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

WE invite the special attention of our readers to the very able and thoughtful article by Dr. Wicksteed, in another column. The subject with which it deals is one which must at an early day force itself upon the consideration of all patriotic citizens, by reason of the very unsatisfactory results of the present system. We pride ourselves upon our liberties and have a sentimental objection to the word "compulsion," as applied to the regulation of our duties as citizens. And yet the thing itself necessarily stares us in the face at every turn. Prepossessions aside, it might perhaps be hard for us to show any sufficient reason why it should any the less be made obligatory upon the citizen to take a part in the legislation and government of the larger organized community of which he is a member, than to bear his fair share of the pecuniary burdens of any smaller unit of the organization, in which he may happen to be included. Certainly no one can doubt that were the whole body of qualified voters to go to the polls in any Dominion or Provincial election, the result would be a very marked and beneficial change in the representation, and in the administration of the affairs of state. We do not propose, however, just now to enter into the merits of the question, though we may have something to say upon it in another number. We merely bespeak attention for the views and arguments so well presented from a theoretic standpoint by our correspondent, believing the question to be worthy of the most thoughtful consideration by every good citizen. May it not be possible that deliverance from some of the great and growing evils which afflict our political life may yet come from this quarter?

JUDGED by the stringent laws that appear upon our statute books, the Canadian people are striving hard to put down corrupt practices at elections with a strong hand. Judged by the practice of our election courts, we view such acts as bribery and personation as very venial offences indeed. It is a singular comment upon our earnestness in the matter that, notwithstanding the fact that scores of members have been unseated by the election

courts for corrupt practices by agents, since the last general election, we have yet to learn of the first case in which anyone has been punished except the unseated member. In all there must have been in evidence before the courts hundreds of cases in which individuals have been guilty of corrupt practices within the meaning of the statutes. How many of these have been mulcted in the two-hundred dollar fine which the law lays down as the penalty for bribery in any of its forms? How many personators have undergone, or are undergoing, the six months' term of imprisonment which is the statutory penalty for that offence? One member has, it is true, suffered disqualification for personal bribery, but this isolated case seems but to emphasize the conspicuous failure of justice in the hundreds of other cases which must have come to the cognizance of the courts, during the many investigations which resulted disastrously to so many members. There is evidently a grave defect in the law in that it fails to make it the duty of the court, or of some special officer, to see that the due penalty is inflicted in the case of everyone found guilty of the forbidden practices. Whatever may be the cause of the failure to punish, it is evident that the most stringent laws can never have their proper effect, either in deterring from the commission of the specified crimes, or in educating the public conscience, until the punishment is made to follow conviction with the same certainty as in any other case of criminal conviction.

WHAT shall one who wishes to act the part of an impartial onlooker and critic say of the action of the Government and its majority in the Caron case? On the face of it, it is clear that a commission of judges, skilled in the taking and sifting of evidence, is a much better tribunal for the investigation of a mass of probably conflicting testimony and documentary evidence than a large partisan committee, such as the Parliamentary Committee on Privileges and Elections. But, on a careful review of the whole case, there certainly is much in the course which the Government has chosen in this matter of which the Opposition may well complain, and which must fail to satisfy the men of independent judgment in the Conservative party. In the first place, to introduce an amendment so lengthy and complicated that no ordinary mind could possibly master its provisions and compare it with the original resolution, so as to get a clear idea of the relations of the one to the other, without hours of careful study even with a printed copy in his hands, and to force a division upon the contents of such a document on the strength of a single reading without giving the members on either side an opportunity for such study, was little less than a burlesque of Parliamentary debate, and an outrage of the rights of a constitutional Opposition. It was no less unfair to the supporters of the Government and must have been a pretty severe strain upon the loyalty of any but machine voters. In fact, it seems to us surprising that the British sense of fair play to opponents, as well as British independence of mind, did not assert itself in the breasts of the Government's supporters and compel a postponement of the debate. Under the circumstances, one can readily believe the stories which are afloat of chagrin on the part of some of those supporters, as they are compelled to confess that they voted at the bidding of their leaders without understanding the scope of the resolution which was carried by their votes. This is party loyalty carried to the point of humiliation. No Government, not made arrogant by the strength of its majority, would have ventured to put it to so severe a test. In the second place, there is undeniable force in the staple objections of the Opposition, that by the Government method the party accused alters and selects from the charges, and chooses his own judges to investigate them, a process which would be considered absurd in any other case. Nor is the further complaint of the removal of an enquiry which peculiarly touches the honour of Parliament from the jurisdiction of Parliament without some weight. But, passing by other considerations, it seems to us that the most serious thing about the whole matter is the elimination of the most important clause in the original charge, that touching the alleged disposal of the immense sums

which are alleged to have been indirectly derived from subsidies voted by Parliament at the instance of the Government. Suppose for a moment, for argument's sake, that Mr. Edgar can prove what he declares himself able to prove, and what follows? Just this: That a Minister of the Crown has been privy to the diversion of a very large sum of money, voted from the public funds for a public purpose, from its proper destination, and the use of it for purposes of bribery in no less than twenty-two constituencies (or twenty-four—the figures seem to be growing), which afterwards, and presumably in consequence, returned supporters of the Government of which the Minister in question was and is a member. Could anything be more subversive of popular liberties, or grosser treason against the constitution? And yet this is the kind of charge, made on the responsibility of a member of the Commons, which the Government and two-thirds of the people's representatives refuse to have investigated!

"SAVE me from my friends!" we may fancy Judge Elliott exclaiming, when he learned that the Government and its supporters had refused him the opportunity to give a public denial or explanation, in reply to the serious charges made against him in connection with the petition discussed and dismissed in the Commons, on Monday last. That those charges are serious cannot be denied. We happen to know of an Ontario judge of very high standing who makes it a matter of conscience to refuse to express, even to his friends, an opinion on any question which it is possible to conceive may some day come before him in some form for judicial decision. Everyone will readily perceive the wisdom and propriety of such a course. Our good opinion of the man will not suffer, even should he carry his scruples at times to what may seem to his friends an unreasonable extreme. In view of the unhappy intensity of party feeling in Canada, it is manifestly unseemly for a judge who is liable at any time to be called on to pronounce decision on some question arising out of the contests between the political parties, to take any share in the party struggles, even to the extent of privately supporting the candidate of his choice. But here it is openly charged that not only did Judge Elliott advocate the cause of one of the candidates in private, but that he wrote strong articles for the party newspaper, indulged in open prophecies as to the result of the contest, and even intimated beforehand the nature of the decision which would be rendered in the case which was to come before him for adjudication. We are far from saying that we believe these charges to be capable of proof, though some prominent members of Parliament declared themselves prepared to prove them, for it seems impossible to believe that a judge of the high character which Judge Elliott has always been believed to possess could have so forgotten himself, even in the heat of a political contest in which both his political and his personal feelings may have been deeply involved, as to have staked his judicial impartiality in such a way. But if he is conscious of innocence, it would surely have been the greatest favour that could be done him under the circumstances to have had a copy of the accusations sent to him, with a request for explanation. This would have given him an opportunity, without any compromise of the judicial dignity and etiquette which forbid him to defend himself in the newspapers, to make his defence and send it forth throughout the whole Dominion, to the vindication of his own reputation, the confusion of false accusers and the honour of the Canadian Bench. Then would have been the time for his friends in the House to declare the charges to be baseless and vexatious and utterly unworthy of being made the pretext for an enquiry by a committee of the House. As the matter now stands, the accused judge has no proper opportunity to meet the charges, and they will be left on record, not only to the permanent injury of his own personal reputation, but to the lessening of the popular respect for the Canadian judiciary.

IF the London Times correctly represents the people of England, they are certainly disposed to be grateful for small favours, of a commercial kind at least, from the colonies. Putting ourselves in the place of a free-trade

Englishman, we can scarcely conceive of ourselves as feeling one-half so thankful as the *Times* seems to be, for such an offer as that contained in the resolution passed the other day by the Dominion Parliament. We should rather, it seems to us, have been disposed to think it a decidedly cool proceeding on the part of one of the colonies to first impose a high tariff on the goods of the Mother Country, while enjoying free access to her markets, and then graciously say to her: "Now, if you will give up the free-trade principle under which your trade has expanded so immensely, and consent to impose taxes upon the productions of all other countries of the world, in our selfish interests, we will reciprocate by lowering our taxes on your goods." However, if the proposal strikes the nation generally as favourably as it seems to have done the *Times*, it is not for Canada to complain. But as the *Times* points out, the difficulties to be overcome before such a policy can be inaugurated are so stupendous, and the period of its earliest possible adoption, consequently, so remote, that it can hardly be considered a question of practical politics. First, the concurrence of the other great colonies in the offer must be had before the Mother Country can begin to take it into serious consideration. Then, in the second place, her people, long accustomed to buy in the cheapest markets, are to be persuaded to consent to give up the boon of untaxed food and clothing in order that they may "lay imposts on Norwegian timber to give an advantage to Canada, on wool and hides from South America for the benefit of the sheep farmers and cattle owners of New South Wales and Queensland and the Cape, on wheat from the United States and Russia to protect the growers of South Australia and Manitoba." These difficulties overcome, there is yet the formidable risk involved in "incalculable disturbance to trade," the breaking up of long-standing treaties, and the possibilities of retaliation by the nations discriminated against, in favour of business rivals, with whom the competition is now becoming constantly more keen. Perhaps, after all, it would be more to the point to say that the Canadian advocates of the measure, who are delighted with the *Times'* article, are grateful for a very small meed of encouragement. Leaving, however, the merits of the proposed new departure for fuller consideration hereafter, what a comment on the reliability of cablegrams and the honesty of correspondents is afforded in the comments of the *Times* on the resolution in amendment of Mr. McNeil's motion, which was moved by Mr. Davies and supported by the Opposition. The amendment was as follows:—

Inasmuch as Great Britain admits the products of Canada into her ports free of duty, this House is of opinion that the present scale of duties exacted by Canada upon goods mainly imported from Great Britain should be reduced.

The following is the shape in which it appeared in the *Times*, and which led to the pointless and mysterious comments of that journal:—

Mr. Davies moved an amendment that Canadian goods should be admitted free into Great Britain, British goods being allowed a reduced duty in Canada.

We do not know how sincere the Opposition may have been in committing themselves to the policy outlined in Mr. Davies' resolution, which is not easy to reconcile with their unrestricted reciprocity programme, but it is evident that the course proposed would do much to promote enlarged trade and to cement the connection with the Mother Country.

EARL GREY'S treatise on the "Commercial Policy of the British Colonies and the McKinley Tariff" is entitled to the respectful consideration due to the matured opinions of a statesman who has for half a century been conversant with the public affairs of Great Britain and her dependencies, and who during a portion of that period occupied the responsible position of Colonial Secretary. The knowledge of colonial affairs which his experience in the Colonial Office could not fail to give him, and the interest in the growth and prosperity of the Greater Britain beyond the seas, which is the natural result of that knowledge, certainly constitute a sufficient apology, if any is needed, for his tendering to Canadians, to whom his pamphlet is especially addressed, advice in regard to matters concerning which they might naturally suppose themselves to be better informed and in a better position to form correct conclusions than the most astute statesman across the ocean could possibly be. A careful perusal of the treatise convinces us that it is also well worth careful consideration on its merits, and we venture to express the hope that it will not be dismissed by those who aspire to

influence Canadian legislation and policy, with the cursory glance which is all that seems thus far to have been given it. Earl Grey's repeated expressions of regret that the British Parliament should have surrendered its authority "to maintain one uniform system of commercial policy for the whole Empire"; in other words, that the right of managing their own trade policy should have been conceded to the larger colonies as a part or corollary of the semi-autonomy so wisely conferred upon them, may be passed over as a pardonable anachronism in a politician of the old school, though the suggestion of the alternative policy was undoubtedly a serious tactical mistake, adapted to prejudice the Canadian reader against the cogent reasonings which follow.

LORD GREY'S appeal is a carefully-wrought argument in favour of a policy of free trade for Canada, as opposed alike to any reciprocity agreement, restricted or unrestricted, with the United States, and to any such project as that of the Imperial Trade League for discrimination in favour of the Empire. The pamphlet was evidently written some time since, as several events have occurred within the last few weeks, which, had they been known to the writer, would have materially strengthened his case. The failure of the attempted negotiations between the delegates of the Dominion Government and the representatives of the Washington Administration; the consequent declaration by the Canadian Minister of Finance, on behalf of the Government, that all attempts to secure a renewal of reciprocity with the neighbouring Republic are at an end, so far as the Canadian Government is concerned; the reply of the Colonial Secretary to the address of the Canadian Parliament, touching the "favoured nation" clauses in the treaties with Germany and Belgium, a reply which shuts the door in the face of all proposals looking to preferential trade arrangements with either the Republic or the Empire; and the recent resolution proposed by the Canadian Opposition, by way of amendment to the Government resolution in favour of a mutually preferential policy between Canada and the Mother Country—which amendment, though ostensibly in the interests of trade with Great Britain, looked in the same direction as the policy advocated by Earl Grey—all bear directly upon the subject of the pamphlet under consideration. The contents of the pamphlet itself may be roughly classed in three divisions. It contains, first, a statement of the general argument on behalf of free trade; second, a strong plea in favour of that policy as best adapted to meet the peculiar circumstances in which Canada is placed by the operation of the McKinley Bill; and third, an argument to show that the policy of free trade would operate more powerfully than any other to bring about a change in the narrow and unfriendly system on the part of the United States of which that Bill is the expression and culmination. We have already, in previous numbers, shown that the free admission of British and foreign goods into Canada could not fail to produce a powerful effect in the last named direction, by reason both of the great difficulty which the United States Government would find in guarding the long frontier against the natural desire of its own citizens to buy in the cheaper market, and of the educative influence of the ever present object-lesson which would be placed before the eyes of the people of the Republic. The London *Times*, in an article to which we have referred, has laid down the doubtful principle that "expediency must be the measure of right in questions of imports and exports as in other things." Lord Grey has an undoubted advantage in that his advocacy of the policy he recommends is based upon the broader basis of a universal scientific law, which, if capable, as all free traders maintain it to be, of logical or moral demonstration, can never be shaken by any consideration of fancied expediency.

ONE of the most remarkable utterances that has been made by any British statesman in modern times was that made the other day by Lord Salisbury, in a speech on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. It is bad enough for the Protestants, or perhaps we should rather say, the Orangemen, of Ulster, to be dealing in open threats of armed resistance to a proposed constitutional change, though that change is to be brought about, if brought about at all, by the deliberate vote of the majority of the people of the United Kingdom, as an act of justice to one member of the Union. But when the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland, placed by the suffrages of a self-ruling people at the head of its constitutional Government, and bound,

one would suppose, by every principle of duty and loyalty to uphold constitutional methods, adopts the same rôle in a public address, and openly encourages and incites a section of the population to armed rebellion, in case the voice of the nation should decide to try the experiment of allowing the Irish people, the Ulstermen of course included, to manage their own local affairs under such conditions, restrictions and safeguards of the rights of minorities as the wisdom of Parliament may provide, things have surely reached a pretty serious pass. Unless they are strangely misrepresented by their historical records, or have wonderfully deteriorated in recent years, the people of Great Britain are little likely to be deterred by such threats from carrying out a policy which they have deliberately, whether wisely or unwisely, decided to be in the interests of unity, fair-play and good government. Suppose that the coming elections should result in a change of Government, followed by the passing of a Home Rule Bill, and that the Ulstermen should carry out their threats, as they are not unlikely to do, will not Lord Salisbury be morally responsible, to the extent of his great personal and political influence, for the bloodshed and other evils that may follow? And if so, can his words be justified on any sound principle either of statesmanship or of morality? Of course not even majority rule, or the right of the franchise, can deprive an oppressed people, or section of a people, of the sacred right of revolution. Should the Protestants of Ulster, at some future day, find themselves suffering intolerable injustice and oppression under the Home Rule system, and fail utterly to obtain deliverance by constitutional methods, no one could seriously blame them for trying the virtue of armed resistance. But it is one thing to revolt against actual injustice and oppression. It is another and a very different thing to take up arms to prevent the making of a constitutional change which may have been decided on by the voice of the people constitutionally expressed, and which is on the face of it an extension rather than a restriction of the autonomy of the rebels themselves. No one should be more able to see the force of the distinction than the veteran Premier of Great Britain.

