

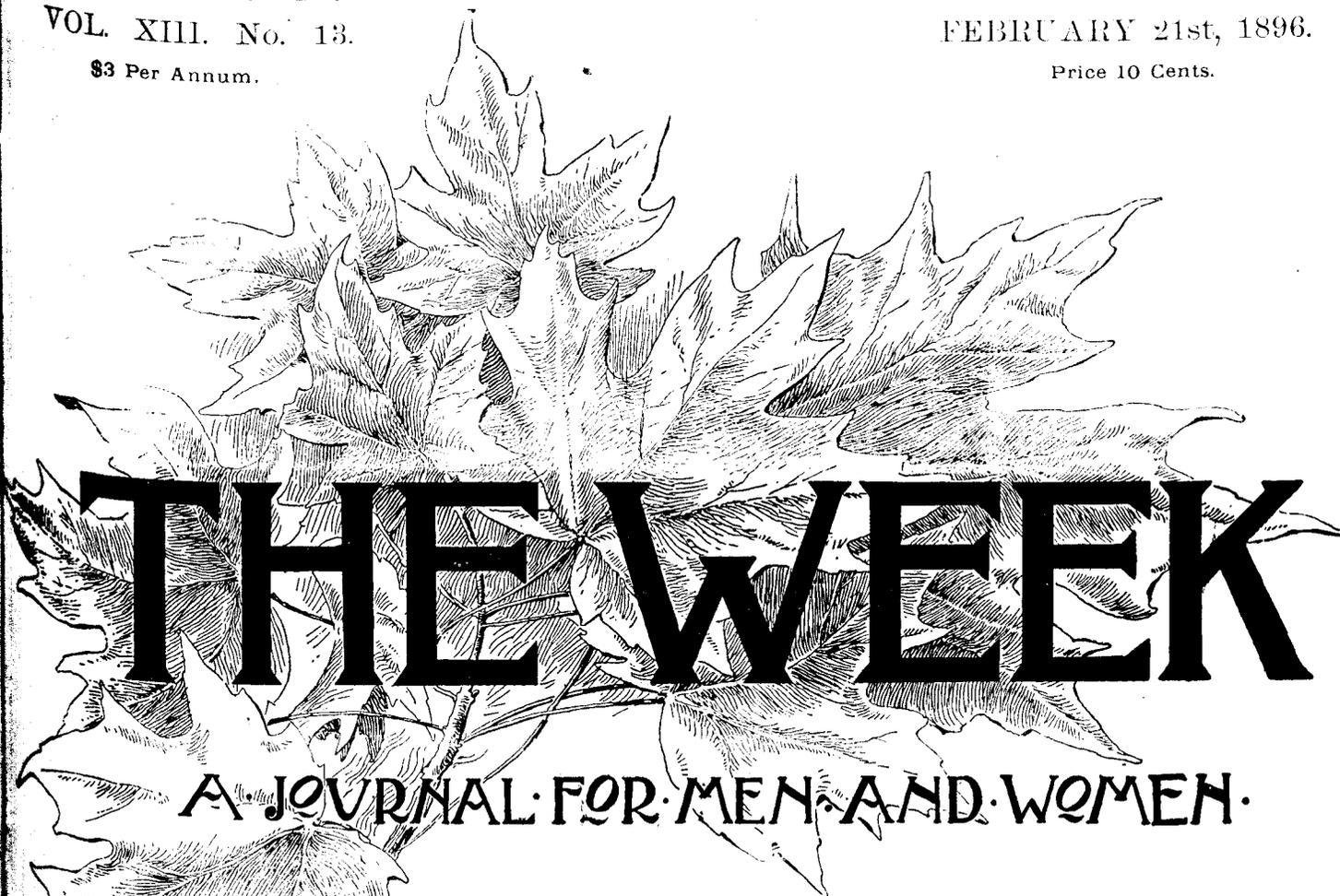
This Number Contains: The Young Canada Party and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, M.P.; The Cold of a Mild Winter, by W. A. L.; George Augustus Sala's Autobiography; and One of Our Boys, by Professor MacMechan.

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1896 Spring Season

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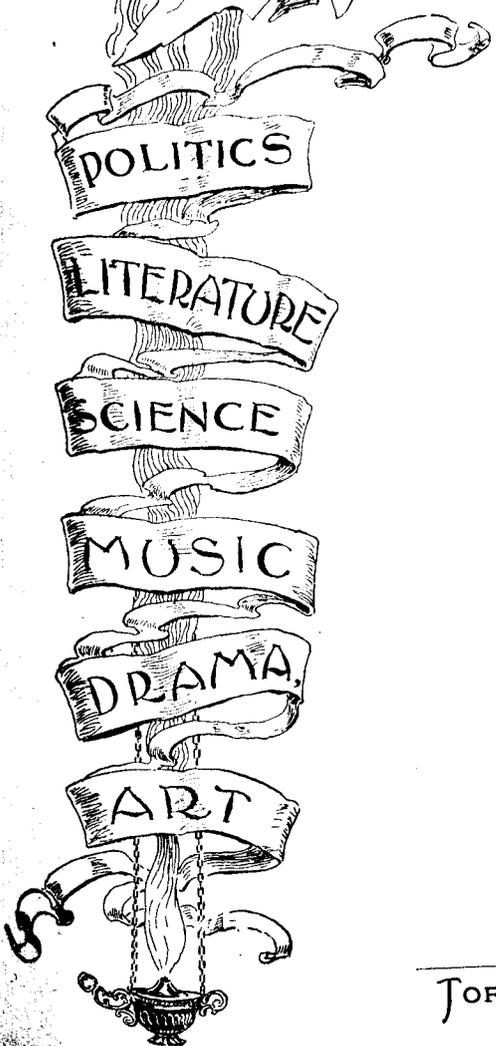
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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, February 21st, 1896.

No. 13.

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Current Topics

The Death of Rev. D. J. Macdonnell.

Why it is that death so often selects for its victims the good and the useful, and passes by for what seems interminable years the evil and the useless is a question which no man can answer. It is only one of the many terrible mysteries of this mysterious world. The death of Mr. Macdonnell is a severe loss not only to the Presbyterian Church in Canada but to the whole community in which his inspiring life has been passed. Such men as Mr. Macdonnell are especially needed in Canada where narrowness and prejudice and bigotry flourish with discouraging vigour, and few have the courage to protest openly against the popular will. The country cannot afford to lose such men as the brave-hearted, clear-headed, and public-spirited divine who was for so many years the champion in this community of all that makes for righteousness and true liberty.

Sir Donald at Winnipeg.

Sir Donald Smith is now at Winnipeg and it is "confidently asserted" that his mission is to arrange a settlement of the school difficulty between the Dominion and Provincial Governments. He has already had lengthy interviews with Mr. Greenway and Archbishop Langevin, but the enterprising reporters had not, up to last night, been able to find out what was discussed or arranged at these interviews. If any one can settle this disturbing question it is certainly Sir Donald Smith. He commands the respect of the whole country and the motives of his mediation can in no way be suspected even by the most suspicious of politicians. What the result of these important negotiations may have been will likely be known in a day or two—perhaps before this paper is in the hands of its readers.

Dominion Day in Nova Scotia.

We have learned with pained surprise that the Liberals of Nova Scotia, led by Mr. Fielding and Mr. Longley, have voted against allowing the public schools of the Province to observe Dominion Day as a holiday. This action on the part of Mr. Fielding and Mr. Longley is too ridiculous to be treated seriously. Were it not that the ill-informed may be led to

attach some significance to this vote we would not trouble ourselves to notice it in these columns. Dominion Day has been generally and heartily observed in Nova Scotia for many years. It is, of course, a bank holiday, and all public offices are closed. If the schools have not honoured the day it is not the fault of the school-masters or the scholars. The vote in question is nothing but the outcome of vanity and a foolish craving for notoriety. Playing to the gods and ministering to local prejudices may win the temporary applause of the unthinking and the irresponsible, but it does not command the respect of the solid men of the community. Mr. Longley can ill afford to trifle with his political reputation. His loyalty has been seriously called in question on more than one occasion, and his protests have not been received with that readiness which he seems to have expected. As he aspires to a seat in the House of Commons it may be just as well to intimate in the politest possible terms that Canada will not care to accept as a member of Parliament or to extend her confidence to the politician to whom the observance of the national holiday is a hateful thing and to be prevented by the strong arm of the law.

Newfoundland Shores.

It is reported that information has been received from a trustworthy and semi-official source to the effect that negotiations are going on at present between France and England on the subject of the French shore of Newfoundland. The basis of the negotiations, so it is said, involves the ceding of certain of England's interests in the State of Tunis in exchange for the French claims in the ancient Colony. The negotiations are being conducted in Paris by Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador. It is stated that the prospect for a settlement is good, and that the end will be reached in a few days. This must be welcome news to Newfoundland. By the French rights on the West shore the unfortunate Islanders have been practically excluded from that part of the country under the clause that allows the French fishermen the right to cure their fish there. This clause has been a millstone about the neck of the Colonists ever since its insertion in the treaty. The removal of this incubus will greatly facilitate the cause of confederation. It has been the chief objection to Newfoundland's coming into the Dominion. We are informed that the islanders who favour confederation now have every hope that the Colony's days of isolation are over, and that the entrance of the old Colony is only a question of time. The shorter that time is the better will it be for all concerned.

A Board of Conciliation.

The Venezuelan boundary question stands a fair chance now of being settled. The London Times remarked on Tuesday that it regards as of great importance the plan for the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute sent to it by its American correspondent, Mr. G. W. Smalley, who says it would be accepted by the United States, or proposed by the United States, if they had reason to believe that Great Britain would accept it. According to the cable despatch the plan is substantially the creation of a new joint Commission to consist of two Englishmen and two Americans, who would be charged with ascertaining the facts and with reporting thereon to the British and American Cabinets. If a majority of the Commission could not agree on

a report a neutral fifth member might be summoned. The Commission's findings on matters of fact would be binding on both countries and would serve as the basis for subsequent negotiations between all concerned. Should the negotiations fail there would be an ultimate arbitration by a tribunal to be composed, for instance, of the Chief Justices of Great Britain and the United States, with perhaps a neutral third member. The Times states that the scheme will need the most careful consideration, but recognizes with unqualified satisfaction that it is such that Great Britain could honourably accept it. It adds that the plan also offers an excellent prospect of an ultimate agreement. The chief difficulty about arbitration, as the cable message points out, relates entirely to the settled districts. If in this case international arbitration could be made to resemble municipal law, so that the fact of long settlement would count as in ordinary courts, the greater part of the British objections to arbitration would disappear. Provided there is some agreement acceptable to England touching the districts inhabited by subjects of Her Majesty this scheme for the settlement of the boundary is to be commended. It is to be hoped that this dangerous dispute will soon receive its quietus.

A Young
Canada Party.

Mr Francis H. Turnock, editor of the Alberta Tribune and Vice-President of the Calgary Young Men's Conservative Association, has addressed an able and interesting Open Letter to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, calling upon him as a statesman of ability, audacity, and imagination to deliver Canadian Conservatism from "the blighting domination of mediocrity," under which it is now staggering to its fall, by accepting the leadership of a "Young Canada Party" which shall have for its chief aims the permanent restoration of principle in the Conservative party and its reconstruction by a strictly evolutionary process. Mr. Turnock points out to Sir Charles Hibbert that the opportunity which now presents itself to him is that which presented itself to Disraeli in 1846. The Conservative party of Canada has forgotten, of recent years, that "the Conservatism of a new country must be constructive as well as defensive." "The evolution of its policy has ceased," affirms Mr. Turnock, "and it is relying upon its past achievements." Like the Conservatism against which Disraeli warred in 1846 Canadian Conservatism offers no redress for the present and makes no preparation for the future. "It was against such a development of Conservatism," continues Mr. Turnock, "that the Young England Party revolted. It is against such that a Young Canada Party should revolt. The Young England Party seized the opportunity of regenerating English Conservatism when, in 1846, the obstinacy of Sir Robert Peel impelled him to ruin his Party by disregarding the wishes of a majority of his followers. The schism in Canadian Conservatism which has resulted from the obstinacy of Sir Mackenzie Bowell in retaining the leadership after he has lost the confidence of his Party, invites similar action." Young Conservatives "are looking for a leader" who will insure for the party "a puissant and creditable future rather than a disgraceful and not distant decay," and "instinctively" they turn to Sir Charles Hibbert and raise their *Ecce Homo*.

No
Laissez Faire
Principles.

Mr. Turnock then proceeds to suggest the particular lines on which the leader of the "New Conservatism" should educate his party. Liberalism, he says, stands for "Laissez Faire." Conservatism is its negation. But the

weakness of contemporary Canadian Conservatism is its capitulation to the principles of "Laissez Faire." It has no policy in regard to the national future of Canada. It has no definite article of faith in the matter of Provincial Rights, nor does it announce anything decisive respecting our national destiny. The National Policy is not represented simply by the Protective Tariff, yet the development of the Canadian West, which was at one time recognized as a part of the National Policy, is now neglected, and the original efforts of the Government have thus been practically nullified. After remarking that the cause of Conservatism is the cause of Democracy, and that Conservatives have nothing to fear from the freest expression of popular opinion, Mr. Turnock goes on to favour Sir Charles Hibbert with his views on many matters of political and social importance. Whilst we cannot always agree with the writer of the letter we are ready to admit that much that he says is sound common sense, and no doubt reflects the views and opinions of thinking men in the great North-West. A young Canada party led by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper would certainly be interesting.

Home
Truths.

A distinguished American, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, contributes a notable article to the February Forum on some dark aspects of civilization in the United States. Professor Norton takes a very gloomy view of the state of things, and we feel that he is only too well justified in doing so. He finds few manifestations in his country of "the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves," of which instinct the late Mr. Lowell used to speak in such hopeful terms. There is little, if any, respect for authority, for experience, for culture, for intellectual attainment, but there is an abundance of rough and swaggering assertion of individual independence:

"The spirit of independence is the spirit to which the progress of civilization is mainly due; but, if not controlled by reason, it becomes the parent of anarchy, destructive of free institutions and of social order. In Europe its excess is checked in part by her great armies and navies, in which the principles of discipline, subordination, and obedience are maintained, and also by the existence of a large class of men sufficiently instructed to set a true value upon the principle of authority, rightly understood, as the balance wheel by which individual independence is regulated. In America we have been living under conditions which have admitted of no check upon this spirit of independence; and the result is seen in every class, in the enfeebled sense of the virtue of obedience and the necessity of discipline, in the unrestraint of expression, and in the readiness to question and to resist the exercise of authority. Even in the most civilized parts of the country the sentiment of the independence of the individual is often misdirected and depraved, while in the vast half-civilized and half-settled regions it becomes the very manifestation of barbarism and of a relapse toward savagery."

The children of the public schools are "notoriously self-sufficient and impertinent" and "ignorance has increased and is increasing" in spite of the much-vaunted school system. As a result "genuine courtesy and refinement" in the United States are rarer in the Republic "than almost anywhere else." And the upper classes are no better than the lower.

A Dangerous
Community.

But this is not all. Professor Norton declares that though the condition of affairs in the East are bad enough, in the West it is still worse. The arrogance and self-assertion of the people are unchecked by any restraints imposed by neighborhood to other powers, or by tradition or inherited culture.

“Splendid Isolation.”

“Materialized in their temper; with few ideals of an ennobling sort; little instructed in the lessons of history; safe from exposure to the direct calamities and physical horrors of war; with undeveloped imaginations and imperfect sympathies—they form a community unfortunate and dangerous from the possession of power without a due sense of its corresponding responsibilities; a community in which the passion for war may easily be excited as the fancied means by which its greatness may be convincingly exhibited, its patriotism displayed, and its ambitions gratified. This is no unreal peril. Some chance spark may fire the prairie. It is a peril indefinitely enhanced by the optimistic indifference of the people at large, and their childish conceptions concerning the greatness and power of the United States as compared with other nations.”

