

THE WEEK:

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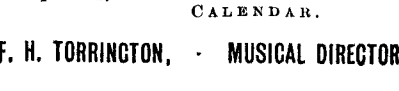
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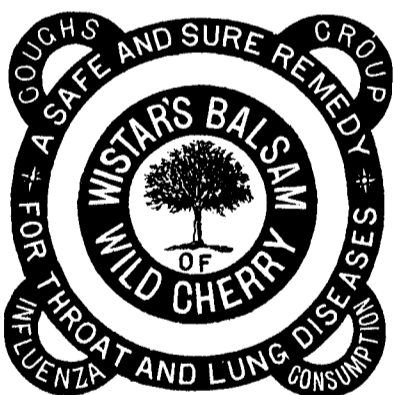
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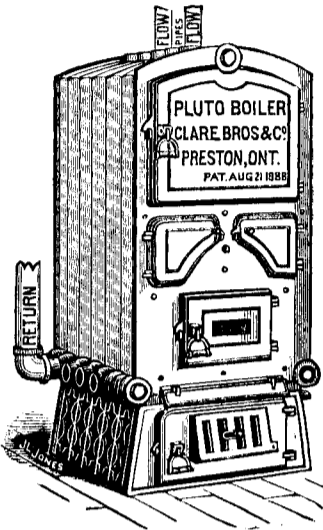
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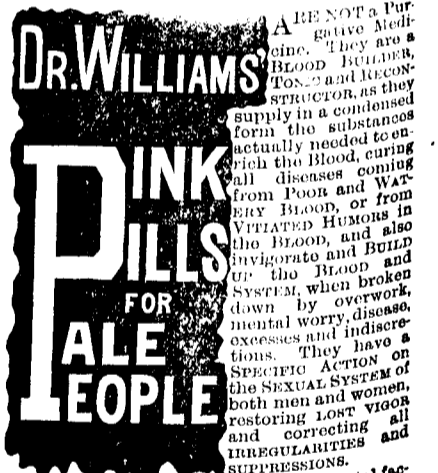
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WILL the old order change and give place to something better as well as newer in civic administration in Toronto, with the coming of the New Year? We devoutly hope so. We hope that A.D. 1891 may be the last year in which this progressive city shall be under the management of a Council such as that which has recently crowded out of office the most capable and efficient Engineer the city has ever had, because he persisted in controlling the work for which he was held responsible, and was not sufficiently amenable to Aldermanic influence. This action of the Council is none the less obnoxious to all thoughtful and independent citizens because of its following so closely upon another still more purblind act of the Council in referring back the report of the Board of Health, and condemning the citizens for a time longer to be slowly poisoned by the foul exhalations from hundreds of pestiferous privy pits and cesspools. Can it be that a majority of the men whom the citizens deemed intelligent enough to represent them and transact the business of their city are really in doubt as to the deadly effect of the nuisances in question? It seems incredible that they can be so; and yet the only alternative seems to be that they permit either some selfish interests of their own, or the dread of displeasing some grasping and hard-hearted property owners, to outweigh in their regard the health and even the lives of hundreds of their fellow-citizens. If it is the fear of the landlords which rules the Council, it is a wonder that other landlords who have themselves constructed their houses with a proper regard to the health of their tenants and of the community do not bring a counter-influence to bear? Are they so largely in the minority that they can effect nothing? Or are they, too, not only careless of the public welfare, but blind to their own interests? And why do not the long-suffering tenants come to the front and insist that their health and that of their families should count for something? A typical instance that came under our own notice will illustrate how both these last named classes are made to suffer by the stupidity or want of nerve of the councillors. A family desiring to rent an

eligible residence on a pleasant street in the northern part of the city, the parents examined the premises, were pleased with them generally, and especially delighted with a lawn of good size in the rear, as a playground for the children. Before renting, however, they made it a *sine qua non*, the plumbing and other internal arrangements being good and sufficient, that a pit in the rear should be cleansed and filled with fresh earth. Imagine their disappointment and disgust when on taking possession they soon learned by the unmistakable testimony of their olfactories, that the high wall at the rear was flanked on three sides by nuisances of the same kind as that which they had been at such pains to have removed. Like hundreds, no doubt, similarly circumstanced, they have been awaiting in hope the action of the Board of Health, and hailed its Report as a promise of deliverance, little dreaming that the Council would refuse to act on the advice of its own experts. The result is that it is now a question whether they will not be obliged to remove, greatly to their regret, to another locality, if one can be found free from the objectionable surroundings. The injury suffered by the landlord, in the depreciation of his property, by the fault of his neighbours, is obvious. Surely all tax-paying citizens, landlords or tenants, who are not blind to their own interests, will make this matter of carrying out the recommendations of the Board of Health one of the test questions at the coming civic elections.

THE proposal of the Public Library Board to establish a Museum in this city is one which must commend itself to the approval of every intelligent citizen. That such an institution, well supplied and arranged, is a valuable adjunct to the educational forces at work in any community is too obvious to admit of question. It is the natural complement of the library. There are, in fact, some things to be said in its favour which do not apply so forcibly even to the public library. In these days of cheap books of all descriptions it is possible for all but the very poorest citizens to have a supply of valuable literature on their own shelves and tables, but very few, indeed, have the means, room, time and taste necessary to the possession of even a small museum. On the other hand, once the nucleus of a varied collection is formed and public interest awakened, there is no limit to the extent to which, in a region so rich in specimens and relics of many kinds, a collection could be enlarged by voluntary contributions. The value of such an institution to the city, even from what we are too much accustomed to regard as the only practical point of view, would be not inconsiderable, as an addition to its attractions for visitors and tourists. There can be no doubt that a reasonable annual sum, as large as the state of the finances would warrant, from the city treasury, would be well spent in aid of a good museum. We are not quite so sure of its claims upon the liberality of the Legislature, though those claims would certainly not suffer by comparison with those of many other objects to which provincial funds are appropriated. But with or without Government aid the project is one which deserves success, and one for which success will be assured, if it be properly commenced and perseveringly pushed.

A CORRESPONDENT who neglects, perhaps inadvertently, to comply with a necessary journalistic rule by enclosing his card, asks help in the solution of a problem which perplexes him. The data consist of three facts. Given, first, on the staff of the Public School Board a lady who, fifteen years ago, distinguished herself at the Normal School by her literary attainments and her teaching ability, and who has steadily worked her way upward since that date, constantly gaining knowledge, experience and teaching power, until now she is entrusted with the training and moulding of those who are to be the future teachers of the city. Given, second, a young lady who has had *really* no experience in teaching, her only apparent claim for high position being a brilliant career in her department in the University, lately appointed teacher of English in one of our High Schools. We have, third, on the staff of the same school, and teaching the same subjects, a gentleman of good literary attainments, who has had a long and successful experience in teaching, and who

has proved himself to be possessed of the rare but essential power of training and developing character in his students. The salaries are, first teacher \$1,000, second \$1,500, third \$1,500. To find (a) the consistency of the High School Trustees; (b) the justice in the case of the three teachers. We state the conditions of the problem because of their general interest, but are not sanguine of our ability to succeed when our correspondent has failed in solving it. We may say, however, taking the conditions as stated, without any personal knowledge to guide us, that in the first case, as compared with the other two, one of the essential conditions is wanting, inasmuch as the employers are two distinct and independent Boards, each having its own scale of prices. If the question of justice is still pressed, we can only give the answer, unsatisfactory from the logical point of view, but the only one of which, perhaps, the problem admits, that the world is full of just such inequalities, and that until Mr. Bellamy's Utopia, or some other comprehensive scheme of socialism is established, there are no means of prevention. It is true that, as the educational opportunities afforded by the Normal School fifteen years ago must have been vastly inferior to those of the University of to-day, the question may be raised whether even the fifteen years of experience may not have left their possessor inferior in culture, scholarship and disciplined brain power to the young University graduate. Certainly the education of the latter must have cost far more in money and time than that of the former. These are considerations to be taken into the account. We do not say that they fully demonstrate the justice of the arrangement. The case in which the High School Board pays just the same salary to the inexperienced young graduate as to the tried, proved and successful teacher—likewise, we presume, a University graduate—we cannot attempt to explain, much less to justify. There may, of course, be some conditions overlooked in the statement which would give the facts a different aspect. But taking the conditions as stated there seems to be essential injustice. The trustees have probably acted on the maxim so often quoted, and perhaps sound as far as it goes, that a woman should receive the same pay as a man when she does the same work. THE WEEK is always an advocate of a free course and fair play for women, yet we are by no means sure that even that question can be settled so easily. May it not be that the principle "so much work, so much pay," does not cover the whole ground, even morally; that other considerations, such as cost of living, obligations to others, etc., not only do come in, but ought to come in to complicate the business? But leaving the question of sex aside, it is surely not just that, other things being, as we assume, equal, years of successful experience should count for nothing. Clearly we must give it up, in the absence of more light, and confess ourselves unable to find the value of the unknown quantity, i.e., the consistency of the High School Board.

WE gladly publish the letter of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, as a protest against the pessimistic speeches and articles with which it deals. While we are firm believers in the doctrine that honesty is the best policy, and are convinced that too highly coloured advertisements and eulogies have in the past done nearly or quite as much to injure Canada as deterrent speeches or hopeless forecasts, we cannot too strongly condemn the course of those on either side of politics who ignorantly or wilfully slander their own country for the sake of injuring their political opponents. But while it would be presumption in us to set our theoretical opinions or arguments against the practical testimony of those who, like Mr. Cumberland, are in a position to testify from personal observation, we have still to confess ourselves incredulous, not as to the facts themselves, but as to the causes assigned for those facts. These causes must be, after all, largely matter of uncertain inference. For instance, the writer, having spent a few years in the North-West about the time to which Mr. Cumberland refers as that of the exodus from the Ottawa Valley to Dakota and Minnesota, the results of his own observation would lead him to ascribe the deflection of that migration from our own territory more to the dissatisfaction of the pioneer settlers in the North-West with certain Government regulations, and to their discouragement

ment in consequence of two or three years failure of crops and the want of facilities for getting their grain to market—this dissatisfaction being expressed in writing to their friends, and even leading numbers of them to cross the border themselves—than to the influence of the Parliamentary speeches and newspaper articles which few of them ever read. We should be glad to believe that the exodus has been turned from the United States to our own territories so completely as Mr. Cumberland supposes, but we have no doubt that to whatever extent it is happily so turned, the result is much more largely due to the better reports from friends in that land than to any other cause. The view that it is owing to the cessation of pessimistic diatribes is hardly consistent with the fact that these diatribes are still kept up, the Minister of Finance and the Government supporters generally being witnesses. However, while still unable to believe "that any considerable number of persons already in the country and reasonably comfortable or prosperous would be induced to abandon it and try their fortunes elsewhere by the speeches and writings of political partisans anxious to make a point against the Government of the day," we have nothing to gain by arguing the question further, and shall much prefer to call the attention of any of our readers, if there be such, of pessimistic proclivities, to the personal testimony of one in so favourable a position to learn the facts as Mr. Cumberland, in regard to the wounds often inflicted upon the country by shafts aimed at political opponents.

THE question discussed by Senator Boulton in our columns this week is a larger one than might at first thought be supposed. Two important principles are involved in the action which the Minister of Public Works, representing the Government, is asked by the Trades and Labour Council to take. In the first place, it means the fixing of a *minimum* of wages for all employees of Government contractors. In the second place, it means a recognition of the workmen themselves, in their organized capacity, as the proper authority to determine what that *minimum* shall be for each class of labourers. In regard to the first point it may be observed that there is in all enlightened countries just now a marked tendency toward labour legislation of a kind which would have been scouted as socialism or something worse twenty-five years ago. This tendency is inevitable. It is the corollary of the gradual extension of the franchise and the consequent gradual transfer of the balance of political power to the hands of the working classes. The process may, it is true, be hindered for a time, as in the case of the United States, by going too fast and bestowing the ballot in advance of the intelligence which is necessary to secure it against the machinations of party wire-pullers and corruptionists. But that need not now be discussed. It is clear that a movement or tendency may be irresistible, and yet be far from right. But in the case in question there is no need, in our opinion, to talk about making a virtue of necessity. We can at once take higher ground. The thing asked for must commend itself to almost everyone who will take the trouble to look into it, as both just and reasonable. While the public expects from those entrusted with the management of the public funds, strict economy and observance of business principles, it does not wish these to be carried beyond the limits of fair and honourable dealing. As an employer of labour the Government should furnish an example to all private employers. It usually happens indeed that the labour expended upon public works is not employed by the Government directly, but through the agency of contractors. Surely, in point of morals, the Government which permits its contractors to grind the faces of the poor whom they employ to do the work contracted for, can no more be held innocent than can the private merchant or manufacturer who makes use of goods manufactured by the "sweating" process. Our sense of justice tells us that it is a shame and a sin that work for the use and benefit of the whole community should be performed by overworked or half-starved citizens. But the responsibility thus fixed, it easily follows that it is both the right and the duty of the Government in awarding contracts, to make it a condition that those who do the hard toil shall receive fair wages. The sentiment, or rather the sense of justice, of the whole country will bear them out in so doing. In fact, the principle is already recognized in the common condition in railway and other charters which gives the labourers the first lien on the contract money, until their wages are paid. The by-law of the City Council of Toronto which secures a minimum wage for the lowest class of labourers in the employ of

the city, whether by contractors or otherwise, is an admission of the same principle in civic affairs. That principle once admitted, the second question is easily disposed of. The scale of wages agreed upon by the workmen's unions is more likely to be a just one than any that could be fixed in any other way, because it is made by those who understand the subject and know well what is practicable. And, then, the unions have been already recognized in legislation in so many ways that the principle involved, so far as there is one, is already fully conceded. All things considered it seems, therefore, in every way desirable and right that the Minister of Public Works should accede to the request of the Trades and Labour Council.