IT is reported, on how good authority we have no means of judging, that the United States Government proposes to impose a tax upon Canadian vessels passing through Sault Ste. Marie canal, on the Michigan side, in retaliation for the alleged violation of the Treaty of Washington by Canada, in the matter of the Welland Canal. The statement before us gives as the cause of complaint the imposition of toll by Canada upon American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, but as this same toll is taken from Canadian vessels it cannot afford a ground of complaint. The real cause of the threatened retaliation is no doubt the discrimination, not directly against American vessels, but against American ports, which is effected by the rebate granted to vessels taking their cargoes to Montreal, but withheld from those which stop short of that destination. This discrimination is defended, we believe, by the leaders of both Canadian parties, on the ground that no distinction is made between American and Canadian vessels. If the latter proceed to Montreal with their cargoes, they are entitled to the same rebate as Canadian vessels. If Canadian vessels unlade at a lake port on either side, instead of proceeding down the St. Lawrence, they lose the rebate just as American vessels do. To us it has always seemed, and we are unable to modify the opinion, that this is a subterfuge unworthy of the Canadian people. Probably it is not a violation of the letter of the Treaty, but can any candid man doubt that it is a violation of its spirit? Can we suppose for a moment that this clause of the Treaty would have been agreed to by the representatives of the United States, had it been clearly understood that it would be so interpreted in practice as to become what it unquestionably is, a means of discriminating in favour of a Canadian as opposed to an American port? From the higher point of view it only makes the matter worse that the Washington authorities have stooped to a very similar quibble. When, in accordance with the counter provision of the Treaty, the State of New York opened its canals to Canadian vessels on equal terms with American, the United States Customs Department rendered the supposed privilege worthless and nugatory by compelling Canadian barges which sought to take advantage of it, to discharge their cargoes at the first port of entry they reached in American territory. Thus both nations in turn "keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to the hope." A sorry spectacle, truly,

is that of two neighbouring peoples, related, too, by the ties of a common language, religion, and blood, instead of in generous rivalry striving to fulfil their mutual obligations in a large and generous spirit, seeking thus to gain each a petty advantage over the other by what is little better than a play upon words, a narrow adherence to the letter rather than to the obvious sense and spirit of their mutual engagements! It is now obscurely hinted that if the United States Government carries out the proposed retaliatory policy, the Canadian authorities may strike back by imposing a tax upon all American vessels coming from the upper lakes to Lake Erie, as it is alleged that they can at present do so only by passing through Canadian waters. The whole business, whether it is seriously proposed to carry it to such extremes or not, is not only small but dangerous. It is among the not far off possibilities that it may one day land us in the folly and crime of commercial non-intercourse, a state of things which, as Sir Charles Tupper has well said, is not far removed from actual war.

SOME interesting and highly instructive facts, bearing upon the conditions of country life, at the present day, in different countries, and upon the alarming tendency of the country people to crowd into the cities, are given by Rev. W. Tuckwell, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*. The cityward tendency does not appear to be at all universal, but is specially manifest in Great Britain and the United States and other Anglo-Saxon communities. Some of Mr. Tuckwell's statistics are strikingly suggestive:—

In England the owners of estates above one acre in size are about 300,000. In France they are 700,000. In England the average size of farms is 390 acres; in France 10 acres—4,000,000 owners holding properties of two acres, while farms of 200 acres are so few that they can be counted on the fingers. In 1880, France exported £27,000,000 worth of food; England imported £80,000,000 worth. In sixty years 8,500,000 emigrants have left England; less than 500,000 have left France. In England the rural population is 33 per cent. of the whole; in France it is upwards of 75 per cent. "Questioning everywhere . . . we met with unbroken testimony to the prosperity, freedom, thrift of the labouring peasant, as due to the facility of acquiring land cheaply and at will." The agricultural colleges send out 700 trained farmers a year, to be scattered over the country and spread technical knowledge of scientific husbandry among all classes.

Commenting on these facts, the *Christian at Work*, of New York, to which we are indebted for the above summary, says:—

It will be a sad day for this country (the United States), which reduces the number of the small farmers and fruit raisers: for of all industries the hope of the nation lies not in the factories, but in the small farms of the country—insuring health if not wealth, and affording relief from the wretchedness and misery which abound in the congested cities.

The remark is true but perhaps misleading. There is no condition of life more comfortable, or more pleasing in some of its aspects, than that of the independent and contented small farmer. But it is evident that not even his means of independence, or of competence, are contained wholly within the limits of his acres, be they few or many. He might, indeed, be able to supply abundant food for the wants of himself and family without going beyond the resources of his farm. But it is evident on the slightest reflection that but for the market for his surplus products which is supplied by the congested cities, at home or abroad, he and his must suffer for the want of the means of purchasing most of the other conveniences and comforts of life, whether for body or mind. Hence the hope of the nation, if it be a reasonable hope, must be built upon the factories and other industries, no less than upon the farms, small or large, of the country.

THERE can be no reasonable doubt, we suppose, that the ownership of the land of the nation by the few has had much to do with the unrest which has of late years been driving the population of Great Britain to the cities, until it is said that in some localities "the country districts are emptied of population, so that there are not enough hands to cultivate the soil; the towns are overcrowded, so that pauperism is enormously increased." The breaking up of the great estates and the multiplication of small holdings which will result from better facilities for the sale and purchase of land, cannot fail to do much towards bringing about a favourable change in the condition of the agricultural classes in the Mother Country. It may do much to check the undue flow of the population

to the great centres. But there are at least two other considerations which enter as important factors into the movement so much deplored, but which the small holding can do nothing to modify. In the first place, is not the contrast between the plodding industry and thrifty content of the French or Belgian peasant, and the unrest which drives the Anglo-Saxon to the city, at least as much a matter of racial temperament and trait as of farming conditions? We cannot speak from personal observation, but the question is both interesting and important. It is impossible to estimate the effect that might have been produced through long years upon the character and habits of the British agricultural labourer, had he been brought up under the influence of such a system as that which obtains in the continental countries named, but we should be surprised if it did not appear, on investigation, that the question is at least as much one of race and religion as of land tenure. In this western world, at least, it is impossible for us to conceive of the adventurous youth settling down contentedly upon a small farm and spending a lifetime in unambitious toil, only once in a decade, or a lifetime, finding his way out into the whirl and excitement of the great city. In the second place, is it not the fact that the introduction of labour-saving machinery, with the consequent amelioration of the conditions of agricultural life, and the lessening of the cost of production, have put the small farm at a disadvantage from which it can never recover? If we are not greatly mistaken, the reaping and mowing and threshing machines have had more to do than any other single agency in driving the country labourer to the city for employment. The small farmer can neither afford to use these expensive machines on his few acres, nor can he enter into competition with them, with his slow hand processes. Add to all this the effect of the wider diffusion of educational influences, and the aspiring ambitions which are begotten of our social and political systems, and it will, we think, be sufficiently apparent that we shall have to look much farther than to the multiplication of small farms for the cure of the cityward tendency of the day.

OTTAWA LETTER.

ALTHOUGH the charges made against the Post-Master General, by Mr. Edgar, are not to be enquired into by the Committee of Privileges and Elections, Sir Adolph is not yet out of the woods. While those who believe the charges can be sustained profess great disappointment that the allegations are not referred to a committee of the House, they certainly should be better pleased that they are to be looked into by a commission, than allowed to go by default altogether. The ground taken by the Opposition that it is absurd to expect justice to be done, when the accused practically appoints his own judge, and prepares the charges, was not unwisely taken, but a good deal of the force of the contention was lost when Mr. McCarthy's rider came in, to the effect that the names of the gentlemen comprising the commission shall be submitted to the House for its approval.

Taking everything into consideration the Ministry played a pretty strong card, and so far have come well out of the affair. To have declined any investigation would have put them before the country in a very bad light indeed, and there are not wanting good reasons why the *enquete* should not take place before a Parliamentary committee. In the first place it would mean the extension of the session far into the summer; it would also increase the bitterness of party feeling, which assuredly is not a thing to be desired. It would appear for other reasons that a committee is not the best body to carry on an investigation of this kind, although it is also true that such a body has certain distinct advantages over a commission. Parliament is supreme, and can enforce its orders without let or hindrance. He who is summoned must come. Just to what extent a commission can enforce its command, seems a question for difference of opinion.

Sir Richard Cartwright's amendment declares, the Opposition do not consider themselves at all bound to treat the commission seriously. Sir Richard said that he for one utterly and entirely refused, as his friends, on the occasion of the charges made by Mr. Huntington in the Pacific scandal, entirely refused to recognize the authority of any such Royal Commission or to appear before it. Mr. Edgar, he proceeded to say, would not be justified in appearing before any commission to answer for one word which had been stated by him from his place in Parliament. There is, indeed, force in this argument, as there always is in what the member for South Oxford has to say.

If the debate on the Caron charges was noticeable for anything, it was for the clearness and decision with which the transcendent powers of Parliament were emphasized. Mr. Cockburn, quoting "Delolme," said Parliament had power to do anything except to make a man a woman or a woman a man. Queen Victoria herself has only a Parliamentary title, and reigned by virtue of a Parliamentary

statute. Such strong words regarding the power of Parliament recall a deliverance of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in the well-known case, *Bradlaugh v. Gossett*, when the noted freethinker brought action against the Sergeant-at-Arms for forcibly expelling him from the House. The Chief Justice, on that occasion, said: "The House of Commons has full control over everything within its own walls, and the law courts cannot even enquire into any action within the House. If, therefore, its action were illegal, in the ordinary sense of the word, there could be no possible remedy."

The Opposition were very anxious that the debate should be adjourned, and three of their first-row men made three distinct and desperate appeals to the Leader of the House for an adjournment. Mr. Laurier first requested that further time should be allowed, but Sir John Thompson was obdurate, and having declined to listen to Mr. Laurier's petition, his fiat was not to be changed by anything Mr. Davies or Sir Richard had to say. The division came much earlier in the morning than was expected. The Government was supported by a majority of sixty-two, in a House of one hundred and eighty-eight members, so that the majority lacked only one of being equal to the entire Opposition vote. This was not very comforting to Mr. Edgar, who, it is said, expected that his motion would cause a split in the Government ranks.

The London election case, so far as it affects Judge Elliott, was reached on the order paper shortly after recess on Monday. The debate was resumed by Mr. Mulock, who spoke for over an hour. He was well armed for the fray, having on his desk articles from the *London Free Press*, which he said he could prove, by affidavits, were written by Judge Elliott, and some of which he read for the edification of the House. He pronounced the articles entirely blameworthy as proceeding from a judge, who was supposed, on his elevation to the Bench, to leave the bitterness of party politics behind him, and entered into a general arraignment of the gentleman whose conduct was in question.

The debate on this question lasted till after one o'clock on Tuesday morning. Mr. Tisdale followed Mr. Mulock, and in his most energetic manner attacked the petitioners and the mode in which the petition was started. The remaining participants were Messrs. Fraser, McDonald, Weldon, Lister, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Davies, and the result of it all is that the motion was voted down by a straight party vote, the Government having a majority of forty-two. So, for the present, *exeat* Sir Adolph and Judge Elliott from the stage of Parliament.

Mr. Charlton's Bill for the better observance of the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, was in committee on Monday, but did not meet with the consideration to which its projector thought it entitled, and was finally dismissed by the committee summarily rising, thus leaving the Bill to look after itself. It was in vain that Mr. Charlton appealed for a more courteous reception of his Bill. At least, let it pass through the usual stages, he urged, even if it be so mutilated as to bear no resemblance to its former self. The committee would not listen to anything of the kind, and ruled the question out of court by a vote of fifty-five to thirty-eight. When some of our great women deliberate in convention this coming summer, how they will lash the Parliament of Canada for its iniquity!

The general business of Parliament has been quite rapidly disposed of during the past week, and, were it not for the Redistribution Bill, an early prorogation might be in order. The Opposition would like to see the Bill stand over for consideration until next session, and there was a rumour afloat early in the week that such a course would be adopted. It is now thought, however, that the Bill will run its chance, though if the members to the left of the Speaker do not abuse it too roundly, some modification may be made in its provisions so as to render it less objectionable to the Opposition than it is now.

On Tuesday evening the House was warm over a discussion on the Intercolonial Railway, Mr. Haggart having pronounced for a system of retrenchment and reform, and stated to the House that he meant to economize by cutting down the staff and taking off certain of the trains, thus effecting a very considerable saving.

The members from down by the sea did not accept the proposal with any too good grace, while the Prince Edward Islanders said that they were singled out for vengeance since they would not fall into line and support the present administration.

Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Deputy Governor-General, has given his assent to a number of Bills in the Senate Chamber.

T. C. L. K.

It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.—*Franklin*.

AMONG the Cambrian mountains an instance is related of an eagle which, having pounced on a shepherd's dog, carried it to a considerable height; but the weight and action of the animal effected a partial liberation, and he left part of his flesh in the eagle's beak. The dog was not killed by the fall; he recovered of his wound, but was so intimidated that he would never go that way again. Subsequently the owner of the dog shot at and wounded one of the eagles. The bird, nearly exhausted, was found a week afterwards by a shepherd of Seatoller; its lower mandible was split, and the tongue wedged between the interstices. The bird was captured and kept in confinement, but it became so violent that ultimately it had to be destroyed.

THE BETTER DAY.

HARSH thoughts, blind angers, and fierce hands,
That keep this restless world at strife,
Mean passions that, like choking sands,
Perplex the stream of life,

Pride and hot envy and cold greed,
The cankers of the loftier will,
What if ye triumph, and yet bleed?
Ah, can ye not be still?

Oh, shall there be no space, no time,
No century of weal in store,
No freehold in a nobler clime,
Where men shall strive no more?

Where every motion of the heart
Shall serve the spirit's master call,
Where self shall be the unseen part,
And human kindness all?

Or shall we but by fits and gleams
Sink satisfied, and cease to rave,
Find love but in the rest of dreams,
And peace but in the grave?

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

VOTING BY COMMAND.

IN order that Canadians may fully appreciate the importance of the question of compulsory voting, I desire to place before them the following statement submitted to the members of the Select Committee of the House of Commons of Canada, to whose consideration has been referred the Bill of the present session entitled, "An Act to make voting compulsory":—

Relying upon that desire which actuates the members of this committee, the desire to calmly and thoroughly investigate and pass upon the principles involved in the Bill before them, I venture to put forward, in writing, a few extracts from the works of others, bearing upon the subject of compulsory voting in elections for the House of Commons.

The question whether an elector in Canada should be compelled to vote may be discussed from four standpoints, viz.: the moral, the ethical-political, the ideal-political, and the practical-political.

Extract "A," in the appendix hereto, from the pen of Dr. R. W. Dale, a Congregational minister of Birmingham, England, is a good example of the argument on religious grounds.

In extract "B," we have the views of the late Dr. Francis Lieber, as expressed in his "Manual of Political Ethics." The "Encyclopædia Britannica" includes this work when stating: "The political writings of Francis Lieber are held in great estimation by all publicists."

Nearly one-third of the electors of Canada refrained from voting in the elections of 1891, as is shown in quotation "C."

All scriptures, both sacred and the honest profane, are written for our learning; and he is a foolish statesman who acts without informing himself beforehand, from the history of nations and the writings of their best men, what had been advocated under similar circumstances by rulers and philosophers, and how their teachings were borne out and resulted when put to actual test.

Extract "D," taken from that Dialogue of Plato called "Laws," is given as showing the compulsory manner of voting enjoined by this philosopher in his ideal commonwealth for the Athenians, written about 350 years before Christ. This is the philosopher of whom it has been said, that "he has anticipated nearly all the questions that have swelled into importance in the metaphysical and ethical speculations of these later ages."

The only modern instance, we can discover, of the compulsory voting being made use of in state elections is that of the kingdom of Denmark. In 1866, a new electoral law was passed, in which the principles of compulsory voting and proportional representation were embodied. According to the Danish ambassador at Washington, this law has worked well; and according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" "notwithstanding her dismemberment (in 1864) Denmark has prospered to an astonishing degree, and her material fortunes have been constantly in the ascendant."

Let us return to Canada. Under the Dominion Elections Act it is provided that all persons possessing certain qualifications "on the day of the polling at any election for any electoral district, shall be entitled to vote at any such election for such electoral district, and no other persons shall be entitled to vote thereat." How does this Act work in practice? In 1891, as shown by appendix "C," out of 1,132,201 electors on the lists, only 730,457 voted. This fact might not be so much deplored but for the prophecy of the wise Lieber: "they whose voting is the least desirable are the surest to be at the poll." In Canada the surest to be at the poll are the venal, the bribed, the boodler, the place-hunter, the weak, the worthless, while the brains, the sinew, the substance of the State keep away from the poll. The latter do not answer to the question, What are the duties of your station? as does the elector in Bolingbroke's political catechism: "To endeavour, so far as I am able, to preserve the public tran-

quility, and, as I am an elector, to give my vote to the candidate whom I judge most worthy to serve his country."

The law of the land governs all; it declares that (for good reasons) certain persons (the majority) shall not vote; and declares that certain others—the privileged, the representative minority, the trustees of the Dominion people at large—are entitled to vote. What we want from the Bill is to substitute the words "must vote" for the words "shall be entitled to vote." The reason why they were not substituted at first was the argument that, although all electors could vote, yet some of them abstained; still the machinery of the law would not be affected, inasmuch as sufficient votes would be cast to carry out the intentions and the provisions of the Act. The bare provisions, as expressed in words, perhaps, but surely not the intentions of our law-makers. But we find that the machinery, for want of or from improper feeding, although it works, turns out bad work or inferior work. The work turned out by the electoral machine is not representative of the truest and best manhood of Canada—which it would be in time if the one-third laggards were whipped to the polling booth, and some of the new voters were whipped at it. If the army machine of England was not fed with sufficient recruits of good quality—what would happen? why, at once, a compulsory recruiting or conscription Act would be passed.

We have seen that on religious, moral, ethical, political, historical and practical grounds all electors should vote or be punished. We therefore call upon the members of the House of Commons to pass the Bill making voting compulsory. We ask those members who are ready to punish one of their number, who, having heard the question in the House, declines to vote; we ask them to punish electors in their electoral districts, who, having heard the pronouncements and appeals of the various candidates, decline to vote. In what do these two bodies differ?—they are both representatives, they are both trustees—the electors of the nation, the Commoners of the electors.

RICHARD J. WICKSTEED.

Ottawa, May, 1892.

APPENDIX.

Authorities, Citations, Opinions and Extracts in favour of.