Americans seem unable to tolerate anything or anybody that “stands for discipline, good order, and obedience. The man who lets another command him, they despise.” Professor Norton is justly severe on the manner and morals displayed in inter-collegiate contests in athletic sports, and says they fall little short of a national disgrace. The barbarism of the contestants is encouraged by the community at large by its indifference to fair play, and by the excess of its hysteric applause of victory won by any means, fair or foul. To this interesting but disquieting article the author adds a note saying it was written “before the issue of President Cleveland’s astounding Message respecting the Venezuelan boundary dispute.” This Message and the popular reception of it “have given lamentable and most unexpected confirmation” to the article.

We have received the following note from an esteemed contributor, “C,” which contains sentiments which we heartily endorse:

“Americans.”

“None of your correspondents on the use of the name ‘American’ as meaning the people of the United States seem to me to have quite hit upon the true reason, which is that they are so called because they are otherwise nameless. For our part we do not want the name, because we have one which is exclusively and undeniably ours, we are ‘Canadians.’ Of this name we may be justly proud, for it has ever been associated with honour, courage, and fidelity, whereas the term ‘American,’ is to most dwellers beyond seas a very wide term and comprehends a great deal which we have no desire to be associated with. By all means let us be not only content, but proud, to call ourselves ‘Canadians,’ and to endeavour to live up to the name.”

The Coming Scientists.

Next year the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in Toronto, and already the preparations for the great event are well under way. The strong and energetic local Executive Committee, of which Dr. Macallum is the President, and Mr. Alan Macdougall the Secretary, have issued the scheme of organization and prepared an imposing list of names to form a Citizens’ Committee, from which list the special committees are appointed. Efforts are being made to induce the Prince of Wales to accept the Presidency of the Association for the Toronto meeting. Other distinguished names are mentioned, notably those of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. As The Globe remarks, the presence of any of these would add new interest to the occasion, and if the added interest were personal rather than scientific, Toronto would not complain. We are sure that the Executive Committee will have the best support and encouragement that Toronto can give, and that the meeting of the Association here will not only be of advantage to the city and to the country at large, but that the visitors themselves will find that they will not go empty away.

IT makes comparatively little difference who the particular Canadian speaker was that first used the phrase “Splendid isolation” to describe Britain’s attitude at the present time. But it makes a great deal of difference that people should fully understand the truth which lies behind the phrase, and which makes it one which may well stir British imagination. Our Oceanic Empire has been built up slowly and painfully, and sometimes it has almost seemed as if the work were done by haphazard. At last, almost suddenly, people have begun to understand how completely the task has been accomplished. So far as territorial possession is concerned, we hold the essential positions for adequate command of the sea. The growth of population in the greater Colonies has already advanced so far that the most important of these positions are practically secure against successful attack. The increase of population and the consolidation of political strength are still going on, and the day is at least dawning when Britain, facing the world from her four-square position in the United Kingdom and Canada, South Africa and Australia, to say nothing of India and the minor possessions of the Empire, can rely with confidence on her self-sufficing strength. Those who have anticipated such an outcome of the national growth have often been looked on as dreamers. The dream has not perhaps as yet been entirely fulfilled, yet the fact that Britain for once has been able to direct her diplomacy and assert her will with comparative disregard of European politics, shows how far we have gone towards its realization. We now begin to see that this “splendid isolation” rests on wide diffusion. This is the secret of the sea and of the mastery of the sea. A European Empire or an American Republic rests its safety on concentration; an Oceanic Empire on expansion. In broad political result the phrase thus understood will have as much popular effect in the Colonies as in the Motherland. Hitherto the dread of Australians, and, to some extent, of Canadians, has been lest their own countries should become entangled in the complicated network of European politics. This has been the shadow which has always darkened for timid minds the splendid picture of a United British Empire. Every proof that this danger has been diminished, or may vanish in the future, will strengthen the national bond, and give a new impulse to complete national consolidation. “Splendid isolation” may have had its genesis in patriotic enthusiasm; it may well stand as an ideal of national aspiration.

* * *

The Cold of a Mild Winter.

IT cannot be too much dinned into the ears of Canadians who intend to visit France or the North of Italy in the winter that the one thing they must think of and prepare for is cold. No readings of the thermometer given in the guide books are of any use to represent the effectiveness of the cold. The thermometer represents a mild day and, as a matter of fact, one’s hands, which are the first thing to suffer on a winter’s day at home, are comfortable enough there in kid; but for the rest, clothing that would do for a winter’s day at home is not able to protect one from the insinuation of that poisonous cold. It is true that at home we walk briskly from one warmed building to another while abroad we dawdle about the streets with a book in our hands and spend an hour at a time in a chill cathedral; but these are the things we propose to do in going there, and it is these conditions we must consider in making our preparations. Moreover there is room for a reasonable theory that it is not only our habits that make us cold; that we should be cold in any case; that the cold has more effect upon us than on the natives who are born to it, for they seem comfortable enough though they go about the streets in much the same manner as we do. It is not exactly that they spend their time in looking at things, but, like all inhabitants of mild countries, they seem to have an imperfect con-

ception of the difference between in-doors and out-of-doors—and indeed too often there is not much difference. They buy and sell and sit in the streets without seeming to notice that the season for that sort of thing is over. How they manage it is a mystery, for they do not seem to be warmly clothed. The shop windows are full of chest protectors, flannel jackets, knitted waistcoats, fur lined boots, woolly inner soles, flannel petticoats; and other things of the kind which may account for some of this apparent hardness; but it is the poorer people who live most in the streets, and one would not suppose that they are able to enjoy these extra articles of dress. A beggar will sit for the whole day in the entrance of a cold church and look warm and chubby all the time. It is a case of Nature's power of adaptation to circumstances. But we are new to the circumstances and find them, as I have said, cold. At the bottom of the matter is, I believe, the fact that no place is properly warmed and that one never starts warm. A railway journey is like a sleigh drive. You sit wrapped up with a rug over your knees and your feet on a hot water bottle if you can get one. There is no other heat. It is not like the nice superheated Pullman where you hang up your wraps and sit in the loose comfort of an open coat. Nor, when the journey is over, is there a warm hotel waiting to receive you. The usual inn, like other things in the country, has an uncertain dividing line between in-doors and out-of-doors. The ceremony of showing the guest to his room begins with a cold plunge into a court-yard, where the candle flickers in the wind and when it rains one expects a well directed drop of rain to put it out. The attendant leads the way across the court to an archway, from which, often without the intervention of a door at all, stairs lead to the upper story, and the guest is shown a room which is practically out of doors and cold!—all the rank chill of a mild winter seem to have been bottled up there for months.

To look out early in the morning and see the boots patiently cooling before the doors in this corridor full of the outer air is a cheerless sight.

Fortunately there is hot water always ready and there are bells; usually electric registering bells, though I have met with a more primitive kind. At one very comfortable inn, where the bedrooms all looked upon the courtyard, the question of bells was settled in the simplest manner by hanging a bell on the wall outside each room and ringing it by pulling a cord inside. When a bell was rung the *garçon des chambres* ran out of his cave down in the courtyard and looked up to see which bell was shaking. In a wind they all shook, and here and there would even be one ringing softly to itself. When this happened and the *garçon* stood looking wildly about, the man of resources could appear in pyjamas at his window and discourse to him of his warts.

The allowance of hot water is about a quart, and the process of taking a bath out of a basin by means of a sponge—and so distributing the water over the floor—is not a warming process. One leaves his room unwarmed only to meet with a chill reception below, for there is in the ordinary country inn no provision made for comfort in taking the *petit déjeuner*. The *salle à manger* at that hour has all the windows open and the chairs have usually got on to the tables; the smoking room, if there is a smoking room, is not warmed. I suppose the early breakfast—a roll and *café au lait*—is not usually taken down stairs. The wise native probably takes it in bed and does not waste its warmth in washing afterwards. Those who do come down for it appear in hat and overcoat and swallow their *café*, standing anywhere, on their way, as it were, to the street. This is the advantage of the informal and unimportant early breakfast, and also perhaps its evil. It is an advantage since every man can get up and go at his own hour without having to either wait for or hurry to a formal gathering; and an evil, perhaps, for this very lack of a formal gathering. It certainly detracts from the comfort of home by giving no occasion to make home comfortable in the morning—if these homes ever can be made comfortable. As to this I strongly suspect that the country inn fairly represents the country house as far as concerns its capability for being heated. A waiter who was trying to encourage me to feel warm in the smoking room one morning, as I was having my *café au lait* among the cold odours of tobacco, broke down in the end and admitted that it was cold and was always so in winter, and in these rambling buildings must always be so because they could not be warmed. His face fell as he said this

and I felt sorry for him, a man to whom winter must always mean three or four months of the strain which we undergo in the last few days before the furnace is lighted. We all know those days, when we try to tide over one more cold snap rather than have the furnace going in the warm days that are sure to follow. This is the permanent state of the people who have a mild winter. A heated house would probably be unbearable. They must live in a house that is only warm in spots, with zones of heat and cold, cold halls and warm apartments, which, when they are not warm, are very cold. To them never comes the time which comes to us when the cold has at last come to stay and we order the furnace to be lighted and return home in the evening to find the house full of a delightful warmth that wraps us all around like a cloak. W. A. L.

Russia and Armenia

IN the second decade of our century Johannes Avdall—an intelligent, highly cultivated Armenian, a member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal—to which learned body he dedicated his work—undertook the translation into English of a book written by Father Michael Chamich—a Roman Catholic Armenian, who lived about the middle of the 18th century. This book—"A History of Armenia from B.C. 2247-A.D. 1780"—contains much interesting information regarding this singular people, whose story in so many points strangely resembles that of the Jew. Like them the Armenians had a period of national glory, ending with their conquest by Alexander the Great, B.C. 334-5, their kings remaining tributary for about 176 years; Arcaees then achieved the independence of his country, founding a dynasty of kings.

The period which followed included the most brilliant in Armenian history, and lasted, with many vicissitudes, for almost six centuries. Once more the nation fell under foreign sway—Persians, Greeks, Egyptians oppressed and persecuted them in turn, until finally the faint shadow of royalty departed, when Leo—last of the Rubenian princes was taken captive by the Sultan of Egypt, A.D. 1382. Many of these Rubenian princes seem to have been wise and brave—we read of their intercourse with the Crusaders and of help given to the latter in time of famine—but they could not hold out against such odds, and, from the downfall of Leo, the Armenians sank as a nation—even their ancient glory being known only to the few who had access to their records.

In 1605 Shah Abbas conquered many places in Armenia, and declared it under Persian dominion. A threatened invasion of the Turks to recover the province, determined Shah Abbas to transport the Armenians and their property to Persia—in this, too, they resembled the Jews, that despite oppression of every kind, they accumulated wealth. Persian officers were sent all through the land, the people were collected in a vast herd on a plain near Ararat, and thence driven to Persia. The land was then laid waste—everything destroyed, that the Turks might find nothing—the Armenians have no temptation to return. On the opposite bank of the river from the Persian city of Ispahan, arose a new and splendid town of Julpha or Ciulfa, called in loving remembrance of the city the exiles had left behind them;—many and touching are the references to this sorrowful time, to be found in their folk-songs—a small volume of which has been translated into English. Since this terrible break in their history, the Armenians have had no existence as a nation—their land being ultimately divided into Russian, Persian, and Turkish provinces, of which only the last has been subjected to the bitter persecution which has roused so much—hitherto futile—indignation in Christian lands.

From her own records it would seem that Armenia has again and again turned to Russia as the nearest Christian country, and that such help and protection as could be given was never withheld. In the middle of the 18th century the Patriarch sought and obtained protection from Peter the Great; a little later—in the treaty of Kayerarji (1774) and in that of Gassy (1791), clauses were inserted by which Turkey acknowledged that Russia should exercise some sort of protection over the Christian subjects of the Porte.

Parisian Affairs.

In 1810 the newly elected Pontiff Ephraim—a man of high repute for his piety and learning—refused to accept the dangerous office until assured of Russian protection; and, guarded by the soldiers of the Czar, he travelled from his Russian diocese of Ashtarak to Etcheniatchin, one of the four pontifical seats. In a supplementary chapter to Father Chamich's book, we are told how thousands of Armenians sought refuge from Mohammedan tyranny in Russia, and were uniformly treated with kindness by the Czar, many being naturalized and rising to high offices of state. Touching on these and kindred matters, Johannes Avdall—himself Armenian to the core—speaks throughout of Russia as of a natural friend and ally—showing plainly the drift of Armenian feeling.

Coming to a later time—the days of the Berlin treaty—we find words written then, almost prophetic in their suggestions. In an article in the Fortnightly, Aug., 1878, the writer, speaking of the "Convention with Turkey," points out that the moral responsibility assumed by England of enforcing good government in Asiatic Turkey will either "end in empty diplomatic notes, pipe-lighters for viziers;" or, if carried out by sheer superior force, would involve enormous increase of expense for generations to come.

In the Nineteenth Century for June, 1878, we find Midhat Pasha writing thus of Russia and her policy:—"The sole motive power of Russian policy in the East was the right of protection, which, from earliest times, she has desired to exercise over the Christians, under the pretext that they were oppressed by Mussulmen."

Surely an unwilling confirmation of Russian friendliness to Armenia. Midhat Pasha stoutly maintains that the Turks desire reform and constitutional government, and, not denying broken engagements on the part of the Porte, lays much of the blame on internal disorders produced by foreign interference. He wishes that the European powers would rather exert "an active superintendence over the enforcement of this charter, which sums up all the progress possible for the East,"—a very guarded statement, but not too much so, perhaps, in view of the results of the nearly twenty years since it was written. He adds significantly, too, that such superintendence would tend "to neutralize the action of Russia in the East"—that power which he so evidently hated and dreaded.

Again, in the Nineteenth Century for Feb. 7, 1878, the writer of an article—"How the Turks Rule Armenia"—shows that the strongest argument against Russian occupation of Armenia, that "it would endanger British interests," is after all the merest surmise, and not in any way borne out by facts. With large experience himself in the East, he draws his extracts entirely from "Blue Book" reports of Consuls—men not "officially" prejudiced in favour of the Armenians. One report says "that the Armenians are bitter in their complaints against the Turkish Government, and, at the same time, unreserved in their praises of Russia, openly avowing their determination to emigrate."

The Consul attributes somewhat of this to the teaching of the clergy, but admits "ample cause for discontent."

After many similar extracts, the writer points out that in the event of Turkish victory over Russia, England would find herself no longer the "favoured nation" with the Turk, but even more hated than the other Ghioars as holding millions of believers in bondage.

One closing sentence comes with stern force at the present moment: "It is in Armenia chiefly that English admirers of the Turk and his ways will try to replace the galling yoke which Russia has broken."

None will deny that Russia seeks to benefit herself—as Britain and other nations have done—by an extension of her territory; but none the less, she, as well as England, may have her mission to fulfil in the East—a mission which may well claim moral aid and sympathy, rather than opposition and indifference.

Toronto.

M. ALGON KIRBY.

* * *

A young man applied for the advertised situation of a corrector of the press. "Are you well up in correction matters?" "Yes, Monsieur, I have just finished my twentieth year in the House of Correction." His offer was declined, and instructions given to well watch him to the door.

FRANCE has received a scare; she believed her bloated armaments implied only the war and naval departments. She has just learned from statistics that cannot be impeached, that she has another army, colossal in numbers and in cost—that of the Civil Servants. The superiority of France in functionaries is incontestable. That may be flattering to her pride, but it is very onerous to her budget. Odd; the exact number of the rank and file is unknown. Some say it is too formidable to publish. The number of clerks on active service at the close of 1893 was 527,000, and their cost 637 fr. millions yearly. These totals do not include permanent supernumeraries and transitory helps or pressure gangs. The pensions paid to retired civil servants amount to 63 million frs. annually. In 1856, about forty years ago, that estimate was only 23 million frs. But the number of civil servants has tripled since then, though the population has remained stationary, the territory undergone amputation, and the facilities for the transaction of administrative business, have been augmented.