NOT the least argument in favour of the granting of the request of the Trades and Labour Council may be derived from a consideration of the effect upon other employers of labour. Were the advantage likely to be confined solely to workmen employed upon public works, the proposal would still be defensible. The fact that private employers of labour are too often ready to take advantage of the necessities of workmen by securing their labour at the lowest rates made possible by competition, affords neither reason nor excuse for the Government doing the same thing, or permitting it to be done by contractors in their employ. It would still, as we have said, be the duty of the Government to set a righteous example. But it is clear that the example of the Government in this matter would have a powerful effect upon all other employers. It would constantly be referred to as marking the standard of fair dealing. The more conscientious and generous employers would soon adopt the standard, and little by little others would be forced to follow suit. The influence upon public opinion would be great, and that opinion would in its turn become a powerful lever for uplifting the whole labouring community to the higher level. And surely it is high time that the people, as users or consumers who are indirectly the employers of all labour, should be educated to a keener sense of their responsibility in this matter. Said a lady in Toronto the other day, when about to go "down town" to do some shopping: "I think I must go to A and B's," naming one of the more high-priced and fashionable dry-goods shops. "No doubt I could get the articles I want more cheaply at X and Y's, but I always fear that the cheapness there is at the cost of the sewing-girls who make up the goods." The motive did the lady honour, though we could not feel at all sure that her inference was correct, or that it by any means follows that the dealers who charge the higher prices for their goods do, as a rule, deal more liberally with their employees. The incident suggests the query whether customers of either sex realize their responsibility in this matter as they should. There is, we believe, in New York city a society or club of ladies, of the well-to-do classes, we suppose, who take means to find out as nearly as possible how the different firms treat their employees in the matter of work and wages, and pledge themselves not to patronize those whose names are, after such enquiry, placed on their black list. This means a kind of boycott, it is true, but it is a question whether the boycott, in certain forms and within certain limits, is not a natural and proper means of bringing influence to bear for right ends. There are, no doubt, many women and some men in all our towns and cities who would conscientiously and heartily withhold their patronage from the oppressor, and give it to the just and liberal employer, had they any means of arriving at the facts in respect to each. It is a pity that such knowledge could not, by some fair means, be brought within their reach.

JUST now the promised reconstruction of the Ottawa Cabinet is occupying a large share of public attention. The task is doubtless a difficult and delicate one, and the Premier may well be excused if he takes time in deciding upon the changes to be made. There is one principle, however, the observance of which should be expected and as far as possible insisted on by friends and foes alike. The permanent Heads of Departments should be chosen from among men of high character and spotless reputation. They should be above suspicion. It surely is not too much to expect from Mr. Abbott, after his strong speeches in the Senate, that he will, at all cost, observe this principle. It is, moreover, questionable whether any other course can bring the Government safely through the crisis. These comments are suggested by the well-understood fact that the present Secretary of State is a candidate for the vacant portfolio of Minister of Public Works. It is not

unfair to observe that the very fact that a Minister is so persistently anxious, as Mr. Chapleau is believed to be, to obtain control of a Department with large patronage and expenditure, is in itself a suspicious circumstance. Whatever may be said of the lack of positive proof of his connivance at the disgraceful doings in connection with the management of the Printing Bureau, no one can claim that Mr. Chapleau is above suspicion. It is well-nigh inconceivable that Sir John Thompson, or Mr. Abbott, or their colleagues, can have themselves full confidence in his innocence. Then, is his past record, and his whole course as a politician, such as to qualify him for a position of great trust and responsibility? To put it plainly, there can be no doubt that the appointment of Mr. Chapleau to the coveted position would create a painful impression, not only throughout Canada, but in the Mother Country and elsewhere. If the Premier is well-advised he will hesitate long before doing so. If it be necessary that the portfolio should be given to a French leader, surely there are in the ranks of the Conservative party in Quebec strong men of spotless reputation who can be called to the post. Of such, by general consent, is, we believe, the present Governor Angers. We cannot but think that, in the existing state of public feeling, the appointment of Mr. Chapleau Minister of Public Works would do the Government more injury than even his resentment and opposition could possibly do. If he were a reasonable and unselfish man he would see this himself, and, for the sake of his party and the good name of the country, would decline the position if offered him.

THE Kingston *News* thinks that THE WEEK was hardly judicial in discussing the speech of the Minister of Justice on the demand for a committee to investigate the charges against the Hon. Mr. Haggart. After very fairly quoting our comments in full the *News* complains that we fixed upon one unimportant point in the Minister's speech, and made that a test of the whole speech. Sir John Thompson's negative argument, which THE WEEK criticized, was, it admits, "altogether too narrowly legal" and a "somewhat artificial train of reasoning," but this negative argument was not the pith of the matter. The *News* goes on to say:—

Sir John then went on constructively to point out that a royal commission in 1880 had fully investigated Lister's charges with an abundance of evidence, and had come to the conclusion that there was not a tittle of justification for the accusation against Mr. Haggart, and that in the absence of new evidence of any importance, there were no grounds for re-opening the matter. Mr. Lister's refusal to give the Minister of Justice a hint of what now evidence he purported to have obtained, and the time he chose for demanding the investigation—the very closing hours of Parliament—sufficiently indicate the purpose of the Opposition demand. It was made to be refused, so that Grit spouters might have something they consider effective for the hustings.

We have not the speech now before us, but our impressions formed from reading it at the time and our present recollections by no means agree with the *News*' opinion that the portion of the speech on which we remarked was even comparatively unimportant. We confess that we thought it the pith of the Minister's argument. But be that as it may, our criticism on the paragraphs quoted by the *News* was directed simply against that part of the speech. We were more concerned at the moment with the character of the reasoning to which the Minister of Justice committed himself, as an indication of his mental and moral attitude in relation to the matter, than with the soundness of his conclusion that the charge was not one requiring investigation at that late period of the session. The purpose of the Opposition may have been no loftier than that which the *News* ascribes to it, though even on that assumption one would have supposed it good policy on the part of the Government to give the few days asked for, and let Mr. Lister take the very serious consequences of failing to justify his charges. But aside from the merits of the action of either party, our object was to show that the reasoning of the Minister of Justice, in the part of his speech referred to, was not only unconvincing, but morally disappointing and unsound. To that point we confined ourselves. In regard to it, it is evident that our contemporary more than half agrees with us.

SPECULATION is rife in regard to the effect which the death of Mr. W. H. Smith, late Government Leader in the House of Commons, will have upon the political situation in England. Of the three men whose names are prominent as possible successors to the honours and vex-

ations of the position thus left vacant, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach seems to have the probabilities just now in his favour. Mr. Balfour, by general though not universal consent, cannot be spared from the Irish Secretaryship. Moreover he does not, it appears, aspire to the leadership at present. Mr. Goschen's antecedents are against him in some quarters; nor is it to be wondered at if life-long Tories should object to seeing a recruit from the opposite party promoted to the headship after so short a term of service. In any case it will be difficult for the Government to make a selection which will be perfectly acceptable to both Tories and Unionists. At the same time, in the face of a foe flushed with local victories, it is not likely that the followers of the Government, or the enemies of Home Rule, will permit their objections to carry them to the length of embarrassing the Premier. With regard to the dead leader himself, it may be said that, while all admit his mediocrity in talent, and most are willing to give him credit for tact, temper, and good judgment, it is doubtful whether the critics are not losing sight of one of the chief elements in the very fair measure of success which he achieved. We refer to his sterling integrity. Mr. Smith was strongly entrenched in his respectability; we use that word in a good sense. His character compelled a respect, and carried a power which not even brilliant talents, if divorced from unexceptionable morals, can always command. If we are not mistaken his career conveys a lesson on the influence of high principle as a potent factor in the achievement of success, even in political life. The lesson is one which it might be worth while for young politicians in Canada to study just now with the closest attention.

PARNELL'S sudden and final removal from the arena of conflict leaves room for much conjecture and speculation as to the effect in regard both to Home Rule and to the prospects of the Liberal party. The correct opinion probably is that the result will not be seriously affected in either case. The power of the once great Irish leader for good or ill had already departed. Even should the few who followed him to the last be still prompted by a sense of loyalty to continue the faction struggle, it is in the highest degree improbable, seeing that with him as leader their fortunes were constantly on the wane, that without him they can accomplish anything of importance. Possibly the effect of his death may be more seriously felt in England than in Ireland. It would not be surprising, seeing for how long a time the departed leader represented in his own personality, in the eyes of many Englishmen, the Irish cause, if there should be developed, in consequence of his death, a tendency to relegate Home Rule to a secondary place in order to make room for reforms deemed more urgent. But so long as the Liberal chiefs, especially Mr. Gladstone, keep it to the fore, and persist in declaring that it blocks all other legislation, and that the pacification of Ireland is the indispensable prelude to a host of important reforms affecting other parts of the Empire, so long will Home Rule continue to be the chief battle-ground of British politics and parties. Parnell, personally, was a mystery, which we do not attempt to explain. His character and course were alike full of contradictions. Haughty, and often overbearing, in manner, he for long years had centred in himself such homage as affection only can beget. A Protestant, he wielded a unique ascendancy over almost the whole body of representatives of Catholic Ireland. Cold and reserved, he led by sheer personal force a band of hot-headed enthusiasts, whom he contrived to make by some subtle influence pliant and manageable. Be the issue what it may, it can never be doubted that through his wonderful genius and persistence the very advanced legislation which has already done so much for Ireland was almost wholly gained. No other man, in Ireland or elsewhere, could have accomplished what he effected in the face of appalling obstacles. The success with which he welded by sheer force of intellect, or will, or personal magnetism, or some other occult quality, the heterogeneous and unpromising units which constituted the Irish contingent in the Commons, into a compact body, ready to hurl the resistless weapon of the solid vote against any Government or party which refused to do its bidding will remain one of the marvels of British politics.

THE trial of Professor Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, for heresy, which is now going on before the Presbytery of that State, is not unlikely to be memorable in the history of Presbyterianism. As our readers will remember, a Committee of Prosecution

was appointed by the Presbytery last spring to enquire into the charges laid against Professor Briggs, in connection with his now famous Inaugural Address, delivered before the Seminary some time previous to that session. This committee, after careful and prolonged investigation, reported last week in favour of prosecution, and the Presbytery after an animated and at times exceedingly heated debate, decided by the narrow majority of 64 to 62 to receive the report. The specific charges are based upon the Inaugural Address referred to and are two in number, viz.: (1) that Professor Briggs teaches "doctrines which conflict irreconcilably with and are contrary to the cardinal doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures and in the Standards of the Presbyterian Church, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the only infallible rule of faith and practice"; and (2) that he teaches "a doctrine of the character, state and sanctification of believers after death, which irreconcilably conflicts with and is contrary to the Holy Scriptures and the Standards of the Presbyterian Church." These charges are elaborated in several specifications each of which is supported with quotations from the Inaugural, and controverted with numerous Scripture references and with citations from the Confession and the Shorter Catechism, the Standards of the Church. It would be, of course, going beyond the sphere of a secular journal, to enter into the merits of the question as between Professor Briggs and the authorities of his Church, even if want of space did not forbid. The only question which may fairly be considered as of general interest is that of the effect of the ultimate decision of the General Assembly—for no doubt the case, whatever the result of the trial by the Presbytery, will be carried before the highest court of the Church—as determining the attitude of this learned and influential denomination towards the spirit of free investigation in the realm of theology which is so marked a feature of the Christianity of the day. As the accused as well as the accuser will, no doubt, take his stand upon the teachings of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which he has, in another document published since the Inaugural, declared himself to accept as "the only infallible rule of faith and practice," it is evident that the decision must really be based upon the "Standards." But to condemn Dr. Briggs by these Standards, revised or unrevised, will be regarded as tantamount to a repudiation by the Church of the legitimacy of the so-called "higher criticism," and of the possibility of a progressive theology. Anxious fears, which the close division in the Presbytery shows to be well grounded, are expressed by many lest the outcome of the trial may be a schism in the denomination.

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE writer was accidentally present when a deputation of workmen from the city of Toronto, en route from their conference at Quebec, and accompanied by several members of Parliament, waited on the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Frank Smith, a month ago and asked him if he would in future insert a clause in contracts for public works providing that where labour unions had fixed the scale of wages for the current year contractors should be compelled to adhere to that scale in putting in their tenders and in paying their men. Their contention was that in the city of Toronto the Trades and Labour Council fixed the scale of wages at which employers and employees should contract with one another. Their arrangements, however, were interfered with by the power contractors had to bring in cheap labour from abroad to work at a lower scale, which would in all probability displace them in the city in which they had made their homes, without any ultimate advantage to the country at large.

This application on the part of workmen affords a good opportunity to enquire into the justice of the position they have taken and how far it is likely to affect the public weal should it be accorded to them. Education which is the parent of intelligence has worked great changes in the methods of the toilers of the country, and the aims that now animate their leaders are conducive to the best results of good and perfect government, which it is the interest of the public to co-operate with. The first efforts of labour to assert itself were stigmatized as socialistic, and there is no doubt that socialism was the only goal many of the agitators had in view as the result of their agitation; but the struggle of the past quarter of a century has modified their views and their intelligence has directed their minds into business channels in guarding the interests of labour, which by collective efforts can protect the weak from the strong and raise the standard of workmen throughout the country and throughout the world.