A.—"The great outlines of national legislation and policy are laid down, not in Parliament, not in the Cabinet, but at the polling booths. It is the electors who make war or maintain peace, who repeal old laws and pass new ones, who interfere, justly or unjustly, between landlords and tenants, masters and servants, parents and children. Those who abstain from voting, determine the national policy as truly as those who vote. The responsibility of the Parliamentary franchise cannot be evaded. . . . According to the Divine order civil authority is necessary to the existence of civil society. Civil rulers are 'ministers of God.' But they are not designated to their office by a voice from heaven. In this country the sovereign and the peers inherit their position by birth; the rest have to be selected, directly or indirectly, by those who possess the franchise. It is surely a part of God's service to determine who shall be 'God's ministers,' and for the manner in which we discharge this service we are responsible to God. Not to vote is to act the part of the unfaithful servant who hid his talent in the earth and made no use of it. To vote corruptly is felony; it is to appropriate to our own purposes what we have received as trustees for the town or the nation."—*From the Laws of Christ for Common Life, by Dr. R. W. Dale.*

B.—"The question has been made, whether a citizen, possessing the right to vote, ought not to be legally bound to vote for general elections, as the citizen is obliged to serve on juries. Why, it is asked, should those for instance, who possess most property and receive the full benefit of the law, from indolence, superciliousness or cowardice be allowed to refuse to join in that manner of expressing public opinion or of appointing law-makers which the law of the land establishes? It cannot be denied that affixing a penalty for unexcused omission of voting would have this advantage at least, that the public opinion respecting the obligation of every citizen lawfully to aid in the politics of his country, and the discountenance given to political indifference, would be fixedly pronounced by law. . . . We have treated already of the bad motives and mischievous tendency of political apathy or superciliousness. A man who from indolence or blamable disdain does not go to the ballot-box knows little of the importance of the whole institution of the State, or must be animated by very little public spirit; or he deserves the mantle of lead which Dante apportioned to cowards in the lower regions. There seem to me to be two rules of perfect soundness and elementary importance in politics:—

1. There is no safer means of preventing factious movements of any kind, and the State from falling a gradual prey to calamitous disorders, wherever the franchise is enjoyed on an extensive scale, than the habitual steady voting of all who have the votive right at all primary elections.

2. The moral obligation of depositing without fail one's vote increases in the same ratio as the right of suffrage extends, which right will necessarily more and more extend with modern civilization, so that with increasing civilization this obligation of voting increases. . . . There is

no great principle which has ever actuated mankind that has not had likewise its inconvenience for the individual; so has the main moving principle of our times; but we are not on that account absolved from conscientiously acting upon it and acting it out. Therefore, if we have a mind honestly to join in the great duties of our period, we must act as conscientious citizens, and, if we mean to do this, we must go to the poll. It is, I repeat it to my readers, of primary importance, and the more they read history the more they will feel convinced of it. The more extended the franchise is, the more it must likewise extend to those persons to whom time is of little value, to people who make a feast-day, perhaps a riotous day, of the election time. They whose voting is the least desirable are the surest to be at the poll; but the industrious mechanic, the laborious farmer, the man of study, the merchant and professional man—in short, all those who form the sinew and substance of the State, feel it a sacrifice of time to go to the place of voting, where they are not unfrequently delayed for a long time, by the other class, from depositing their vote, especially in populous places. They are, therefore, the more imperatively called upon to keep constantly before their minds how important it is that they should vote, and not leave the election to be decided by those who have the smallest stake in the society. Let no man be prevented from voting by the consideration of the loss of a day's labour, or the inconvenience to which he may expose himself in going to the poll.—*From Manual of Political Ethics, by Dr. Francis Lieber.*

C.—The total votes on the lists on which the elections of 1891 were run numbered in all Canada 1,132,201, of which 730,457 voted. In 1887 the voters numbered 993,914, of which 725,056 voted.

D.—"The council shall consist of 360 members—this will be a convenient number for sub-division. If we divide the whole number into four parts of ninety each, we get ninety counsellors for each class. (Note. The Athenians were divided into four classes, according to their rated property.) First, all the citizens shall vote for members of the council taken from the first class; they shall be compelled to vote, and, if they do not, shall be duly fined. When the candidates have been elected, some one shall mark them down; this shall be the business of the first day. And on the following day the election shall be made from the second class in the same manner and under the same conditions as on the previous day; and on the third day an election shall be made from the third class, at which every one may, if he likes, vote, and the three first classes shall be compelled to vote; but the fourth and lowest class shall be under no compulsion, and any member of this class who does not vote shall not be punished. On the fourth day members of the council shall be elected from the fourth and smallest class; they shall be elected by all, but he who is of the fourth class shall suffer no penalty, nor he of the third, if he be not willing to vote; but he who is of the first or second class, if he does not vote, shall be punished; he who is of the second class shall pay a fine triple the fine which was exacted at first, and he who is of the first class quadruple. On the fifth day the rulers shall bring out the names noted down, in the presence of all the citizens, and every man shall choose out of them, under pain, if he do not, of suffering the first penalty; and, when they have chosen 180 out of each of the classes, they shall choose one-half of them by lot, who shall undergo a scrutiny; these are to form the council for the year."—*From the Dialogues of Plato. "Laws," Book U.*

E.—Provisions of the election law of Denmark, of 1867: Section 64. Notice is given to the direct electors of the Landsting of their being such, and of the time and place of election. . . . The electors are bound to present themselves on pain of penalty.

Section 74. Every person appointed an elector of the second degree is bound to accept the trust, unless he can plead a legal objection.

Section 75. Every elector of the second degree who makes default or abstains from voting is subject to a penalty of 20 rix-dollars—which penalty is absorbed by the poor-box of the commune or the municipal treasury.

Section 78. The electors of the second degree receive an indemnity of 48 skillings per mile, from their domicile to the place of voting for the Landsting.

Section 80. The electors of the second degree and the direct electors must be present at the place and at the hour of election.

Section 92. Any person neglecting the duties imposed by the present law is subject to a fine of from 10 to 200 rix-dollars: unless a severer penalty has been imposed.

THE Indian papers contain a report of some remarks on the Indian Army by General Von Kodolitsch, who has lately been travelling in India. He said he envied and admired the Indian army. He considered the Indian cavalry quite up to the standard of that of any continental power, and that it was able to hold its own, man for man, against any regiment of the French or Russian cavalry. The sporting qualities of the British officer, he said, particularly struck him during his tour in India, and this sport seemed to give the officers such good physical training for war that, in his opinion, this training in field sport was almost as important as that on the drill ground. He had nowhere seen so much money offered for prizes for rifle shooting as in India. As regards a Russian invasion, the General said the Russians would have no chance of success.—*The Times.*

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER III—(Continued).

AS the travellers approached the rising ground, which the dominie had perceived, the lawyer remarked that the hillocks had an artificial look.

"And they are undoubtedly artificial," replied Wilkinson.

"This is the township of Nottawasaga, once inhabited by the Tobacco tribe of the Hurons, who had many villages, and grew tobacco and corn, besides making beads, pipes, and other articles, for sale or barter. They made their pipes out of the Trenton sandstone. A great many village sites and ossuaries have been found in the township, the latter containing thousands of skeletons. They have all been opened up by the settlers for the sake of the copper kettles and other objects buried in them. These long, narrow hillocks are earthworks, the foundation of a rude fortification or palisade round a village. The Archaeological Reports of the Canadian Institute contain very full and interesting accounts of the explorations made in this very region. We are on historic ground, Corry."

"Poor old Lo!" ejaculated the lawyer; "whatever is that dog after? Hi, Muggins, Muggins!"

But Muggins would not leave the earthwork into which he was digging with rapidly moving forepaws. As Coristine remarked, it was a regular Forepaugh's circus. When the pedestrians came up to him, he had a large hole made, in apparently fresh dug earth, and had uncovered a tin box, japanned above. This the pair disinterred with their walking-sticks, amid great demonstrations from the terrier. The lawyer opened it judiciously, and found it to contain a lot of fragments of hard limestone, individually labelled. Looking over these, his eye rested on one marked P. B. Miss Du Plessis, lot 3, concession 2, township of Flanders. Others were labelled T. Mulcahy, S. Storch, R. McIver, O. Fish, with their lots, concessions and townships, and the initials F. M. and P.

"What is the import of this?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Import or export, it's the Grinstun man, the owner of this sagacious dog, that buried this box till he had time to bring a waggon for it. These are samples of grindstone rock, and, if I am not a Dutchman, F means fair, M, middling, P, poor, and P. B., prime boss, and that is Miss Du Plessis. Gad! we've got her now, Jewplessy, Do Please, Do Please-us, are just Du Plessis. It's a pleasant sort of name, Wilks, my boy?"

"What are you going to do with this treasure trove, might I ask?" inquired the dominie.

"Bury it," replied the lawyer.

"I trust you will make no unfair use of the information it contains, part of which was confided to me privately, and under seal of secrecy, by Mr. Rawdon?"

"Now, Wilks, how'd your tongue about that. I ask you no questions, you tell me no lies nor anything else. If you think I'm going to see a girl cheated, just because she is a girl, you don't know your friend. But you do, you honest old Wilks, don't you now?"

"Very well, only remember I breathed no hint of this in your ear."

"All right, old man," answered Miss Du Plessis' self-constituted advocate, as he shovelled the earth in over the tin box. "Muggins, you rascal, if you dig that up again, I'll starve you to death."

The pedestrians deserted the archaeological find, and trudged away into the north-west.

"Wilks, my dear, I feel like the black crow," said Coristine, as they journeyed along the pleasant highway.

"Like what?" asked the dominie, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Like the crow, don't you know?"

Said one black crow unto his mate,
What shall we do for grub to ate?

Faith, it'll be an awful thing if we're going to die of starvation in the wilderness."

"I thought you were a botanist, Corry?"

"So I am, in a small way."

"Then, what bushes are those in that beaver meadow?"

In another minute, the lawyer, closely followed by Muggins, was in the meadow, exclaiming "Vaccinium Canadense! Come on, Wilks, and have a feast." Muggins was eating the berries with great satisfaction, and Coristine kept him company. The dominie also partook of them, remarking: "This is the whortleberry, or berry of the hart, vulgarly called the huckleberry, although huckle means a hump, which is most inappropriate."

"That reminds me of a man with a hump, though there wasn't much heart to him," said Coristine, his mouth full of fruit. "He undertook to write on Canada after spending a month here. He said the Canadians have no fruit but a very inferior raspberry, and that they actually sell bilberries in the shops. As a further proof of their destitution, he was told that haws and acorns are exposed for sale in the Montreal markets. Such a country, he said, is no place for a refined Englishman. I don't wonder my countrymen rise up against the English."

"You forget, Corry, that I am English, and proud of my descent from the Saxon Count Witikind."

"Beg your pardon, Wilks, but you're a good English-

man, and I never dreamt your progenitor was that awful heathen:—

Save us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire.

As the Englishmen said, there is no need to hask 'ow the hell got into your name."

"Corry, this is most unseemly. I wonder you are not ashamed to speak thus, with that innocent dog beside you."

"O, dad, he's heard worse things than that; haven't you now, Muggins? Trust him to live with a cad of a Grinstun man, and not to pick up bad language."

"Ullo, there, you dog-stealers!" fell upon the ears of the berry-pickers like a thunder-clap. They looked up, and saw a neat waggonette, drawn by a team of well-kept bay horses, in which, on a back seat, sat Mr. Rawdon and a little girl with long fair hair. On the front seat were two well-dressed women, one of whom was driving; the other wore a widow's cap, and had a gentle, attractive face. The waggon stopped for them to come on to the road, which, leaving their berries, they did, taking off their hats to the ladies as they approached.

"We did all we could, Mr. Rawdon, to make your dog go back to the hotel, but he insisted on following us," said Wilkinson, apologetically.

"All very fine, my beauty, you 'ooked 'im and got 'im to shew you ware this 'ere box was. I'm hup to your larks, and you such a hinnocent too!"

Wilkinson was indignant, and denied having anything to do with the box.

"Be careful what you say, Mr. Rawdon," said Coristine, "I'm a lawyer, and may make a case, if you are not judicious in your language."

"Oh come hoff, I don't mean no 'arm; it's just my fun. 'Ave you any hobjection to give these 'ere gents a lift, Mrs. Thomas?"

"None, whatever," replied the lady who was driving.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll get him halongside hof your sister hin front, hand leave them to keep company with little Marjorie 'ere," said the working geologist; and climbed over into the front seat outside of the attractive widow. Still, the pedestrians hesitated, till Mrs. Thomas, a by no means uncomely woman, said: "Get in, gentlemen, we shall be pleased to have your company." This decided them. They sprang into the waggon, one on each side of the little girl called Marjorie. The horses trotted along, and Muggins hovered about them, with an occasional ecstatic bark.

"I like you and your little dog," said Marjorie to Coristine, who replied: "God bless you for a little darling." After this interchange of confidence, they became great friends. Wilkinson found himself somewhat left out, but the Grinstun man threw him an odd bone, now and then, in the shape of a geological remark, keeping clear, however, of grindstones.

"What's your name, Marjorie?" asked the lawyer.

"My name is Marjorie," she replied.

"Yes, but what's your other name?"

"Marjorie Carmichael."

"Is that your father's name?"

"No, my papa's name is Captain Thomas."

"And has he got a ship on Lake Simcoe?"

"Yes, how did you know? He's got a ship, and a lumber yard, and a saw mill, and a farm, and a lot of things. Saul is on the farm, and Mr. Pratt works the mill, and Gudgeon looks after the yard, and Sylvanus is on the boat."

"Who is Saul?"

"He's the father of Sylvanus and Timotheus. Only Timotheus doesn't work for us. He wouldn't say his catechism on Sundays, so Saul said he had to go. I don't wonder he wouldn't say his catechism, do you? It speaks about God's getting awful angry and cursing. God doesn't get angry with little boys and girls and curse them, does he, Mr. What's your name?"

"My name is Coristine, but the name my little sister would have called me, if I had had a little sister like you, would be Eugene. No, I never read that God cursed any little girls and boys, nor anybody, not even the devil."

"And he's very very bad, isn't he? My cousin Marjorie Carruthers, that I'm called after, says Timotheus should have learned his catechism; but she doesn't think God curses children. Then I said he oughtn't to learn what isn't true."

"O my darlint, but it's right you are. I wish I had you up on the dais at the Synod, to teach the bishops and all the clergy. Is she a nice little girl, your cousin Marjorie?"

"She's nice, but she isn't little, not a single bit. She lives away away in Toronto, and teaches school. Now, put your head down and I'll whisper something in your ear."

Coristine put his head down beside the long, fair curls, and Marjorie whispered, pointing a finger at the same time towards the widow: "That's my Aunt Marjorie, and she's Marjorie's mother."

"Where is cousin Marjorie now?"

"She's up at Uncle Carruthers', along with Miss Du Plessis. Do you know Miss Du Plessis? Oh, she's lovely, and, do you know?—put down your head again—that ugly little man sitting by Auntie says he's going to marry her. Isn't it too bad?"

"Infernal little beast! O, my dear Marjorie, I beg your pardon. I was thinking of that rascal of a mosquito on your hand—there, he's dead! Yes, it would be too bad, but she'll never marry such a man as that."

"Perhaps she'll have to, because she's very poor, and he says he's going to make heaps and heaps of money. People shouldn't marry for money, should they?"

"No, dear, they should marry for love, if they marry at all. Will you marry me when you grow to be a young lady?"

"No, you'll be too old then. Put your head down. You go and take away Miss Du Plessis from that naughty, bad little man, and I'll love you, O, ever so much."

"But perhaps she won't have me."

"Oh, yes she will, because you would look very nice if you would take that black stuff that scratched me off your face."

"I will, I'll get a clean shave at Collingwood this very night."

"Then I'll get Auntie to write to Marjorie and tell her that my own Prince Charming, with a clean shave, is coming to take Cecile away from the ugly little rich man that says: 'An' 'ow is my young friend?' Won't that be nice?"

"Oh, please don't tell your aunt to write that."

"But I will, so there!"

The waggonette was now in the midst of a rather pretty village situated on a branch of the Nottawasaga River, and came to a stand still opposite the post office.

"If you gentlemen have business in the village, you can get out here," said Mrs. Thomas, "but, if not, we shall be pleased to have you dine with us."

The pedestrians thought of their last tavern experience, and felt disposed to accept the hospitable invitation, but Marjorie clinched their resolution by saying: "Eugene is coming to dinner with me, and his friend may come too," at which everybody laughed. The waggon moved on for another half mile, and then stopped in front of a pretty and commodious frame house, painted white, with red-brown doors and window frames and green shutters. Porch and verandah were covered with Virginia creeper, climbing roses and trumpet honeysuckle. Mr. Rawdon looked after himself, but Wilkinson and Coristine helped the ladies and the little girl to dismount, while an old man with a shock head, evidently Saul, took the horses round. Muggins greeted the whole party with a series of wiggles and barks, whereupon the Grinstun man gave him a savage kick that sent the dog away yelping.

"I said you were a naughty, bad, cruel man to my own self and to people I like," said Marjorie with indignation, "but now I say it right out to you, and for everybody to hear that wants to—a nasty, ugly, cruel little man!"

The working geologist was very angry and got very red in the face. Had he dared, he would probably have kicked the girl too. Policy compelled him to keep his temper outwardly, so he turned it off with a laugh, and said: "You don't know that little beast has I do, Marjorie, or you wouldn't go hand take 'is part. Of all the hungrateful, treacherous, sneakin', bad-'earted curs that ever gnawed a bone, 'e's the top-sawyer."

"I don't believe it," answered Marjorie stoutly, and with all the license allowed to a late and only child.