It is a common observation in France that the individuals who seek employment in the civil service are those who are afraid to struggle with life. They resemble those soldiers who remain in the casemates during a battle: they serve no purpose, but they escape shot and shell. The remuneration is not fat: one-half of the whole army does not receive more than 2½ frs. per day. The highest salary accorded is 25,000 frs. a year, and these plums are enjoyed by only two hundred lucky individuals. How do the clerks live? Some may inherit a little revenue, the result of parental life-long frugality; others, when married, are helped by the earnings of the wife or sister and mother, who are needlewomen employed in shops, are bookkeepers, or run a small shop of some kind. But all are contented, their wants are few, their ambition nil. Still, why so many quartered upon the state? Political necessities; the election bosses must be paid by a nomination for themselves, or some member or relative of their family, to a Government office. The Minister cannot resist the log-rolling pressure; he over-stocks his department with employees; he creates new offices, recasts, reorganizes. Many capable officers are superseded to make room for fresh hands, but they, though still young, must be allowed compensation; hence the high figures of the pension list. A Minister without patronage would be incomprehensible, a breach of civilization.

The peregrinations and perplexities of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria in search of a paying religion for his baby son and heir, causes no little amusement to the French. There never has been any sympathy at any time entertained for the Prince, and less so at present than ever. Religion can be only bartered for the mess of pottage when the prize is an earthly crown. St. Nicholas has triumphed over St. Peter, as Baby Boris has been received into the Greek church. Will the Pope pronounce a major excommunication against Prince Ferdinand for the religious abduction of his son from the Catholic faith? The mother, who is a very pious daughter of the Church, will no longer live with her husband. The Czar must view his conduct with disgust, and would not object to see the intriguer and his creatures cleared out of Bulgaria. The Bulgars may henceforth be regarded as the allies of Russia; it is the diamond cut-diamond for Roumania joining Austria. Between the battering Emperor William has received from England and the Czar's triumph with the Bulgars (their higgler ruler does not count) the triple alliance looks very shaky. England's policy is now looming; the most solid good will with the Americans, cordial relations with Russia; friendliness where friendliness be manifested, and plenty of flying squadrons for the rest.

Quite a happy mania has set in against the drink craze in France; the evil is being vigorously excommunicated by bell, book, and candle-light. Practical apostles do more than indulging in wind-bag anathemas. They view the alcoholics as invalids, as diseased, and treat them accordingly: that is the ambulance section which works on the battlefield; another section attacks the sellers of poisoned drinks; while a third detachment delivers illustrated class lectures in the primary schools, on the destructive influence of liquors on the system. Then there are conferences for adults, with waxwork models of healthy and drink-destroyed stomachs, as well as other alcoholic disorders. M. Dayot

draws a very painful picture of the progress of alcoholism in Bretagne, whose maritime population supplies the navy with eighty per cent. of its Boys in Blue, and whose physical force, endurance, and obstinacy, have become proverbial. Within the last twenty years, attests M. Dayot, the character of the population of Bretagne has changed, due to drink, and the taste for the latter is due to the sailors who are employed in the cod fishery at Newfoundland and Iceland, consuming in their hard labour as much as one pint of brandy—all adulterated—per day, in addition to cider and wine.

Then when they return to France they spend their earnings in the rum holes, leaving their wives and children to starve. In one country district of Bretagne there are no less than 600 dram shops; in Paris every corner house appears to be a drinking den. Twenty years ago in Bretagne the finger of scorn was pointed at a drunkard; now that Helot causes no surprise. Why? Everyone, every class, rich and poor, young and old, get inebriated, even those whose duties ought to be proof against the temptation. But all succumb. Now the saddest side of the sad situation is that the women are catching the drink contagion, with this difference, that woman resists for a longer period the toxic effects of alcohol, and is thus enabled to drink more.

The Great Eastern Railway of France and also the Paris and Lyon Railway are experimenting with the new illuminating gas, Acétyléne. It is employed every evening for a first-class carriage, and its beautiful white, soft light is most pleasing. In each compartment is placed a lamp of one and one-half carcel power; it replaces the coal gas. Each lamp burns two and one-half gallons of the new gas per hour, and the ordinary reservoir can contain a sufficient supply for seventy-five hours. The trial is now being extended to the omnibuses and tram cars.

In actions for libel in France it is a rule never to grant excessive damages. A few days ago an ex-Senator sued a Paris journal for defamation by printing his name in a list, concocted for unavowable ends, among the Panama corrupt-ed. He demanded 10,000 frs. damages. The libel was as clear as noon day—when no fog reigns—and the jury found the defendant guilty. However, the court only accorded 100 fr. damages. Worse, the plaintiff has to pay all the costs, but with the right to sue the defendant for their recovery—if he be solvent. If there be nothing the king loses his rights.

One of the favourite social amusements at present is the popularising of the Black Art of Magic; or, as M. Jules Bois, who lectures upon these subjects and explains their mechanism, calls them generically, "Satanisme." Had he lived in the middle ages he would undoubtedly be burned for teaching people how to work spells, prepare love philters, call spirits from the vasty deep, or the circumambient air. He explains all the mysteries to his astonished hearers; the majority are incredulous; not a few cynical and indifferent, and several, rich and poor, firm believers in the unnatural. These latter, also, are either stupid or possessed of a share of intelligence, but all undoubtedly have a bee in their bonnet. M. Bois showed it was as easy to study necromancy and was quite as inoffensive as botany or ornithology; indeed, to learn how to speak to Old Nick himself was no more difficult than to learn how to play the flute or scrape a violin. It was a change, too, in the amusements of the Salon, where monologues and singing commence to pall. The late Countess of Caithness claimed to have daily confidential chats with Mary Queen of Scots, but made up in a toilette, exactly and pretty, of the period of the unfortunate queen. The late Doctress Anna Kingsford, in other respects a sensible lady, boasted to have worked a spell on Claude Bernard that caused his death, as a punishment for his vivisection of dogs, guinea-pigs, etc. She attempted the same upon Pasteur, but he proved cabalistic proof, as she died before him.

French Guiana is at loggerheads with Brazil, since, it is said, the reign of Louis XIV., respecting frontiers. There is a large region of no man's ground, as neither country owns it; or rather both own it, which amounts to the same thing. The French call the region Connani, and several companies have, from time to time, been founded in Paris to run the territory as a free Republic, under the protection of France. The Brazilians warned the adventurers off and the French compelled them to leave. Beyond founding an "order" and selling the decorations as a source of revenue,

as some countries do postage stamps, nothing definite was achieved. The disputants ought to settle the matter by arbitration ere Uncle Sam applies the Monroe doctrine. It would help to solve the Venezuela dispute. Z.

Genius.

Some men disdain it, this transmuting power:
Yet genius, like a holy herald, bears
Its deathless glory to the world, and wears
Bravely its laurel and its passion-flower.
Talent is still a rich, yet common, dower,
Marking the many from the few, and fares
With not too eager heart, nor with despairs
That sear the soul and make it thrill and cover.
Genius is martyrdom and grief to them
Who feels its tireless and despotic will:
With cruel rage or subtle stratagem
It bids them dream or sing or die or kill;
It bids them live—live as no others live,
Quickest to love, to suffer, to forgive.
—G. F. Montgomery in the February Century.

Montreal Affairs.

THE fears expressed in this column that the triumph of the Civic Reform cause at the municipal elections might be more apparent than real have been verified in a manner simply maddening to those who thought that at last the city had escaped from the clutches of the ring. The first test of strength came in the formation of the committees. The Reformers wanted to place in the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee, Alderman Savignac, who is the senior member of the Committee, in respect to service, and much trusted and esteemed by the citizens. Alderman Rainville, the old chairman, was a candidate for re-election. The Savignac men at one o'clock on the important day numbered fourteen, a clear majority of the council; but three hours later, when the vote was taken they had shrunk to twelve in number, Alderman Ouimet and Wilson having joined the enemy. The means used to seduce them from their allegiance were revealed later on when the other committees came to be formed. Alderman Wilson was made a member of the Finance Committee, and Alderman Ouimet became Chairman of a minor committee—honours rarely given to new members, and which, in this case, were not conferred because of the marked suitability of the men for these positions. Worse still, the "gang," in order to deliver the goods promised to the traitors had to cut down the English representation on the committees from three as against four French-Canadians under the old understanding to two, leaving five seats to the representatives of the other nationality. St. Antoine Ward and St. Laurence Ward, which between them have more taxes to pay than all the rest of the city put together, have no representation on the two great civic committees—the Finance and the Roads. Alderman Rainville was very saucy about this invasion of the long-recognized privileges of the English minority; and virtually announced that it was in punishment for their audacity in trying to "dominate the council." Their alleged domination consisted in allying themselves solidly with the better class of the French-Canadians to take the control of the city out of the hands of the untrustworthy. It has also been claimed that Alderman Prefontaine and Rainville were defenders of the French-Canadian nationality against the English attacks. As the latter simply wanted to replace Alderman Rainville with Alderman Savignac—one French-Canadian by another—this claim is not worth much; but the national cry, which is used to cover up all sorts of scoundrelism, is invoked constantly upon the slimmest of foundations; and it always appears to succeed.

The indignation of the English is extreme. They pay three-fourths of the taxes; and if they were represented according to population, they would have at least ten out of twenty-six aldermen in place of eight. Yet they are practically deprived of having anything to do with the expenditure of the city's funds. This is a case where the chevalric treatment of the minority, of which we hear a good deal at certain times, does not appear to good advantage. However, the English wield such enormous influence in the city that they only need to combine their forces to make it a dangerous thing to molest them; and it looks as though Alderman Rainville has succeeded in at last arousing them. Certainly

the fight for municipal reform will go unweariedly on despite all obstacles; and the end must be either success or civic bankruptcy.

The remedial law is naturally the subject of much discussion privately and in the press. The opinions vary with the politics of those who discuss it, which indicates that at present at any rate the school question is a subordinate political issue. Unfortunately there is not much likelihood of it so continuing. The Witness, which in a matter of this sort may be regarded as the exponent of the views of the English-speaking minority, is against the bill though it is not greatly enamored with the Manitoba school legislation in question; it takes the ground that the course of the Ottawa government is unwise and will not accomplish the object aimed at. The French Conservative press are loudly enthusiastic over the bill which they hail as a complete measure of justice; the independent Conservative press are less laudatory but explain that all things considered it must be regarded as reasonably satisfactory; while the Liberal press as a general rule are violent in their denunciations of the bill as insincere and inefficient. The Rouges are unquestionably going to fight the bill and, so far as I can gather here, the French Liberal members of Parliament will follow Laurier in voting against the bill, with possibly one, possibly two exceptions. One of these possible exceptions is Mr. Beausoleil who has expressed his opinions pretty plainly in *Le Monde* of which he is the political director. He regards the bill as a good one in its intention but very weak in its operating machinery. This too is the attitude of the little group of Castor M. P's., who follow Mr. Angers. They may vote for the second reading as affirming the principle of Remedial Legislation; but will likely oppose it on the third reading unless more drastic provisions are inserted with relation to its operation.

The great question is: How will the Church take the Liberal attitude? The indications are, that they strongly desire the enactment of the Government measure; and though they have not definitely spoken responsible parties, representing themselves as authorized, have made certain threats against Liberal members and journals. It is now an open secret that Father Lacombe some time since addressed a letter to Mr. Laurier in which extreme ground was taken as to his duty in this case; and Abbe Paquet, of Laval University, who claims to speak the views of Archbishop Begin, has published at Quebec a letter in which the right of private judgment in this case is absolutely denied to Catholics. He says the Church has a right to take this ground, "because the Church, looking to the end of its aims, being a society essentially superior to the State, the State is subordinated to it in everything affecting religious interests, which is a clear and unmistakable principle. Thus in virtue of this principle, as it admitted that the Church enjoys a real jurisdiction over the secular power even in questions of a temporal character, provided that these questions have a relation of necessity or real utility to the object of religious society." And again: "Given the party spirit which so profoundly divides our public men, it is not from a particular political group that we can look for the force of union necessary to rally under the same banner all Catholics. The hierarchy alone can hope to produce this union by calling upon our legislators, and especially upon those whose consciences it controls, to rise for a moment above the temporal interests which agitate them, to forget their political divisions, and, taking the judgment of the Privy Council of England as their starting point, to make it the solid basis of a truly remedial law." In conclusion Abbe Paquet sums up: "To the ecclesiastical power then belongs the right to judge whether the interference should take place in the form of command or of counsel, and when that interference takes the imperative form, as in the case of the Manitoba Schools, only one thing remains to be done by the faithful, and that is to obey."

There isn't any question about this kind of talk. Fortunately no Bishop has yet taken an attitude so extreme; but if the hierarchy does, what will come next? In that case we shall have a political issue in this Province beside which the tariff, the school-law, and every other moot point will sink into absolute insignificance, with results which no human mind can foretell.

* * *

A contemporary, which gives a weather forecast, made the odd announcement one day last week: "Fair to showery, light wines."

Music and the Drama.

THAT the old adage "always room at the top" has not in these later days proven untrue, was once more attested to in the case of the Mendelssohn Choir, the most popular and successful of all our local musical organizations. I believe I am speaking well within the truth when I say its popularity is almost wholly due to the superb manner of its performances, and in the extreme care exercised over the smallest detail by the conductor Mr. A. S. Vogt. To begin with, only those who have good voices, and can use them with expertness are admitted, and these are both ready and willing to respond to the wishes of the conductor, in obtaining the most refined effects in tone shading, and expressive phrasing. The quality of tone then being so genuinely immaculate, and beautifully balanced as regards part blending, with, as before said, the most patient adherence to the qualities which make real artistic achievement, the Mendelssohn Choir immediately leaped to its present distinguished position, and that there is plenty of room for its operations the audience of Tuesday evening, Feb. 11th, and the box office receipts are the most convincing proofs. Massey Hall was filled by an audience of delighted hearers, who showed their fervency and pleasure by the spontaneous applause which followed each number. And these were most judiciously chosen, as they represented all shades of expression, and it would be difficult indeed to say which received the most finished treatment. In Eaton Fanning's dramatic scene, "Liberty," and Bridge's "Bold Turpin," two difficult numbers, the same ease and variety of expression consistent with their character were predominating features, as in the less difficult numbers. The tone in all cases was vibrant and pliant with remarkable richness and purity of intonation. I willingly doff my hat to Mr. Vogt and his splendid choir, and cheerfully say that no one appreciates their success more than the writer of these lines. Mr. Vogt has high ideals, and his marked ability as a Vocal Conductor and Musician is positive and unquestioned. * * *

The soloists were Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Pianiste, of Chicago, and Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, of New York, tenor. Perhaps a better choice could not have been made, for in the case of the pianiste, she is one of the greatest alive, and certainly in some respects Mr. Rieger has not many superiors. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler is an inspiring artist. She has that within her which creates greatness, viz.—a high order of talent, an inherent sense of the beautiful in art, a plucky spirit, and *temperament*, without which unconditional superiority can never be reached. Her touch is exquisite in its graceful beauty, her tone full of sympathy, richness and glowing brilliancy. In fact there is a gorgeousness about her effects which at once captivates, and the feeling that there is lurking within her impassioned bosom, a noble burning desire for elevated expression, develops in the hearer's mind a sort of prophetic fascination which is irresistibly alluring. Her numbers were Mendelssohn's "Variations Serieuses" op 34, several Chopin and Moszkowski selections, and the Liszt-Schubert "Erl King." In all these pieces there was unerring execution, a sweep of fancy, combined with intelligence, and refined sentiment, her almost faultless valuations of subordinate parts, and symmetrical release of themes, as exemplified in the variations, the dainty witchery of the Chopin Valse, and the exciting rush of the Erl King transcription exhibited the powers of this modest, remarkable woman in no small degree. Yet she ate nothing all day, being delayed many hours on account of the storm, and was physically distressed and tired. Here was where the pluck I spoke of asserted itself, and her indomitable will easily conquered. I meant to speak of her individual numbers, but at this moment I have not the time. I was sorry to hear those two final chords in the F sharp major impromptu taken *fortissimo* however, and never can believe Chopin intended them to be played other than *pianissimo*. After the reminiscent Coda so sensuously lovely, those thundering tones always make me shudder. Mme. Zeisler will be greeted by an enthusiastic audience when she again visits Toronto, for her admirers are many. Mr. Rieger is a singer who immediately impresses the audience with his sincerity. His voice has body, and is of a quality so beautiful and even in its registers, that one's enjoyment is continuous and deep. In Liszt's noble setting of "Thou art like unto a flower" and Schumann's "Springtime" he sang delightfully, and with

much charm of expression. He received, as did also Mme. Zeisler, several recalls. Miss Jessie Perry and Mr. W. H. Hewlett played the accompaniments, the former for the choir, and the latter for Mr Rieger. Both accomplished their work in a manner as gratifying as it was skilful.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. send me a parcel of songs by Charles A. E. Harris, of Montreal, entitled "Consider the Lilies" (sacred), "Under the Standard," "A Brigand Bold," "Sleep, Lady Fair," and "Now I Lay me Down to Sleep." These are all melodious and interesting, and carry with them the conviction that the composer is an earnest, gifted musician, whose works appeal strongly to the cultivated tastes of the people. "Under the Standard" is a song of great excellence, is dedicated to Watkin Mills, the celebrated English baritone, as is also "A Brigand Bold." The accompaniments are, unfortunately, a little difficult. In this respect simplicity, which need not necessarily be simple, is a safe guide to follow if popularity is desired, and no doubt it is. The whole set can be used with effect, and will be appreciated by real music lovers everywhere.