A number of workmen are attracted to the city of Toronto, which is becoming a great labour centre, in consequence of the development of industries, incident to the progress of the country. They wish to make it their home, where by industry and sobriety they can maintain their families in comfort and build themselves independent

homes. The labour in the city is organized, and the workmen meet and discuss questions which affect their welfare. They determine the scale of wages for the various trades and callings to which all those who receive the benefit of their protection are obliged to adhere. A contractor who may employ, say two hundred men, who is either anxious to take too large a share of the profit, or has taken his contract too low, may send abroad and bring in a gang of foreign labourers, who will work for ten, fifteen or fifty cents a day, as the case may be, below the scale. They displace the home workmen, and as soon as they have become permanently fixed, perhaps only after a fight for their position on the part of the home workmen, they will, in time, strike for a higher wage, trade becomes disorganized, the country agitated, and waste of capital and labour is the cost to the country. That is the result of refusing to concede the right to workmen to fix the price they are willing to sell their labour at collectively. In the request they now prefer, they only ask that the labourers who come in to work beside them shall be paid by the contractor on the same scale as is fixed by the workmen of the locality where the work is done, and that the Government shall recognize to that extent the co-operation of labour—a recognition that would soon extend to all branches of industry. A case, to illustrate more forcibly the position of the workmen, came under the notice of the writer lately. The Public Works Department determined to build a breakwater at Digby, Nova Scotia. Plans and estimates of the work were submitted by the engineers to cost \$79,000, the sum appropriated by Parliament. Tenders were called for, and the contract was let to the lowest tenderer, at \$43,000 (little more than half the estimate) on the 18th of last November, the work to be finished in eighteen months. The consequence is that the work has not been commenced, and the contractor has been hunting about for cheap material to enable him to have the work done within his contract price. To complete his contract he will either have to scamp his work or not pay his workmen. Either the Government or the workmen who perform the labour will be injured by the eagerness of the contractor to get the job. The contractor having got it at a figure which renders proper performance impossible, and finding himself in this dilemma is nonplussed, and suggestions are perhaps thrown out that the work is located in the wrong place for the most effective service, which, if listened to, would give an opportunity to make up by way of extras, and on an average of contracts dealt with in that way the public treasury is sure to suffer in the long run and workmen be defrauded. How can the prayer of the petition from the labour council be acceded to with justice to contractors and to the public?

The system of tendering in some countries is as follows, and in fact in past days was the system in Canada: The Chief Engineer makes his estimate of the work to be done, basing his calculations upon the cost of material, scale of wages, etc., and tenders are called for, the successful tenderer being the one who approaches nearest to the engineer's estimate, upon the principle that it is not in the interest of the public to let a contract below its value as either the work will be scamped or the labourers swindled. Before making his estimate the Engineer can ascertain the scale of wages for which the labour unions will undertake to protect the contractor from strikes during the progress of the work, and he can place that rate in the contract, the contractor will then be bound to pay this rate to whatever hands he may employ. The details of the system of preparing the estimates and figuring on the tenders could be arranged so as to guard the public interests. The advantage of the Government availing itself of a system that will avoid strikes is manifest. Strikes hinder work, impoverish the men, disturb trade, and threaten the public peace. Strikes are bound to occur as the industry of the country increases, because the workmen are intent upon raising their standard of employment both in its dignity and emolument. They are accomplishing their object gradually but firmly, with due respect to themselves, and to the interests of the public. Their leaders are intelligent and capable of directing; they are working as well for their weaker brethren as themselves; they know the hardships of the sweating system; they know the garrets that contain the toilers who eke out a scanty subsistence in the large cities, under the system of farming out work through a middleman, but they must first secure an acknowledgment that they are working on legitimate lines before they can cast their mantle of protection over all their fellow-workmen. When it becomes an acknowledged principle that workmen are entitled to sell their work collectively and to be protected in their right to do so, before an employee of labour enters on his work he can go to the trades council and ascertain what scale of wages the labour union will protect him in; he will then know exactly what he has to contend with, strikes will not disarrange his calculations or increase his tender to allow for the loss occasioned by them. Workmen are aiming to become the partners of capital instead of its servants, not on the principle that "Jack is as good as his master," but that they may enjoy a greater share of the blessings of this life than has hitherto fallen to their lot. In an enlightened country like Canada, while we are laying a foundation for the employment of industrial labour, we should wish the labourers God-speed, their own intelligence, their own necessities will teach them moderation, and that economy of living is quite as essential to ultimate success and happiness as is drawing high wages. Contented well-paid labour is a blessing to any country; it increases the

prosperity of the community, it gives a vested interest in the State to the masses, it increases the purchasing power of the people, and diffuses more equally the accumulation of capital. The subject is an exhaustive one, and will bear criticism from all standpoints, but onward and upward should be the motto of the people of our common country.

C. A. BOULTON.

Ottawa, Sept. 25, 1891.

MEMORIES OF BAYREUTH.

WAGNER'S Theatre at Bayreuth is altogether unique in contour and construction, built chiefly of red brick and timber. It presents an imposing appearance on approaching Bayreuth by rail from this quaint, old city of Nürnberg, which, with its fortified walls and deep, broad moats, was the birthplace of Wagner's opera, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." Mad King Ludwig, whose worst craze was the building of castles and costly edifices, must have felt Wagner's controlling hand when he built the theatre for him, it being the perfection of inexpensive neatness, combined with roomy comfort; easy of ingress and egress, and when the audience is seated there is ample space in front of each row, in the Fürsten-Loge or Parquet, for accommodating 1,344 persons on broad, movable, cane-seated opera chairs. The floor is fan-shaped and is raised to such a degree that each seat is equally good, both for hearing and seeing. The roof is flat, with fan-shaped ribs running from the centre of the proscenium, intended, no doubt, to guide the sound-waves into the far corners of the auditorium. Two-thirds of the building are taken up by the stage and appurtenances. The stage is lighted by electricity, supplied from an out-building in the rear; the scenery is hoisted up and down, chiefly, and is as near perfection in mechanical appliances and facility in changing as can well be imagined; the curtain is woven from fine silk, with gold ornamentation. The audience being assembled by a fanfare of trumpets, the lights are turned down at the first sound of the orchestra, which consisted of 110 instrumentalists, thirty-two being violins, all completely hidden from the audience, down in front and partly under the stage; the conductor of "Tannhauser," Herr Mottl, the young Karlsruhe Kapellmeister, being of course in full view of the stage. This is a capital arrangement, if only that it prevents the line of sight to the stage being interfered with. The combination performance of chorus and orchestra was certainly the most finished I have ever witnessed inside the walls of a theatre. "Parsifal," Wagner's crowning work, conducted by Herr Levi, was indeed a revelation in both detail of execution, scenic wonders and general excellence in performance. Van Wyck, the grand Dutch tenor, fits the character to perfection, his superb voice, fine manly bearing and highly cultured style of singing, together with an intense fervour in acting, make his triumph over all complete. Frau Materna, well known in America, brought all her dramatic force and vocal art to bear upon the terribly trying rôle of Kundry. The other solo parts were evenly sustained by artists selected for their worth and Wagnerian efficiency. "Amfortus" was sung by Herr Reichmann, and a grand representation it was. "Tannhauser" was presented in all its original completeness, the "Venusberg," first act, being fully developed, making the stage a scene of constant life-like movement, the opera being given for the first time, since its early composition, in its full scope and moral effect. Herr Zeller was somewhat disappointing as "Tannhauser," his voice being too light, and not sufficiently broad and declamatory for German opera. Fraulein Wiborg, a young singer selected by Madame Wagner, cannot compare with our own Albani as Elizabeth for *cantabile* and *phrasing*. Germany's two most celebrated baritones, Reichmann and Scheidemantel, alternated in the part of Wolfram, the latter's interpretation of Wolfram's description of the consuming sorrow of Elizabeth and her hungering for Tannhauser's return being especially impressive. Frau Sucher's performance as Venus was truly magnificent. The unmatched scenery all through the opera has a fitting finish in the winding funeral *cortège* of Elizabeth, headed by knights and torch-bearers, while the newly-arrived pilgrims from Rome surround them—the younger ones on a rock above, holding the staff of rose blossoms, representing the redemption of Tannhauser, and as the curtain falls the light of dawn suffuses the scene, illustrating the calm feeling of pardon which succeeded the anguish of despairing hope. The audiences assembled filled every seat at five dollars a head, and many at three and four hundred per cent. premium. It was the most orderly, decorous and discriminating congregation of musical pilgrims possible to conceive, scarcely a sound of applause being heard until the close of the last act, when the curtain had to be raised several times, discovering the stage picture in precisely the same attitudes as at the first drop of the curtain, no incongruous changes being permitted to mar the recollections and impressions created by the music-wright and the historian. The representations, lasting but for a month, are, it is said, to be repeated next year, when "Parsifal," "Tannhauser" and "Die Meistersinger" are proposed for representation. Bayreuth was once the resort of Grandees, and has several fine residences and an old theatre so peculiar in interior that I overheard a fair American exclaim: "Oh, I say, isn't this like our church in Boston?" Vanderbilt and many Americans visited Bayreuth this year, but the operas were, I was informed, mainly supported by English and Germans.

W. EDGAR BUCK.

RONDEAU.

HASTE Victor Death! I long for thee to-night
Now while life's fires are burning clear and bright,
For being last thou surely must be best.
Come to me power benign, give tranquil rest,
And temper life's hot noon with thy bland light.

The battle roars around me, cares affright
My very life in God, fierce hates incite
To black fruition. Calm me life—distress'd,
Haste Victor Death!

The warrior yields to thee his toughest fight,
The poet spurns earth's bays, knowing his might
To build a swelling Epic—long suppress'd
By alien cares—the saint unloved, unblest
Hungers for God, and I would mount in flight,
Haste Victor Death!

JAMES C. HODGINS.

38 Henry St., Toronto.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET

MR. ABBOTT, aided, of course, by the leader of the Government in the House of Commons, is engaged at present on a delicate and arduous task—the reorganization of the Ministry. We see at times in the newspapers a piece of news to the effect that there has been a meeting of the Cabinet, but that the reorganization was not before it. If the question was one of *repairing* the Cabinet—filling up the two vacant offices—nothing could be more proper than that the Prime Minister should confer with his colleagues as to the propriety of taking in certain persons on whom his judgment was likely to fix. But to consult with his colleagues in full session on the *reorganization* of the Ministry would partake of Turkish statesmanship, and the polite correspondence between a Sultan and a Pasha, in which a bow-string is the billet-doux. He has the resignations of all his Ministers in his hands, and of some of them we may say with certainty no man in the Dominion would be as sorry as himself if they insisted on his accepting theirs. When the Conservative party came back to power in 1878 a strong Ministry was formed, and Sir John Macdonald at its head was in the full vigour of his powers. English-speaking peoples have a love for old politicians, which some nations, the Greeks for instance, would have found incomprehensible. As Sir John's physical energy, and therefore his real power, declined, his *prestige* and public power rose, and it seemed a pleasure to a mind, in whose humour there was a deep but latent cynicism, to try how much dead matter he could by means of his own volatility float.

Lord Beaconsfield describes Conservatism under Sir Robert Peel as "an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of Government." This could not be said of the Conservatism of the man who fathered and carried, though he did not originate, the National Policy, and who built the Pacific Railway. But it would seem to be an accurate description of the Conservatism of some of his followers, if we substitute the word "possession" for "fulfilment."