When the ladies took off their bonnets and rejoined their guests in the parlour, the pedestrians were much struck with their appearance and demeanour, especially in the case of Mrs. Carmichael, than whom no lady could have been more gentle mannered and gracious. She had evidently had enough of Mr. Rawdon, for she turned in the most natural way to Wilkinson and engaged him in conversation on a variety of topics. The schoolmaster found her a charming talker and an interested listener. Marjorie and Coristine sat on a sofa with Muggins between them, while the working geologist banged about some photographs on a centre table. At dinner, to which Mrs. Thomas soon summoned them, Coristine had the post of honour with Marjorie to his right. Mrs. Carmichael sat at the foot of the table with Wilkinson by her side, and Rawdon was at Mrs. Thomas' left. While doing justice to an excellent repast, the lawyer informed his hostess that he was not an entire stranger to her family, and gave an account of his passage in the *Susan Thomas* from Belle Ewart to Barrie. He also referred to Sylvanus and Timotheus, and dwelt upon the excellent service rendered by the latter. The Grinstun man disliked the turn things were taking, as he felt himself out in the cold, for the widow absorbed the dominie, and Marjorie would not look at him.

When dessert came on the table, he turned to the schoolmaster and rudely interrupted his conversation, saying: "Look 'ere, Mr. Favosites Wilkinsonia, I don't see as you've hany call to keep hall the widder's talk to yourself. I move we change places," and he rose to effect the change.

"Really," said Wilkinson, with offended dignity, "I am not accustomed to anything of that description at a dinner party where there are ladies; but, if it's Mrs. Carmichael's desire that we should interchange seats, I am ready to comply."

Mrs. Carmichael evidently did not relish being called "the widder," nor the society of Mr. Rawdon, for she answered, "Certainly not, Mr. Wilkinson," and resumed her conversation with him. The baffled geologist turned to the hostess, while Marjorie engaged Coristine's attention, and in a petulant way stated his case. "You know the kind of man I am, Mrs. Thomas, I'm a man of haction. I strike wen the hiron's 'ot. By good luck, I went back to Peskiwanchow last night, though it is a beastly 'ole, and got letters hat the post hoffice this mornin'. My hagent at Toronto says, Mrs. Do Please-us is pretty badly hout for want of chink, hand that the girl's ready to

jump hat hany reasonable hoffer. Now, hall I say his, give a man a chance. If she's the stunner they say she his, I'll marry her hinside of a week and make a lady of 'er, and hallow the hold 'ooman a pound a week, yes, I'll go has 'igh has thirty shillin', that's seven dollars and a 'arf. You get me a hinvite or give me a hintroductio to your brother's 'ouse in Flanders, and get the widder to back it hup with a good word to 'er daughter that's Miss Do Please-us's bosom friend, and I'll give the captng the contrack to carry hall the grinstuns shipped to Lake Simcoe ports." Then, sinking his voice to a whisper, he continued, "I'll do one better; I'll show you ware there's has fine a quarry of buildin' stun hon your farm 'ere has can be got hanyware in Canidy. Then, wot's to 'inder your 'avin the best 'ouse twixt 'ere and Collinwood?" This last stroke of policy carried his point, and secured him the promise of an introduction, but Mrs. Thomas could not promise for her sister. All the time, Cristine, who could not help overhearing, twisted his moustache fiercely, and, under his breath, called the geologist a contemptible and unspeakable little cad.

Shortly afterwards, much to Marjorie's grief, the pedestrians put on their knapsacks and grasped their sticks for the road. They warmly thanked their hostess and her accomplished sister for their kind hospitality, and for the exceedingly pleasant hours they had spent in their company. They were cordially invited to call any time when they were near the village, and especially when the captain was at home, as he would never forgive himself for missing this treat. Marjorie kissed her Eugene, telling him to be a good boy, and remember what he had promised her about "you know who." "Ullo young 'ooman," said the Grinstun man, "you had ort to save one of them for yours haffectionately," at which the small lady was so indignant that she threatened to box his ugly big ears. "O Marjorie, how rude! whatever will these gentlemen from Toronto think!" Cristine could not bear to leave his little friend in disgrace, without a word of comfort, so he said: "Pardon me, Mrs. Thomas, for saying that the rudeness did not originate with Marjorie," for which the child gave him a grateful glance. "You had better keep your dog in, Mr. Rawdon," called out Wilkinson, "or he will be after us again." The little man ran down the garden walk to get a farewell kick at his property, but Muggins, foreseeing danger, ran out of the gate, which old Saul held open for him. "You can keep the beastly cur, I don't want 'im, hungrateful, treacherous, long legged, 'airy brute," the last two adjectives being put in for Cristine's benefit, as allusions to his height and his moustache.

"Come back, Mr. Wilkinson," called Mrs. Carmichael. The dominie returned, and had a large fragrant rose pinned by fair hands to his button hole, blushing violently all the time. "You come back too, Eugene, but don't let Muggy in or he'll be kicked," cried Marjorie, who, on her favourite's return, gave him another parting salute and pinned two roses on his coat. Muggins waited for them till they closed the gate finally behind them, lifted their hats three times, and began their afternoon's journey.

"That Mrs. Carmichael," remarked Wilkinson, is one of the most intelligent and lady-like women I ever met, and she is wonderfully well read in the poets, Corry."

"I thought that subject was tabooed between us, Wilks?"

"Oh no, my dear fellow, I have no objection to the sex in a Platonic way."

"Dad, but it wasn't very platonic you looked when the pretty widow was fastening that button hole for you. Was she talking about her daughter at the schools?"

"Not a word; she did not even hint that she had a daughter. She must have been very young when the doctor married her."

"Well, that's one thing we have to thank that howling cad of a Grinstun man for. I'm real sorry I missed having a chat with Saul about the catechism."

"What is that!" So the lawyer related his conversation with Marjorie, and Wilkinson said, "Really, Corrie, as an educationist, I must say you do wrong to encourage such pertness in so young a child."

"Pertness is it? It's nature's own cleverness in the sweet little lass. Wilks, I'd give a good deal to have that little sunbeam or one like her with me all the time."

"Adopt one," suggested the schoolmaster.

"Adopt one," replied the lawyer with a bitter laugh, "adopt one for Mrs. Marsh to look after? No, when I've a house of my own and a good housekeeper, and more time to spend on a child, I'll think over the hint."

The pair tramped steadily on, though the sun was hot, for there was a pleasant breeze, and the scenery became bolder and more picturesque. They came to rising ground, at the foot of which lay a fertile valley, and beyond it the Blue Mountains. Gazing across at them, the dominie exclaimed:—

Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud—or there
Do we behold the frame of Erin's coast?

"No, Wilks, no! Erin's away on the confines of Wellington and Peel, and we are on those of Simcoe and Grey."

"Slight man, did you not perceive that I quoted poetry, and that the allusion is to your native isle?"

"Faith, I wish the real Erin was over there; it's the old lady would be in my arms as fast as I could run across. But this place deserves a song, so here goes:—

Though down in yonder valley
The mist is like a sea,
Though the sun be scarcely risen,
There's light enough for me.

For, be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right.

We wander by the woodland
That hangs upon the hill;
Hark! the cock is tuning
His morning clarion shrill;
And hurriedly awaking
From his nest amid the spray,
Cheerily now, the blackbird,
Whistling, greets the day.
For be it early morning, etc.

We gaze upon the streamlet,
As o'er the bridge we lean;
We watch its hurried ripples
We mark its golden green.
Oh, the men of the north are stalwart,
And the norland lasses fair;
And cheerily breathes around us
The bracing norland air.
We smoke our black old meerschaums,
We smoke from morn till night,
While cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right."

"Well done, Corry! I thought at first it was your own composition, but I see it is an English song."

"Yes, it came out long ago as 'The Tramp's Song' in *Sharpe's Magazine*, where I found it, and changed moor and moorland to north and norland, as better suited to our purpose. It's a good song."

"What kind of vehicle is that just in front of us?"

"It's a pole on four wheels drawn by a team of oxen, and I'm going to make a triumphant entry into Collingwood on it. The driver is a negro, as black as my boots—were." Cristine soon overtook the remarkable vehicle, and accosted the driver, telling him that he had ridden on horses, donkeys, mules, and once each on a cow, a camel and an elephant; in all sorts of carriages, carts and waggons, even to a gun-carriage, but never on a pole behind an ox team. Had he any objections to letting him and his friend get aboard? The coloured gentleman showed a fine set of ivory, and said he had no dejections in the leas', and guessed the oxen didn't hab none. "The po-ul," he remarked, "is thar, not foh ridin' on, but ter keep the axles apaht, so's ter load on bodes and squah timbah. If yoh's that way inclined, the po-ul aint a gwine ter break frew, not with yoh dismenshuns. Guess the oxen doan hab ter stop for yoh bof ter git aboahd?"

"Not a bit," said Cristine, as he jumped on the pole behind the driver. "Come on, Wilks, it's a cross between the tight rope and the tiller of the *Susan Thomas*." But the dominie refused to be charmed or inveigled into a position of peril or ridicule.

"Yoh best take this yeah feed-bag ter save yoh pants and fezzletate the keepin' of yoh ekilibroom," said the courteous darkey, as he handed the lawyer one of the bags that formed his own cushion.

"Wilks, with a feed-bag under you, riding on a rail is just heavenly."

"If it was a rai-ul, you'd know it mighty soon, boss, fer rai-uls is anguliah and shahp and hahd on the pants, but a po-ul is rounded and smooove. How are yoh comin' along?"

"In great shape, Mr.—"

"Maguffin, sah, is my applenashun. Tobias Mor-timah Magrudah Maguffin. The low down folks around, they teenames me Tobe and Toby, that's the shanty men and mill hans. But when I goes whar they's a meetin' of the bruddren, it's Mistah Maguffin, ebery time."

The pole cart, as Cristine called it, was going down hill, now, and the oxen began to run.

"Hole on tight, Mistah, them cattle's too lazy to stop runnin' befoh they gits to the determination ob this derclivity," called the driver; and the lawyer held on in spite of frantic cries from his companion. "Come off, Cristine, come off, and do not make an object of yourself before the whole town." Cristine held on till the bottom of the hill was reached. Then he shook hands with his coloured brother, returned him the feed bag, and waited for Wilkinson. In friendly converse they entered the town of Collingwood, and put up at a clean and comfortable, almost fashionable, hotel. There, for the night, they may be left in safety, with this remark, that Cristine fulfilled his promise to the little girl, and got a clean shave before retiring.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOCHROMY.*

ONE of the most wonderful and fascinating of all sights is the appearance of a latent image on a sensitized plate when the photographer has removed it from his camera and poured over it a developing solution. First, in a nebulous way, a darkening cloudiness appears where the brightest lights have struck the prepared film. Gradually the shading spreads, and as, in the Mosaic account of creation, from that which was without form and void, the moving spirit of God caused the dry land, the firmament and its lights, plants, animals and man successively to appear; so, in the mysterious light of the photographic sanctum, vague forms are evolved from the gloom; lines, first indistinct, grow definite, shadows and bright lights by contrast assist each other, and soon the fixed and finished picture delights the eye. Lovely as are these views of curling wave on a stretch of sandy beach, of white-winged yachts dancing on a lively sea, of lightning expresses dash-

*A paper read before the members of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, by Mr. Arthur Harvey.

ing across the scene at a mile a minute, of ocean grey-hounds rushing with the might of ten thousand horses between the divided Atlantic swells, of peaceful woodland brooks and glades, of the clouds, those fickle-minded riders of the storm, of lightning flash and flying bird—not to mention the portraits of relatives and friends—this one regret has always been present to all our minds, "that we could not fix the colours which so charmed us in nature upon the ground glass of the camera!" For many years this achievement has mocked our hopes:—

Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colours leaping on the wall.
And then the music faded, and the Grail
Past, and the beam decayed, and from the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the night.

We could photopict the colours, but they seemed unreal mockeries, they would not stay. Now, however, Ariel is enfranchised from the cloven pine, and a new Prospero has arisen who has bidden him obey. The fugitive colours have been imprisoned, have been taught to fetter themselves in the slightest yet firmest of walls—the two surfaces of a film of collodion or gelatine.

Like all the greatest achievements of science, photo-chromy is a wonderfully simple thing—nothing more, indeed, than placing a mirror behind a photographic plate—but, lest some of my readers should not have read with care the accounts of this new discovery, I will ask you to re-enter with me for a short time the field of elementary physics, whence we will, by an easy road, reach the quarters of M. Lippmann, professor of the Sorbonne, Paris, France. Nor shall we want much apparatus or many diagrams.

Two children hold the ends of a long rope: one shakes his end up and down, and continuous pulses throb prettily along the hempen strands; the other then joins in the diversion, and from both ends the undulations sweep rhythmically on. Let us shorten the rope and reduce its size; we now have a fiddle string. We make it vibrate, we have a sound, the pitch being measured by the rapidity with which the vibrations succeed each other. We touch the string exactly in the centre, each half vibrates with twice the rapidity; we have an octave higher, and in the centre we have a node or quiescent point, the limits of the vibrating string-lengths being similar ventral curves. Dividing again we have four ventral curves, five nodes, including the terminals, and a sound an octave higher still. Dividing the string into other ratios, we have different notes, and, of course, variations in the number of vibrations with different nodal lengths.

I may recall from the school books that the lowest note of a 7½ octave piano makes about twenty-seven vibrations a second; the highest, 4,224. The range of the human voice lies between 100 and 1,000 vibrations per second. I can hear down to seventeen vibrations per second, below which, silence, and up to about 45,000, above which, silence. Some can hear down to sixteen, and some up to 50,000. There are, however, many sounds in nature which none of us can hear. I think I was the first to call attention, in 1857, to the visible sound of Niagara, if I may be allowed the term. The windows of the houses on the brink of the canyon vibrate steadily through the night at about one-half beat per second, with several secondary tremors due to harmonic overtures of this great diapason. This means five or six octaves below the lowest note of the piano. Again, since it takes a thirty-two foot pipe to yield the low sound of the piano wire, this is equivalent to the vibrations of a pipe, open at both ends, of about 4,000 feet. The sound seems evidently to be produced by the air and water moving across one end of the canyon at the falls, this representing one end of a pipe, the other being either where the rapids begin or where the sharp curve at the whirlpool occurs. I need not point out that there is practically a closing of this immense tube on the third or upper side, by the transverse current of air, which, at night time, in most states of the weather, blows gently across the chasm. In the day time the heating of the walls of the canyon by the sun produces currents of air, which usually prevent the closing of the tube on the fourth side and destroy the regular vibrations until the nightfall. So, too, at the other end of the scale. We can all hear the hum of the tiny mosquito, about 30,000 to the second, but many cannot hear the song of the white mouse or the squeal of the bat, while who can hear the note of the wings of the sand fly, or tell whether insects, considered dumb, have not a voice, caused by the vibrations of some organ or filament, which they may have the power of hearing throughout their frame?

Let me, reverting to the question of nodes in our fiddle string, now ask you which parts of the ventral swell will cause most sound? Evidently the centres, while the quiescent nodes produce none whatever. And further let me remind you that just as when you tie one end of a string to a fixed point and vibrate the other, the pulses return to your hand and form nodes of interference, points at which the string is not moving up or down; so in sound, echoed and re-echoed, there are points of interference which multiply into planes of interference. It is not uncommon in the case of a violin or violoncello to find what is called a wolf, i.e., at least one note which will not sound, owing to interference with that fundamental note of the instrument which is due to the vibrations of the body of air contained therein.

And now we are ready for the theory of photochromy. Light, like sound, moves in pulses through the æther which

fills the universe, which is not imponderable, but has indeed been weighed, and must have a quality answering to extreme rigidity or incompressibility—for if yielding it could not transmit a pulsation with rapidity. The weight of the sphere of ether, of which the earth's orbit is a circumference, is placed at 4,400,000 tons, by Mr. J. M. Clark (Trans. Can. Institute, October, 1891). There are many ways in which the velocity of light can be measured, the easiest being that connected with the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. We know the mean times at which these eclipses should happen: also approximately the distance of the earth from the sun. Now it is manifest that when the earth is on the side of the sun nearest to Jupiter it is a whole diameter of the orbit nearer to that grand planet than when it is on the side farthest from Jupiter. The farther it is off the later these eclipses appear to be; the nearer it is, the earlier. Hence the time needed for light to traverse the orbit of the earth is easily noted, and it is about 16½ minutes corresponding to 186,000 miles, or 300,000 kilometres a second. Now the number of luminous vibrations must be enormous; in inverse proportion to the tenuity of ether and the velocity of light. Also the length of the light waves must be very small. And as colours correspond to sounds, each colour having—like each sound—a different wave length, so we find that red corresponds to four hundred millions of millions of vibrations per second, while violet corresponds to seven hundred and fifty millions of millions. So the wave length of red is seven ten-thousands of a millimetre or, say, one three hundred thousandth part of an inch; that of violet larger or, say, sixteen or seventeen one millionth parts of an inch.

The other simple colours are intermediate between these, and as for the compound colours, they are like compound sounds. As in the sounds of a fiddle string, of a flute or of a bell you do not get the simple sound, but the sound modified by various harmonies, due to the instrument, which change its character and so differentiate to the ear the peculiar tone of the violin, the flute, the bell—so with colours, the different vibratory motions of each can superimpose themselves and give rise to a resultant vibration which produces through the eye the impression of a compound colour.