The same firm of enterprising publishers also send me "Only for Thee," a sentimental song, by Hastings Weblyn, and a sacred song, "Just as I am," by J. E. P. Aldous, of Hamilton. The former has a graceful, flowing melody, with just the necessary sentiment and passion to make it appealing. No doubt it will please its own public immensely.

In Mr. Aldous' song, a devotional feeling is maintained and expressed with some degree of power, yet it is modestly simple in character. No marks of expression are introduced, not even as regards the tempo, it being left entirely to the interpreter. All of these songs are got out in the artistic style which characterizes the productions of this progressive firm, and reflect credit on their taste and confidence in the Canadian composer.

W. O. FORSYTH.

Although Mr. Forsyth will give a full account of the concert of the Mendelssohn Choir it may not be inappropriate, in consideration of the great importance of the event, for a few words to appear in this column also. Mr. Vogt is certainly to be congratulated on the magnificent results he has obtained, results which indicate a distinct advance even on the excellent work of last year. There is, for instance, an increased solidity noticeable in the louder passages which are now given in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. As for the quality of the tone produced, it is difficult to imagine that it could be further improved; while in enunciation, intonation, attack, and variety of shading the choir is superb. The programme was remarkably well chosen. Among the serious numbers Gounod's motette "Come Unto Him," and among the lighter compositions Caldicott's part song, "Violet and Bee," should probably be given the first place. The latter number, reminding one of the "murmuring of innumerable bees," was particularly well interpreted. The quaint madrigal by Lassus, "Matona, Lovely Maiden," was taken so rapidly that it did not give as much delight as it would otherwise have done.

It may be of interest to inquire into the causes which have led to this remarkable success of the Mendelssohn Choir; for no doubt somewhat similar results are possible in other cities which do not at present possess a successful vocal society. There are several points to be considered in forming such a choir. The conductor must of course be a thorough musician, and not lacking in personal magnetism. The chorus must not be made up of any and every individual who may desire to join it, but the members must be selected with considerable care, for one really harsh voice or one vocalist lacking in musical intelligence will do a very large amount of harm. Having obtained suitable material a long series of practices is essential, even though it should cause a reduction in the number of concerts to one each season. Attendance at these practices should be obligatory, a member who is absent more than a very few times forfeiting his right to sing at the next concert. The selection of the music to be rendered is also a matter of great moment. It must be varied in character and of sufficient worth to remain interesting even after frequent rehearsals; but it should not, as a rule, be difficult, for it is of the utmost importance that the chorus should be able to devote its whole attention, for several rehearsals at least, to the finer points

of shading and interpretation which cannot well be studied until after the music has been "learned." Further, most of the music must be sung unaccompanied, orchestral accompaniments being especially to be avoided. Of course the greatest works require an orchestra, but at present, in Canada, the use of such a body always makes the highest standard of excellence in the performance unattainable, and in some cities leads to financial disaster as well. In order to keep up the interest of the members in their work it is important to make the performance of the chorus the principal feature of every programme; and, in order to maintain a feeling of equality and avoid unnecessary friction, it is usually advisable to give no solos to any member of the chorus. Vocal soloists when needed should always be artists chosen from outside. The various details here mentioned are not stated as mandates on the personal authority of the writer, but as unavoidable deductions from the history of various choral organisations. There is yet another matter of very great importance and in regard to which the Mendelssohn Choir occupies a somewhat unique position. Every member seems to understand clearly that the conductor is not a figure-head or mere time-beater, but the interpreter of the music, the performer, as it were, who is to play upon the chorus in much the same way as he would upon an organ. The members, therefore, seem to sing not for their own pleasure nor for the benefit of the audience, but for the sole delight of the conductor. He is to them the central point of interest, and is watched most intently. This was so strikingly noticeable at the concert of last week that when the arrangement, for female voices, of Kjerulf's "Last Night" was being rendered it was difficult at times to repress a smile. A hundred sweet voices sang with great earnestness

"I think of you in the day time
I dream of you by night."

and a hundred pairs of eyes were riveted upon that one man. But it is only by such attention as this that the finest effects become possible.

The Toronto Vocal Club is being very carefully drilled by Mr. McNally for the concert to be given in Association Hall next Tuesday evening. At a recent rehearsal which I had the pleasure of attending I was struck with the earnestness of the work being done. The Club will give a good account of itself at the concert, and there should be a large audience present, especially as this will be the only opportunity of hearing the Club this season. Toronto has not too many vocal societies; each one in its own sphere is doing excellent work and deserves the hearty support of the public.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Art Notes.

THE two new elections to the Associateship of the Academy ought to be popular. In Soloman J. Soloman the institution adds to its ranks a young painter of great natural gifts as well as studiously acquired learning; and in Edwin A. Abbey the most brilliantly charming illustrator of his day.

The Academy makes few mistakes in the election of its associates, but unfortunately it sometimes happens that the elected do not always fulfil their early promise. A casual glance at Blackburne's familiar "Academy Notes" will confirm this view. There were few men of his time who seemed to be more distinctly marked for success than P. R. Morris, whose picture "Cradled in his calling"—a fisherman's boy carried in a net by swarthy toilers of the deep—was one of the "pictures of the year," and deservedly popular. But his pictures now are unnoticed by the public, while, by the artist, they are laconically censured with a sigh. Leader, too, is tardy in winning his full diploma; and E. J. Gregory has declined from his zenith. It must be said for Soloman, however, (I mean S. J. of that ilk) that he has not yet achieved "all his glory." He has abundant powers, and they have not yet been fully exercised. He is always "springing" a surprise on us. He was acknowledged to be the leader of the younger men who adhered to classic traditions and painted scenes from the Greek mythology, but not even his admirers were prepared for the powerful portrait of a judge (be-wigged and be-ermined) which appeared some five years ago; and it was hardly to be expected that the somewhat conventional muse that inspired him in the creation of

"Orpheus," "Samson," and the "Judgment of Paris" should lead him to such daring exploits as the superb portrait of Zangwill. Soloman is, in technical matters, a master. In imagination he is probably deficient—at least there seems to be some want of inspiration in his large compositions. But strangely enough, the imagination which appears to be almost inert when required to support him in the building up of his large classical pictures, stands him in good stead in the production of portraits—a class of work in which this element is popularly supposed to play little part, whereas, in reality it is always present in every great achievement in this branch of art.

Although the Academy annually bestows its travelling scholarship and medal upon some student for the best composition illustrating a given subject; and although the prize work is always that in which is displayed the greatest amount of the kind of knowledge which it is the function of the schools to impart, viz., of drawing and painting *correctly* from the nude, composition, perspective, etc.,—yet it seldom happens that the gainer of the scholarship continues in after life to follow the traditions of the schools and to paint subjects from the Bible and Homer. Soloman is therefore rather an exception to the rule of Academy students (amongst whom he took high rank if he did not actually win the scholarship); and it must be a satisfaction to his teachers to see him still painting pictures which have all the scholarly, painstaking, elaborateness of a prize painting. But it is more especially in his departures from this well-beaten path that he is applauded by the initiated. Such a departure was the Zangwill portrait. In this forcible presentment of another young Hebrew as brilliant as the painter in another field of art, the subject is seated almost facing the spectator, his hands resting on a cane. He is wrapped voluminously in a cape coat, as though he had just returned from a walk, and this heightens the impression that the man was painted unawares. There is no appearance of preparation for the operation of having a portrait painted: there is no hint of a dentist's chair. The utmost skilfulness of hand has happily aided in the completion of a picture which seems to me to have more distinction than any of the recent portraits by the younger British school. There is little doubt that Soloman will uphold the honour of his country's art: what country (now that he is an Associate) will claim the genius of Abbey? But of him, more anon.

E. WYLY GRIER

George Augustus Sala.*

ADMIRERS of this noted journalist will welcome the very complete and interesting story of his life, lately published by the Scribners. All Autobiographies must necessarily be defective: they show the man from one point of view only—his own, but though the reader may with little loss exercise the "judicious art of skipping," he will find these pages full of pleasant reading. The frontispiece to these handsome volumes is a portrait of the author, and it is very hard to identify the portly successful man of letters with the picture he gives of himself as a child. A pitiful picture indeed—almost totally blind and rendered miserably nervous by the efforts of friends and quacks to improve his condition. It would be laughable, but for the pity of it—the wee boy with shaven head, covered by a black silk handkerchief whose fringe did duty for hair, the victim of well-meaning friends and submitting to all sorts of horrid remedies: cupping leeches, "golden ointment," and "Grimstone's eye-snuff." During this wretched period his sister Augusta, four years his senior, read aloud for him Histories of England and France, many of the Waverly novels, and the daily papers. Speaking of the benefit to his memory which this mode of education entailed he says, "It is my firm and unalterable belief, often repeated, that so long as our mental faculties have not failed, we do not and we cannot forget anything. . . . I hold that we can always be learning fresh things, and by the exercise of the will so discipline and subordinate our memory as to retain both the old and the new knowledge which we have gathered. . . . The worst of

memories should be improved and developed by discipline, training, and the exercise of stern volition; whereas the best memories will go to seed and become useless if the rein of discipline be relaxed."

Mrs. Sala, his mother, was the daughter of a West Indian slave-owner and from her he inherited a sharp and dictatorial temper. But in many respects she was a good mother and justly deserved the loving admiration which her son always felt for her. She was a versatile character, alternating between music-teaching and acting as a means of livelihood. This brought her into contact with many of the best minds of the day, and it was a goodly company to which the little George Augustus was introduced in his childhood: the lovely Miss Sheridan, the Duchess of St. Albans, once the darling of London play-goers; poor absent-minded Donizette, composer of "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Don Pasquale"; the lovable Bellini; D'Arsay, the king of dandies; Theodore Hook, and no less a personage than Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, pretender to the throne of France.

At eleven years of age Sala was sent to a school in Paris, but remained only two years, then to an English school for about the same length of time, and his education was supposed to be finished! At fifteen he "went into the world" and drifted from one employment to another. His first literary attempt of any value was a story in the Family Herald, but owing to discouragement from candid friends he wrote no more for several years. Then, a comic poem contributed to Chat a weekly halfpenny paper, opened the way to regular employment, and six weeks after his introduction to the manager, he was asked to edit the sheet. However, the "Chat" office was soon closed and Sala was again adrift. During these years he suffered many privations. "I was very, very poor," he says. "Was it miserable poverty? Well; it was poverty; and the vast majority of people hold that poverty and misery are the same thing. I doubt that conclusion gravely, and I claim to be somewhat of an expert in the matter, seeing that between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three, I experienced the very direst indigence. . . . Understand me. I do not call him poor who has enough of anything, be it truffles and champertin, or tripe and onions, or bread and cheese. . . . To be very poor is, I grant, sometimes to be very miserable and to be extremely miserable for a time is, I hold, a most beneficial mental and bodily state for any man to be in."

It seems that a lack of thoroughness was the "drag on his wheel," for until the age of twenty-three, he could not draw, nor engrave, nor write well enough to be received as a skilful journeyman in any workshop. He realized this and apprenticed himself to an engraver of steel and copper, determined to be master of one trade at least. On attaining his majority, he received a small legacy and his friends strongly advised him to go to Oxford or Cambridge, but he preferred the independence and variety of his make-shift life. He used some of his scanty capital in starting a Conservative magazine but the first number was the only one published. At this time he met a gentleman whom he introduces to us as Mr. Hopeful, a confirmed gambler with a system. With this questionable friend Sala sets out in quest of wealth. He decided to woo fortune at a gaming table in Aix la Chapelle. He returned a poorer and a wiser man.

He finally determined to devote himself to journalism. "Beshrew art! I had worked at it since I was fourteen and a half. . . . And I had to confess, with inward despair, that I was not destined to excel, either as a painter . . . or as a draughtsman. Why should I not endeavour by sedulous study to qualify myself for the profession of a journalist? I managed to purchase at an Aunt Sally shop near Clare Market at least a hundred numbers of the Quarterly Review. They were not consecutive; they were ragged and dog-eared. . . . Then I bought a set of the Examiner newspaper from its commencement in 1808 to 1841; and then I shut myself up, devoting myself four hours a day to bread-winning graphic work for Aekermann (a firm for whom he did engraving) and giving up at least six hours more to hard and fast study of essays in the Quarterly and the Examiner, which I knew to have been written by such masters of English style as Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hunt, Haylitt, and Southey. I was determined, in my own mind, to throw art to the dogs so soon as ever I could and be a working journalist."

In 1857 he met Dickens, and was soon afterward given

*"The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala: Written by himself." Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. \$5.00. 1895.

a part on the staff of Household Words. Dickens sent him to Russia to write a series of articles for that magazine, and all went well till their republication in book-form. There was some disagreement about expense and Sala and Dickens parted company. It was at this time that Sala published his novel "The Baddington Peerage," dubbed by some wag-gish critic the "Paddington Beerage." It received only one favourable review, and that was from the pen of Geraldine Jewsbury, poor Janie Carlyle's friend.

Sala's connection with The Daily Telegraph dates from 1857. Once on the staff of this now famous journal his pecuniary difficulties ended, and his position in the world of journalism became assured. He married in 1859, and as he tells us, realized for the first time in his life true happiness. But we feel a want of delicacy in his making us so familiar with all the little private and strictly personal affairs of his home-life. In 1863 his paper sent him to the United States as Special Correspondent during the Civil War, and when his work there was finished he visited Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. Speaking of people he met while in Canada he mentions with enthusiasm Sir James Macdonald and Sir George Brown. From this time forward there were few world-stirring events and political crisis which were not described by him as an eye-witness. He was with Napoleon III. in Algiers; in Spain during an incipient rebellion; with Garibaldi in the Tyrol; in Germany, during the Franco-Prussian war; again in Spain; in Turkey; once more in the United States, and in Australia. Those who remember the description of the meeting of the War Correspondents in Kipling's "Light that Failed," will easily find a personality for the "Nilghai."

In view of the recent discussions concerning poets and the Laureateship, we quote the following interesting lines: "Thus as a humble professor of prose, but as one whom Providence has blessed with the faculty of admiration I deliberately place Edwin Arnold, as a poet, next after Algernon Charles Swinburne; next to him Alfred Austin next Lewis Morris, and next William Morris." Our faith in the judgment of this "Fleet Street Solon," is a little shaken when we learn that he places Miss Braddon in the first rank of novelists. Sala was an enthusiastic collector, but his choice was an astonishingly frivolous one for a sober middle-aged man: fashion books, cookery books, and criminal literature. Everything graphic or plastic relating to Napoleon the Great and the Duke of Wellington were his delight.

