frank L. Pollock, all well written,  
 timely, and fully illustrated. "The Mystery  
 of Two Cheques," by Clifford Smith, is con-  
 cluded in this number, and also Duncan Camp-  
 bell Scott's clever story, "The Nest of  
 Imposture." Other stories are "The Private  
 Tutor," by Edward Stream, and "Under Sen-  
 tence of Death," by Raymond H. Phillimore,  
 M.D. The poetry of the number is contributed  
 by J. H. Long, J. Millar Barr, G. E. Theodore  
 Roberts, Gertrude Bartlett, Charlotte Grant  
 Macintyre, and Wm. H. Drummond, M.D.  
 Miss M. M. Kilpatrick, in "The Literary  
 Kingdom," evinces literary ability, humour  
 and critical discernment.

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## Scientific and Sanitary.

The Greeks were so much afraid of lightning that they worshipped it. They endeavoured to avert its malignant influence by hissing and whistling at it. In places which had suffered by its altars were erected, and oblations made to avert the anger of the gods, after which no one dared to touch or approach them.

It is dangerous to enclose the bulb of an electric lamp in any fabric, even as light as mosquito netting, and from this practice many fires have originated. Experiment has shown that an incandescent lamp globe closely wrapped with paper, so that no air can pass between it and the glass, will catch fire in a very few minutes.

Latest reports of Dr. Nansen's voyage indicate that neither man nor beast exist in the immediate vicinity of the Pole. Even birds avoid the frigid atmosphere of the inner Arctic circle, and no life but that of the ocean depths is found. There is, apparently, no continent around the North Pole such as is found at the South. The next explorer will know better what not to look for than his predecessors.

In Germany a new process of colouring leather is being exploited. Electricity is used as the active agent. The leather is placed upon a zinc table, which forms the positive pole. The dyeing material is poured over this, and the negative pole connected to the leather. Under the action of the current the colouring matter penetrates the leather, and patterns may be designed upon the surface by covering it with a pattern plate connected to the negative pole.

One of the difficulties in getting sunlight into some of our cities, especially those in which soft coal is burned, is the smoke from the coal, which clouds the air and keeps back the light. To prevent this Prof. Ramsey, of University College, London, recommends legislation to make the use of smoke-consuming appliances compulsory in all factories consuming such coal, or the use of coke instead. He believes the sunlight destroys disease germs in the air, and this makes light essential to the health of the city as well as to the growth of the plant.

The natives of the New Hebrides, says Modern Medicine, render themselves a terror to their enemies by using poisoned arrows, the tips of which they smear with earth from certain marshes. M. Dantec has made a bacteriological study of these poisoned arrows, and finds that their fatal properties are due to the presence in the earth with which they are smeared of two deadly germs—a septic vibron, and the microbe of tetanus. The first of these produces death from malignant edema in twelve to fifteen hours. In cases in which a septic vibron has lost its virulence, the tetanus bacillus which is present proves equally, although less speedily, fatal. This observation of M. Dantec proves the incorrectness of the former theory that the tetanus bacillus is derived from a horse, since this animal is unknown in the New Hebrides Islands.

Punctuality in woman has been attained under hypnotic suggestion, in a remarkable set of experiments recently reported to the Society for Psychical Research. A young person of nineteen, who had never shown any capacity for calculation, and who was in good health at the time, though her nerves had been unstrung for a year before, was hypnotized and directed to do certain simple things at specified times, writing down the time when she thought she did them. The intervals suggested varied from a few hundred to over 20,000 minutes, and sometimes as many as six suggestions, starting at different hours, were working on her at once. The experiments read like the painful examples in the mental arithmetics. At four o'clock one day she was asked to do something in 10,080 minutes, beginning at ten the day before. In fifty-five experiments there were only two failures. On awakening, the subject had no recollection of the suggestions made to her.


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D. Blackley, 34 Yonge St., Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.  
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
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The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
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R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.  
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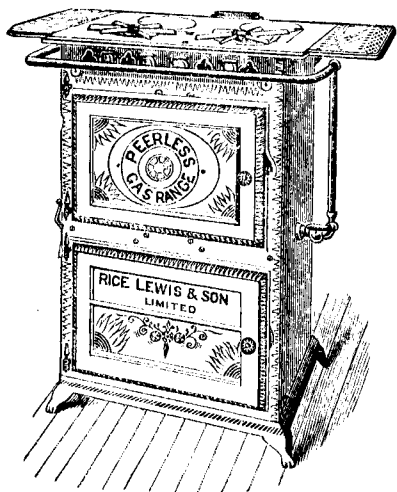
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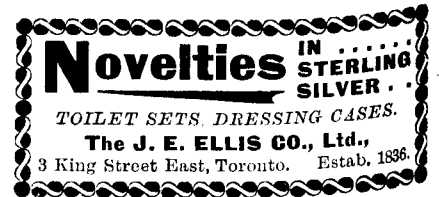
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