The well-known phenomena of the colourings of a soap-bubble are thus to be explained. Light strikes the bubble and is reflected both from the exterior and interior surfaces of the tenuous film. The light which comes back from the inside of the film has twice traversed its thickness, and is therefore so much behind that which is reflected from the outside. The waves do not usually interfere at first, and no colour is visible, the walls being thick and in movement. Shortly, by evaporation, they get thinner and restful, showing in patches successively red, orange, green, blue and violet; then the bubble bursts. If the thickness of the bubble is equal to half-a-wave length or an odd number of half-wave lengths, there will be interference, i.e., extinction of light; if to an even number there will be a reinforcement of the colour to which those particular wave-lengths are due. To the differences in thickness we therefore owe the differences in colour of the bubbles.

If then we place a reflecting surface, a mirror, behind a sensitized film, and expose it in the camera, focussed on a red object, the reflected rays must "interfere" with the direct rays, and the thickness of the film will be divided into just so many parallel sections as there are semi-wave lengths of red therein. There will be just so many parallel planes of dark points at which the nodes of interference occur, and so many planes of illumination at which the ventral curves have their greatest extension. If the film be 1000th of an inch in thickness, there will be three hundred such parallel planes of red-darkness, and three hundred of red-light maxima. Of course, as sound re-inforces sound, as three hundred voices attuned alike are louder than one, so there is a re-inforcement of the red-light by this multiplication of planes reflecting red. The same with other colours; a violet object will in the same film produce 160 or 170 such planes of wave-nodes and ventral maxima, and if we expose the spectrum to the plate, or I should say the plate to the spectrum, we shall have each colour producing, by reflection, its separate series of such strata.

We now use in photography what is called a dry plate; that is, a pane of glass, covered with a film of collodion, gelatine, or albumen, soaked in a solution of iodide or bromide of silver, and dried . . . of course in the dark. When the light strikes it the most brilliant rays decompose the translucent silver-salt, and particles of metallic silver are formed which render the plate more or less opaque. These particles are finer than the matter which colours the smoke of a cigar, but the numbers of them in the film produce opacity—more or less according to the intensity of the light and the time allowed for decomposition. If anyone has not seen a photographic negative, he will find it worthy of his inspection. Now it would seem that if we were to place a mirror behind an ordinary dry plate we should produce the effect of colour without more ado, and I incline to the belief that this is possible, if we were to work with care and choose special plates. However it is found that in drying the substance of these films granulates and the grains are large enough to traverse several of the layers of silver particles which form in the planes of the semi-wave length ventral maxima, thus breaking up their continuity. So a wet plate has to be resorted to; one coated with both collodion and albumen

by the Taupenot process is preferred. This film contains some haloid of potassium, either a chloride bromide or iodide, but bromide gives the best results. Plunged in a 10 per cent. solution of nitrate of silver, bromide of silver is formed within the substance of the film, and our thus sensitized plate is ready.

We must now choose our mirror. A surface of silver would be immediately dimmed by the chemicals from the film, so a surface of mercury has been resorted to. A holder is prepared, quite mercury tight. The plate is put in the groove of the holder, which thus forms a box, the sensitive film inside, the mercury is then poured in, and the surface remains bright long enough to permit the completion of the process.

Here, however, we are met by the difficulty of the very different actinic power of the rays of differently coloured light. Red has so little effect on silver salts that photographers "load" their plate holders by ruby-light and develop by it too. Yellow light is nearly as innocuous, and if you have a red and a yellow pane, superimposed, in your dark-room window, you can almost defy the light to touch your plate at all. By way of completing the parallel between sound and colour, let me add that there are chemical effects below the visible colours of the spectrum-band; resembling the unheard bass of the waterfall and the unheard treble of the sandfly's wing.

If then we gave our plate only enough exposure to bring out the violet and blue tints, we should not have given it enough to bring out the yellows and the reds, while if we had given it enough to bring out the reds and yellows, we should have over-exposed it with respect to the blues and violets; it will therefore be "fogged" as to these—or they will come out black from over exposure.

So Professor Lippmann resorted to the use of coloured screens. Putting before his lens a solution of helianthine, contained in a flat glass vessel with exactly paralleled sides, he shut out all rays excepting red. When the red rays had produced their due effect, he removed the red screen, and by a yellow solution of bichromate of potassium he let in red and green, still excluding blue and violet. Having allowed time for the green rays to do their work, he removed the screen and thus the blue and violet almost instantaneously (by comparison) affected the plate.

Professor Lippmann found that while two hours were necessary for the red rays to produce their full effect, twenty minutes were enough for the green, and one or two minutes for blue and violet. In his first experiments he necessarily restrained the sensibility of his plates. In later practice, he reduced to ten minutes the time of exposure to red light, and at last by dipping in cyanine the sensitized plates, he prepared plates as sensitive to red as to blue, so that he has lately been able to photograph in six minutes a complete spectrum, without having recourse to screens at all.

The spectrum was that produced by an 800 candle power electric light. By concentrating such a spectrum with a lens, it was recently photographed in two minutes by Mr. Molteni, before the Photo. club of Paris, and I hope, next year, to repeat the experiment before this Society.

The development of the plate thus obtained demands a moment's attention. The image is of course latent when the plate is removed from the camera. It is plunged into a bath of pyro-gallic acid and sesqui-carbonate of ammonia. When the image becomes visible, in black, it is fixed in weak hyposulphate of soda, well washed, and set out to dry.

Then comes the magical apparition of the colours, each tint appearing in due sequence; a magnificent sight which it is said those cannot fully appreciate who have not been privileged to see it.

The film being swollen by the washing, the red has its planes of colour too far apart to reflect colour of any kind, while the planes due to violet wave-lengths are so far separated from each other that they reflect a red. As the drying proceeds, the red shifts towards its proper place, and in its stead, the green appears, which in its turn gives way to blue, and finally when the plate is dry, the violet shows its lovely tint at one end, while the red has taken up its position at the other, to which it legitimately belongs.

If the plate is under developed, it can be intensified, like any other—but you must use acid, not mercury bichloride, because it thickens the deposit between the planes or layers, and by thus changing their distance apart, destroys the coloration. If you look at the plate by transmitted light, you will, of course, see the complementary colours. In either case the colour can best be observed by diffused light, that is, under a shade such as that given by an awning.

The film can be removed from the glass plate, and transferred to white cardboard by the ordinary method.

I have, perhaps, been somewhat prolix in this account of the mode in which Lippmann has imprisoned colours in the film of gelatine—as Edison fixed sound on the surface of his cylinder of mineral wax. I have, however, condensed a good deal the accounts of the inventor and of his friend, M. Alphonse Berget, which have been published in the *Revue Scientifique*.

They are both justly proud that this discovery belongs to France, the country of Daguerre, and I think myself that the world is now apt, not to overvalue the Germans, but to undervalue the French scientists, whose logical

methods and precision of argument and process are worthy of all praise and imitation. Paris still deserves, I believe, the eulogium of our Bulwer Lytton: "O, mon Paris—*foyer des idées et ciel du monde*." Oh, my beloved Paris, birthplace of thought, eye of the world! It remains for experience to suggest improvements, and I have brought the matter forward here that Canadians may be thinking of it, too. It has occurred to me that a polished plate of aluminum might be used instead of the mercury, and it is possible that a coating of mercury and tin put upon the reverse of a plate in the usual inexpensive method of looking-glass factories, and then prepared, may give good results. I am, however, far from thinking that a landscape or a portrait taken in colours by photochromy would be artistically pleasing, even as the motions of horses, or of athletes, taken on the instantaneous plate, are not satisfactory to the eye.

MAIDENLY MODESTY OR IMMODESTY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

CHARLES LAMB'S well-known pleading, in his essay on Shakespeare's Tragedies, for the reading of these plays rather than their acting is supported by a French writer in a recent number of *La Revue Bleue*, who has not words strong enough for the genius, the richness of the poetry, the profundity of thought in "Hamlet," which yet his French judgment does not hesitate to pronounce to be a drama very badly constructed for the stage.

However, that by the way.

But another reason given by M. Jules Guillemot against acting Shakespeare is, that his work "is full of obscenities which it is impossible for us to admit in our theatres."

Now, it is quite true that there is a rougher giving of busses by Falstaff, and a coarser brutality of sneering by Iago than can be found in plays of Molière: not to speak of the English Restoration drama whose outrageous characteristics are in such striking contrast to the absence of such in the French drama of that or indeed of any period. The contrast is best shown, and in all its monstrosity, when placing—for instance—Wycherley's "adaptation" of "Le Misanthrope" side by side with the original: and one might illustrate this contrast by Dryden's "adaptations" of "The Tempest" and "Paradise Lost." But when all is said, not only of Shakespeare's plays, but even of those of the Restoration dramatists, one has to keep in mind habits of thought, and customs of time and place: Is there not the account of Cowper reading "Jonathan Wild" to quiet pious ladies, and causing no flutter nor distress; and did not a noble old Scottish dame tell Sir Walter Scott that in her young days even Mrs. Aphra Behn's comedies were read aloud to mixed companies of decent men and women; not without offence surely in one sense, yet the mere reading not being held an offence?

Apply all that with ten-fold force to Shakespeare. And may one not say that if we could without offence read out "Othello" we should be all the better for it. If purity and prudery are not as often enemies as allies, then not only dramatists and satirists, but moralists, and even ascetics such as Cardinal Newman, are very wrong in many of their explicit statements. To be sure it is a different question.

But going further, and not taking into account differences of time and place at all, is it not astonishing to find a critic going on to find obscenities in Miranda, no matter when or where she is made known? M. Guillemot continues: "The sweet Miranda, one of the most exquisite heroines of Shakespeare, whom many of those who profess to be admirers of the poet know as much about as they know of the province of Kiang-Sow in China, converses with Prospero and Ferdinand in a way that Zola would not have dared to make Gervaise use with Coupeau."

No doubt Juliet and Miranda and Desdemona herself married their husbands to live with them in joys of body as well as in communings of spirit, and expressed the enthusiasm and longing that is in true marriage when there is the belief that two natures can really be united, and that with animal passion in mankind there can go the absolute consecration of mind and heart: Desdemona was not the shameless sceptic declaring lust and love to be one and the same thing; like Iago, and like some of her respectable shocked critics among modern men and women, be they hypocrites or mere unbelievers. It is well, no doubt, therefore, to remind us that Miranda is of flesh and blood.

But here let her speak; and could the reader of fullest worldly knowledge and experience find obscenities—one asks pardon for the word—in what she says?

I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
"Do you love me?" she asks Ferdinand;
Who answers as a true man, saying not only
"I love," but "I prize and honour."

Mr.

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Per. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

What theatre cannot that be admitted into?

If more women, following Miranda and her sister Perdita, seemed to think it worth while to take men at their best, and to believe in their poor lords' ideals, would the earth grow young again? But they show us they think scorn of that pleasant land, and prefer to snub generous reverence into conventional civil insolence. And in such a world Miranda is immodest.

Fredericton, N. B.

W. F. STOCKLEY.

IF I WERE QUEEN.

ROUNDEL.

"If I were Queen," she muses, "many a thing
My regal power would bring to pass—I ween
I'd touch the people's life on every string,
If I were Queen!"

I listen closely, thus perchance to glean
Some items of the wondrous change would spring
If she upon the nation's throne were seen.

Her sweet lips part, her hands together cling,
Low-voiced, she murmurs—while I, listening, lean—
"I think, I think I know who would be King,
If I were Queen!"

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PARIS LETTER.

TO be kicked from the dog-days into mid-winter, without as much as "By your leave!" from the weather clerk, is enough to make a fellow join the anarchists. The suburbs of Paris had been covered with a snow of a different character—the white blossoms of the cherry, apricot, and plum trees, when on Good Friday night Jack Frost wickedly, and in a fit of jealousy doubtless, fell back on his dredging-box, and has continued more or less his pitiless besprinklings. He has spoiled the two great spring holidays, Easter Sunday and Monday. It is to be feared the sudden snap of cold will cause incalculable damage in the infant world of vegetation. The buds were opening into rich delicate green leaves; the flowers were traitorously tempted to venture beyond prudence, to arrive earlier for admiration. Imagine natural lilac covered with snow. The van guard of the swallows has indulged in a Moscow retreat, but bees and butterflies that ventured on excursions during the false canicular days we have enjoyed, must be in as uncomfortable a situation relatively as the rheumatism who cast off their flannel and emancipated themselves from sticks and crutches.

The workingmen of Paris, in their Hygienic Congress now sitting, have taken a new departure. Saturated with all the isms, and over-dosed with utopias, they have called in the aid of recognized scientists of authorized standing to shed the light of their knowledge and experience on those questions affecting the health, alimentation and pocket of the labouring classes in the fullest meaning of the word. The movement is fresh for France, for it is in contemplation to apply the principle to the large centres of industry. The truth is, the honest *ouvrier* is fatigued with being fed on mind-bogism and disgusted at being merely made a tool of and a counter by scheming politicians. He demands other pabulum, and Professor Gautier, of the Faculty of Medicine, has, following in the foot-steps of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumez, supplied the want. The Lancy Trade Hall was crammed by intelligent workmen, whose repeated applause not only indicated their pleasure, but proved that the aim of the organizers was sound and "met a want."

Professor Gautier handled four subjects: bread, wine, meat, and water. His revelations were startling to more than work people. Imagine the bakers adulterating the bread as publicans and sinners do wine—by the addition of water. Well-baked bread ought not to contain more than 34 per cent. of water; the baker arranges that it shall contain 9 per cent. more by over-heating the oven, forcing the loaves to crust rapidly, and so preventing the heat to reach the soft in the centre, which thus not only remains moist, but fails to destroy the microbes natural to the flour, the water, and the leaven. Besides, as the ordinary bread is sold by weight, the purchaser has to pay for a nine per cent. of water, which is not a staff of life. As Parisians consume 900 tons of bread daily, the total of the fraud is a serious diminution in the nutrition of the population. Well made bread ought to be porous, and the pores ought to be large, say like gruyère cheese. Cut a slice of bread, place it in the cupboard during eight days; if at the end of that time it loses one-fourth of its weight it has been watered.

In Brussels bread can be purchased at 26 and 32 centimes per 2½ lbs., and leave a marginal profit, since 10 tons daily are sold at these prices. In Paris, a baker sup-

plies 14 tons of bread per day to hospices, schools, etc., at the price of 32 centimes per 2½ lbs., while allowing a profit of 5 centimes on the latter quantity. Now the ordinary baker charges 47 centimes for the same weight. Moral, urges Professor Gautier: "Workmen, establish co-operative bakeries." Respecting meat, the Professor asserted, that of first quality contained 39 per cent. of water, while in second-class meat it amounted to 60; conclusion, buy only the best meat. He recommends the flesh of horse, mule, and ass; also of meat preserved by frozen processes. The butchers ought to be as rich as "Ebrew Jews"; their profits range from 100 to 150 per cent.

As for wine, there is nothing new to reveal as regards this necessary of life; it is manufactured from everything, even from grapes. Passing to the Seine water the Professor expects that one of the great conquests of the twentieth century will be, that of cities having no longer to drink their own pollutions. He enumerated as existing in Seine water the several kinds of bacilli—members of the great microbe family whose very names would crack the trumpet of fame; they include the bacillus not only of typhoid fever but also of cholera, perhaps too of the Russian influenza and of parrot tuberculosis. Paris consumes 454,000 cubic metres of water per day; only a good one-fourth of this quantity is drinkable. When the Seine enters Paris, it contains 1,250 microbes per cubic inch; when it quits the city the same volume contains 290,000 animalcules. Hence the necessity of boiling the water before drinking it, and of buying only loaves whose interior is well baked.

May-day Labour Fête keeps public opinion from stagnating. So many little dynamite explosions are being indulged in that people must be excused from not feeling perfectly tranquil. In creating apprehension, the anarchists are certainly victorious. Only the public ought not to give way to fear. "When bad men combine, the good must associate." Society is still able to protect itself. The French Government will leave nothing to chance for the upholding of law and order on the first of May, and as a proof of its resolution, it will by then have Ravachol and his four co-anarchists disposed of by a Paris jury.

Whether from faith or curiosity the churches were never so crowded to witness the floral decorations connected with the Passion. Outside of the sacred edifices quite a new traffic has sprung up, that of selling flowers—just as "box" is sold on Palm Sunday—and the sermons of popular Lenten preachers, the Rev. Père Didon above all, as well as their portraits. On Good Friday the butchers were fortunate in having the last of the March summer days for their annual twenty-four hours' vacation. The usages and customs connected with Easter eggs are evidently on the decline; the toy and bon-bon shops did not display marked originality in the way of egg-ideas, proof that there is no encouraging demand for these products. In the rural districts, the time-honoured processions and gatherings connected with egg ceremonies are nearly extinct. However, it is not so very long since the inhabitants of Buttermore gave up praying for Queen Anne. In Normandy and in Alsace the children still make a house-to-house quest for eggs; they display a floral crucifix, and chant some sacred verses in season.

The "protecticides," as the authors of the new tariff which is in a fair way to ruin France are rather clumsily nicknamed, must commence to feel uncomfortable at the eloquence of the revenue returns. During the month of March the exportations have diminished by 74,000,000 frs., and principally, not only to foreign countries, but chiefly of manufactured goods. By next autumn the ultra-protectionists will have a stiff account of their stewardship to settle, if they cannot secure new markets and fresh clients for France.