Sala was eminently fitted for the position of newspaper correspondent, by reason of his cosmopolitan descent and ideas; and as the Illustrated London News said at the time of his death, last December, to read his leaders in the Daily Telegraph was a liberal education. His career as a journalist is well summed up in his own words: "The ups and downs of man and woman-kind that I have seen during the last forty years—Royal, Imperial crowns won and lost; picked up from the gutter or pilfered from the right owners; beggars set upon horseback to be afterwards tilted out of the saddle and rolled in the mud; . . . republics dismembered and reunited; petty principalities woven into many million peopled monarchies; Crowned Heads and Presidents defied and then assassinated; what political upheavals have I not witnessed, what social eruptions have I not watched? And all this while I have been tranquilly earning my bread by scribbling "copy" for a "newspaper."

American Verse.*

THESE are two little volumes of American verse, duodecimo in size, very nicely bound with a rubricated title page. Other volumes of the series are to follow at irregular intervals. We do not remember having seen any work by these authors before, but shall look out for it in the future as there are some very prettily written pieces in each of these books. The style is somewhat similar and the poems are all lyrical in character. The first volume is the more ambitious in its attempts, the second is more musical and easy-flowing. To take one or two pieces from the latter first, "Dethroned" strikes us as really very happy:

A King was he yesterday, ruling his realm
By a nod or a beck of his hand,

* "Dumb in June." By Richard Burton "A Doric Reed." By Zitella Cocks. Boston: Copeland & Day. Oaten Stop Series. Vols. I and II. Price 75c. each.

And never were subjects more loyal or proud
Of a sovereign's behest and command.
A King yesterday; but alas for the change
Which may come in a night or a morn!
The King is dethroned, for to-day came the Queen
When the sweet baby sister was born.

Another one, entitled "A Rainy Day," is an instance of how the seemingly most uninspiring of subjects may afford the theme for some striking stanzas. It reminds us of the spirit of the opening words of Kingsley's "Ode to the North-East Wind." In a number of others the melody is very catchy and rippling, such as "Castles in Spain" (p. 70), "The Babbling Brook" (p. 61), or "Maying."

Oh let us go a-Maying;
The warm south wind is blowing, and the wood is fresh and green,
And whispering leaves are saying,
We are losing all by staying,
When sweet the grass is growing, and the cowslips in between.

At the end of the book are some odes addressed to Mendelssohn, Chopin, and others which we liked, particularly one to Wordsworth which admirably points out how he

"Made life's daily board a feast,
O Poet-seer and Nature's great High Priest!"

It was stupid that in such a well-got-up book the dedication at the beginning should have been printed upside down.

In "Dumb in June" the poet attempts to sing "Life's woven lay in syllables of self." There are a number of finely put introspective passages which should commend them to thoughtful readers. For instance the following is very true:

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so:
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
If I had the time!

Or again, to quote a stanza from the "Song of the Sea," as an interpretation of its voice, a poem which reminds us of Rudyard Kipling at times:

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
Where the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

A Monk of Fife: A Romance of the Days of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. (New York: Longmans. 1895.)—This romance is said to be "done into English from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon," and we have no means of knowing how far this is an exact description of its origin. However, it is a very good story just as it stands, whether we take it as illustrating the career of the wondrous Maid of Orleans, or as telling the story of the less striking characters. As regards the story of the Maid, there is not, we suppose, much to add to our former information. She is here still Jeanne d'Arc, from which we do not know whether Arc is supposed to be her home (and there was no such place as Arc, whatever Southey may have thought), as whether it is a name of nobility which certainly did not belong to the humble girl of Domremy. However, this is not of much importance. The story told here of her great achievements, of her doubts after the coronation of King Charles at Remis, of her subsequent failures, and of her martyrdom, if it may be so called, does not differ from that with which we are familiar. One chief interest of the present consists in its being told by a Scotchman, who is in the French army, and, on every ground, regards the English as enemies, so that we have the whole subject treated from a point of view different from that with which we are familiar. The minor incidents of the story are well managed. In spite of the hero being ultimately a Monk of Fife, he is, at the time of the story a soldier and a lover, and he is successful in war and in love; but we must not tell all the story, as it is quite worth reading.

Recent Fiction.*

THE title of the first book on our list, "Good-fur-Nuthin'," is taken from the sobriquet of a farmer in Eastern Tennessee at the time of the breaking out of the Civil War. Looked upon by the community as an idiot, and undoubtedly weak-minded at least, there is one girl who has taken a fancy to him. To her he gives a "C'rismus promise" that under no circumstances will he go to the war. This was a special kind of promise claimed by a young woman at any time of the year from a man as a mark of special regard, which promise, once given, he was bound to keep. The circumstances which lead to the breaking of it in this case, and the consequences which ensue, form the matter of this short and pathetic story. It is attractively edited, with broad margin and thick and rough paper, with some illustrations, which do not, however, add much to the value of the book.

"Dutcher's Cooly," where the scene of our second book opens, is in the country back of Madison, Wisconsin. There Rose Dutcher is brought up on the farm by her father, from whom she has inherited some very fine traits of character combined with beauty from her mother. When about fourteen years old she gets an inspiration from seeing at a circus a man performing the usual acrobatic feats and she unconsciously idealizes him. She determines to rise, and the story describes how, having plenty of ability and grit, she gets her way and goes through college at Madison. When that is over safely she comes home, but now her father realizes, as she has herself realized, that her education has made it impossible for her to be content to settle down in the country and live out her life on a farm. Once more the loving old farmer sends her to Chicago where her talents may have wider scope. There the strength of her nature, combined with her beauty and acquired good taste, dominates almost all her companions again, as had been the case elsewhere. One winter in Chicago and a few days in the next year conclude what we are told of her life. Surely never was a proposal of marriage in a civilized nation couched in stranger terms than in the letter which Mr. Warren Mason sends her to offer her his heart and hand. The interest of the reader is kept up throughout the book without recourse being had to exciting events, the analysis of character and psychological insight constituting the power of the story. There is a very fine description of a storm blowing in off Lake Michigan and of its effects on Rose who is watching with Mason the water and the shipping. One incident among several, we may quote:

A vessel passed the breakwater and went sailing toward the south through the fleet of anchored, straining, agonized ships. At first no one paid much attention to this latecomer till Mason lifted his voice. "By Heaven, the man is sailing!" It was true; steady, swift, undeviating, the vessel headed through the fleet. She did not drift nor wander, nor hesitate. She sailed as if the helmsman, with set teeth, were saying: "By God! If I must die on the rocks I'll go to my death the captain of my vessel!"

And so with wheel in his hand and epic oaths in his mouth he sailed directly into the long row of spiles, over which the waves ran like hell-hounds; where half a score of wrecks lay already churning into fragments in the awful tumult. The sailing vessel seemed not to waver nor seek nor dodge—seemed rather to choose the most deadly battle place of waves and wall.

"God! but that's magnificent of him!" Mason said to himself. Rose held her breath, her face white and set with horror. "O must he die?" "There is no hope for him. She will strike in a moment—she strikes!—she is gone!"

The vessel entered the grey confusion of the breakers and struck the piles like a battering ram; the waves buried her from sight; then the recoil flung her back; for the first time she swung broadside to the storm. She reeled, resisted an instant, then submitted to her fate, crumbled against the pitiless wall like paper and thereafter was lost to sight.

"The Gods Give My Donkey Wings" takes its name from a favourite exclamation of the pedlar who narrates the story. The author, we are informed, is a Canadian, and he writes in a very attractive style. No clue is given as to the

* "Good-fur-Nuthin'." A Tale of a Christmas Promise. By William R. A. Wilson. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co. 1895. 75 cents.

"Rose of Dutcher's Cooly." By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1895. \$1.50.

"The Gods Give My Donkey Wings." By Angus Evan Abbott. Chicago: Stone and Kimball. Carnation Series. 1895. \$1.00.

"The Land of Promise." By Paul Bourget. Translated from the French. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

"The Shoulder of Shasta." By Bram Stoker. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Macmillan's Colonial Library, No. 230. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.

time of the story, except that Christianity is a religion in the world, or place, beyond mentioning high mountains near by and the fact that idols are worshipped there. The pedlar understands nothing of the language of the inhabitants, and as he arrives at a time of great excitement he is anxious to know what it is all about. He obtains a partial key after a bit from one of the chief characters, and in the making out of the circumstances lies the dominant interest of the story. It hinges on the departure of a native up a stream issuing from a cave, who has taken important official garments and cannot be reached. The whole setting of the tale is quite out of the common run of novels and will almost certainly afford amusement and relaxation to any but a most exacting reader.

We cannot recommend Paul Bourget's work for wide reading, although put into idiomatic English and handsomely presented with numerous illustrations. The plot, to our mind, is most unpleasant and far from healthy. It is concerned with the problem mentioned in the preface. Francis Nayrac has been the lover of a woman married to another. He has a child by this woman, but it bears the name of the husband. He does not, he cannot, doubt he is the father of this child. Has he any duties towards this child? Has he any rights, and what are they? He has not seen the woman since the child was born, some years previously, and has become engaged to an innocent girl, the woman's husband having meanwhile died. Nayrac and this girl are deeply in love with one another, but he is not content to marry her and go his way as if the past had been only a dream. The result is desolation, springing out of the sin of earlier years, and the bitterness lies in feeling that his vices cause wretchedness to others whom he loves as well as to himself. The power of the book lies in the subtle and masterly analysis of the feelings of the different characters and in particular of Nayrac's. The writer seems to possess great discernment and imagination with regard to the minds of his characters. Those who care for portrayals such as this will find it a powerfully told and striking book. But such do not seem to us to be themes for novels intended mainly to provide relaxation, and to refresh us when we turn to ideals from the stern and often hard realities of every day life.

"The Shoulder of Shasta" has the material for a capital story, but the author does not sufficiently throw an air of probability around his incidents. We cannot conceive, for instance, of a slight and delicate girl carrying bodily a full-grown and particularly well-built man with a broken leg up a hill for a long distance through woods. Then the coincidences in several places are too startling. Apart from these rather grave defects the story has many good points. Esse Elstree, the heroine, being in delicate health, is taken by her mother from San Francisco to a place which they have purchased on "Mount Shasta." There the romantic feelings of the girl get excited by companionship with a neighbouring hunter, "Grizzly Dick," and they have an adventure with bears together which results in the circumstance alluded to above. Esse has soon to go back to San Francisco apparently in absolute good health, but she broods morbidly over Dick until she makes herself ill. Dick is sent for by a friend in consequence, but cannot come for some time. Meanwhile she has become herself again and is engaged to an artist by the time Dick reaches the city. The situation when Dick, dressed in what he considers the height of fashion, and marches up to Mrs. Elstree's house where an entertainment is being given, (quite oblivious of Esse's engagement,) promised interesting results, and we were not disappointed. The author has evidently an eye for the picturesque as is evidenced by the position assigned to the place on Shasta:

Esse was in a trance of delight. Below her the mountain fell away in billows of green, through which the rivers ran like threads of silver. Far away where the whole landscape became merged in one dark, misty expanse, she could see the Pacific, a grey mass of nothingness, fringed on the near side with the jagged edge of the coast, and beyond, the arc of the horizon. Here and there in the plain hills rose and valleys dipped; but their heights and depths were lost in the distance and had no more individual existence than the pattern of a carpet. Then she looked south, and her eye travelled up the steep side of the mountain, passing from the lessening fringe of forest to where the hardy trees stood out starkly one by one in the isolation of their strength to endure; up the rolling steep where rushes and scanty herbage grew in the shelter of the rocks; upward still where the bare rock stood out from the grey mass of primeval rubble wherein is no vital strength, and where the snow and ice ran down in spurs into the sheltered gorges; upward still, to where the snow lay like a winding sheet and where the ruggedness of Nature was softened into flowing lines. And then her eye lit on the mighty curve of the mountain top, whose edges, as the high sun took them, were fringed with dazzling light.

Letters to the Editor.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF OUR CANADIAN MILITIA.

SIR,—I view of the prominence given to war-scare matters in the public press of late, the efficiency or inefficiency of our Canadian militia is thrust upon us as a subject of very vital importance. It seems to be generally conceded that the force as at present constituted is not effective, and not in a position to make a proper stand against an invading army, and this state of things exists notwithstanding the earnest efforts of many volunteer officers to make the corps to which they are severally attached a credit to themselves and to the country.

As a militia man of long standing I have had much experience of camps, drills, rifle matches, and recruiting, and I venture to assert that although we have many well drilled and equipped city regiments and a number of fine officers and men, yet our militia system in itself is for modern requirements entirely wrong.

With weapons brought to such absolute perfection as they are at present for long-range firing, the essential qualification of the soldier is that he should be an intelligent man, and a good marksman. The men comprising the rank and file of the present force, especially in the rural battalions fall very far behind the above standard, and the natural conclusion must be that no sufficient inducement exists to draw into our militia ranks the better class of young men in the country. Bi-annual drill camps for the rural battalions as at present conducted are an almost useless waste of money, time and energy.

Officers and non-commissioned officers may possibly get a little useful instruction there, but to the ordinary private the monotony of goose-step and marching up and down a field all day is uninteresting and useless, and the only recruits that can be obtained to undergo the ordeal are men and boys who have no other object in view than to earn fifty cents a day and their board. One result of filling up companies with recruits such as these is to bring volunteering into contempt instead of its being, as it ought to be, the healthy ambition of loyal Canadian subjects.

Now as to the question of drill. I think we have too much drill. If all officers were obliged to qualify for their positions as should be required of them, they could, in the event of being called to active service, teach their men all foot drill actually necessary in a very short time.

Drill and discipline do not mean the same thing, and the popular notion that regiments should display absolute perfection in their marching and counter-marching, is a grave mistake when applied to the volunteers. I would therefore suggest that Brigade Camps, instead of being as they now are, places for learning this kind of drill, should be organized with a view to giving chiefly a thorough course of musketry instruction.

To attain this end, a competent Musketry Instructor and staff should be attached to every regiment, and a Brigade Instructor appointed for the whole camp, individual, company, and regimental prizes, being awarded at the completion of the course. The working hours in camp being thus chiefly devoted to the theory and practice of musketry, the foundation would be laid for making good shots of our men. A beginning only, but a beginning that might have an extensive continuation, whereas the work as at present done in camp begins and ends with twelve days drill. In order to continue the education initiated in camp it would be necessary for the Government to assist in establishing local rifle ranges, and to encourage rifle matches and the practice of shooting by liberal grants of money, ammunition, and use of arms to individual volunteers. For a man can learn drill in a short time, but he can become a reliable marksman only by long practice and experience. If the question of economy must come up in this connection, one hundred good shots would be of more effectual service in resisting an invasion than one thousand ever so well drilled men who could not shoot.

Young men almost without exception, especially in rural districts, like to use a gun, and if volunteering were made pleasant to them instead of irksome, the better class of them would come forward and join the ranks, and the country would in time be full of trained rifle men ready for any emergency. To exclude undesirable men the pay on first

joining the volunteers might be merely a nominal sum, to be increased according to efficiency and length of service. Keen competition between individuals and corps would soon result from a system such as the one advocated, the volunteer service would become popular and our best young men eager to join it; and certainly an enemy would hesitate to invade our country if it were known that he would find sharp shooters all along the line. And we ourselves would feel a confidence begotten of our strength, and in dealing with international questions would more and more enjoy our full share of that unquestioned prestige that belongs to the great Empire of which Canada forms no inconsiderable part.

HENRY AYLMER.