If men's difficulties are the measure of their opportunities, the opportunities of Mr. Abbott are great; and yet he is to-day in a much better position than anybody could have anticipated when he took the reins. The wheels have indeed gone into ruts not looked for, and an outrider has been unhorsed, but the team has behaved beautifully. No one, friend or foe, believed that after the death of Sir John Macdonald the party in the House and the country would show the organic life, the self-conscious direction, it has done. It may be said in passing, however, that twelve months before his death, when some newspapers were echoing the flim-flam—"after me the deluge"—the present writer declared, in a published article, that his demise would not be the signal for his following going to pieces, and pointed out that the Conservative party was a *party*, and not a faction or a mob. Mr. Abbott's opportunities extend *beyond* the bounds of his difficulties. His difficulties have in one or two directions enhanced his opportunities. Great responsibilities rest on him. He has had to cope with none of the restlessness, none of the bolting that was expected. Save for scandals for which he is in no way responsible, all he has had to do was to sit on the box and hold the ribands. It was not necessary to tighten the curbs or use the whip. Now, however, he is called on to act, and on his action may depend the fate of the Conservative party, the policy of the country for years to come, the progress of Canada, the character and aims of her political life. He is untrammelled by connections or antecedents; yet the task before him is difficult, but difficult in this sense alone—it requires *original*, or more properly *originating*, talent to deal with it. Many men of great ability, especially when they are lawyers, are mere imitators on an occasion like the present; they look for *precedents* when they should *devise* what the reason of the case demands. The situation then is this: if he fails he will fail where the majority of men would fail; if he succeeds he will succeed with great credit; the alternative is a negation or glory. Under the altered circumstances of the present we believe Sir John Macdonald, whose mind, old as he was, was plastic, would have cut right adrift from that system to which he seemed so

wedded, of working with and through inferior men. This sent him earlier to his grave. He had no men in his Cabinet who could command and influence public audiences, except Lower Province men, who had to be on the Atlantic coast. He had to do the work himself. He was fully sensible of what was needed, but, unspurred by a great necessity, he put off until "To-morrow." Mr. Abbott, we doubt not, knows that procrastination would be a mistake to-day. It depends on him whether confidence in public men shall be restored and what, in the haze of the public imagination, looms large as the wreck of public morality, shall be repaired. He can make himself stronger than Sir John Macdonald was if he falls back on the true principles of constitutional government, and will give the people a Cabinet of able men with names wholly unconnected with boodling transactions. He has himself held up in the Senate an ideal to which he must aspire or be condemned, and the people are heartily sick of ignorance, incompetence and imbecility in high places. Schools and universities have long been at work; with what feelings can the youth of Canada have seen Avarice, Dishonesty, Humbug, Brainlessness, crowned and enthroned? The revelations of the past session have come like a blessing from God. Men within the Conservative party who would fain serve Canada in the spirit in which a Kingston poet sings:—

For love or fame or whatever it be,
I give the wine of my life for thee,

had begun to despair, and were ready to turn with disgust from an arena wherein it seemed Boodle was the Praetor who awarded the prize to Mediocrity armed with poisoned weapons. Mediocrity dreads real Ability in political life, because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it pursues "the paths of high intent," and therefore cannot be "used" is "impractical," and of course hateful to the contractor who is eager to pay a few thousand dollars if he can get twenty times the amount in "extras," like the socialist described by the Chartist poet, who was ready

To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

Only a man of the peculiar talents and peculiar position of Sir John Macdonald could pursue the methods he pursued, and now that the public have had a glimpse such as God gave Ezekiel, as recorded in his eighth chapter, these methods are impossible. They were always unnecessary if the true principles of ruling party and governing a country had been resorted to. But what Humboldt says generally of man is specially true of politicians of the Walpole school: "We never confide sufficiently in the good feelings of our fellow-men." Give the people ability and honesty to challenge their confidence and generous recognition, it may be enthusiasm, and "every form of creeping things and abominable beasts" will be no longer indispensable among the engines of war. A free government is the greatest blessing a people can enjoy; but men are too enlightened to-day to confound free government with parliamentary imposture. Sir John Macdonald, amid many notes of genius, had this, the truest of all, versatility. In the House, owing partly to the ability of Sir John Thompson, who, save on two occasions, led with marked capacity, partly to the admirable *morale* of the Conservative members, Sir John Macdonald's loss was hardly felt. Will it be felt now and in the months to come? Leaving his undoubted statesmanship and his skill in party management aside, it would perhaps be difficult to compute how much of the success of the appeals to the popular mind was due to his humour, fun, comedy. With men whose lives are a dull routine these light gifts will make more votes than pile-driving arguments. To turn a morose politician into a genial Conservative, the first step is to surprise him with the revelation that he can laugh.

We hope great things from Mr. Abbott; we cannot say we are *sure* of great things, because he has never before been called on to act in such an emergency. His training is the training of a great commercial lawyer. To those who refer to his connection with the Pacific Scandal it is enough to say at the moment, that the Thiers of 1848, grown an old man, did, a quarter of a century afterwards, splendid service for France and for the world! The reference to an annexationist ebullition in very early years is entirely out of court. We are not always the same. A man may err to-day in judgment or conduct, and a few, or many years afterwards, do good service to mankind. Looking at the fact that on every ground, personal and patriotic, he must desire to give Canada the strongest government he possibly can, and bearing in mind the impression of statesman-like capacity he has given all who came in contact with him since he has become Premier, we await with some confidence the reorganization to which the Conservative party looks forward with expectancy, and the whole country with a curiosity not unmingled with unrest.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M.P.

PROF. MAX MULLER defends himself from the recent attacks made upon his theory of the Asiatic origin of the Aryan race. He still reiterates his assertions that little progress in the determination of race can be made by the measurement of skulls, and that the home of the Aryans is to be determined by linguistic evidence only. He urges anew a principle which he enunciated 40 years ago; that there should be a "complete separation between physiology and philology." The physiology of the negroes in America gives no clew to the origin of the Anglo-Saxon language which they speak.

OLD NEW-WORLD STORIES.

THE SAINT CASTINES.

I.

THE Treaty of Breda (1667) had just been signed, thus closing a war not noted for any great or remarkable events, between England, France, Holland and Denmark. By one of the stipulations of that Treaty the country called *Acadie*, *Acadia*, or *Nova Scotia*, which had been—nominally at least—in possession of England for the preceding thirteen years, had been formally ceded to France. It may here be remarked, parenthetically, that the name *Acadie*, Anglicized continually into *Acadia*, was not, as the early French navigators supposed, the aboriginal proper name of the country. It meant simply the common name as applied to place, locality, or country; as, for instance, *Sagaben-acadie*—now “Shubenacadie”—the *Sagaben*—an edible root—country, the place where the *Sagaben*—an edible root—abounds. From the frequent use of this word by the natives as a noun of place, the early French navigators inferred that it meant the name of the country as a whole. In ceding *Acadie* to France, England seems to have entirely ignored the fact that, in 1656, eleven years before the signing of the Treaty of Breda, the Lord Protector, and practically the Sovereign of England, had, in due form, granted the whole of *Acadia*, or *Nova Scotia*, conjointly to Sir Thomas Temple, William Crowne and Charles Amador de la Tour. We know that Sir Thomas Temple had never made any surrender of his rights under that grant. We know that, however it may have been with his colleagues, La Tour, at least, resided in the country so granted until his death, in 1666, a year before the conclusion of the Treaty of Breda. It may have been that the Government of Charles II. scorned to recognize, as involving an obligation upon them, any pledge, or contract, of the republican monarch, Oliver Cromwell. However that may be, one of the present day cannot but feel astonished at the coolness with which the Governments of England and France—but more especially the latter—were wont, in those times past, to ignore, or utterly disregard, the claims and rights of private individuals throughout the making of these many grants and cessions.

Whoever was to suffer from the fact, *Acadie* was now the property of France; and, in 1668, Mouillon du Bourg was sent out to take formal possession of the colony for the King of that country. We hear but little further of this Du Bourg. He merely took possession of *Acadie*, and forthwith handed it over to Emmanuel Le Borgne de Belle Isle, as provisional Governor. This Le Borgne—now and henceforth “De Belle Isle”—was a son of that Emmanuel Le Borgne who, in 1654, claiming to be a creditor of D'Aulnay de Charnisè, had come across the Atlantic to levy, by his own act, upon *Acadie*, as part of the estate of D'Aulnay; and who was himself seized and made prisoner by Sedgewick, one of Cromwell's captains.

Neither Du Bourg nor Belle Isle was destined to reign long over *Acadie*. It must be noted that, about this time and for long afterwards, changes in the *personnel* of French officials were of remarkably frequent occurrence. Governors, Lieut.-Governors and other officials in military command, were frequently, and to them often, inexplicably surprised by finding themselves, at very short notice, superseded by rivals who, in their turn, soon found themselves dealt with in like manner. The official as well as the private correspondence, and the legends of the period, indicate much jealousy and suspicion towards their countrymen, on the part both of office-holders and of aspirants for official position. Back-biting and scandal-mongering were, among them, disagreeably prevalent. It is possible that the disposition which led to these unamiable habits may account, in a great measure, for the subsequent decline and eventual ruin of the French power in these regions. In July, 1670, Hubert d'Andigny Chevalier de Grandfontaine, then in Quebec, was formally appointed Governor of *Arcadie*; and, early in the autumn of the same year, we find him making his way down the river Penobscot to take charge of his command. Grandfontaine had been a captain in the lately disbanded Regiment de Carignan, so celebrated for its prowess in the early Canadian wars; and he was now a Major of Infantry. The new Governor's retinue, on this occasion, formed a picturesque and formidable-looking flotilla. He was accompanied by Captain Vincent Baron de Saint Castine, who had been his companion in arms in the Carignan Regiment. He was also attended by Captain de Chambly, Lieutenant de Soulanges, Ensign de Villieu, and other French officers whose names have become distinguished in the annals of Canada. With these was a small party of French soldiery. There was, too, a party of Indians, much more formidable as to numbers. These belonged mainly to the large and powerful tribe of the Abenakis. As these savages were not, strictly speaking, upon what is called the “war path,” those of the *braves* who were possessed of wives and families were, for the most part, favoured with their presence on this occasion. The whole party, French and Indian, were afloat in the symmetrically formed and gracefully gliding birch-bark canoes of the country. The above-mentioned Baron de Saint Castine was a nobleman of Bearn, and therefore belonged to a race especially noted for its fierce, erratic and adventurous character. In him it might be said that the characteristics of his countrymen were developed to a superlative degree. In him were blended the widely separate qualities of the traditional knight-errant of the age of chivalry, and the fierce North

American savage of the seventeenth century. Withal, he was, in heart and soul, a thorough Frenchman. As such, the guiding principle of his daily life—indeed, the absorbing tenet of his religion, as it would seem—presented itself in the guise of a passionate, undying hatred of England. It was a question, however, whether even this feeling had not become intensified and concentrated into a hatred of *New England*. Already, in 1670, he had become the evil genius of that country, a character which he was, for long years, to fill. In the Iroquois wars, Saint Castine had already become familiarized with the prominent characteristics and modes of warfare as practised by the native Indian tribes—both of the terrible “Five Nations” themselves and of those other native tribes who had become the habitual allies of the French. Prominent among the latter, both for their prowess and numerical strength, were the Abenakis. This tribe, or nation, occupied the Western and Midland part of what is now the State of Maine, together with New Hampshire, Vermont and the Eastern Townships of the present Province of Quebec; but, of course, being, like all the other North American aborigines, of more or less migratory habits, they sometimes, as the result of successful wars, extended beyond these boundaries, whilst, at others, they were driven far within them. No sooner had Saint Castine doffed the livery of the King of France than he boldly threw himself among the Indians as one of themselves. But amongst whatsoever people thrown, he was born to command. He was especially by Nature fashioned to rule and guide such peoples as were our North American Indians, warlike, savage tribes, in the days of their might. There is, perhaps, a savage element in the character of every civilized man, which requires only favourable circumstances under which to announce itself. However that may be, Saint Castine had enough of the savage in his nature to endear him to the savages. He had other characteristics, physical and mental, which enabled him easily to command them. As a rule, and contrary to the prevalent popular belief, the White Man is, in *physique*, the superior of the so-called Red Man. As a rule, the former notably surpasses the latter in agility, physical strength and powers of enduring fatigue. It was soon perceived that Saint Castine possessed these qualities in an eminent degree; and that he could surpass his dusky associates in their own most vaunted achievements, whether with bow or firelock, line or net, knife or tomahawk, or even in managing the crank canoe. These warrior and wild-wood accomplishments, together with his dauntless courage, instead of arousing anything like jealousy among the Indians, soon caused Saint Castine to be with them the most admired and trusted of men. Still more was he endeared to them through his cordial hatred of the *Anglais*—“Yanglees”—a name finally worn down into “Yankees.”

Among the most attached of St. Castine's Indian friends, and among the most cordial of his admirers, was *Maddockawando*, a noted *brave* and a chief of the Abenakis. Rumour said—and rumour had many tongues among the dark people of the forest, as well as among the fairer faced gossips of town and settlement—that still another attachment already existed between the family of the woodland chieftain and the Bearnese paladin, an attachment in which the fair and favourite daughter of the former, *Melchide Pidikwamisco*, was largely both giver and receiver. The fair “Matilde”—for such was the name by which the Abenaki maiden had eventually been received into the Christian Church—was now of the party accompanying her father and acknowledged lover, in the present expedition. On swept the flotilla, down the beautiful Penobscot, by wooded shores now already gorgeous in the rainbow tints of nearly approaching autumn. Arrowy and unbroken was the flight of the graceful canoes; for, strange to say, their occupants did not even dream of encountering either ambush, or open attack, from any waylaying enemy. Rapidly and gaily, onwards they went with the steam, until that fresh-water current was changed for the meeting tide from the ocean—still on, until the majestic river gradually expanded into a wide estuary. Then the little armada gracefully rounded in to the shore, its voyage being ended for the present, and the canoes were grounded beneath the friendly walls of Fort Pentagoet. This Fort Pentagoet, at the time to which we now specially refer, consisted merely of a number of buildings, for the most part constructed of heavy squared logs, with one of hewn stone and shingle roof, and also a small chapel, severally fronting upon an open square, the whole being surrounded by a stout and lofty stockade. It was built after the prevalent fashion of the so-called forts of the period, but was in poor repair. It was defended nominally by twelve guns, which would now be considered mere toys. It afterwards became more worthy of note as a real fortification, and it was the fate of Pentagoet, in the course of its history, to submit to many changes of masters. England and France, throughout their contentions for supremacy upon this continent, never could—or, at all events, never did—agree upon the boundaries of *Acadia*. Sometimes the river Kennebeck was held to be its western limit; sometimes, the Penobscot; at other times, the St. Croix; and again the isthmus of Missiguash, thus limiting *Acadia* to the peninsular portion of the present Province of *Nova Scotia*. There was never any doubt that the latter was *Acadie*, or a part of *Acadie*. Each power, whilst in possession, claimed and endeavoured to hold up to the most extended of these boundaries. Thus Pentagoet was long subject to the eventualities of a border post, on the verge of territory of two powers almost constantly at war. The present visit of Chevalier Grand-