Hail, rain, snow, blizzard, or cyclone, would not prevent Parisians from being present at the opening of the Gingerbread-Fair on Easter Sunday. It is the great *première* for the populace; to be enjoyed on the present occasion, amateurs of novelties had to face cold, sleet, and mud. There are no marked celebrities in gingerbread to be seen; there is the inevitable marshal, in gala costume worked in variegated comfits; there is an old man in a white beard, perhaps intended to suggest Deputy Meline, the French McKinley; and there is the inevitable pig. But the true feature of the fair—the latter extends from the Place de la Nation to Vincennes, a distance of two miles—must be found in the shows and the "art galleries." There are four wild-beast exhibitions; that where "Nelly Edith" acts as a "human barrier between the lions and their tamers," is in great vogue; so is the menagerie, where royally stalks the "giant tiger, Caesar," who devoured it appears ten Hindoos before being caught; and "Coralie," the famous lioness, that twice attempted to gobble up her keeper to show her gratitude. The "museams" have all for a hero, Ravachol, who evidently cannot be served up in too many forms to the popular taste; he is in a cage, Timour-Tartar fashion; in his cell, preaching anarchy to his keepers; then as a skeleton, as he is expected to look, in the Dupuytren Museum. Z.

FOR several years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the Castle Ruheleben, in Berlin. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird, in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. Last spring the stork came back to its customary place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription: "India sends greetings to Germany."

THE RAMBLER.

WE heard some time ago that the taste for dialect writing had subsided. There are traces of it still, however, in current fiction and serials, and we must only hope that time, healer of all evils, will also rectify this one. Just what dialect is, or what its allotted part should be in a story or novel, would require a lengthy paper to adequately define, for, in one sense, nearly every novelist of rank has employed it and it takes various forms and meanings, sometimes pleasing and sometimes the reverse. Dialect may be freely translated as *idiom*, and of idiom, especially in the British novel, there is no end. Captious critics have asserted that in fifty years from now the idiom or dialect of the cockney Dickens will be unintelligible to the great mass of readers, and the same observation might be made with regard to the Scotch of Waverley, the provincialism of Hardy and Blackmore, the New England English of Miss Wilkins, the incorrigible grammar of Whitcomb Riley. Probably the survival of the fittest means, in this regard, the survival of what is technically most correct and intrinsically most important. But I firmly believe that one needs to be peculiarly and subtly constituted to thoroughly enjoy and assimilate continuous and allopathic dialect. It makes too great a demand on the system. The very look of the page disconcerts one. It is neither French nor Latin; it is neither Dutch nor Greek; it is English of a certain kind, but not the kind you speak—and the page dances before you, with crowding commas and inane dashes and apostrophes and hyphens innumerable as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and thus is "Paradise Lost" a lost paradise indeed—that is to say, a good book spoilt. However, you may be a dialect-lover, and this sort of thing will then mightily appeal to you. An old man lying on his death-bed talks thus to his Master: "I most knowed ye was on'y a-tryin' me when ye said that 'bout how I hadn't been a fisher o' men, nor even boys, on'y a dog. I was a—fishin' dog—ye know—an' ye was allers dreffle good to fishermen,—dreffle good to—everybody; died—for 'em, didn't ye?—Please wait—on—the bank there, a minnit; I'm comin' 'cross. Water's pretty—cold this—spring—an' the stream's risin'—but—I—can—do it;—don't ye mind—'bout me, sir. I'll get acrost."

This is, of course, only a mild specimen of the New England English, and it certainly bears a remarkable likeness to the vernacular of poor Jo, who had never been taught "nothink," but who assimilated when it came the teachings of the Gospel story. By the way, the poems of Whitcomb Riley are somewhat to blame for the grammatical lapses of childhood in the present day. Reciters of "Little Orphant Annie" are so numerous, and such gems of speech as "useter" and "gwineter" are so frequently met with in the poets' corner of the daily paper that deflections need not be wondered at. But the tendency needs to be checked.

A friend not long out from England said to me the other day, "What a series of Arabian Nights Entertainments Toronto could furnish, couldn't it?"—and I immediately demanded an explanation since I had observed nothing vividly Oriental, say—about King and Yonge Streets, or the Park on Sunday. The idea haunting my friend was the omnipresence of the *genus* barber. He is quite correct. Toronto is given over to barber-shops in common with many transatlantic towns. Go in what direction you will, the velvet chair, the lathered profile, the white blouse and the shining razor, confront you. Does no one shave himself here then, asks the Englishman? I reply—doubtless many, but that it is the custom of the country to go out to be shaved and forms a part of many men's daily duties.

An author of whom I do not happen to have ever heard, Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart., is advertised in a leading provincial paper as contributing a series of short tales of a "Surprising, Supernatural, Detective and Romantic Character" under the general title of "Scenes from Life's Stage." Some of the titles are "A Black Pin," "The 9.45 Express," "The Clank of the Shoe," "A Distinguished Visitor," "In the Deer Park," "The Major," "The Lion's Bride," "A Modern Frankenstein," "Three Lives," "A Suburban Drama." It is easy to see what course Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart., has followed. In "A Black Pin" he favours Gaboriau. "The 9.45 Express" is probably after Sims and Jones. "The Clank of the Shoe" is weak—what shoe, and why clank? "The Distinguished Visitor" is weaker, but very likely comes under the head of "Surprising," the visitor turning out to be some long-lost Australian felon or Russian spy. "In the Deer Park" savours of romance; the meeting beneath the old oaks and chestnuts of Richmond, the flight, the *denouement*, the tragic collapse of the lovers. "The Major" is uninviting and difficult to place; it is probably analytical, a sop to the critic Cerberus. "The Lion's Bride" is direct and healthy, after Rider Haggard. "Frankenstein" will of course be supernatural and weird with telling modern touches thrown in here and there. "Three Lives" may not prove so dull as they sound, for they are doubtless patterned on Miss Broughton's amiable family of sisters who have done duty so often and so well. As for "The Suburban Drama" it is the poorest title of the lot, for it reveals too much; it can only be a suburban drama after all, a kind of Farjeon-Robinson-Baring-

Gould composite affair of stucco and washing day, a pavement artist and a High Church clergyman. But Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart., evidently knows how to write for the public and I am sure we all wish him success.

Leigh Hunt thought the weather not too trite a subject to serve as a peg for essay, for he wrote a short paper "To Any One Whom Bad Weather Depresses." There are many such, I am sure, these bleak, damp, sunless days in which it seems as if it never could be May. And how dependent we are on weather in Canada? How often in London, "dear old London," as the Bostonians call it now, I believe, have I put on waterproof and rubbers and gone out, sure of seeing something beyond muddy streets and flaring gas lamps, draggled skirts and shivering news-boys? And I was always rewarded; there were always picture-galleries and lectures and concerts and old churches and all the architectural and historic wealth of the place to enjoy, and never so interesting did they appear as on wet days. But here when our bright sky deserts us, we feel utterly lost. We have long ago exhausted that collection of horrors, the Normal School Museum, and the Public Library is deficient in upholstery, and we confess to having made a mistake because we went out at all. It is a great weakness—this dependence upon weather—but it is an American feeling and we are indoors people. Grasp bad weather, says Hunt, as you do the nettle, and it will not hurt you. Go right out into the country for a tearing walk, splashing through foreign roads and overcoming lassitude and morbidity and you will be none the worse but find rest, pleasure, and even beauty asserting their lost selves on every side.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REVIEW.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It seems to me that your correspondent, Mr. Adams, is right and that our *litterateurs* must depend on their subscription lists until they produce something that will command the attention of the English or French-speaking world; their Canadian audience is necessarily small, and the Americans shut them out by denying copyright unless they print in the United States, which they cannot in general afford to risk doing. It would not do to put them into public offices requiring special qualifications which they do not possess. Dr. Bourinot and Mr. M. J. Griffin have such qualifications for the offices they fill. Our universities are bound to get the best men they can get for the subjects they are to teach, and they must do so regardless of the particular portion of the English-speaking world in which such men may have been born, for no such man is a foreigner in a literary or scholastic sense. In the world of letters *Tros, Tyriusve nullo discrimine habetur*, provided he has the qualifications required for the purpose for which he is engaged. Our Parliament shows no signs of prorogation, and if, as seems probable, Ministers consent to the investigation demanded by the Opposition in Sir Adolphe Caron's case, and on which it seems as if he himself should insist, the session may go into the hot weather. There is no *new boodling* case before Parliament; those of last session have been dealt with, and the offenders are undergoing or waiting to undergo their trial and their punishment if found guilty. We have had *boodlers* of all sorts, from those in the first degree, in which the offenders have pleaded good intentions and that the *boodle* was applied to some useful public purpose, down to those of smaller dimensions, without such extenuating circumstances and which the *boodle* was put into the boodler's own pockets; or smaller still, where it was obtained for work really done, but in violation of acknowledged official rules and by false pretences or concealment of the truth from those who had a right to know it. Is not much of the bribery and corruption of which each political party accuses the other, due to the laxity of public opinion on the subject? Would not *boodling*, bribery and corruption become rarer if *society* treated them as disgraceful, and those guilty of them as unfit for association with honourable men? as hard-drinking, profane swearing and open licentiousness did, when so treated: for these things were practised by men who called themselves gentlemen and were received as such, as are the vices of which honourable members accuse each other, in comparison with which the elder ones were venial sins, and the denial or concealment of which is a proof that their disgracefulness is felt. I have sometimes thought that useful as our ballot is in some respects the demand for it is an acknowledgment of weakness upon the part of the electors, whom it enables to accept a bribe and to add treachery to their offence by voting against the briber or the party he supports. What is your opinion? Mr. Ewart says very truly, that Government cannot teach religion; but Government could and should provide that in all schools supported by it, the last six of the ten commandments shall be taught, learnt and explained, and insisted on; they contain no dogma or any doctrine disputed by honest men of any race or creed, or command or forbid anything which is not equally commanded or forbidden in effect by Sir John Thompson's new Criminal Law Bill, though they do it in a much more condensed form and one more easily remembered and understood by those who are willing to understand and obey them, and those who deny them the sanction of revelation, cannot

refuse them that of the law. Our judges I hope are to be better paid, for no one can deny the importance of their services; but the argument founded on the very large incomes enjoyed by successful advocates is not that by which the increase is best supported, for, as Sergeant Ballantyne tells us, and as I believe many of the most successful advocates have said, the men who are best paid on account of their being best able in contested cases to make the worst appear the better reason—or to prevent the other side from doing so—do not make the best judges or the only good ones. W.

Ottawa, May 3, 1892.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL LAW.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Till I saw Mr. John S. Ewart's letter and your comments thereon in your number of April 15, I was not aware that he had published in pamphlet form his two letters on the Manitoba school question, which appeared originally in the *Free Press* of this city. It might have been thought that the stolid indifference with which these productions were received in Manitoba would have chilled somewhat Mr. Ewart's controversial ardour, or at least have induced him to revise his work and eliminate the more salient of the numerous absurd contentions and solecisms which it contained.

It may interest your readers to know that Mr. Ewart, who is a lawyer, is retained as counsel by the Roman Catholic Church in its litigation with the Province of Manitoba on the question of the latter's right to tax Catholics for the support of the public schools. While holding this brief, he wrote his first letter, professedly in his capacity of citizen, during an election campaign in which the main issue was this very school question. Mr. Ewart apparently feels that his utterances have an intrinsic value outside of any importance that may have attached to them as an electioneering manifesto. That this value has not been discerned in Manitoba, Mr. Ewart doubtless attributes to the fact that crude Western opinion is the product of perceptive faculties too rude and indiscriminating to be capable of appreciating the subtleties of his argument. In this Mr. Ewart is right. They have an instinctive feeling that a man who is in earnest in the discussion of a great public question will stick closely to the issues and will not use the subject merely as a peg from which to display the small sleight-of-hand smartnesses of the dialectician. You struck the key to Mr. Ewart's methods and his conception of the importance of public questions when you remarked that he seemed to be fond of syllogism. Here is a specimen of his method: "The true Protestant argument runs thus: 'the State ought to protect itself from vice by education. Religion is an indispensable factor in education every day in the week. Therefore it is the duty of the State to have nothing to do with religion.'" It is true that in your number of April 22 he has amended the conclusion by making it: "Therefore, it is the duty of the State to educate, but to have nothing to do with religion." It will be seen, however, that the amended is not the less a *reductio ad absurdum* than the original conclusion.

Mr. Ewart, with his overweening fondness for syllogism, which somewhat resembles that of a child for a new-found toy, not only assumes the premises for the "true Protestant," but also draws his conclusions for him as well. Thus, by the convenient process of manufacturing his opponents' arguments and making them of such a consistency that they can be easily demolished, he is enabled to achieve much of that satisfaction and success which is derived from the pastime of setting up men of straw for the glory of knocking them down. By the consistent adherence to this method, Mr. Ewart experiences no difficulty in showing that the view of the school question held by probably nine-tenths of the people of Manitoba is narrow, sordid, and irrational, while that of the Roman Catholic Church is broad, generous and wise.

Now, the "true Protestant" might not be quite satisfied with the logic which Mr. Ewart furnishes for him, and if he were afflicted with the syllogistic mania he would probably argue in this way: "The State ought to protect itself from vice by education. Religion is an indispensable factor in education every day in the week. The nature and functions of the State unfit it for the teaching of religion, particularly doctrinal religion. It has, however, unequalled facilities for the necessary degree of secular education, which involves incidentally a certain degree of development of the moral faculties. It is absolutely necessary that a popularly-governed State should undertake this work. Religion, in its commonly-accepted sense, can be effectively imparted elsewhere than in the schoolroom. Study of history would seem to show that it is more effectively taught where the teaching is given elsewhere than in the school. Therefore, it is the duty of the State to discharge those educational functions for which it is capable, and to have nothing to do with religion." It will be seen that the conclusion, which Mr. Ewart infers can only be reached by a *reductio ad absurdum*, is arrived at by a chain of perfectly valid reasoning. All the argument based on his inference, therefore, falls to the ground. Notwithstanding the palpable folly of such trifling with a serious and important public question, it is apparent that Mr. Ewart actually believes that in writing the effusions embraced in his pamphlet he has done something really worthy of consideration. He evidently fancies that the parade of the technic and the jargon of the logic class is of

greater moment than the conscientious and earnest exercise of the judgment with a view to arriving at truth.

Mr. Ewart himself admits the desirability of national schools, if such a system were practicable. Why is it impracticable? Because the Roman Catholic Church does not like it, will have none of it, and objects to have its communicants taxed for its support. Why does the Catholic Church abhor public schools? Because, it says, education without religious instruction is disastrous to the eternal welfare of the children. "Religious instruction" as imparted in the schools of the Church is largely devoted to inculcating the doctrine that all religious beliefs, including every form of Christianity outside of the Roman Catholic Church, are abominable heresies. It also teaches that as the Church is the sole repository of revealed truth, and as its head is the infallible arbiter in faith and morals, implicit obedience to the Church is a duty of the true Catholic. If there were any possibility of doubt as to what might be the effect on the government of a free community produced by the inculcation of such doctrines, we have only to look to history for convincing information. We do not need, moreover, to go back of the history of our own times, nor do we require to go out of Canada, although every country in Christendom can supply us with an illustration more or less emphatic of the practical operation of the doctrines in question. We find Roman Catholics prepared to drop all these differences and stand in "solid" phalanx when the political plans or exigencies of the Church demand it, to the endangerment of the very fundamental principles of constitutional government. All this in the interest of the eternal welfare of the followers of the Church! But, on looking at the moral, intellectual and material conditions of those communities in which the educational system of the Church is universally adopted, and comparing them with those in which other systems prevail, do we see anything to convince us that the "eternal welfare" of the children of the Church is more secure than that of the "heretics"? I think not, unless, indeed, we are to assume that the Church, holding the keys of heaven and hell, can look after the salvation of its devotees without any special regard to their individual deserts. We are then brought face to face with the conclusion that, as much at least as the eternal welfare of its children, the Church has in view the preservation of the hierarchic and sacerdotal power. Is this to be doubted? Look at the condition of Quebec. Mr. Goldwin Smith has well termed Quebec a theocracy. Indeed, a Catholic true democracy is a paradox and an impossibility. Now, Manitoba is a democracy and proposes to remain so. It extends to Catholics just the same privileges as it does to Protestants, but no more, and I should say from my knowledge of the people here that no ecclesiastico-political combination or no manipulation of a "solid" vote will change this determination. The Church would give the impression that Roman Catholics are being unfairly dealt with, and that this Province proposes to tax them for the benefit of the majority. This presentation of the case is altogether misleading. The situation is, that Catholics are claiming an exemption from a public burden for no other reason than that they are Catholics. Bearing in mind the character of the doctrines which impel them to make this claim, and the methods by which they endeavour to enforce its concession, what must we think of the mental condition of a Protestant advocate of such concession?

This school dispute is not a religious question at all. Our Roman Catholic friends choose to make it so. They evolve a grievance out of nothing, and then ask to have it redressed by a concession which entails the practical repudiation of the doctrine of separation of Church and State. This is a condition of things not peculiar to Manitoba by any means. We see it everywhere in freely-governed communities, and shall continue to see it till the Catholic Church abjures some of its most important pretensions, and gives up its rôle of civil politician. For the most powerful reasons, such a course on the part of the Church is not very imminent.

Quebec is a fair example of the best results of the Church's domination. But, although the institutions and conditions of Quebec may be admirable from certain points of view, they inspire no desire for imitation in the people who are in the overwhelming majority in this country. These people have been impelled to follow quite other models.

I have endeavoured to suggest rather than describe the real issues of the dispute and the relative positions of the disputants. But Mr. Ewart takes quite another view of what these issues are. He says: "In fact, the true Protestant is easily driven to admit that the question is merely one of money. Roman Catholics maintain that the economy would be false, and the divorce disastrous to the eternal welfare of the children." Notwithstanding the ease of compelling the true Protestant to admit the sordidness of his motives, Mr. Ewart does not take the trouble of showing how it is done.