PROFESSOR RONTGEN'S MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

SIR,—It is decidedly refreshing, this news from Germany; quite a change of scenery, altogether a change of language, which must have proved quite a relief to editors of English newspapers, who almost exhausted their vocabulary in abusing Kaiser Wilhelm, from Silly Billy to Autocrat of all Germans. I am surprised how the poor fellow has stood it all, and a greater wonder how the German nation has survived it; such heavy batteries are not brought into action every day, but then we must take into consideration the aggravated situation, the Schleswig-Holstein embroglio of 1864 is nothing compared to the present little unpleasantness; however, it had to happen, and perhaps it is just as well that it did; it has cleared the atmosphere, and I am sure the world is large enough for both nations to get along, and the fittest will survive. The Germans are fitting themselves for that occasion, and the future will tell. Nobody will deny that they have done remarkably well during the last thirty-five years, but of what is yet to come, Professor Rontgen's discovery is a sample of it. There is more to follow, and you need not send your flying squadron: we will hand it over without a shot being fired for the great benefit to be derived by mankind. But what profound ignorance English newspapers displayed as to this eminent savant's nationality. For days and days no mention was made and people were allowed to believe that he was an Englishman and a good many do so even now; then we were told that he was a Frenchman, followed by the Dutchman, then came the Dutch-Austrian (whatever that may be) and, after a few more wanderings over the Continent, he was allowed to be identified with that great Teutonic race, the irrepressible German, with a Vienna Warzburg University thrown in, an institution not in existence. And this is what some people call journalism. I was afraid that we were to have another Waterloo, Rontgen doing all the fighting, and some other fellow stepping in and claiming all the glory. The credit had to be given. I am sorry it was done so ungracefully. If this erudite German had belonged to any other race, columns on columns would have been filled with the Professor's past career; but now we get only the wonderful success his English scholars have had and how they are going to improve it, *sic*. But further, in one notice it was stated that a Frenchman named M. Lebon asserts that he has taken photographs in this manner for several years. Well, what a pity; how utterly selfish to keep it to himself all these years. This is what an American would call "too thin;" but then he was a Frenchman, and has always to make an allowance for a member of that erratic race, notwithstanding the "rapprochement" between the English and the former. What a combination. It reminds me of a picture I saw a few days ago, showing how in the much-talked-of Transvaal a zebra and a mule are harnessed together. The same old story: mixing oil and water. But then, you see, we are so splendidly isolated and how are we to reach those infernal Germans, that is the great problem. I will tell you some day.

Wilhelm Conrad Rontgen was born 1845, studied in Zurich, from which University he received his degree of Doctor of Physics; he was assistant to the celebrated Dr. Kundt, wrote an important paper on his favourite subject, and placed himself prominently before his countrymen. In the year 1870 we see him appointed Professor at Wurzburg University; in 1872, after the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine, he was called to the University of Strassburg and subsequently was made Professor of Mathematics at the School of Forestry at Hohenheim. In the year 1876 he returned to Strassburg, and 1879 saw him Director at the

University of Grissen, from whence he once more returned to the University of Wurzburg, where he has pursued his experiments ever since and where his profound researches have been blessed with such extraordinary results, as a writer says, with possibilities that we have not the remotest conception of, the most wonderful of recent discoveries.

Another illustrious German the United Empire has produced, Koch, Virchow, Behrens, Rontgen, these names will be handed down to posterity. Germany has shown that her victories on the battlefield have produced even greater victories in science, art, etc. I thoroughly disapprove of a recent writer calling Emperor Wilhelm a little too previous when, as he states it, he rushed to bestow upon Professor Rontgen the second class of the order of the Red Eagle. Was it not deserved? We Germans, at least, think so. Are these the noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germans, as our beloved Carlyle calls them? Never was there a foreigner who understood and appreciated German thought like he, and the whole German race loves him for it. Wish we could steal his body and bury it in the German Fatherland, a country and the people of which he loved so sincerely. He was a man of great brain-power and he loved to move among a people of ability. Germany, the Queen of the Continent, as he was apt to call her, *Utinam noster esset*. I am sorry to see the two nations drifting more and more apart, but the same is not of recent date; it commenced 1813, repeated 1815, then came 1864, and 1870-71 was, so to say, the last straw to break the camel's back. It destroyed whatever little sympathy there remained and now a flying squadron is the latest achievement. Well may England pause before she further antagonizes a race of eighty million people. Germany has come to stay. She has excellent staying qualities and she is liked by almost every nation but the French, and the nation to the south of us, of sixty millions, harbours the most friendly feelings towards her, and will never sacrifice that friendship, which is deep-rooted. *Ubiq; patriam reminisse*.

H. J. BOHME.

MR. DAFOE AND MR. HEATON.

SIR,—If Mr. John W. Dafoe criticises your correspondents he should, at least, try to keep within the limits of honest criticism.

In his letter which appeared in the last issue of THE WEEK, he says: "Mr. Heaton's whole argument is based on the contention that a constitutional wrong having been done the Manitoba Catholics, the passing of remedial legislation is a necessity at the present moment."

I never said that a constitutional wrong had been done the Manitoba Catholics, for everybody knows that the Privy Council held that the Manitoba Act of 1890 was not ultra vires. What I did say was that I endorsed the doctrine that a constitutional wrong would be done the Manitoba minority if the Dominion Parliament absolutely refused to pass any remedial legislation, and that in face to face, stubborn opposition to remedial legislation, the leaders of the Orange Order were breaking the constitution of their own Order. I should be glad to see Mr. Dafoe or any one else disprove that statement.

Mr. Dafoe cannot be blind to the disastrous results of allowing the Manitoba school question to become an issue at the general elections. I am glad that he agrees with me as to the wisdom of postponing principle to expediency, if the matter can be taken out of the political arena by adopting the suggestion of Mr. Laurier and Mr. Greenway, and at the same time the minds of the people will be satisfied and set at rest by the appointment of a commission.

In the same shifty manner Mr. Dafoe substitutes sneers and misinterpretation for argument in criticizing my remarks upon the tendencies of tariff legislation. I never said, nor, so far as I am aware, did I imply that the great mass of the Liberal party were, at heart, less loyal to British connection than those who styled themselves Conservatives. But I attempted to show that, in the exigencies of party warfare, they lose sight of the tendencies of the policies which they advocate.

Everybody will admit that the work of the present generation is to fill the country. Population is the test of policy. And few thinking men will deny that free trade as opposed to fair trade, blue ruin cries and higher education

without an active immigration policy must in time depopulate the country and tend towards annexation of the country by annexation of the people.

ERNEST HEATON.

February 8th, 1896.

ARMENIA VS. GREATER BRITAIN: GLADSTONE VS. SALISBURY.

SIR,—I cannot help feeling that Lord Salisbury is receiving very scant measure of justice at the hands of those who should be most profoundly grateful to him,—I mean colonial writers and speakers. He has concentrated his attention on one matter, the strengthening and defence of the Empire—our own Empire. And he is buffeted and reviled because he does not set out on a chivalric crusade elsewhere. There are many Peter Hermits now, and not a few Don Quixotes: they generally are stay-at-homes, however. But great statesmen with great aims and persistence in achieving them are few. To speak of men whose work this generation has seen, Cavour was one, Bismarck another, Beaconsfield and Salisbury worthy to rank with them. And, amid an insufferable crowd of corrupt and sometimes treacherous intriguers—flies living on carrion—William the III. and the two Pitts adorned our annals and those of Europe. There are men to-day as mad as Don Quixote—as utterly oblivious of time and circumstance as he—who would have Britain issue forth, after knight-errant fashion, to redress all wrongs everywhere on earth. There are others who would fain preach a new crusade in behalf of Armenia. Are there holy places there which are being desecrated? And if there were, what became of Richard and his crusaders when deserted or betrayed by his allies? Shall we never learn our lessons from history? Take up any history and tell us what but humiliation and defeat and the increase of Moslem power came from the Crusades? Perchance some learning, doubtless some advance in the arts—but of the moral and political advantage to Crusaders and crusaded, what? But for humanity's sake, the soft-hearted plead. Yes, for that, all that can be should be done. There are six powers met in Mediterranean waters to redress those grievances. Which one has moved? Britain is urged forward to attempt what she cannot do—what simple common sense tells us she cannot do alone. Yet they urge that she should strike the blow, not any of the other five. Oh! go in by all means, cripple yourself and ruin your prestige and then there will be another Sick Man's estate, with magnificent colonies upon which we will administer, by grabbing a division as we long to do with Turkey. Not so, saith our statesman Salisbury. My first and greatest duty is to make the possessions of my own Sovereign and country safe. Then, England may embark anew in foreign enterprises. She is ready and willing now to do her share but not to annihilate herself while you stand idly by greedily waiting for the spoils which may be filched from her disasters. And our colonial scribes are so pained and humiliated at Salisbury's withdrawal of England from the post of Europe's forlorn hope, in an assault upon the Moslem, instead of looking after them and their defences. Well I remember when there were slaves in the Southern States, whose wrongs were the common-places of pathetic writings for many long years. Did we urge Britain into a war for them? In Southern ports our own coloured seamen were taken from our ships and kept in confinement till our ships sailed again lest they should, by example or words, preach liberty to the black. There were frequent and bitter remonstrances, but did we urge on a crusading war then? Our neighbours have treated the Indian tribes within their territory as badly as Mussulmens ever treated Armenians: have we ever urged a crusading war in their behalf—these poor, helpless and cruelly dispossessed lords of this continent? No! But the Armenians they are all away off in Asia, and are Christians of a very doubtful stripe. They are just now a fashion and a fad; and for the hysterical mouthings of very goody-goody people, Salisbury is to wreck the Empire fighting in their behalf! The reign of common sense must soon return, and meantime Salisbury reserves the strength of the Empire for the Empire's needs. He is not a silly fly to be coaxed into the net of many spiders who are watching and waiting eagerly for so fine a repast as Britain's colonies would yield. Yet we find men to-day, forgetful of the past, contrasting the eloquent utterances of Mr. Gladstone in favour of efforts to save the Armenians, with the humiliating confessions of Lord Salisbury that Britain cannot do more now, that, alack! she is not altogether omnipotent. Ah, yes, Mr. Gladstone speaks

bravely, but he shirks consequences oftentimes—nay, generally—like a coward. He is the ancient Pistol of English diplomacy. As Fluellan said of the Shakesperian Pistol "I'll assure you a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day." With his appointee at the British Museum, librarian Pianizzi, he was a fellow of Mazzini and murderous conspirators and spies in the undermining of Austrian rule in Italy. He was right—very right in his aim—we all know that now; but what shall we say of his methods? Poor Louis Napoleon was executed for his; Mazzini has been left with a ragged reputation; what about the "most purest" of all people, the G. O. M.? If the *carbonari* indelibly defiled the robes of the French emperor did his association with them do credit to Mr. Gladstone? Some men seem to think so. It is only a question of whose ox is gored. *Mais revenons.* Mr. Gladstone spouted gloriously for Italy and its independence as a reunited nation. Was one single regiment of British troops or one ship of the British navy ever used to make Italy what it is? Not one. Only "prave 'ords at the pridge." I heard his speech in favour of the poor Neapolitan protestants confined in a dungeon. It was the most eloquent speech I ever heard, but "prave 'ords at the pridge" again. Who forgets his giving away the Ionian Islands out of sentimental literary regard for Greece? We all remember how, not long before a general election, he spoke more "prave 'ords" against the Austrian Government to win radical votes, and ate the humblest of humble-pie—off the Austrian table—when the election gave him power to do as he liked. We all remember, too, how he rushed into a most just war against the most utterly brutal and cruel of all oppressors of native races—the Boers of South Africa; and after the loss of a single battle made a most abject and sneaking peace. We remember also that he rushed us into a war in Egypt against the pretensions of Arabi Pashi, and succeeding through the bravery of the British forces, sneaked out of the fight and left poor Gordon, sent out on duty in the Soudan, to be assassinated for want of succours which might have been and were not sent in time. Does he never dream of Gordon in the night watches, or has he sought and received some sort of absolution for this complicity in murder? And the brave words are yet so brave, that one exalts his sentimentality above the calm wisdom of our great statesman-ruler! So the mob ever goes; but surely sagacious writers on public affairs should not pander to mob thought or hysterical faddism. Look at it in this wise: while other powers stand idly by, Britain, which is the greatest of all Moslem powers, is to give mortal defiance and combat to the "Father of the Faithful." And this, while the ecclesiastical advisers of the Sultan urge him to display the green flag and proclaim a holy war. This would make England's position in India and Egypt very interesting if not very secure. Our Queen is Empress of India as well as Queen of Great Britain, and the British dependencies on the four continents, all her Indian possessions and a great part of her African influence, is to be sacrificed to make a holiday for the four powers, and satisfy the Armenian missionaries. She knows better than that and so does her great Prime Minister.

As I said above, Britain is very great, but not quite omnipotent, as Jingo writers daily assume. She has given way perforce several times, and may do so again. Against the vehement protestations of Australia she partitioned New Guinea instead of holding all. She did not interfere in Hawaii, though much urged to do so—seeing possession or protectorate there must have been of immense advantage to her. She gave France a free hand in Madagascar; she yielded much in Zanzibar and Samoa to Germany; and has shown, in many cases, a prudent common sense, on which all statesmanship is founded. But, and here comes our cause for boasting, neither Salisbury, nor Beaconsfield, nor Palmerston has allowed a Britain to be injured without insisting on redress. Senator Frye, our much-hating Yankee neighbour, grew eloquent over that phase of the foreign policy of Britain. Let us then, who profit by that policy and aid so little to support it, not revile the old mother when she finds, as now, that all her strength is needed to take care of herself and her children, but thank her and her Minister for all that is being done in our behalf. Threatened in Asia by Russia and France; in Africa (North and West) by France and (South, East and West) by Germany; and in America by the United States, are we, whom she

strains every nerve to protect and to benefit, fit persons to revile her because she declines a Quixotic crusade in Armenia? To me such utterances on our part mark, in the highest degree, the most atrocious, if it be not ignorant, ingratitude.

"*Liberavi unimam meam,*" and thanking you for the opportunity.
A VETERAN (*in politics*).

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

SIR,—I have been very much interested in reading the contributions of Mr. Armour and Mr. Gordon Waldron on the subject of "Evolution," and as to the main point at issue I would not have the impertinence to interfere. Apart however from the question of the "modern theory of evolution," in which I have always taken a great interest, I would like to point out that Mr. Waldron's criticism has a bitter sting in its tail couched in these elegant words "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" From one who has just concluded "with the utmost diffidence this examination of errors" this is certainly a polite way in which to take leave of an opponent. However the questioning critical spirit is not monopolised by "scientists" and we are not disposed to swallow a sentence like this either because it is "old" or because it is an "adage." "Let the cobbler stick to his last" may be a smart saying, but sometimes there is more impertinence than justice in the application of it. If what is meant is that a man should not dogmatise on matters that he does not understand, we may all admit its truth, though we should be diffident in applying it to others, however relentless we may be in its application to our own conduct; but if it means that we must keep closely to our own professional grooves and not on any account wander outside of it then it is a false and dangerous doctrine. Had this advice ever been accepted literally, many noble lives would have been cramped and destroyed. One of the dangers of our time is the danger of a narrow specialism, because the weakness of our age lies near to its strength. Surely it is not a thing to be regretted that lawyers take an interest in natural science and in the theories or "hypotheses" of scientific men; and even if one of them should venture to criticise Mr. Herbert Spencer he might hope to have his errors gently and "diffidently corrected and receive a little encouragement to continue his biological researches so that he also may learn "to think correctly," but alas he is warned off the sacred ground with a "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" Well, the lawyer has my sympathy; his legal training has no doubt fitted him to take care of himself in arguments of many kinds, but that which I am inclined to resist is the dogmatism which breathes through this *ne sutor* etc. Is "evolution" to be inflated until it becomes a world-explaining hypothesis and must I be ruled out of court when it is considered because I am not a biological expert?

But evidently the old adage does not apply to the scientist, he cannot be content with correcting Mr. Armour's errors, he can correct an error "which is probably a correct statement of the inclination of most minds" "What is called the law of cause and effect is a generalization of experience." Exactly! Who said so? This is not a fact of "natural science," perhaps it is another "hypothesis" probable or improbable. It opens up a series of important questions. We want to know whose experience generated "the law of cause and effect" and when the generalization took place. If it simply expresses "the uniform relation and sequence of phenomena," what is the relation. Is there no difference between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*? Thus Mr. Waldron leads us into the realms of logic, metaphysics, and theology. But here we have one consolation: "science thinks; or seems to think, correctly." How can science be said to think, whether we regard it as a reasoned body of knowledge or a collection of "hypotheses"? Scientists think and lawyers think, and because as rational beings they know that only truth can meet their needs and stand the tests of life, they seem to think correctly. That is to bring their thoughts into harmony with the nature of things. Notwithstanding the differences of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndal, and Hoenel I believe that there is a reasoned body of knowledge called "natural science," which rests securely upon the strongest evidence but I could not hold that belief upon the principles advocated in the last paragraph of Mr. Waldron's lively article.