fontaine was to receive from the agent of the English Governor, a formal transfer of the post, Pentagoet still remaining in the actual possession of the English. Just at the time now under consideration, Pentagoet was considered by the Governors of both Canada and Acadie to be of great importance, as an advance post of the French in the direction of New England. The French had recently heard of England having made a direct and definite proposal to her North American Colonies, to the effect that the latter should seize Canada. They had not heard that the New Englanders had declined to acquiesce in the project, as one utterly impracticable. The French—especially those resident in Canada and Acadie—were in a painful state of suspense. They were apprehensive of a formidable attack from England and her Colonies, but they knew not with what might, nor from what quarter, the blow would come; nor, with absolute certainty, if it would come at all. Certainly, however, it was desirable to prepare to meet it, so far as that was possible. Hence the large escort of the French Governor, now come to receive the transfer of the fort. Grandfontaine and those of his French followers who, from their rank, might be properly called to his councils, with Madockawando and other of the most noted *braves* who were present, held long consultations upon the aspect of affairs. One point resolved upon without hesitation was, that Saint Castine should make Fort Pentagoet his headquarters, retaining in garrison such force as he pleased, or as volunteered to remain with him. Grandfontaine, with the remainder of his followers, proceeded on their way eastward to Port Royal, which was still regarded as the capital of *Acadie*, and to the other posts of which he had to take like transfers. We find that soon afterwards Soulanges was placed in charge of the posts on the river St. John. It may be observed by the way that on the 20th October, 1672, he received a “concession of land, of four leagues frontage, stretching along the east side of the river St. John, with the use of the dwelling of Fort Jemseck, so long as he shall continue commandant on said river.” For a short period previously and commencing on the 2nd of September, 1670, he had been in charge of Port Royal as Grandfontaine's lieutenant. It may be mentioned here, as fixing the local habitation of some of Saint Castine's neighbours, that, of even date with the above mentioned grant to Lieutenant Soulanges, two other concessions of land were made to two brothers of his, upon the St. John, one of them extending to the Bay of Fundy. On the 18th of October ensuing, a grant upon the same river was made to Martignon d'Apprendistiqui; and another to Jacques Potier de Saint Denys. It was this Apprendistiqui who, at a former period, had married *Jeanne*, the natural and legitimate daughter of Charles Amador St. Etienne de la Tour, and a *Milicete* squaw. These concessions of land upon the fertile and beautiful banks of the St. John, in addition to which there were many others in succeeding years, were of extensive seignories to be held upon the terms of the feudal law; but the Seignors were like the Baronets of *Nova Scotia*, to whom England had made similar extensive concessions; they failed in their engagements and neglected their privileges, and their lands continued to be wilderness.

To return to Fort Pentagoet. Years have elapsed. Another large, and varied, and gay canoe party has arrived at that fort, now escorting Saint Castine and his bride; for, after a longer delay than one would have expected, and certainly after mature consideration, the fair and fascinating brunette, *Matilde*, *nee* Madockawando, became the Baroness de Saint Castine. All necessary rites were observed to make the marriage legally binding according to the laws of France and of the Roman Catholic Church. It may here be mentioned that throughout the French settlement in North America it was no uncommon occurrence for the men of that nationality to take to themselves wives from the aboriginal races. In this instance, Saint Castine, nobleman as he was, had set his less eminent fellow-countrymen an example by practically averring that legal marriage was preferable to illicit intercourse. In marked distinction with the French were the habits of the early English colonists, with whom it was extremely rare to marry or cohabit with Indian women. But now Saint Castine and Pentagoet soon became names of dread throughout New England. Gradually the latter, as the headquarters of the doughty and enterprising baron, was converted into a military post of respectable strength. Its garrison, too, was not a mere congregation of wild Indians. Saint Castine's reputation in partisan warfare soon became widely spread upon both sides of the Atlantic. Doubtless, as is usual in such cases, the versions of his daring exploits lost nothing in the frequent telling of them. Other gallant young gentlemen were fired by his example. France, religion, glory—alike lured them on; and to these motives were added the novel fascinations of a wild-wood life. They eagerly placed themselves under the leadership of Saint Castine. Besides the common class of adventurers accustomed to the wild life of the native savages, the autocratic chieftain soon found himself surrounded by a band of hardy young representatives of the nobility and gentry of France. He was, in a manner, a *New-World*, wild-woods “Arthur,” surrounded by his knights. Or Pentagoet had become, in effect, a sort of feudal Castle of the European Middle Ages, where Saint Castine held rude court in the midst of his retainers of most diverse origin. Meanwhile this Baron de Saint Castine became to the people of New England a chronic terror—an unceasing torment. He seemed to have the gift of ubiquity, was “restless as the hat of a Frank,” and intangible as a Will o' the Wisp. He was heard of here, there, almost every-

where; but was only seen when severely felt. It seemed as if no human power, or precaution, could evade Saint Castine's frequent and overwhelming attacks upon those whom he held to be the enemies of his country, of his allies, and of himself. These attacks were fierce and merciless, to a degree far in excess even of what the New Englanders had previously experienced in their various "Indian wars." Saint Castine's name became a stay to all progress of English colonization in the direction of Acadie and Canada. Thirty years of restless perturbation and of petty, but incessant and most murderous warfare, had made up what we may call the history of the "foreign relations" of the *Anglais* or "Yankee" settlements in New England, since first the Baron de Saint Castine became known upon their borders.

PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON.

PARIS LETTER.

ON the 27th September, 1791—a Friday, too—the law passed for the emancipation of the Jews was signed by Louis XVI. Till then the Jews had to wear a yellow badge on their gowns to indicate their race—as if lepers, and they were prohibited from bathing in the Seine. Then they numbered only 500 in France; to-day they are 67,850; then they were nothing; to-day they are all—for they occupy the highest seats in the Synagogue. One officer in every ninety-four in the French army is an Israelite. The Jew can repeat with Racine's Esther: "I govern the Empire where I was bought." General Bonaparte promised to rebuild Jerusalem the Golden if the Israelites backed him for the Empire; he only made Paris their abiding city, a new Jerusalem, and compelled them to adopt a surname, as all were Abrahams, Isaacs, Jacobs, etc.; they did so, and selected the addition from the geographical dictionary. In France, as elsewhere, the Semites continue to be a people within a nation, like the river Rhone, which traverses the lake of Geneva without any mingling of its waters.

So well have the police battered all the anti-Lohengrinism out of the loafers, the Peep-o'-Day Boys and the Know-Nothings, that the opera authorities contemplate treating the rowdies to a free representation, as a cordial balm for truncheon wounds and knuckle-duster trademarks. The dextrine asafetida balls led to a counter-vapouring by lavender water, quite a refreshing perfume for the house; a fabricant of scents offers to supply, gratuitously, two fountains of lavender water to throw up spray around the electric light during the operatic performances. In 1822, the Paris mob—which blessed the allies when entering Paris in 1815—was as furious against an English troupe of actors that speculated in a series of Shakespearean representations at Paris, as their descendants were recently against Wagner. It was a current belief with the rioters that Shakespeare was an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington.

The moribund Panama Canal Company has been galvanized into a kick. The victimized shareholders call upon Jupiter, that is, the State, to pull their speculation out of the rut. They assert that 1,400,000,000 frs., chiefly French savings, have been sunk in the bubble; that 3,000,000 frs. annually are required to keep machinery and works from rust and rain, and that these will become the property of the Colombian Government in February, 1893, if the scheme be not run. The petitioners allege that these relics will be sold for a song to the foreigner—which is romancing. It was by exploiting this chauvinistic fibre; indulging in such "drum taps," that M. de Lesseps wheedled his admirers out of their cash. The Government, having ever disowned all connection with the bubble "promoted" by M. de Lesseps, cannot be expected to risk the "nation's farthings" in crutching up an abortion. Uncle Sam is there to shake his finger the moment France would officially play protectorate at Panama. The company's scrip is about as valuable as 1790 assignats.

Republican France owed a statue to Garibaldi, who, republican though he was, accepted the monarchical unity of his native Italy. His birth city, Nice, is now French, by the ups and downs of war. Garibaldi has lots of foes in France for his smashing up of the temporal power, as well as the powers of Bomba kings and fossilized Grand Dukes. It is to be hoped that at the inauguration allusion will be made to "Garibaldi's Englishman," and so recall what the Mother of free nations did, for the Mother of the Latins.

M. Sarcey, not only the *doyen*, but the prince of theatrical critics, illustrates the decay of the legitimate drama in Paris, by the fact that those who interpret it have to seek engagements in the provinces. He also points out that the attempts at present being made in the cafés' concerts, to intercale recitations from the classic dramatists, between popular ditties, is doomed to failure. Music halls are supported by beer drinkers and smokers, who only want comic songs to amuse them after their daily toil. Out of place, also, is the plan of giving gesture songs, recalling hospitals, dissecting theatres, cemeteries and delirium tremens, after comic ballads. M. Dalbert, of Lyons, adds Sarcey, is the only manager in France who is making money, and simply by producing old dramas.

The actrice, Mlle. Berny, is exciting the humorous admiration of the play-going world, by her heroic refusal to wear an excessively short jupon in a ballet at the Palais-

Royal Theatre. She preferred to resign, rather than to sacrifice her feelings of modesty.

The 1870-71 war produced two really able Generals—Chanzy and Fairdherbe, just as the Crimean War created Todleben. Fairdherbe appeared on the scene, but at the closing stages and in the north of France. He had only improvised troops; but he handled them so skilfully, at Bapaume, for example, where the statue to him has just been erected, as to win admiration from the Germans. Fairdherbe was also a scholar, a writer, and a colonial organizer. He opened up Senegal, relying on the British system for colonial expansion—that of not fighting with the natives, while always showing the strong hand. Colonel Archinard, a successor in Senegal, and Captain Wissmann, in East Africa, leave their blood mark on the natives—hence their slaughterings, and the slow progress made in the paths of trade and peace. Foreign Secretary Ribot's speech at the unveiling of the monument meets with general admiration, for its natural independence, rich common sense, sturdy and inoffensive patriotism. While eulogizing the Cronstadt, he had the courage to praise the Portsmouth festivals, and the enraptured auditors sang a medley composed of the Russian Hymn and "God Save the Queen." But the Minister never as much as hinted to an "alliance" between France and Russia.

Accompanying a visitor friend to Versailles, he drew my attention to a passing cemetery (Puteaux), where the moiety was occupied with black railings, and crowns and garlands in jet beads to match round the graves, while the other moiety was, on the contrary, in white. The latter is reserved for the burial of infants, from one day to six years old; hence, no sinners, it may be truly said, are there interred, and Lord Palmerston maintained, all babies are born good. This cemeterial age-division is an old fourteenth century custom, and common in many parts of France, just as there were then special cemeteries for deans, the ordinary clergy, adults, and also for the hospital dead, the leprous and the Jews. The fear of not being buried in consecrated ground prevented the commission of many crimes; while the greatest dread for a bad man was to be buried in a Jewish cemetery. Suicides were placed on a hurdle, dragged to a solitary spot, and covered with a heap of stones; this was called the *sepultura asinorum*, or asses' sepulchre. The undertakers, then called *tombiers*, while knowing perfectly well how to write on brass, marble and stone, could not do so on either parchment or paper.

The question *capillaire* is the order of the day; 22,000 waiters demand the right to wear their moustache; its absence, they assert, being the stigma of ante-revolution servitude; about ninety-four per cent. of the proprietors of cafés, restaurants, etc., are opposed to the change; the public are quite indifferent on the subject, that which explains why so many waiters are moustached. The gravamen of the quarrel is, that a waiter has to pay four sous every day to be shaved, and in the *épantant* restaurants the waiters have to shave and change linen both for déjeuner and dinner; hence their extreme cleanliness and pleasing appearance at table. There is never the smell of drink on a French waiter, nor of "cloves." Those restaurants that will not allow their garçons to wear their moustache will be boycotted. If a client desires to be well served, he had better, on entering a café, cry: "Vive la moustache!" before "Vive la Russie!"

A young man, aged eighteen, shot his sweetheart as she was milking a cow; she refused him as being too young—her own age. The grandfather of the girl was shot in the stomach for coming to the rescue. Romeo threw himself into a pond; then got out and hung himself from a weeping willow. Mothers crush their "little darlings" to death by lying on them. A case has just occurred where a mamma, falling asleep with baby in her lap, suffocated it. Two women-concierges, constant readers of the *Petit Journal*, in order to supply a correct account of their suicide—turning on the gas in their room—to the paper, sent a full description of their intended deed and its cause. One of the women was saved in time. Waylaying a bride is rare; a fiancée, declining to pay eighty frs. to her dressmaker for making the bridal toilette, the latter, aided by two of her work-girls, watched the arrival of the wedding party at a restaurant on the Boulevards des Capucines. The dressmaker rushed at the bride as she descended from the carriage, tore off the lace veils, satin robe, orange wreaths and jewels, besides giving her a "lovely black eye." The bride quickly took off her gloves, and left her mark on the dressmaker, inflicting severe face cuts with her rings. Two policemen led the ladies to the station, while a third borrowed a basket, collected the fragments of dresses, jewellery and false ringlets, as *pièces de conviction*.