The public school system of this Province is intelligent in its conception, fair in its operation, and satisfactory in its results. Those who oppose it are, in my belief, consciously or unconsciously opposing the best interests of the community. The Catholic enemy of public schools has the justification, such as it is, of his implicit obedience to the authority of his Church. Mr. Ewart, however, is a Protestant, and on what ground of patriotism or common sense he bases his opposition to the school system I am utterly at a loss to conceive, and in all his laboured argumentation he has failed to show it.

Winnipeg, April 27, 1892.

BOREAS.

SYMPATHY.

ONE gracious gift there is, God-given,
Which makes this world a meager heaven :
A gift by which men lift the load
That cumber a companion's road.
Which gives the darkest, dreariest way
Some hope to reach a sunny day :
Which fills the past with dreamings sweet,
And makes the morrow more complete—
The knowledge that in this wide land,
There is one heart will understand.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

ART NOTES.

WE have seen the cover of the 20th annual catalogue of the Ontario Society of Artists, which has been designed by Mr. G. A. Ried. If the rest of the catalogue accords with the cover, this year's issue will be in itself a desirable work of art. It should have a large circulation.

THE Spring Exhibition of the Montreal Art Association has closed; the management apparently succeeded in attracting a large quantity of work to their walls. This was the effect, partly, of the offers of a considerable sum of money to be awarded as prizes to artists who might exhibit works in certain classes which would compete for them. But another, and quite as significant a factor this year was the visit of the Royal Canadian Academy to the sister city of Ottawa; this rendered it convenient and inexpensive to transfer nearly the whole Academy exhibit to Montreal, and in consequence the usual difficulty of covering wall space with Canadian work in Montreal was not only obviated, but so overcome that the amateur committee was enabled to administer a practical snub to several of our best known Canadian Artists by rejecting a large proportion of their pictures to make room on their walls for the display of the work of students and juvenile aspirants for fame. Toronto and Ontario artists generally were pushed aside in a rather startling manner, so much so that it is doubtful whether another season will find them prepared to risk the considerable trouble and expense involved by sending to Montreal, though, perhaps, as next year the Academy visits that city the falling off will not then be so apparent. This state of things just alluded to is much to be regretted, as if the two cities could work with greater unity in art matters, of course it would tend much to strengthen the associations of both. The local press too seems this year to have shown much partiality towards its own townsmen and but little regard for others upon their art merit pure and simple. It must not be supposed that the above statements are mere surmise or the effect of disappointed ambition, as it is well known and could be easily demonstrated that many glaring cases occurred in which the decisions of the professional committee of the Academy were directly reversed by the amateurs of the Montreal Association. This allusion is not made with any object but that prompted by a wish to see a reform in what is evidently a grave defect in the arrangements at Montreal, and one that if unremedied may prove detrimental to the attainment of the very laudable object which the Montreal Art Association has in view and which several of its members so liberally subscribe to, namely, the encouragement of Canadian Art. We are sure that the attention of their committee has only to be drawn to this view of the situation, to at once impel them to guard against the defect in some way. Perhaps the appointment of a professional Hanging Committee, in which both East and West could be represented, would be as effectual a measure as could be taken. Only a strong desire to see the very best means for strengthening and promoting the cause of Canadian Art has prompted these remarks, and it is sincerely hoped that they may not be read in any other spirit. It may be added that the pictures of artists of the Province of Quebec have always been heartily welcomed to Ontario exhibits, and that no narrow or ungenerous spirit will ever be accorded to Montreal artists by their Toronto brethren. The Ontario Society of Artists has decided to open its twentieth annual exhibition in Toronto, on May the twenty-third, when it is hoped and expected that the usual progress so steadily evinced through the two first decades of its existence will mark the display of this, the Senior Canadian Society of Art workers. A greater effort is this year being made to attract a goodly show of architectural and decorative design than has been the case in former exhibitions.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

THE Toronto Fencing Club gave a capital entertainment in the Grand Opera House, on Wednesday evening of last week, under the management of R. B. Malchien the *Maitre d'Armes* of the Club. The opening display of Foil Salute, Drill, Assault and Sabre exercises, were excellently well executed. The Sheridan Dramatic Club next essayed to entertain with the laughable farce "My Turn Next," in which Messrs. McLean, Macdonell, Scott, Moss and Holme, and the Misses Cassels, Powell and Chadwick were quite acceptably good, Mr. Macdonell keeping the house in uproars of genuine laughter by his capital portrayal of the trials and tribulations of the newly-married, nervous apothecary. "A Grand Salute in Foil"

and a "Walking-cane Exercise and Melée" came next; the latter was so realistic as to cause the smashing and renewal of most of the canes, with which the combatants belaboured one another in splendid style. The third act of "The Corsican Brothers" gave Mr. Malchien a grand opportunity to exhibit, in the duel scene, his splendid powers in fencing. He was opposed by Mr. Cartwright, who gave a very good account of himself. It is to be hoped the receipts will give Mr. Malchien a substantial benefit.

THE ACADEMY.

"THE PAY TRAIN," with Miss Florence Bindley in the principal rôle, has drawn large audiences to the Academy of Music during the week. The lovers of sensational drama have been satiated to their hearts' content, inasmuch that the original "tramp villain" of the play, emerges successfully as the dapper gentleman lover of the heroine, having assisted to discover her long lost father as the manager of a mine. A live engine with cars attached also steams across the stage in realistic fashion. Miss Bindley's incidental songs and dances were a marvel of neatness and finish. The broad Irish humour of Mr. Sheehan as Jeremiah Judge and Mr. Sullivan as his conjugal larger half was very droll. Next week Miss Hettie Chase appears in an Alaskan romance "Uncle's Darling."

YE OLDE ENGLISH FAIRE.

A NUMBER of the ladies of Toronto interested in the St. George's Society have undertaken to hold an "Olde English Faire" sometime in the autumn of the present year. The object of the "Faire" is to provide funds for the furnishing and fitting up of the new St. George's Hall, which is being built on Elm Street, Toronto. The names of the office bearers and members of the committee are a guarantee of success. They are as follows: Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, 477 Sherbourne Street, President; Mrs. P. H. Drayton, 167 Bloor Street East, Mrs. S. G. Wood, 100 Pembroke Street, and Mrs. W. E. Wellington, 183 Gerrard Street, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, 11 Walmer Road, Treasurer; Miss Amy Mason, 477 Sherbourne Street, and Miss Kate Symons, 68 Avenue Road, Secretaries. Committee: Mrs. Beardmore, 136 Beverley Street; Mrs. John Cawthra, 150 Beverley Street; Mrs. Gooderham, Queen's Hotel; Mrs. F. Osler, 35 Avenue Street, and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Dovercourt Road. The coming of the autumn will be longed for all summer, and the wealth, fashion and beauty of Toronto will vie in their efforts to aid this favourite national and charitable institution, and make "Ye Olde English Faire" the most delightful and successful affair of the season.

THE PAVILION.

THE eminent representative English tenor, Mr. Edward Lloyd, drew a large and highly-pleased audience to the Pavilion (Toronto's Concert-Barn) on Friday evening, May 5. The assisting artists were Mr. May, buffo-baritone, of London, England, who used the novel method of singing the opening measure of "I'm a Roamer," to show that he, at present, was a roarer, owing to a bronchial cold, and immediately retired for the evening. Miss Pinner, for a similar reason, was replaced by Miss Plaffin, of New York; this young artiste possesses a strong, if not too tuneful, mezzo-soprano voice, her singing of the difficult aria, "I am Titania," from *Mignon*, showing facile execution and an artistic conception of the composition. Later on, Miss Plaffin sang "The Sweetest Flower," Vanderstucken, and "One Spring Morning," Nevin; in the latter ballad the singer pleased highly, and the resultant encore was a repetition of the same. Miss Dora Becker has been heralded as the finest lady violiniste in America, and, as such, was, to a certain degree, disappointing; the tempo of Sarasate's "Witches' Dances" being altogether too slow and spiritless, especially so after listening to their splendid execution by Herr Wilczek at last year's "Vocal Society's" concert, who made the weird witches of the forest fairly to dance in exuberation. Miss Becker's bowing and double stopping, is graceful and well executed, and she received encores for her several numbers; her tone is rich and pure. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was in far better vocal trim than at his last appearance two years ago, gave constant and unceasing delight by his sympathetic ballad singing, more notably in "Tom Bowling," his rendering of which suggested the inimitable style of the great Sims Reeves, who had made this class of English ballad quite his own property. Mr. Lloyd gave a splendid interpretation of Gounod's "Lend Me Your Aid." His phrasing and *voce di petto* throughout should serve as a standard lesson to the many embryo tenors who may have heard his fluent delivery of voice. In response to an imperative encore Mr. Lloyd gave Balfe's "Then You'll Remember Me." In "I'll Sing the Songs of Araby" Mr. Lloyd was equally successful, the ever-living ballad "Come into the Garden, Maud," another of Sims Reeves' creations doing duty as an encore. In response to the vociferous plaudits after "Tom Bowling," Mr. Lloyd sang in inimitable style "The Anchor's Weighed." Amalgamation of registers, the free use of the *voce di petto* up to his highest notes, the facile blending of the *mezza voce*, and occasionally the *voce di mista*, coupled with the most artistic phrasing, gave a delightful character to Mr. Lloyd's highly artistic singing that cannot fail to leave an indelible impress upon even the most curtailed artistic mind, or the shallow conceit of the most pronounced pessimist. Again is the musical public indebted to Messrs. Suckling and Sons for giving Torontonians the undeniable privilege of hearing one of the world's greatest living vocalists.

HASLAM VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE members of this Society, numbering 108 all told, entertained their friends and subscribers, who well filled the Pavilion last Tuesday evening. The programme was a long one, a large number of the audience leaving at intervals long before the finish. It seems a pity that the public should have been misled by advance notices such as the following: "A rich musical feast!" "Magnificent programme!" "The grandest musical feast!" "Programme rich and varied!" Scalchi, the peerless gem of song! "Choruses demanding genuine virtuosity from the singers, and the variety will please the most eclectic taste!" etc.; but man proposes and subsequent events too often alter his performance. The following are a few notes taken on the spot and not in any way the result of after impressions. The opening numbers, "Peace" and "Hail Smiling Morn," were acceptably sung, the former discovering a weakness of tenor tone, and at times a flattening tendency of the sopranos. "The Nightingale," a rather strange composition, brought out the full strength of the choir, the tenors again being swamped by the powerful tone of the sopranos which at the finish of each stanza sounded harsh and forced, the tone of the basses lacking sonority; at times but three parts were heard. This number had a frigid reception, although being one of the numbers said by an advance number to "demand genuine virtuosity." "Thine Eyes so Bright" was taken far too slowly, and so lost its intended crispness and quaint *verve*, the attacks indecisive, the tone of the choir nervously forced at times (this is in comparison with a rendering of this beautiful madrigal as heard in England). Madame Scalchi suffered in ratio to over advertising just as Attalé Claire did at the recent Toronto Vocal Society's concert. The aria, "Nobil Signor," served to display a noble voice, worn by age and hard usage in some parts, having a grand chest register, a forced middle register, and being thin in the upper tones. Scalchi's dramatic style and aplomb of manner stood her in good need with her audience who evidently overlooked the decided nasal quality of tone constantly present, and the too evident break between the two lower registers, offensive to the musically cultured, the singer's renowned antecedents, as in the case of many other first-class artists who have visited Toronto, serving as a condoning influence. Madame was loudly encored in all her songs, to which she graciously responded. Two choruses, "By Babylon's Wave" and "Bells of St. Michael's Tower," have been oft repeated under Mr. Haslam's able direction, but the impression seems to be general that they have suffered by the repetition. The opening *adagio* movement of the first named was smoothly and evenly sung, the basses, however, missed the chromatic descension in the *finale*, a lack of strengthful attack by the sopranos at the words, "Jerusalem, etc.," being evident. At times a fine tone and some good shading effects were produced. "Up, up, ye Dames" was perhaps the most effective number of the evening, the attacks and spirited style of its rendering being all that could be expected. Lassen's choral suite of five numbers suffered from the conductor using an almost identical tempo throughout, being at variance with the composer's indications, and the voices began to show evidence of weariness, having been forced at times earlier in the evening, the finish being at times straggling. Mr. Haslam must receive credit, apart from the foregoing exceptions, for having brought his Society to a high state of efficiency, considering the opposing elements in other societies, amongst whom some of the best talent has to be divided. The Schmidt-Herbert quartette played their chamber music with perfect ensemble, too fine, indeed, at times, for so large a hall, yet it was a pleasure to listen to. Mr. Herbert repeated his success gained at a previous Toronto Vocal Society's concert, but Mr. Schmidt failed to leave any deep impression by his violin playing, the technique being present, but the *virtuoso* wanting. This concludes the second season of the comparatively newly-formed Haslam Vocal Society, from which greater efforts may be expected in future, when a notable sameness of selections not acceptable to an eclectic taste should be avoided.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON'S able and instructive course of lectures upon "Descriptive Music" at his residence have so far been well attended. Among those present were Professor Alexander, Mr. Hirschfelder, Rev. Professor Roper, Mrs. Geo. Dickson, of Upper Canada College, Dr. G. H. Kertland, and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis. The next of the series will be delivered by Mr. Aldous, of Hamilton, well known as a fluent and interesting speaker.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WAIFS IN VERSE, ETC. By G. W. Wicksteed, Q. C. Ottawa: A. Bureau and Freres. 1891.

In noticing the previous issue of this volume we drew attention to the advanced age of its gifted author, and the remarkable clearness and strength of intellect shown by the later work of a life already prolonged far beyond "three score years and ten." Little did we anticipate that their venerable author would, like some ancient but virile oak, so soon put forth new verdure and charm and instruct us with the freshness and vigour of still later leaves. We saw a remarkable list of literary men who had attained great age which was published quite recently in the *New York Critic*. None of them were privileged to prolong their "labour of love" so near the limit of a century of life as Mr. Wicksteed. Perhaps the bracing climate of Canada begets a sturdier growth. It was but

yesterday that the well known initial "W" appeared in THE WEEK beneath a noble tribute to the memory of Alexander Mackenzie, and but a short time before, the same graceful and loving hand, paid its gracious tribute to our late Premier. The acute and scholarly review of the fourth volume of Kingsford's History of Canada, dated 16th January, 1891, and the fine poetic rendering into English of Fréchet's verse in this volume, well attest the unflinching power of Mr. Wicksteed's pen. We shall close with the poetic answer by the author to a poetic greeting, sent him by a friend as he entered his 92nd year:—

Over the changeful sea of life my bark
Hath sailed in sunshine, and when skies were dark;—
By gentle breezes oft o'er ocean driven,
Or gales when spars were lost and sails were riven.
But steering by the chart which God hath lent,
And trusting in the Pilot He hath sent,—
The toils and perils of the voyage past,
I hope to gain the longed-for port at last.

And through the dimness of approaching night,
I see the glimmering of the beacon light
Raised on its storm-proof pedestal on high
To tell the wandering sailor, land is nigh,
And hope ere long to reach that happy shore
Where toil shall cease and peril be no more;
And we shall prove, dear friend, that not in vain
Our faith hath told us,—we shall meet again.

May we be permitted to express our confidence that when the parting time comes to our esteemed contributor, it will come as a welcome messenger, to one "whom THE KING delighteth to honour," and our hope that for the sake of Canadian literature it may yet be long deferred.

Temple Bar for May is a bright and enjoyable number. Apart from the serials "God's Fool"; "Rosemary for Remembrance" (which is concluded); and "Aunt Anne"; and the two short stories, there are two good literary articles, one on "Jasmin the Gascon Poet" and the other on "Dryden and Ben Jonson," and two very interesting sketches of the Chinese Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer "Chuang Tzu" and of the clever and accomplished "Madame du Châtelet," respectively.

THE *Bookman* for May has a weird portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, an appreciative sketch of him by Y. Y., and a complimentary poem from the same pen addressed "To Prospero in Samoa." The news notes are abundant and interesting. "The Reader" gives us more about the Carlyles, a sketch of the late John Murray, and "A Talk with Dr. Conan Doyle." To many, one of the most attractive pages of the number is that which deals with Mr. Gladstone as a Book Buyer, and gives a reproduction of his Book-plate and Fac-simile order. Other excellent matter completes the number.

A CAPITAL full-page portrait of the late E. A. Freeman is the frontispiece of *Literary Opinion* for May; a short but spirited sketch by St. Loe Strachey accompanies the portrait. Some Reminiscences of Walt Whitman are given by Elizabeth R. Pennell. Mrs. E. Lynn Tinton, under the figurative title "Looking to the Sun," gives her readers some stimulating advice. A touching yet critical notice is that on "Severn and Keats" with its pictured heading of "The pathetic sketch of Keats in the extremity of his last illness," and the sad parting message written by the poet's hand "God bless you, my dear brother and sister, your ever affectionate brother, John Keats." "Faint yet Pursuing" is the title of two beautiful sonnets by Christina Rossetti. The usual departments are well filled.

MAY brings to us a well filled and varied number of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. Two fine photographic views of Canadian scenes are given in the "Falls of the River Ste. Anne," which forms the frontispiece, and "La Petit Saguenay, Lower St. Lawrence." Professor Roberts' serial "The Raid from Beauséjour" is fittingly concluded. Dr. George Stewart pays a deserved tribute to an accomplished scholar and littérateur, in his sketch of the late John Gilmary Shea. E. W. Sandys has a stirring sporting sketch entitled "A River of Geese." "Woman's Work in McGill University" is fitly treated by Helen R. Y. Reid. "Lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces," by H. H. Allingham; "Historic Canadian Waterways: The St. Lawrence," from the pen of J. M. LeMoine; "Modern Instances," by Professor Roberts; "An Incident of the year '13," by Ernest Cruickshank, and indeed the remainder of the number are all good reading.