W. G. JORDAN.

Strathroy, Ont.

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62ND ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company was held at its head office, in Toronto, on Thursday, the 13th instant. The President, Mr. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P. H. Sims, the Secretary of the Company, was appointed Secretary.

The directors' report showed that there had been a moderate gain in premium income in the fire branch over 1894, without any corresponding increase in losses, so that a very satisfactory profit was shown on the year's transactions. In the marine branch, in common with all others engaged in lake underwriting, the company had suffered from the unusually heavy losses of the past season, due in part to the unprecedented low water on our inland lakes and rivers which prevailed during the entire season, and partly to the exceptionally disastrous storms in the closing months of lake navigation. The earnings from interest show a slight gain over those of 1894.

The following is a summary of the financial statement:—

Premium receipts.....	\$1,506,863 96
Interest account.....	44,612 54
Total income.....	\$1,551,476 50
Losses incurred.....	\$ 981,073 13
Expenses, including commissions, taxes and all other charges.....	510,567 32
Total.....	\$1,491,640 45
Dividends to shareholders.....	\$ 52,500 00
Total assets.....	\$1,450,537 45
Total liabilities (including capital stock).....	930,425 40
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 520,112 05
Cash capital.....	750,000 00
Security to policy-holders.....	\$1,270,112 05

The Secretary, having read the directors' and auditors' reports the President said:—

I am pleased to avail myself of the opportunity to supplement the necessarily brief remarks contained in the report by a few words relative to what appear to me as the most noteworthy features of the business of the past year.

First, let me say in regard to the largest and most important department of the company, the fire branch, that it is seldom that

companies in Canada have been called upon to face a more unpropitious opening to a year's business than that of the one under review. The two large fires in Toronto in January, which were referred to at the shareholders' meeting in February last, were followed by a third and equally serious one early in March. The aggregate loss by these fires was close upon two and a quarter million dollars, and the amount paid by insurance companies was, in round figures, one million six hundred thousand dollars, or nearly one-fourth the entire year's Canadian premiums received by all the companies doing business in the Dominion. While our losses, considering the magnitude of these disasters, were not excessive, their effect, nevertheless, combined with rather heavy losses from other quarters during the same period, was to create a very considerable adverse balance on the first three months' operations of 1895, and to present at the end of that term a very doubtful prospect of any profit being realized from the fire business for the year. The experience of each succeeding month, however, was more favorable than might have been anticipated, and the directors had the satisfaction of seeing, as the year progressed, a steady gain of income over expenditure, and an ultimate profit balance of some seventy thousand dollars upon the business of this department at the closing of the books. This result, as intimated in the report, is largely attributable to the favorable experience of the company in the United States, and it affords a forcible illustration of the advantages which a company derives from a widely distributed business in providing for exceptional losses, such as are liable to occur in any of our large business centres.

Passing to the marine branch, the business of which is confined chiefly to the insuring of hulls and cargoes on the great lakes, it will be unnecessary to say to anyone who has been sufficiently interested in the lake carrying trade to have noted the casualties recorded during the past season that we have just passed through a year which has been unprecedented, both in the number and magnitude of its losses. From the opening of navigation till its close vessels had to contend with the dangers arising from the lowest water ever experienced on our lakes, resulting in almost daily strandings in the river channels; while the fall months were more than usually prolific in storms, which brought disaster upon many of what were regarded as thoroughly seaworthy craft. When I add that within one single period of ten days in the month of November underwriters in Canada were called upon to pay \$95,000 for losses on Manitoba grain cargoes (independently of the value of the vessels carrying them) it will be readily appreciated that the premiums received in this branch were not sufficient to meet the losses, and that as a consequence we, in common with all others engaged in this line of business, have transacted it at a loss. While this has materially affected the outcome of the past year's business of the company, its effect will, it is believed, also be to place inland marine underwriting upon a more satisfactory basis as to rates for the coming season.

It will be interesting to shareholders to know that the fire business of the present year has opened favorably, but perhaps the most gratifying feature regarding our present position is the steady growth in our Canadian income—particularly when considered in connection with our loss ratio during the past two years as compared with the average results of all companies doing business in Canada—for the best recommendation a company can have abroad is evidence, such as this affords, of the public confidence it enjoys in its own home field. The security which the "British America" offers to policy-holders, namely, The sum of its reserve fund (\$520,112.05) and its paid-up capital (\$750,000), making in all \$1,270,112.05 in assets of unquestionable character, is, I feel assured, such as to continue to command for it an increasing share of public patronage.

In conclusion, I must express the directors' appreciation of the work of our officers and field force during the past year as well as of the services of our local representatives throughout Canada and the United States, who are so heartily seconding the efforts of the management in building up the business of the company.

The Vice-President seconded the adoption

of the report, which was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and directors for their services during the past year.

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as directors for the ensuing year:—Geo. A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thomas Long, John Hoskin, Q. C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, A. Myers.

At a meeting held subsequently Mr. Geo. A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President

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In this work President Dawson points out that the latest developments of archaeology, geology and other branches of the Science of the Earth and Man show conclusively the substantial accuracy of the early books of the Hebrew Scriptures. The work is in two sections. Part I. considers the physical and historical probabilities respecting the authorship and authority of the Mosaic books. Part II. treats of man and nature—fallen and restored.

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Literary Notes.

The twenty-seventh bound volume of *The Critic* for July-Dec. 1895, completing the paper's fifteenth year, reviews, 827 books, American, English and foreign, the total for 1895 being 1,783, which would seem to cover the field pretty thoroughly. The book of the moment stands out clearly in these pages: in the earlier part, Dr. Nordcau's "Degeneration," with echoes of "Trilby;" in the latter part "Jude the Obscure" (of which *The Critic* expresses a severely adverse opinion) and George Meredith's "Amazing Marriage." Grant Allen, too, is severely handled, especially by the Lounger. Matters of vital interest to authors and publishers, such as international copyright, the three-volume novel, the earnings of writers, etc., are discussed from the "inside;" and Mr. Hall Caine's successful arbitration of the Canadian copyright complication is reported in detail.

Mr. Andrew Lang has recently discussed the question, "What is a Hack?" He deals, of course, with the literary variety, and gives the following advice: The hack who would keep his self-respect must ever have on hand spontaneous work. It may be, and probably will be, unremunerative: the world does not want a man's best thoughts, still less does it want his learning. Very likely his best thoughts are not, in fact, nearly so good or taking as his second or third best. But he does not easily resign himself to believe this, and it is well for him to put what he thinks the cream of himself into epics and treatises which nobody buys, while his skim-milk finds a ready market.

A series of delightful addresses, by Canon Sutherland, entitled "Afternoons with Shakespeare's Heroines" begin in Convocation Hall of Trinity University to-morrow at half past three, and will be continued for five consecutive Saturday afternoons. The heroines to be discussed are: Imogen, Peatrice, Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, and Perdita. On Thursday evening, April 16th, a Shakesperian Drawing Room in Character will be held in Convocation Hall, which promises to be of the greatest interest. We notice that the tickets for the course, including the Shakesperian Drawing Room, are only \$1.50. Single tickets are 50 cents.

Canon Ainger has undertaken to prepare an annotated edition of Hood's poems, on the same lines as his well-known selections from *Lamb*. The work will form two volumes of the "Eversley Series," the first containing all the serious, and the second a selection from the humorous poems. The poems will be prefaced by a biographical and critical introduction, and the serious poems will, for the first time, be arranged in chronological order.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Co.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Company was held at its Head Offices, No. 76 Church street, Toronto, Canada, on Monday, the 17th of February, 1896, at 10 o'clock a.m.

The Hon. G. W. Allan, President, in the chair.

The Managing Director, Mr. Walter S. Lee, read the Annual Report and Financial Statements, which were adopted on motion of the President.

The Directors have much pleasure in laying before the Shareholders their Thirty-third Annual Report, showing the results of the Company's business for the past year, together with the balance sheet to the 31st December, 1895.

After deducting all charges, and writing off a sufficient sum to provide for ascertained losses, the profits of the year amount to \$144,472.08.

Out of this sum have been paid two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with the income tax thereon, amounting to \$122,392.30, and the balance has been carried to the credit of the Contingent Fund. The amount now standing

at the credit of the Contingent Fund is \$63,005.36.

The repayments on account of Mortgage Loans, both in Ontario and Manitoba, have been satisfactorily met.

The borrowing powers of the Company having nearly reached their limit in the early part of the year, obliged the Directors to refuse, for a time, fresh money offered for investment with the Company. The larger part of the Debentures, however, falling due during the year have been renewed on every advantageous terms, and any not renewed have been replaced by new money at still lower rates.

The low rate of interest now obtainable on Mortgage Loans having rendered it desirable to reduce the rate of interest heretofore allowed in the Savings Bank Department, many of those who had been depositors re-invested their moneys in Debentures of the Company.

The total amount of moneys entrusted to the Company by British and Canadian investors is now \$4,470,598.69.

The Balance Sheet of Profit and Loss Account, together with the Auditors' Report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN,
President.

Financial Statement for the Year Ending on 31st December, 1895.

LIABILITIES.	
To the shareholders:	
Capital Stock	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	770,000 00
Contingent Account, Dec. 31, 1894	\$70,445 30
Contingent Account added 1895	22,079 78
	\$2,562,525 68
Contingent Acc't, written off, 1895	29,520 32
Contingent Account, balance, Dec. 31, 1895	63,005 86
Dividend, payable 8th January, 1896	60,000 00
	\$2,393,005 36
To the public:	
Debentures and interest	\$3,541,460 88
Deposits	929,137 81
	4,470,598 69
Sundry Accounts, including Coupons outstanding	505 52
	\$6,864,109 57
ASSETS.	
Land Mortgages	\$6,564,263 21
Mortgages on other securities	6,939 23
City of Ottawa Debentures	32,441 74
Office Premises and Furniture, Toronto and Winnipeg	125,171 07
Cash on hand and in Banks	135,294 32
	\$6,864,109 57
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Cost of management, viz.: salaries, rent, inspection and valuation, office expenses, branch office, agents' commissions, auditors' fees, etc.	\$ 52,588 84
Directors' compensation	3,590 00
Interest on deposits	33,739 84
Interest on debentures	142,376 22
	\$232,294 90
Net profit for year applied as follows:	
Dividends and tax thereon	\$122,392 30
Carried to Contingent Account	22,079 78
	144,472 08
Interest on mortgages and debentures, rents, etc.	\$376,766 98
	\$376,766 98

WALTER S. LEE,
Managing Director.

The retiring Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan, the Hon. Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.G., and Thomas H. Lee, Esq., were re-elected. These gentlemen, with George Gooderham, Esq., Alfred Gooderham, Esq., George W. Lewis, Esq., and Walter S. Lee, Esq., form the Board.

At a subsequent meeting held by the Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan, and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President, respectively.

* * *

A Farmer's Advice.

HE TELLS THE PEOPLE TO SHUN IMITATIONS.

He Had Been Imposed Upon by an Unscrupulous Dealer With the Result that it nearly Cost the Life of a Loved Member of His Family.

From the Woodstock, N.B., Sentinel.

A reporter of the Sentinel recently dropped into the Victoria Hotel looking for general news and to scan the register for arrivals. Among those present he noticed a well-dressed farmer sitting reading a small pamphlet. The reporter asked the landlord if there

was anything new, and being answered in the negative the farmer turned and addressed him. "Looking for news, eh? Well, sit down, and I'll give you something worth publishing." The reporter was at once on the alert and the farmer continued, "You see this little book I hold in my hand? Well, the title of it is 'Five Prize Stories' and there is more good sense in it than in half of the philosophical works of the day, and it don't lay in any of the stories either. Well, about a year ago, I got hold of another little book by the same authors entitled 'Four Generations,' which I read carefully through, and one very important thing I read in it was, beware of imitations, just as I read in this little book. Now I wish to show how I had been taken in (deceived) and how I found it out and how near it came to costing me the dearest member of my household. Well, to begin at the beginning. My name is Shepherds Banks; I reside 11½ miles from the village of Bristol, Carleton Co., N.B., and am a well-to-do farmer. For several years my wife was troubled with pains in the back and weakness of the kidneys. About two years ago she was taken very ill, the trouble taking the form of acute rheumatism. We consulted no less than three different doctors who, however, failed to help her. She continued to grow weaker and weaker, and the pains she endured were something terrible. For over a year she was unable to do a single thing about the house, and she had fallen away in weight from 180 to 130 pounds, and we despaired of her recovery. I happened to notice in one of the newspapers a testimonial of a similar cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately got a couple of boxes. My wife began taking them, and by the time she had used these she began to gain appetite and her pains were much eased, and we began to have great hopes of an ultimate cure. I then went for another supply of the pills. This time I purchased them in bulk, paying 30 cents for 100 pills, which were taken from a large glass bottle. I took them home and my wife began their use. Soon after she began to grow worse again; the old pains returned severer than ever. We still continued the use of the pills until about a third of them were gone. About this time I got through the mail, along with my neighbors, the book entitled, 'Four Generations,' issued by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. On reading it it did not take me long to find out that the pills I had bought in bulk were a fraud, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, but in boxes with the trade mark on the wrapper. I went to the cupboard and taking down the box in which the pills were, threw it and its contents into the stove. I then went and procured a half dozen boxes of the genuine Pink Pills, and from the time my wife began their use there was an improvement in her condition. She used about twelve boxes altogether, and to-day there is no heartier or healthier woman in the neighborhood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the standard medicine in our home. Publish this? Yes, it may do some other sufferer good. We are all thankful for what Pink Pills have done for us, but be sure you caution your readers against those vile imitations."

The warning uttered by Mr. Banks is one that the public will do well to heed, for some unscrupulous dealers in different parts of the country try to impose upon the public by trashy imitations colored to present the appearance of the genuine Pink Pills. The public can always protect themselves by bearing in mind that the genuine pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred or ounce. They are always put up in boxes around which will be found full directions for their use, the whole enclosed in a label bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you want a medicine that will cure all diseases due to poor or watery blood, or shattered nerves, ask for the genuine Pink Pills, and take nothing else, no matter what some interested dealer who is looking for a larger profit may say.

FITTING OUT THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.

We are pleased to note that the Government have sent a quantity of Baking Powder manufactured by W. G. Dunn & Co., of Croydon and Canada, with the Ashantee Expedition.

Personal.

Dr. Herbert Saunders, professor of clinical medicine in Queen's University, Kingston, died on Wednesday aged 49

Senator Boulton has addressed an open letter to Sir William Dawson on the Manitoba School Question, criticising the latter's letters to Sir Charles Tupper on that subject.

Admiral McClintock, who, between 1848 and 1857, was connected with four Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin's remains, does not believe that Dr. Nansen has discovered the North Pole.

The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, died on Wednesday, after an illness of six months, at Fergus, Ontario. The funeral will take place on Monday next at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto

Literary Notes.

General Greeley's article in March Ladies' Home Journal upon "The Personal Side of Washington" will show that Washington was largely influenced by his environments, but also that he steadily teaded toward the higher standards of the present age, especially as regards his habits and ideals.

W. H. Mallock, whose "Labour and the Popular Welfare" aroused so much interest, has written a new volume of essays, in which he discusses such topics as the distribution of wealth (controversing the principles laid down by Karl Marx), the minimum of humane living, wages, the products of work, and the census and the people.

In the February number of The Century is a paper on "The Palmerston Ideal in Diplomacy," by Edward M. Chapman. This was written before the President's Message on the Venezuela question, but has a distinct bearing upon it. The article is in a friendly spirit, but attributes to Lord Palmerston's diplomatic ideals the present isolation of England.