GENIUS to my mind means innate capacity of any kind above the average mental level. From a biological point of view I should say that a genius among men stands in the same position as a "sport" among animals and plants, and is a product of that variability which is the postulate of selection, both natural and artificial. On the general ground that a strong, and therefore markedly abnormal, variety is *ipso facto* not likely to be so well in harmony with existing conditions as the normal standard (which has been brought to what it is largely by the operation of those conditions), I should say that a large proportion of "genius-sports" are likely to come to grief physically and socially, and that the intensity of feeling which is one of the conditions of genius is especially liable to run into insanity.

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVEL.

Read at a Concert on board the Allan S.S. *Mongolian*, at sea, 14th August, 1891.

ON tropic seas I've drifted,
Past tropic islands sweet;
O'er Scotia's vales uplifted
Have sat on "Arthur's Seat."
Have climbed Zealandia's mountains,
Where, 'neath the peaks of snow,
I watched the wild foam-fountains,
Dash on the rocks below,
The sea birds soar on distant shore,
By the breakers' ceaseless flow;
And sailed where nature showers
Her gifts with lavish hand,
By Algiers' vintage bowers,
And Oran's sunny strand,
And wandered by, 'neath cloudless sky,
Sicilia's fragrant land.
In listless leisure dreaming
My thoughts fond memories twine;
I see—how sweet the seeming—
The crags of Hohenstein,
And hear the bells of Stolz-fels
Ring o'er the vine-clad Rhine.

Rounded Cape Horn 'mid Patagonian frost,
And boist'rous winds that foaming billows toss'd;
Shunn'd the bright glare of fierce Brazilian sun,
And listened to Gibraltar's sunset gun;
On distant seas, when tempest swept, been hailed
By shipwreck'd seamen, and erstwhile have sailed
Where Teneriffe in deep 'mid ocean lies,
Lifting its snow capp'd mountain to the skies.
As well the tideless sea, by classic lands,
Where Etna rears its head and Atlas stands;
On Biscay's stormy waves, Trafalgar's tide,
Where the heroic Captain fought and died—
Immortal Nelson! glorious thy fame.
Thy death sublime, undying is thy name.
But onward still—in thought I wander o'er
A weary waste of waters, to a shore
Green with the eucalyptus, Austral land,
The Eldorado of the south, and stand
Where, like a gem encircled by the seas,
Tasmania lies in far Antipodes.
High o'er the town on Hobart's lofty height,¹
I view the smiling scene with keen delight.
Far, far below the ocean's waves are toss'd,
The mountain peaks above in clouds are lost;
A fern tree forest to the right extends,
And thro' the meadowland a river winds
Its winding way far as the eye can roam,
And seaward flows to meet the sparkling foam;
While scattered o'er the hills and valleys green,
The lazy browsing flocks of sheep are seen;
The Shepherd's call upon the breeze is borne,
And joyous songsters greet the happy morn.
A land of dreams! thou Eden of the sea,
Where e'er I roam, I still remember thee.
Wandered at will with light and vagrant feet,
By English hedgerows and thro' meadows sweet;
By willow tufted streams and blossom'd vales;
On breezy downs, thro' English woods and dales,
Climb'd Scottish hillsides where the heather creeps,
And decks with purple dress the rugged steeps.
My memory with the keenest rapture flies,
To where Loch Lomond in its beauty lies—
There the young boatman with his sweeping oars,
Pulls his light craft by wild and wooded shores,
Sings as he glides the rocky isles among,
And hears the echoes of his cheerful song.
But still I roam—my fancy spreads her wings,
And flies where Erin from the ocean springs.
Once more I sail the placid waters, blue
Of Derry's loch, and see the verdant hue
Of sloping uplands, and with joy again,
I wander on the heights of Coleraine.
Sweet Em'rald Isle from thy green hills I turn
To other scenes, and Eastern lands discern.
Egypt! I see thy minarets and domes,
Thy gilded palaces and squalid homes;
The fam'd historic Nile, the desert wide,
A parch'd and dreary waste on every side;
The gay bazaars, from early morn till night,
By men from all lands throng'd—a brilliant sight.
I've heard ring out on Cairo's stifling air,
With startling emphasis, the call to prayer.
Five times the faithful are enjoind to pray,
Five times to sacred Mecca turn each day.
"To prayer! to prayer!" the wild Muezzins cry,
"Lá illáh, alláh láh," the crowds reply.
From Hákem's dome to Káláh's fortress'd gate
Is echoed far the shout that "God is great."
God and the Prophet—and from every door
The stern, fanatic sons of Islam pour.
To yonder Mosque I go in Ahmed's street,
And stand, with covered head but shoeless feet.
Impressive sight! how strange the turban'd throng
In worship bowed, how strange their dirge-like song.
I hasten on my wanderings to pursue,
A fairer prospect charms me with the view.

¹ On board the S.S. *Aorangi*, when crossing the South Pacific in July, 1885.
² Mt. Wellington (5,000 feet above the sea), overlooking the Capital of Tasmania.

I turn to thee, Helvetia! wondrous land
Of ice-crown'd summits, torrents, lakes—how grand,
How exquisite thy scenes—I wander o'er,
In pleasant thought, thy hills and vales once more;
And on thro' passes deep in Alpine snow,
Northward to German Fatherland I go.
In fancy sail the wide and winding Rhine,
Between the castled banks that bear the vine,
And watch entranc'd Cologne's Cathedral vast,
Sublimest monument of storied past,
Noblest of fanes—in thought again I see
The pillar'd aisles, their stately majesty,
The dim and lofty roof: I wander near
The great high altar, and in fancy hear
The organ's pealing tones; again I tread,
With solemn mien, where sleep the mighty dead.
With hasty steps I pass and hurried glance
O'er Belgian meads, the Netherlands and France;
Thro' bright and happy scenes—at length I gain
The gay and queenly city by the Seine,
Where mirth abounds, "and youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."
Fain a brief space within its walls I'd dwell,
Its charms, attractions, joys, I fain would tell—
But time forbids, and with regretful sigh
I bid these varied scenes a fond good-bye.
Homeward I turn; wherever I may roam,
To me the best and dearest place is home.
When far from kin in lands beyond the sea,
Full oft in thought, my home, I turned to thee!
Waft me kind winds, sweet Zephyrs, waft me o'er
Hill, vale and plain to Rosseau's sunlit shore;
I turn to Rosseau's lake with longing eyes,
Where Maplehurst enthron'd in beauty lies.
Thy scenes, Muskoka! haunt my dreamy gaze,
Where erst I spent a few and happy days,
Where nature clad in brilliant summer dress,
Has simple charms, but pleases none the less.
There stalwart husbandmen by constant toil
Reap a scant livelihood from barren soil;
There laughing wavelets kiss the rocky isles,
And merry sport the fleeting hour beguiles.
Fair Canada! within thy vast domain
Of mountain, river, forest, lake and plain,
Are many beauties passing dear to me,
In rich profusion strewn from sea to sea.
When far away on distant alien shore,
Sweet native land, I loved thee but the more,
Then thou wert dearer far than ere before.

In autumn evenings pond'ring—
As joys of summer die—
My thoughts far backward wand'ring,
On wings of fancy fly,
Where golden strands, in distant lands,
By sunlit waters lie.
Afar to fairest islands,
Girt by the tropic main;
To green and palmy highlands,
The boundless ocean plain:
O'er land and sea, in memory,
I wander once again.

Toronto.

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

CANADA, like Australia, is a young country which aspires to a national literature, and some account of a typical poet of the latter country may be of interest to the people of the former. Gordon was not a born Australian. To quote from Marcus Clarke's preface to his collected poems: "Adam Lindsay Gordon was the son of an officer in the English army, and was educated at Woolwich in order that he might follow the profession of his family. At the time when he was a cadet there was no sign of either of the two great wars which were about to call forth the strength of English arms, and, like many other men of his day, he quitted his prospects of service and emigrated. He went to South Australia and started as a sheep farmer. His efforts were attended with failure; he lost his capital, and, owning nothing but a love for horsemanship and a head full of Browning and Shelley, plunged into the varied life which gold-mining, 'over-landing,' and cattle-driving affords. From this experience he emerged to light in Melbourne as the best amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies. The victory he won for Major Baker in 1868, when he rode 'Babbler' for the cup steeplechase, made him popular, and the almost simultaneous publication of his last volume of poems gave him welcome entrance to the houses of all who had pretensions to literary taste. The reputation of the book spread to England, and Major Whyte Melville did not disdain to place the lines of the dashing Australian author at the head of his own dashing descriptions of sporting scenery. Unhappily, the melancholy which Gordon's friends had with pain observed increased daily, and in the full flood of his success, with congratulations pouring upon him from every side, he was found dead in the heather near his home with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain." Such is in brief the history of Gordon's life and its tragic end. Rumour has it that the reason for which he left England would not bear the light, and he himself would seem to lend colour to this suspicion in his "Early Adieux":—

My mother is a stately dame,
Who oft would chide with me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame,
And stains my pedigree.
And again in "To My Sister":—

I once had talents fit to win
Success in life's career,
And if I chose a path of sin,
My choice has cost me dear.
But those who brand me with disgrace,
Will scarcely dare to say
They spoke the taunt before my face,
And went unscathed away.

Yet these lines may very well be only evidence of boyish folly, rendered more heinous by the writer's evident impatience at rebuke. Indeed in the former poem he says:—

Still, if to error I incline,
Truth whispers comfort strong,
That never reckless act of mine
E'er worked a comrade wrong.

It would seem, however, that his family have been adverse to the perpetuation of his name through the publication of his poems, and he was little known at the present day, till George Augustus Sala brought his work to the light in an article in an English newspaper. Perhaps Gordon's distinguishing characteristics are his dash and the pervading tone of melancholy through all his writings—a melancholy which may have been caused by the recollection of early follies and opportunities thrown away, but is ascribed by Marcus Clarke to the saddening influence of Australian scenery where are to be found "the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of nature learning how to write." Dash and melancholy, opposite qualities as they may seem, often unite together in one person, and as an instance of the former characteristic "How We Beat the Favourite" may be quoted, than which a better sporting poem was never written, not even by Whyte Melville himself. I give the verses descriptive of the struggle at the finish:—

A hum of hoarse cheering, a dense crowd careering,
All sights seen obscurely, all shouts vaguely heard;
"The green wins!" "The crimson!" The multitude swims on,
And figures are blended and features are blurr'd.

"The horse is her master!" "The green forges past her!"
"The Clown will outlast her!" "The Clown wins!" "The Clown!"
The white railing races with all the white faces,
The chestnut outpaces, outstretches the brown.

On still past the gateway she strains in the straightway,
Still struggles "The Clown by a short neck at most,"
He swerves, "the green scourges, the stand rocks and surges,
And flashes, and verges, and flits the white post."

Aye! so ends the tussle—I knew the tan muzzle
Was first though the ring-men were yelling "Dead heat!"
A nose I could swear by, but Clarke said "The mare by
A short head." And that's how the favourite was beat.

No man who has ever ridden, or seen, a close finish will deny the wonderful power and "go" of those lines, and we can well understand how they were received in sport-loving Australia. Marcus Clarke holds that the student will find in Gordon's poems "something very like the beginnings of a national school of Australian poetry;" but in this I cannot quite agree with him. Gordon looked too much to the past, and one of the greatest faults I find in his work is the scarcity of local colour. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that the national poet of any of the dependencies of England must be "to the manor born." Nevertheless I would recommend to the student such poems as "Wolf and Hound," "From the Wreck" and "The Sick Stock Rider" as perhaps the best examples of colonial poetry extant. Gordon's most ambitious poem, "Ashtaroth: A Dramatic Lyric," is by no means an unqualified success. In the first place the attempt is too ambitious for a man of his calibre, and in the second place the subject is fatally like that of Goethe's "Faust," yet from this poem I would take one fragment as about the best example of Gordon's style; it is the account of the fight between Harold, the Dane, and Hugo, of Normandy, told by Agatha, the Novice, to Ursula, the Lady Abbess. Agatha had been betrothed in her youth to Hugo, and flees with Harold in the night before Hugo's arrival. She gives an account of the flight with its tragic ending. Harold's horse has fallen to rise no more.

—Our pursuer past us swept
Ere he rein'd his war horse proud,
To his haunches flung, then to earth he leapt,
And my lover's voice rang loud:
"Thrice welcome! Hugo of Normandy,
Thou hast come at our time of need;
This lady will thank thee, and so will I,
For the loan of thy sorrel steed!"

And never a word Lord Hugo said:
They closed 'twixt the wood and the wold,
And the white steel flicker'd over my head
In the moonlight calm and cold;
'Mid the feathery grasses crouching low,
With face bow'd down to the dust,
I heard the clash of each warding blow,
The click of each parried thrust,
And the shuffling feet that bruise'd the lawn,
As they traversed here and there;
And the breath through the clenched teeth heavily drawn
When breath there was none to spare;
Sharp ringing sword-play, dull trampling heel,
Short pause, spent force to regain,
Quick muffled footfall, harsh grating steel,
Sharp ringing rally again;
They seemed long hours those moments fleet,
As I counted them one by one,
Till a dead weight toppled across my feet,
And I knew that the strife was done.