THE *Californian Illustrated Magazine* for May is a creditable number. The editor and publishers are to be congratulated on the success of a literary venture which numbers but six months from the start. The frontispiece is an imposing representation of "Taku Glacier from the Inlet." The opening article is on "The Press of San Francisco," by James Prentiss Cramer, with portraits of leading editors. The first of a series of articles of unusual interest is that by Charles R. Ames on "Some American Glaciers"; the illustrations are good. Lewis W. Smith contributes an appreciation of Tennyson under the heading "Tennyson and the Nineteenth Century." The accompanying profile portrait is exceptionally fine. The articles on "How the Opium Pictures were taken," and "Opium and its Votaries," are accompanied by the best illustrations of the opium habit that we have seen; "In the Palm Valley" is also very good. Stories, poems and other departments as well make up an excellent number.

EMIL BLUHM, Ph.D., in the opening article of the *Arena* for May entitled ironically "Felix Austria," makes

the following astounding assertion: "From an intimate personal knowledge of Austria, Russia, and Germany, and a general acquaintance with political conditions in the rest of Europe, I am forced to the conclusion that Europe stands on the eve of a great war, of which Austria will most likely be the scene." Dr. Bluhm might as well have told us when the war would begin. The Rev. M. J. Savage relates a number of hair-standing ghost stories under the caption "Psychical Research." The reverend gentleman says: "Of the truth of what I shall relate, I am as certain as I am of any fact in my own personal history." Professor James T. Bixby in his contribution on "Zoroaster and Persian Dualism" says: "The movement of Zoroaster was plainly from the outset a moral movement; a grand forward step in civilization; in fact, the very earliest of such social reforms of which we have any historic record." Frances E. Willard has a graceful and dignified presentation of the proposition "The Woman's Cause is Man's." The other articles and departments are well sustained.

READERS of the *Andover Review* for May will not pass by the initial article on Bishop Brooks, by the Rev. Julius H. Ward. Mr. Ward says: "Bishop Brooks is likely to set forth a new type of what a spiritual leader may accomplish in the episcopal office for the American people." The people of the United States are proud of their great men, and this is one of the finest and most discriminating sketches of Bishop Brooks that we have seen. Congregationalism receives attention at the hands of Wolcott Calkins, D.D. The writer says: "Our contribution to modern religious life is the restored and reinvigorated ideal of the Church." In the amusing article by George R. Stetson on "Church and State in Canada" we are informed that "the Roman Church directs and controls legislation in its behalf in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa;" that "in Canada there are two great political parties: the Blues and the Reds;" that "political warfare is carried on with a heat, bitterness, personality, acrimony, recklessness, and corruption to which we in the United States are as yet happily strangers," and many other curious scraps of out of the way information. In fact the whole article recalls Max O'Rell's treatment of "Jonathan and his Continent," barring the references.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. FRANK H. SCOTT, who has been connected with the Century Company from its inception, has become the president in place of the late Roswald Smith.

A NEW literary paper is about to appear in England. It will be called the *Library Review*, the editor being Mr. Kinton Parkes, librarian of the Nicholson Institute, Leeds.

MR. HALL CAINE is writing a new story, called "Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon." It opens with a picture of a Manxman's return from the colonies, after making a fortune, to marry his early love.

A CHEAP edition of Shakespeare's works brought out by the Weimar Shakespeare Society has had a sale 16,000 copies in six months. It is said that such a sale is an almost unprecedented event in the German book market.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY, 747 Broadway, New York, announce for immediate publication as No. 26 in their International Library, "A Poor Girl," by W. Heimburg, translated by Elise L. Lathrop, with over four hundred photogravure illustrations.

THE New York *World* says that Alphonse Daudet's wife is, like her husband, an author, and their domestic happiness is an exceptional thing for a literary household. Mme. Daudet is well known in France for her charming stories of children and child life. She is said to be a very beautiful and a very delightful woman.

AT the sale of the Larking Library in London, Audubon's "Birds of America," double elephant folio, four hundred and thirty-five accurately and exquisitely coloured plates of birds delineated the size of life, sold for £345, and Audubon and Bachman's "Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America," 1845-8, for £107.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England pays a high compliment to Mr. William Trant, one of the contributors to THE WEEK. Writing of an article by Mr. Trant, "On the Punishment of Criminals for their First Offence," Lord Coleridge says: "I have read your article with much interest. You have said, and said well, what I have all my life been unsuccessfully trying to say."

"MR. E. C. STEDMAN," says the New York *Tribune*, "has gone on a sea-voyage, his first vacation in many years, to recruit his strength and to get beyond the reach of the mail. He means henceforth to be relieved somewhat from correspondence, and from the various demands which have spared him little time for his own work." Mr. Stedman sailed for the West Indies on April 24, and will be gone for several weeks.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD dedicates his latest novel, "The Three Fates," to his publisher thus: "To Frederick Macmillan; an expression of gratitude from an author to his publisher, and of high esteem by one man for another." There is more reason for this "expression of gratitude" than might seem evident at first blush. It was Mr. Macmillan who published Mr. Crawford's first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," and who accepted it at once, having faith in its success; and he got his reward.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND COMPANY will publish, almost immediately, "The Australasian Encyclopædia," at which Mr. G. Collins Levey has been working for some time. It will include the alphabetical description of all places in Australia and New Zealand, an account of principal events, discoveries, resources, laws, constitutions and statistics up to date, with biographies up to 1855, and a special map of all the Australian colonies.

W. H. MALLOCK's novel, "A Human Document," published in Cassell's Sunshine Series, was bound and put into circulation before it was discovered that the eight last chapters had been omitted. The publishers announce that they will furnish the missing chapters to all who have bought the incomplete edition, or will exchange for the complete book. They at the same time urge that they are not blameable for the mistake.

ANOTHER attempt is to be made to reproduce "The Book of Kells," which is said to be the most beautiful book in the world. "The Book of Kells" is a manuscript of the eighth century, containing the four Gospels in Latin. Its pages are covered with ornaments. The initial letters of every sentence in the Gospels are treated as a subject. The book is preserved in the library at Dublin. In the reproduction there will be no attempt to reproduce the gorgeous colouring of the original.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have just published an elegant edition in two volumes of the "Letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson," collected and edited by Dr. George Birkbeck Hill. Although not including any of the letters contained in Boswell's "Life," this is the most complete collection yet made, and shows, as no other publication has done, how admirable Dr. Johnson was in his correspondence. The work is a fitting companion to the superb edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," edited by Dr. Hill, and recently published by the same house.

THE London *Daily News* has the following: Mr. Gladstone, as he sometimes reminded the late Mr. John Murray, was the oldest living author on the list of the firm, and he used laughingly to say to the gentleman whose funeral he attended on Wednesday, "You really must not strike me off." His famous work on "Church and State" was published fifty-five years ago. Macaulay's essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, in itself a classic, is the most familiar contemporary criticism on this work. But the *Quarterly*, Mr. Murray's review, also had an article on the book. "Mr. Gladstone," said the reviewer, "is evidently not an ordinary character. The highest compliment we can pay him is to show him that we believe him to be what a statesman and a philosopher should be, indifferent to his own reputation for talents, and only anxious for truth."

MRS. ELLEN RUSSELL EMERSON's book on "Masks, Heads, and Faces" has had the good fortune to win the approval of Professor Maspero, the eminent Egyptologist. Newly-revised editions of the well-known "Satchel Guide" to Europe and of Sweetser's equally well-known guide-books to New England, the White Mountains and the Maritime Provinces, will be ready in good time for European and American tourists. Mr. Walter Crane will soon publish, through Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a book on "The Claims of Decorative Art." The next issue in the popular Riverside Paper Series will be "The Master of the Magicians," the striking Babylonian story written in collaboration by Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward and Mr. Herbert D. Ward. Professor Lewis F. Stearns, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, who died recently, has just completed a book on Henry Boynton Smith, one of the most eminent of American Presbyterian divines. This will soon appear in the Series of American Religious Leaders.

PROF. THEODORE H. RAND, D.C.L., professor of education and ethics in the arts department has been appointed Chancellor of McMaster University. Dr. Rand was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1835. He entered Acadia College, from which he graduated in arts in 1860. After teaching for a time he was appointed to the chair of English and classics in the Provincial Normal School, Truro. He took an active part in the preparation of the Free School Act, 1864, which wrought a great reform in the public school system of Nova Scotia, and was subsequently made Provincial Superintendent of Education. In 1871 he accepted the office of Superintendent of Education for the Province of New Brunswick. In 1864 he received his M.A. degree, and in 1874 the degree of D.C.L., *causa honoris*. In 1883 he received the chair of Education and History in Acadia College. In 1885 he removed to Toronto to take the chair of Apologetics and Didactics in McMaster Hall. A year after he accepted the principalship of the Baptist College, Woodstock. In 1888 he returned to the work in McMaster Hall. The college year, 1889-90, Dr. Rand spent in England, whither he had gone for purposes of study and observation in connection with university work. Since his return he has been actively engaged as a professor of education and ethics. The appointment is a meritorious one.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Catheart, Geo. R. Catheart's Literary Reader. New York: American Book Co.
Glyn, A. L. Fifty Pounds for a Wife. 50 cts. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Waterloo, Stanley. A Man and a Woman. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.
The Art Annual. 1891. London: J. S. Virtue; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

THE northern limits of thunderstorms are Cape Ogle, northern part of North America, Iceland, Novaja Semelja and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

AN invalid suffering with lung trouble may derive much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap, and the *Christian at Work* says it makes a very pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odour of the pine permeating the entire room and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant odours.

It is an interesting fact that arc lamps run by continuous currents require no reflectors, while those run by alternating currents do. The reason is, that, with continuous currents, the upper carbon forms a crater, which reflects the light, while with the alternating currents both carbons become pointed and throw the light in all directions, thus necessitating the reflectors.

PROBABLY the most ambitious scientific project of our generation, that of making a complete photographic atlas of the firmament, may at last be said to be under way. The first negative from the Cape of Good Hope has reached the Royal Astronomical Society. Another is believed to be *en route*. This negative takes in a portion of sky less than a fourth of the apparent diameter of the moon, a portion of which can be covered by a quarter dollar held at arm's length. Yet it contains 50,000 stars. Machinery for the imperceptible movement of the camera perfectly to fit the shifting of objects during a three hour exposure is described as a triumph of ingenuity, and astronomers are greatly excited over the marvellous addition to the field of their knowledge which this completed atlas promises.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THAT there is nothing new under the sun is exemplified in the employment of the old-fashioned hourglass in the making of a new watchman's time detector. While the hourglass is old, the application of it is made in a new and interesting manner. The idea is that the sand in the glass will run out in exactly one hour, at the end of which time the machine registers one on the dial. It is then the watchman's duty to reverse the glass, which is done by turning a handle. At the end of another hour the glass runs out again and the dial registers two. If the watchman is on duty twelve hours, twelve must stand on the dial when he goes off duty. If he neglects his work, the extent of the neglect will be shown on the dial. As the handle of the machine is always locked, save at the end of the hours, it is impossible for him to turn it at any other time or to make two turns at one time. The machinery of the detector is worked by electro-magnets actuated by an ordinary battery.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have

to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more August Flower my Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

WHEN Professor Thomson speaks of transmitting 130,000 horse-power 240 miles at 500,000 volts through three wires of about No. 12 B. and S., or about as large as a good-sized knitting needle, and to send this underground, too, through a small pipe, using only cotton and cheap oil as the insulator, and then adds to his opinion that it would be "practically safe"—we cannot help admiring his courage. With such propositions made in earnest by a reliable party, we may certainly look upon the transmission of power as at present the most important of the numerous developments of electrical engineering.—*Electrical World*.

AN example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma, when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water for a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big, grey fellow, who seemed to be the captain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and perched on the same side of the log, which, under their combined weight, rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.—*Chicago Herald*.

THE *St. Petersburg Medicinische Wochenschrift* gives a résumé of a paper by A. S. Ignatovski on the cause of death by hanging. He refers the rapid loss of consciousness after suspension to the retarded or arrested circulation in the brain brought about by the increased intra-cranial blood pressure. The effect of this impediment to the circulation is the same as in cerebral anemia, for in both the nutrition of the brain suffers. It is therefore not, as Leofman teaches, an insufficient supply of blood to the brain, due to compression of the carotids, which interferes with the functional activity of the brain, but compression of the capillaries by increase of the intra-cranial pressure, which has this effect, and which occurs whilst the supply of blood remains the same, or even increases.—*Science*.

PROFESSOR ELIHU THOMSON, the well-known electrician, has been for some time experimenting with electrical currents at high pressure and frequency. In a communication to the *Electrical World*, he gives an account of his investigations and explains how he obtained an electrical discharge at 500,000 volts. It takes less than 1,500 volts to kill a man, and it will at once be perceived that when Professor Thomson obtained his current of a half million volts he was really juggling with thunderbolts. The manner in which the professor obtained this tremendous current is interesting. Stripped of all details, he immersed a primary and a secondary coil in a barrel of paraffine, one of the best insulating oils known. The primary coil was connected with a condenser consisting of 16 Leyden jars of unusual size, the whole apparatus producing the current of the intensity noted, and 31 inches in length. Special precautions were taken to confine the current by employing the best oil insulation, for the electricity was constantly seeking to escape into the air. The stream of fire that came from the terminals when a discharge took place was about one inch in diameter, the spark being bluish white, and accompanied with a loud rattle and roar. The awful power of the discharge is exemplified by the ease with which glass plates were punctured. Heavy pine and oak boards were perforated and set on fire. A stick of wood placed between the terminals and joining them was splintered and torn into a fine fur by the discharge.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE discovery reported from Berlin that the ejections from the mouths and nostrils of consumptive persons are less effective agencies for the spread of consumption than had been supposed, is somewhat reassuring. It has been found on thorough investigation that many of the tubercle bacilli that affect the sputum of persons suffering with pulmonary disease are dead. This increases the chance of escape for those who may be brought into contact with tuberculous contagion, but it gives no assurance of absolute exemption. Recent examination of milk and viscera from tuberculous cattle, made in the pathological department of the University of Pennsylvania, by Dr. Formad, at

the instance of the State Board of Health of New Jersey, have shown that the danger arising from the use of milk from infected animals has been overdrawn. It would appear from Dr. Formad's observations that unless the udder of the cow be infected with the bacilli (which seldom happens), the milk, though an impoverished and imperfect food, is not contaminated. The same thing is to a large extent true of the flesh of tuberculous animals whose lungs may have been in a state of advanced degeneration. Evidently, we have only reached the stage of half-knowledge in respect to the germs of consumption; but we have so far advanced as to be sure of the necessity for caution. Too much painstaking is better than too little. The example set by Mr. Joseph E. Gillingham in dooming a part of his fine Jersey herd to slaughter in the interest of public safety, is worthy of all emulation. The price of health, like the price of liberty, is eternal vigilance.—*Philadelphia Record*.

WHILE it is very reasonable to trust the verdict of our consciousness, yet it is equally desirable that this confidence should be accompanied by an understanding of the conditions under which the evidence is presumably valid and when likely to mislead. Sense deceptions, faulty observation, exaggeration, neglect, fallacy, illusion and error abound on all sides, and emphasize the need of a calm judgment, a well-equipped intellect, freedom from haste and prejudice, an appreciation of details and nice distinctions in the determination of truth and the maintenance of mental health. For these and other reasons it is important to demonstrate experimentally the readiness with which normal individuals may be made to yield evidence of unconscious and involuntary processes. When, some years ago, the American public was confronted with the striking phenomena of muscle-reading, the wildest speculations were indulged in regarding its true *modus operandi*; and the suggestion that it was due to unconscious indications skilfully interpreted was ridiculed, mainly for the reasons that this explanation was hardly applicable to certain extreme instances involving considerable good fortune, other and subtler modes of interpretation, as well as some exaggeration in the accounts, and that so many worthy and learned persons were absolutely certain that they had given no indications whatever. For a time the view that mind-reading was muscle-reading rested upon rather indirect evidence, and upon modes of reasoning that do not carry great conviction to the ordinary mind. To supplement this evidence by a clear exposition of the naturalness and regularity of these involuntary movements is our present task.—*Professor Joseph Jastrow, in the Popular Science Monthly*.

THAT TIRED FEELING is often the forerunner of serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood and builds up the strength.

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WHILE repairing the ancient mines of Cass Grande, near the town of Cass Grande, Ariz., recently, there was unearthed seven stone axes, one serpent urn, carved stone mountain sheep, three pieces of cloth, four large unknown devices of stone, a lot of shells, three ollas (painted), a lot of shell loops, carved shell devices, decorated and painted shells.

In a discussion on diphtheria, published in the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Russell cited several instances in which steam had seemed to be an active factor in the propagation of the disease. Hot water and steam from a brewery were introduced into some old cesspools, and evidently awakened into activity germs which, if undisturbed, would have remained dormant. An epidemic of diphtheria soon developed in the vicinity, and was not checked until the steam was turned into other channels, when it quickly ceased. If, as we now believe, the bacillus of diphtheria develops with special rapidity in the presence of warmth and moisture and absence of light, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the introduction of hot water or steam into cesspools or sewers may be a most dangerous procedure.—*Scientific American*.

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