Two articles by Herbert Spencer appear in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for February. One is devoted to the Sculptor, in Mr. Spencer's series on "Professional Institutions;" the other is a reply to the Marquis of Salisbury's criticism of the doctrine of evolution in his inaugural address as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The contribution in the February Atlantic which will attract perhaps the widest attention is an able paper entitled "The Presidency and Mr. Reed." It is a thoughtful presentation of the requirements of the presidential office and a discussion of Mr. Reed's fitness for it. It is the first of a promised series upon the issues and some of the personalities of the forthcoming campaign.

We have to congratulate Mr. De la Fosse, the editor of Athletic Life, on the success of his bright periodical. The February number contains several articles of great interest. Mr. De la Fosse himself writes about the Toronto Athletic Club; Mr. S. B. Flower discusses Hockey in Canada, and Mr. James G. Merrick continues his paper on "The History of the University of Toronto Athletic Association." Amongst other contributors are Mr. C. H. Riggs and Mr. M.W. Sparrow.

Outing for February is excellent in text and illustrations. The contents are as follows: "The Llewelin Setter," by L. H. Smith; "Sweet Marjory," by Sarah Beaumont Kennedy; "Modern Snipe," by T. S. Van Dyke; "Shooting at Swatow," by A. B. Hoff; "The Wizard of the Cascade," by S. C. Kendall; "Hunting the California Lion," by L. D. Rees; "A Thread of Mystery," by Louise D. Mitchell; "Cruising on the Gulf," "Lenz's World Tour Awheel;" "Rugged Labrador," by R. G. Taber; "Cycling in Mid-Atlantic," by O. Howarth; "Paddling a Pipanti in Honduras," by E. W. Perry; "About the Balearics," by Chas. Edwards; "Rabbiting," by H. Rave; "The New Hampshire National Guard," by G. H. Moses; and the usual editorials, records, poems, etc.

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MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

Mrs. Fiske commenced a short engagement last evening at the Grand, appearing in Daudet's play, "The Queen of Liars." No acting more spontaneous, natural and adequate could be imagined than her performance of the heroine's role. She will be seen in this play at the matinee to-morrow, while at night Dumas' "Cesarine" will hold the boards. To-night Mrs. Fiske will present "A Dolls House," Ibsen's much discussed play, to be followed by a one-act drama by Mrs. Fiske herself, "A Light from St. Agnes."

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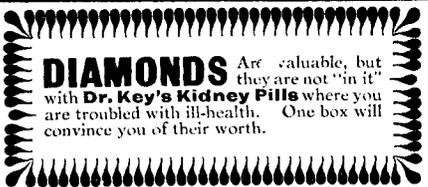
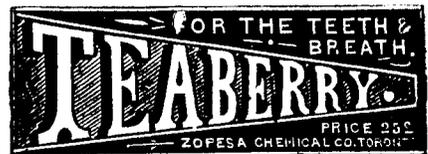
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 Musical Director Toronto Vocal Club.
 Teacher of Piano at the Toronto College of Music.
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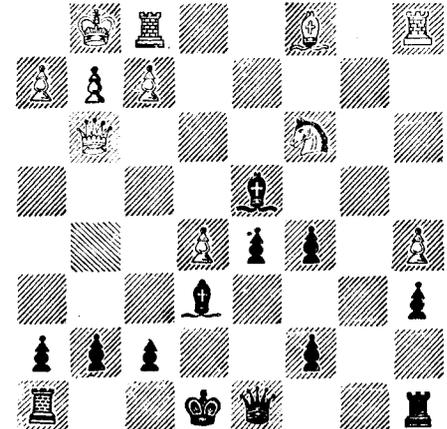
Chess Corner.

FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

The Russian lost our game 727, thus:
 Tschigorin Lasker White Black
 1 P K4 P K4 2244 7755
 2 Kt KB3 Kt QB3 JC hp
 3 Lasker prefers English usage.
 3 B B4 B I4 An Ho
 4 P QKt4 B xP bd od
 5 P I3 B B4 km do
 6 Castle P Q3 HJ yx
 7 P Q4 B Kt3 tv of
 7... P xP usually recommended.
 8 P QR4 Kt B3 24 RF
 9 P P5, Kt xP, 10 R xK, B xR, 11 P xP, 12 Q xQ ch ne 76
 9 B QKt5 P QK3
 10 B xKt ch P xB ep gp
 11 P R5 B R2 45 I7
 12 Q Q3 seems better here.
 12 P xP Kt xP v55 F44
 (1KR1QBNR, PPP5, 2N2P, 3n4)



3P3P, 4pp p, ppp2p1b, r2kq1r)
 13 Q K2 P Q4 s22 xw
 14 Kt Q4 Kt xQB Cv 44m
 15 Kt xKt B xKt am 7v
 16 Q Q3 P QB4 22u po
 17 Q Kt3 BK3 uM r66
 (1KR2B1R, PPP5, 1QB2, 4b3.



3Ppp1P, 3b3p, ppp2p2, r2kq2r)
 18 Q xP, K Q2, 19 B Kt5, R Kt1, 20 B xQ, R xQ, 21 B B6, B xKt, 22 B xR, B xR, 23 R xB, R QKt
 18 B Kt5 Q Q2 jO zy
 19 QR B1 P KB3 Ij GF
 19... opening on the castled king
 20 P xP P xP 55F QF
 21 B B4 R Kt1 O ZR
 22 Q B3 Castle MD 88r
 22... Black wins handily
 23 KRK1 P B5 A11 on
 24 Q K2 B KB4 C22 66E
 25 Q R2 R xP ch 22 2 RKt
 26 K xR, BR6 ch, 27 KR1, Q K5, mate forced JS vB
 (K2R1R2, Prb4Q, 5N4B2p4b1p2P, 2p4p, p3 qp6rk2) black winning.

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Personal.

Sir William Van Horne has gone to the
Bahamas for his health.

Mr. Herbert Spencer will issue the third
and concluding volume of his work on Socio-
logy in May.

The Queen has issued a message thanking
the nation for its expression of sympathy at
the time of Prince Henry's death.

At an enthusiastic Liberal convention at
St. Catharines, Saturday, Mr. W. Gibson,
M.P., was renominated as the Liberal stan-
dard-bearer for Lincoln.

The historical costume ball given by Lord
and Lady Aberdeen in the Senate chamber at
Ottawa on Monday night was a novel, brilli-
ant, and extremely enjoyable function.

Princess Beatrice and her children arrived
at Nice on Friday last. She will visit the
ex-Empress Eugenie at Cape Martin, and
will take a short cruise on the Mediterranean.

The new non-sectarian Bible prepared by
a Chicago committee for the use of Public
schools has been completed, and will be sub-
mitted to the Board of Education to pass
judgment upon it.

There is some talk of the Conservatives
of Winnipeg inviting Sir Donald Smith to be
their candidate. Sir Donald was invited
before, and tendered the unanimous nomina-
tion, but declined.

Sir John and Lady Schultz are preparing
to leave for Mexico in the hope of improving
Sir John's health. In the summer he expects
to return and contest the Edmonton district
for the House of Commons.

If the Prince of Wales cannot preside at
the meeting of the British Association in
Canada next year, the presidency will be
offered to the Duke of York, and, failing him,
to either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. John Dillon, Member of Parliament
for East Mayo, was elected Chairman of the
Anti-Parnellite section of the Irish Nation-
alist party on Tuesday by a vote of 38 to 21,
to succeed Mr. Justin McCarthy, who with-
drew from the leadership.

A paper was read at the Military Insti-
tute on Monday evening upon "The Manu-
facture of Small Arms Ammunition" by
Captain C. E. English, R.A., Professor of
Artillery, Administration and Law at the
Royal Military College at Kingston.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General in London
for New South Wales, and Mr. Duncan Gillies,
Agent-General in London for Victoria, have
been appointed to represent Australia as mem-
bers of the commission to consider the matter
of laying a Pacific submarine cable.

At a convention of the Independence of
Canada party, held at Windsor, Ont., on
Saturday, Mayor Mason, of that city, was
chosen as the candidate of the party in North
Essex for the Dominion Parliament, and Mr.
Antoine Lafferty for the Ontario Legislature.

Rev. Prof. Clark, of Trinity College, de-
livered an address before the Union for
Practical Progress, in Forum Hall, on Sun-
day afternoon. His subject was, "Theories
of Education," which he treated in a very
able manner, ending up by touching on the
question of Separate Schools for Manitoba.

The annual meeting of the Society of Auth-
ors was held on Tuesday evening. Mr. H.
Rider Haggard, who presided, declared that
the society was much indebted to Mr. Hall
Caine for his labors in Canada in connection
with the copyright question. Mr. Wilkins
withdrew his resolution condemning the ad-
dress recently prepared in the name of the
authors of Great Britain, asking the literary
men of the United States to use their best en-
deavours to prevent a war between the two
countries. The resolution was withdrawn on
Mr. Haggard's assurance that the committee
of the society repudiated it. Sir Martin Con-
way accepted the responsibility for the ad-
dress.



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Discontent.

What oft on hasty view we swift condemn
 As metal base, on calm and close survey
 Becomes the purest gold. Thus Discontent,
 How oft attacked! How little understood!
 A moment but reflect, its worth appears.
 How endless our desires! We have, we lack,
 No rest we find, nor shall this side the grave:
 Our soul thirst never slaked, nor life complete,
 Till filled our eye with sight of Him who gave
 The life, and in our souls implanted deep
 The thirst divine: of immortality
 The augury sure; of destiny high the proof;
 Of Heaven or Hell the germ: of joy the source,
 Yet of our joy the assassin. From present gains
 No satisfaction flows. Our joys are those
 Of foretaste. Long we strive and spend our strength,
 And fain would find in what above us lies
 Our full content. This prize hard toil attains.
 But where the satisfaction? Further fled
 We have but pitched our tents and would enjoy
 Our labour's meed. But no. Strike them again
 We must. No pleasure now possession gives:
 Still higher points the finger of the soul.
 For at our touch the vision melts in forms
 In shape again beyond our reach, and lares
 Us on, our souls enamoured still of that
 Boon coveted, which e'er eludes our grasp
 Yet no detraction this, still on we press:
 The hungry soul n'er wearies of the chase:
 The seeming failure but renews its youth.
 Thus wisdom high is seen in each defeat.
 For what's the resurrection that awaits
 The soul that's satisfied with earthly things?
 Such soul is dead and n'er to be renewed.
 Our souls superior rise to earth's best gifts
 And still for satisfaction crave. Whence then
 This pearl of price to come? Still further from
 Above: above the earth, time, man himself,
 From heaven, eternity and life in God.
 O Discontent divine! no vice art thou
 But Virtue pure, and lacking which no soul
 That lives shall ever find its goal—its God.

W. M. H.

Toronto's Militia.

A DEPUTATION recently went to Ottawa for the purpose of trying to obtain permission from the Dominion Government to raise and equip in Toronto a brigade of garrison artillery or so many batteries of position.

Now every one is agreed that it is necessary to strengthen our forces and to increase the efficiency of those already existing. The question is how is this best to be done? If creating another corps in Toronto is the best way by all means let such a corps be formed. But those who are in a position to judge say that such is not the best but the very worst way of doing it.

These people say: first, we have no use for garrison artillery; second, we have no means of officering it efficiently; third, we have no heavy ordnance; fourth, we have no garrison fortifications. Besides this they say it has been tried before and proved a failure.

What these opponents urge with pertinence is this, that we have already a field battery, a regiment of cavalry, and three regiments of infantry. That these are all, with the possible exception of the cavalry, short of officers, and that they are only maintained in their present state of comparative efficiency by the unwearied efforts and pecuniary sacrifices of both officers and men. These should be made more efficient, say the opponents, before a new corps is created.

To begin with the field battery, Major Mead is a thoroughly smart soldier, knows his work and can do it, but he has not the whole of the officers the regulations allow him. Besides this, the guns he uses are now obsolete and ought to be replaced. The G.G.B.G. are fine troops, and well officered, but their armament is as regards much of it old fashioned, out of date, and calls for renewal. Take the Infantry Battalions, the Queen's Own Rifles are above strength a long way, so are the Grenadiers and 48th; but the extra men are clothed, by whom? The Dominion Government. Not a bit of it, but by the officers and men of the respective regiments.

Every cent of pay received by officers, N.C.O.'s, and men is cheerfully given up for the collective good of each battalion from a sheer spirit of *esprit de corps*. But not only this, the commissioned officers, both combatant and non-combatant, give large subscriptions each year in accordance with their rank, and these are practically compulsory. "There is no compulsion, only they must."

If Government would increase the authorized strength of the Queen's Own and Grenadiers from 42 to 55 men per company; if they would do the same in the 48th, and add two companies to its establishment, making it the same as the other two regiments; if they would provide them with proper arms and make a larger allowance for drill instruction, so that greater attention could be paid to recruits drill; if they would give commanding officers a paid adjutant and sergeant-major to be on duty all the year round, they would do far more to increase the efficiency of our defences than by adding a regiment of garrison artillery which few want and of which still fewer see the need. T. E. C.

One of Our Boys.

WHEN he came up to the college as a recruit, he was so fair and so absurdly young that he was christened "Baby Mine," and the name stuck to him. In due course he was inducted into the mysteries of the "T-square," learned to wear his handsome cadet uniform, and to speak modestly of the "R.M.C. and the rest of the British army." Then there came a day when he became an integral part of that army, and looked for the last time on the fort and the parade ground that overlook the harbour of the limestone city.

The little army that wears red has many odd jobs to do, all round the world of which the newspapers hear nothing. In the year 1892, for instance, there was a small expeditionary force somewhere in the jungles of East Africa that had to negotiate a palisaded native village. It was an obstinate village, and somebody had to blow the gate in. The duty fell to our Canadian subaltern. "He had been so hard-working all the way up," writes his superior officer, that everyone was full of admiration for his soldierlike qualities, but our just appreciation of him was heightened, if possible, when we saw his magnificent conduct under fire. He was as cool as on parade, fired his rockets and watched their effect with interest, and when at last he was asked to blow in the gate agreed at once. He ran back a good distance for his explosives and then with an 'All right, Major, I will be back in a minute,' was through the first fence and up to the gate." His nerve was apparently better than that of the sapper who was to help him. When you come to think of it, it is something of a risk to carry an infernal machine up to people who are shooting at you with intent to kill. "The man carrying the gun cotton did not follow him past the fence, so ——— returned and himself carried up and fixed the charge. It was a beautiful thing to see him calmly lying down amidst the rattle of firearms at the gate, and forcing the detonator as if he were at practice in the school." It seems to have been a clean piece of work, and the workman got off for the time without a scratch. In spite of the loss of their gate, the obstinacy of the village continued. They even sustained two charges. Our Canadian, "who had been in each time, with his men, was at the end of the second charge, shot through the heart and lungs and fell dead. I ran to him at once, but as I lifted him to bear him off I saw that he was dead."

Here the letter shows an un-English amount of feeling, and an eloquent contempt for mere grammar. It is not at all like the ordinary official despatch. "Such a good fellow, such a soldier, and just slain at the moment when we were all full of admiration for him, at the moment when he had so distinguished himself, and gained without doubt such a recognition as the soldier covets. I would he had lived to wear it." That is his epitaph.

The attack seems to have failed, and our people had to retreat. But our boy was not left to vultures and the jackals. He was carried back, although the natives hung about the rear, and fired the bush to cut off the retreat. By his side marched his faithful negro servant. Then the next morning the body was given Christian burial. "All were present except Major Browne, who was badly wounded, and Captain Doyle, who was sick. We fired a volley three times, blew a flourish, and came away with very heavy hearts."

There were other heavy hearts in a country very far from Africa, when this news reached them, and some that will ache over it till they cease to beat. He was only one of our boys who fell as he did his duty—his plain duty, nothing more. And yet there are some people who think the R. M. C. ought to be abolished. ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, 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, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.
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.
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited,
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.
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.
The Campbell Furniture Co. Jolliffe's old stand, 585 to 591 Queen West. All lines complete.
- 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.
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York St. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.
A. & S. Nordheimer Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
- Stocks & Bonds** { Æmilius Jarvis & Co., 23 King Street West.
H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type Writing** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.
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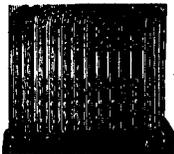
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