The verse runs smoothly here, and carries the action with it. There is only one slight fault in the bad rhyming of regain and again. For the rest, any poet might have been proud to have written those lines. The magnificent elan of the whole is undoubted, and it is unrivalled as a description of a single combat. The dramatic force of the situa-

tion is heightened by the calm moonlight and the woman with her face hidden in the grass, who hears, but does not see, the combat, and with her we hear it also, and almost see it, too, as we read the ringing lines. I prefer it to Fitz James' encounter with Roderick Dhu. Marcus Clarke has it that "the influence of Browning and Shelley upon the writer's taste is plain," but I can find little of the former, except a forced rhyme or so, which is not to be commended; perhaps, also, his influence may be traced in the "Road to Avernus." Swinburne's influence may, perhaps, be noted in "Rippling Water" and "Sunlight on the Sea," but, on the whole, Gordon's poems are his own. Gordon was not a great poet, and his faults, which might be forgiven in a great poet, are hardly excusable in a minor one. Yet the roughness and unfinished appearance of his verses may be attributable to their having been "written at odd times and leisure moments of a stirring and adventurous life," and time might have remedied these defects. He has, at any rate, earned a place in the regard of his fellow countrymen, and his poems are worth study, both as an instance of faults to avoid and as an example of excellencies to imitate. Gordon had all the melancholy of a poet intensified, perhaps, by the remembrance of past follies and failures, and I cannot close this article more fitly than with the following lines of his, prophetic, perhaps, of his untimely end:—

They say that poison-sprinkled flowers
Are sweeter in perfume
Than when untouched by deadly dew
They glowed in early bloom.

They say that men condemned to die
Have quaffed the sweetened wine
With higher relish than the juice
Of the untampered vine.

They say that in the witch's song,
Though rude and harsh it be,
There blends a wild mysterious strain
Of weirdest melody.

And I believe the devil's voice
Sinks deeper in our ear
Than any whisper sent from Heaven,
However sweet and clear.

However, in spite of his pessimism, he loved a good horse and a good fight, and could describe them both right well, as witness the "Romance of Britomarte."

BASIL TEMPEST.

THE RAMBLER.

THE following transcription of a circular, seemingly addressed to me, speaks for itself, I think. I wish the new magazine every success. Styling itself the *Colonial*, it is to be published simultaneously in Melbourne, Calcutta, London and Toronto by a wealthy and experienced syndicate of gentlemen who are not Imperial Federationists, but who are yet devoted to the future of the Empire. We ought to be congratulated on having been chosen as the Canadian publishing centre. In the meantime we may congratulate ourselves on an honour not perhaps so fully deserved as it might be. The syndicate hopes to have the magazine ready in the spring, and will spend the time between now and then in arranging with the best writers in the Colonies for interesting and suitable matter. In their own words—"the promoters of the *Colonial Magazine* undertake to supply in its pages as good literary material as the leading minds of four great Colonies can offer—India, Canada, Australia and South Africa. The establishment of such a magazine will, it is hoped, tend towards a better knowledge of these remote countries among English people, and also help to create and foster that spirit of national unity among the subjects of Her Majesty which her true friends so greatly desire to see exist in full force and in all quarters of the globe. Wherever the English tongue is spoken the *Colonial* will, or ought to, find readers, but while British connexion will form the starting point of our endeavour we pledge ourselves not to lose sight for one instant of the great want of Colonial writers—namely, a steady and far-reaching market for their wares. It will be our aim to encourage colonial talent to the fullest extent imaginable while furthering Imperial Unity. The magazine will be illustrated, and will appear *positively* without advertisements defacing and impoverishing both inside and outside—an innovation which will cost the Syndicate large sums, but which we have decided on *at any cost*. The contents of the opening number, probably ready about April, 1892, will be as nearly as possible as follows:—"

- I. "To Our Better Acquaintance!" By Lord Lorne.
- II. The Language of Victor Hugo (French). By L. H. Fréchette.
- III. Why I Became a Politician. By Principal Grant, M.P.
- IV. Yachting on the Great Australian Lakes. By A. Busche Whackyer, Mel. University.
- V. Science Among Savages. By Grant Allen.
- VI. In the Potato Field. Sonnet, by A. Lampman.
- VII. Journalism in India. By Edgar Kipling (second cousin on the mother's side to Rudyard).
- VIII. The War Cloud. By a Member of the Embassy at Constantinople.
- IX. At Ste. Brigitte. Villanelle. By Seranus. Illustrated by L. R. O'Brien, Pres. R.C.A.
- X. The Commercial Element in the Colonies. By J. A. Froude.
- XI. Ranching. By Lord Dunraven. Illustrated.
- XII. The Southern Cross. Chapters 1-2-3. Serial by Olive Schreiner.

Partial List of Contributors—Sir Henry Parkes, James Gay, Nicholas Flood Davin, H. Rider Haggard, "Fair-play Radical," A. Busche Whackyer, Sara Jeannette Duncan and others equally distinguished. The frontispiece displays rare talent for embodying on one page the central figure of Britannia, surrounded by devices and mottoes significantly descriptive of the Colonies, while its delicate neutral tint of light sage-green is pleasant to the eye.]

There is a great deal more about the new project which I have not space for. But, although it reads very well, there are—at least so it seems to me, but then I am supposed to be an ultra and critical creature—various things I cannot quite understand or approve of. I don't know much about Australia, it is true, but I had fancied they had no lakes there, or at any rate, only small ones. Then the list of contributors is so very eclectic. And that article of Professor Grant's—what does it all mean? I must wait till I hear from that Syndicate again.

The Convocation at Toronto University held about a fortnight since was not remarkable for dignity of proceedings. Of course, we know that young men will be young men, and we like them all the better for the fact. A community of students utterly devoid of animal spirits, lungs, and a sense of humour would be a community with which most of us would prefer to have nothing to do. But in the case of Convocation, surely a limit might be set to individual behaviour, and some provision might be made for visitors. At a quarter to three on the day of Convocation, the approach to the hall or room where the addresses were being delivered was simply cut off. Ladies a trifle late found themselves in a narrow passage crammed with men and boys of all sorts, sizes, ages and conditions. No attempt was made to let them pass; there was literally not even the rudiments of politeness. Is it to be wondered at that some of us go so far as to denounce Canadian institutions—that is to say, manners and methods—when we remember the more subdued and comfortable practises of other countries? It is to be hoped that as the University crystallizes, in two senses, into order, some better arrangements may be entered upon and that future audience may be permitted to hear the grave and reverend utterances of Sir Daniel Wilson for example, without being converted to the unpleasant theory that Canada is an essentially impolite nation. We hear a good deal about the "want of reverence" among the Americans, but I do honestly think, that in the matter of public functions they are far more decorous than some of our own people, especially perhaps in scholastic affairs. The schoolmaster in the States is much like what he is in Scotland, and we all know that that means a great deal. Let us show, too, our respect for the Schoolmaster, for the Professor, for the Head of every Human Institution. It will add, be sure, to our own self-respect.

I thought that sooner or later Mr. Blackburn Harte would come in for some share of the criticism he has been so lavishly and generously bestowing on others. My friend the *Flaneur* did quite right to draw attention to the terms in which Andrew Lang was gently let down and informed that he was only a humbug, faddist, etc.

During the recent singular Lohengrin disturbances in Paris the following story originated in the *Agence Libre*: "In proof of the admiration of the Emperor William for Wagner we need only to relate that immediately after he ascended the throne he created a corps of heralds who wear mediæval uniforms, whose duty consists in standing ready in the imperial salons to greet the Emperor upon his entrance to or departure from the castle or palace. This fanfare from silver and gold trumpets is taken from the operas of Wagner. This corps of heralds is forty strong and is commanded by Master of the Horse Von Chelins, who is a prominent trumpet virtuoso. Ten of these heralds accompany the Emperor on all his journeys. It gives the Emperor the greatest pleasure to encase himself in silver 'Lohengrin' armour and, standing among his heralds, to listen to the fanfare."

CORRESPONDENCE.

PESSIMISM AND POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A short time since it was half admitted in one of your editorial columns that the pessimistic speeches and articles of Opposition leaders and newspapers might conceivably be the means of preventing some of those who contemplate emigrating from foreign countries from choosing Canada as their future home, but the idea was ridiculed that any persons already in the country have, through those influences, been induced to abandon it and try their fortunes elsewhere.

How potent a preventative these deterrent influences have been to our obtaining outside immigration is only too well known to those who have been engaged in the carrying trade. Personal instances will have told every one of the value attached to personal experience, and how the statement of one passenger as to his opinion gained from one passage over a route, coloured though they may be by his own idiosyncrasies, will countervail against the most

persuasive inducements of the transportation company's agent, and render useless, tons of official advertisements. So, too, with immigrants respecting a country, and so well known is this fact that the North-Western railways of the United States, who compete with our railways for foreign immigration, culled those choice speeches of our Opposition orators, printed them in the principal European languages and distributed them broadcast as evidence of what Canadians in high position had themselves to say of Canada! The damage done has been incalculable, and the difficulties created most lamentable. No one wonders that the expected increase of immigration to our vacant lands has not been realized.

So, too, with our local migrations. Those in the business know that the wonderful exodus which commenced some years ago from the Ottawa Valley was largely influenced to Dakota and Minnesota by the deterrent speeches and hopeless forecasts of the future of the North-West made by members of the Parliament which sat in their midst. Now that the position of our North-West is more really known, this exodus has ceased to seek the United States and migrates to our own Territories, while the unfortunates who were thus sadly misled are repatriating themselves in the better Canada from which they were dissuaded.

Thus not only in foreign, but in our own local, migrations, the depreciative speeches of the Opposition have been used to our country's injury.

Yet some of those Oppositionists, notably Mr. Blake, after themselves visiting our Western coasts, have modified the virulence and hopelessness of utterances made under the blinding influence of party antagonism.

I venture to assert that it would pay Canada well to present each newly elected member of Parliament with a passage ticket and travelling allowance, and forbid his sitting for a second session unless he shall have visited the farther ends of our country.

Then there would be learned the difference between decrying the country and attacking an opponent's policy, and we would have fewer of those complacent "I told you so's" who portentiously smirk over the diminished results which they themselves have so largely contributed to bring about.

Men like myself, engaged in the business of transportation, have had practical knowledge of the difficulties created by these apostles of despair.

F. BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

HOW FREE TRADE WOULD NOT BENEFIT CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In looking over the pages of THE WEEK, bearing the date of Oct. 2, I became interested in an article entitled: "How free trade with the world would benefit Canada," and signed J. C. Sutherland, but a very superficial reading of the article reveals the fact that the title is a misnomer, for the point which Mr. S. evidently aims at is to prove that a free importation of foreign goods into Canada is beneficial, regardless of restrictions placed on her exports by hostile tariffs, and I herein propose to show that his arguments are based on false notions that are altogether misleading. To be sure the article in question contains nothing strikingly new, and can be easily met by the old arguments in favour of the N.P., at which Mr. S. appears to aim his blows. The article starts with citing the case of Great Britain as an illustration of how free trade may suit a manufacturing country, but he acknowledges that the conditions of the two countries (Canada and Great Britain) are different. Yes indeed, and that is just where the rub comes. It would be manifestly absurd for Great Britain to put a tariff on food, and it would be equally absurd for her to put a protective tariff on manufactured goods, as in the one case she has a population depending to a very large extent on imported food, which she cannot produce, and in the other case there is no fear of foreign competition of manufactured goods intruding into the country. When Great Britain adopted the policy of free trade some years ago she had free markets, which have since been closed to her, and she then had little competition, which has since grown into gigantic proportions to the detriment of British trade. Everyone remembers the alarm caused not only in Great Britain, but also in Germany, France and other manufacturing countries by the adoption of the McKinley Bill by the United States, and the enormous influx of foreign capital and talent into that country in consequence of her protective policy. Are the conditions in Canada less favourable for encouraging manufactories of various kinds to afford scope for the variety of talent found in the country, and to afford fields to satisfy the ambitions and energy which characterize the Anglo-Saxon race? Mr. S. pictures to us under the free trader's policy an agricultural people, "unhindered and increasing in knowledge and culture." A very nice picture, but quite mythical. How is a people to increase in knowledge and culture without a variety of pursuits? Young Canada must be fostered and cultivated in every possible way if she is to hold her own against the rest of the world.

C. H. CHURCH.

Merrickville, Oct. 8, '91.

ROME is to be lighted by electricity by the first of the year. A motor at Trivoli, about twelve miles distant, will supply the power, while the Via Nazionale will be the street first lighted.

ART NOTES.

THE picture which gained the gold medal at the exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Arts, this year, is Abbott H. Thayer's "Angel."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is trying to get Boston to honour Oliver Comwell by hanging the Puritan soldier's portrait in the Old South Church.

BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD has just purchased from Prince Borghese Raphael's famous picture of "Cæsar Borgia," for the sum of 600,000 francs.

EDMOND DE GONCOURT has just published, at the age of seventy, the first of a projected series of twelve monographs upon Japanese artists of the last century.

MEISSONIER was to have painted one of the frescoes of the Pantheon, but he died before he had finished his sketch. Detaille, Cagin or Constant will take his place.

ANOTHER fine Rembrandt has been purchased for the Royal Gallery at the Hague. It is signed, and is dated 1657, and is believed to be a portrait of the painter's mother, Adriaen Harmentzoon.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY, the artist, spent the greater part of the summer at his castle in Luxembourg. A part of his time was also passed at Neuilly, near Paris, in superintending the construction of his new studio.

MR. WALTER GAY, whose picture "Le Plein Chant" was in this year's Paris Salon, and whose name in the catalogue bears the initials "H. C." (Hors Concours), is a native of Hingham, where he was born in 1856.

THE value of Cruikshank's illustration does not decrease. At a recent sale in London a copy of Carey's "Life in Paris," with 20 coloured plates (one having been torn out) and 22 woodcuts from Cruikshank's designs, was sold for nearly \$45.

A PATRIOTIC painter, Hippolyte Bellangé, whose radiant canvas, "La Revue au Carrousel," has so well represented the joyous and triumphant army, has depicted the death agony of the Imperial Guard in one of the most striking pictures that exist. This painting, lugubrious and doleful, makes one shudder. The sky is sombre, gloomy—one of Géricault's skies. Behind a rampart of English corpses in red uniforms, three grenadiers of the Guard still stand erect. One of them is firing his last shot; another making a furious gesture, shakes his clinched hand at the enemy; the third lifts his arm to heaven, and cries once more, "Long live the Emperor." The pen would essay in vain to describe what there is of ferocious energy, grandiose wrath, and heroic despair in the haughty attitudes and contracted features of these three veterans, dying as they had lived. Ill, and already taken possession of by the shadows of death, Hippolyte Bellangé collected all his forces to create this canvas—the testament, as it were, of his talent, so military and so French.—From *Marie Louise, the Island of Elba, and the Hundred Days*. By Imbert de Saint-Amand.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FECHTER, it is said, left the jewellery worn by him as Hamlet to Lester Wallack. Wallack left it to Mue. Ponisi, and she, in turn, has given it to Frederick Paulding.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of the Munich and Bayreuth opera houses, the Berlin Opera authorities have forbidden singers to reappear on the stage in response to an encore, or to repeat any of their numbers.

THE poet laureate is reported to have written a new comedy which he read to Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly and Miss Rehan; it is said Mr. Daly has bought the play and will produce it in New York this season.

J. H. ZIMMERMANN, of Leipzig, has invented a method by which the strings of stringed musical instruments are caused to vibrate, and thereby emit musical sounds by means of vibrating tongues or reeds, which are placed in proximity to the strings and vibrated by currents of air.

THE death is announced in Paris of Leon Hyacinth Marais, a French actor of repute, and the creator of rôles of *Vladimir* in "The Danicheff," and *Stenke* in "The Hetman." Marais was first a clerk, then a volunteer in the Franco-Prussian war, a prize-winner at the Paris Conservatory, and in 1875 an actor at the Odeon. He played many parts, both modern and classic. His wife was Helen Pettit, an actress at the Odeon.

THE African Native Choir, which has lately made such a success in London, is composed of native Kaffirs, and their songs are original with the Kaffirs and are sweet and pathetic. The African choir has sung before the Queen at Osborne. The choir, like the Hampton and Fisk students, gives concerts to raise money for schools for people of its own race. One of the girls of the party, Makhana Manye, speaks and writes in five languages.

MR. W. EDGAR BUCK, the well-known authority on voice culture, has tendered the Children's Aid Society (which is a development of the Fresh Air Fund) a benefit entertainment, consisting of his concert-lecture, entitled "The Voice in Speech and Song," illustrated with vocal music by local singers. The concert will take place about the middle of November, and will be under the auspices of the officers and members of the Toronto Vocal Society.

MASCAGNI, the composer of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," has recently finished a grand opera entitled "L'Ami Fritz." The authorities of the Vienna Opera House refused it because they were asked to pay a certain

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

REDSKIN AND COWBOY: A Tale of the Western Plains. By G. A. Henty. Price \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: W. Briggs. 1891.

Mr. Henty is the King of Story-tellers for boys; and this place must be assigned to him not merely because he tells excellent stories in an excellent manner, which he does, but because he gives a true picture of many times and many phases of human life under the form of his fictitious narratives. Mr. Henty assures us that the picture which he gives of the life of the cowboy may be relied upon, and that the adventures and dangers of that life are in no degree coloured, since he has taken them from the lips of a near relative of his own who was for some years working as a cowboy in New Mexico. He was an actor in many of the scenes described, and so far from the author having heightened or embellished them, he has rather toned them down lest they should seem too improbable to be true.

Through Buffalo Bill and other sources of information we have now got to have a pretty full and accurate knowledge of the cowboys; and we are quite sure that the picture presented here by Mr. Henty is a faithful one. These pictures form the principal part of the book, but the beginning and the end deal with an episode which will perhaps engage the chief interest of the reader. It is the story of a man, who was the heir to an estate in England, being shot and killed by a gambler, who personated him and got possession of his property. This part of the book has a special interest of its own, and enhances the value of the story. Whether the readers of this book want an exciting story, or whether they want to know about cowboys and red Indians, in neither case will they be disappointed.

CONDUCT AS A FINE ART. (1) "The Law of Daily Conduct." By N. F. Gilman; (2) "Character Building." By E. P. Jackson. Price \$1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton and Mifflin; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1891.

In this volume we have two Prize Essays, or rather two sets of essays which were deemed so equal in merit that the prize offered was equally divided between their authors. The contents of the books were naturally determined by the proposal of the prizewinners, the American Secular Union, a national association having for its object the complete separation of Church and State, who wanted something to assist teachers in the Public Schools, professing to be unsectarian, in teaching morality without religion. The essays contained in this volume, and published also in separate volumes by their respective authors, are therefore intended chiefly for the use of teachers, and a number of hints are given at the end of each essay in the first series for the guidance of teachers. The essays and the notes are both of value. The subjects are well chosen, and many good things are said on them. We must also concede the possibility of ethical teaching without a theological basis. Yet we are quite sure that, in practice, this cannot be successful. Secularism may have its uses if it recalls men to a careful study of the laws of their nature and of the world, if it helps to put a stop to superstition and the like. But we do not believe that beautiful human characters can be formed without religion—without a recognition of God; and therefore we find the contents of this volume chilly. If any persons like this chilly kind of ethical teaching, this volume will suit them entirely. By the way, we had almost forgotten to say that the two writers are "friends to religion." We suppose this ought to be reassuring.

EOTHEN. By A. W. Kinglake. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The publishers of this English classic deserve the hearty thanks of the literary world for including it in the chaste and beautiful series of small volumes known as "Knickerbocker Nuggets." The comparatively recent death of the justly celebrated historian of the Crimean War gives an added interest to this exquisite edition of his equally celebrated work. It seems idle at this day to write of the merits of one of the most graphic, interesting and unique volumes of Eastern travel, or to dwell upon its clear and sparkling style and faultless English. Kinglake's "Eothen" and his friend Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross" are two of the most delightful books of Eastern travel that have ever been written. Old lovers of "Eothen" will gladly welcome their favourite in its new and dainty dress. The artistic cover of blue, with gold tracery, the excellent paper, the clear and captivating print and its compact and convenient form will make it a more than welcome addition to their lettered treasures. Those who are as yet unfamiliar with the book should at once obtain it in this edition. We can readily fancy their delight as they linger over its alluring pages, from "Over the Border," with its inimitable interview between the Pasha and Traveller, aided by the Dragoman. The vivid description of that extraordinary Englishwoman, "Lady Hester Stanhope," and her remarkable life and surroundings. The memorable journey through "The Desert," when the English traveller was met, and "except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street." To the last chapter "The Surprise of Satalieh,"

where, with imperturbable audacity, the Russian General and the author broke the Turkish quarantine, compromised the dignity of the authoritative Pasha, and left the absorbed and delighted reader in a state of aroused and unsatisfied expectancy.

BOOKS ON GAMES. THE HANDBOOK OF GAMES. "Card Games." Price 3s. 6d. London: G. Bell and Sons. 1891. "Baseball." By Newton Crane. Price 1s. "Skat." By L. V. Diehl. Price 1s. Same Publishers. "Chess." A Manual for Beginners. Edited by H. E. Bird. Price 1s. London: Dean and Son.

The first volume on our list belongs to the celebrated Bohn series, and is an established authority on games of cards. When we mention that the subject of Whist is handled by Dr. Wm. Pole, Solo Whist by Mr. R. F. Green, Piquet, Ecarté, Euchre, Bézique and Cribbage, by the gentleman who is known as "Berkeley," and a great number of Round Games by Baxter Wray, we have said enough to ensure the accuracy and value of the contents of the volume. The present edition has been carefully revised with the aid of well-known experts, first among them Mr. Henry Jones, known as "Cavendish," the "highest living authority on many of our games of chance and skill." Of the twenty games contained in the volume, the Editor tells us eleven are entirely new, not having been included in the old edition; and most of the remainder have undergone such alterations, as regards both matter and arrangement, that they have been practically re-written. As a consequence the book is about as good as it could be. We may mention that the parts dealing with particular games or classes of games are published separately, one shilling each.

"Baseball" is a separate treatise from the same publishers. We cannot honestly say that we like to see Baseball taking the place of Cricket, and we hope it will not oust the nobler game. If, however, it is to be played, it is better that it should be played scientifically, and Mr. Crane's book will help to this result. With great candour the author prints a memorandum from the Prince of Wales, after witnessing a game of Baseball, in which His Royal Highness says he considers it an excellent game, but Cricket as superior—which we also think.

Another book from the same publishers, belonging to what they call the Club Series, is a treatise on "Skat," by Mr. Diehl. We suppose that many of our readers have never heard of Skat, and we are afraid our space will not allow of an adequate exposition of the subject. The author of this volume declares that "Skat is, without exaggeration, one of the most fascinating, exciting and interesting card games of modern times." It originated in Thuringia about the beginning of the present nineteenth century, but various improvements have been introduced into the game in other parts. So great has its popularity become that in many parts of Germany it has displaced Whist. For further particulars we must refer to the handbook.

Last on our list is a handy treatise on "Chess" for the use of beginners. The terms and laws are clearly explained, and the leading forms of attack and defence elucidated. Those who wish to be initiated into the deeper mysteries of the game will naturally have recourse to books like those of Staunton; but Mr. Bird will help them to a good beginning.

THE *Writer* is always a favourite with persons of literary tastes, and holds its own well this month. Among the most readable articles are "Joaquin Miller at Home," by Edna Verne; "How to Write History," by Jas. C. Moffet. Chas. E. Hurd and J. E. Chamberlain write of the young American author, Hamlin Garland, whose portrait adorns this issue.

OCTOBER'S *Overland Monthly* opens with a pleasant sketch of "The Leland Stanford, Junior, University," by Millicent W. Shinn. This University is a gift to his State by the well-known Governor Stanford. It is in process of erection, and upon the death of the donor will have a foundation, it is said, of \$20,000,000. The article by Professor David Starr Jordan, "The Church and Modern Thought," will be read with more than ordinary interest from the fact that the writer is the President of the Stanford University. "The Fruit Canning Industry," by Charles S. Greene, is an instructive illustrated article. Stories, poems and other articles complete the number.

THE sketch of William Cobbett in *Temple Bar* for October would do good service if it only induced its readers to buy and study "Cobbett's Grammar of the English Language," a remarkable grammar written by a self-made master of the English tongue; "Some Particulars concerning Rev. William Cole" are personal gleanings from the MS. note-books of a good old Anglican parson of the eighteenth century, to which note-books, we are told, the pedigree hunter, archaeologist and historian have been deeply indebted; W. R. Purchas contributes a pleasant article on "The Compleat Angler." The serials, "Mr. Chanis Sons" and "Love or Money," sustain the reader's interest.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for October has for a frontispiece a picture of Judge Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and two very interesting articles on the famous Rugby School, one by T. Hughes, the other by H. Lee Warner. Benjamin King contributes a capital article on "The Birds of London." The "Broad Gauge Engines" are treated of by A. H. Malan, who regrets the

sum down and 8 per cent. of the gross receipts. Instead they accepted a light opera by Strauss and "The Lovers of Teruel," by Breton, who last season introduced some of the music to London. Meanwhile the first production of "L'Ami Fritz" has been secured by the intendant of the Berlin Opera.

FREUND'S *Music and the Drama* writes of De Koven's "Robin Hood" as follows: "It is not too strong to say that the production of 'Robin Hood'—De Koven's melodious opera—at the Standard Theatre, was a revelation in the line of English opera in this city. The troupe, save in one instance, is well balanced, thoroughly drilled and rehearsed, and includes even for the minor parts artists of great ability and experience, whose merits have been promptly recognized by the New York public. Of course, they were known by reputation, but had not been heard here. They came, they sang, they conquered."

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS has been spending the summer months on the shores of Lake Geneva, busily engaged in writing several *morceaux* for the piano and orchestra. He is fond of travel. He will disappear unexpectedly and his nearest friends will not be informed of his destination. He went recently to Africa, his long absence and silence causing much anxiety. Of late the work of Saint-Saens has been prominent in the best concert programmes. Vocalists last season gave much prominence to the aria from "Samson and Delilah." He won his first musical reputation as organist of the Madeleine Church in Paris.

Truth tells the following story: "A poor man suddenly became stone deaf, and thus lost his means of livelihood. Some charitable people therefore subscribed, and, not without a touch of gentle sarcasm, bought him a barrel-organ. After the man had been on his rounds a month or two, one of the subscribers, a confirmed practical joker, surreptitiously removed the cylinder, so that the machine would not utter a sound. The organ-grinder, on the very first day after this operation had been performed, brought back thrice the amount of money he usually took. Whether the people entered into the spirit of the joke, or whether the offerings may be attributed to public gratitude, is a question upon which it would be idle to speculate."

SPEAKING of Pachmann's farewell recital in America, the *Home Journal* says: "At him critics alternately smile and frown, concerning him amateurs rejoice and lament. But he is *sui generis*. A magnetic, egotistic, shoulder-struggling piano acrobat, through whom, in some mysterious manner, filters the pure essence of Chopin's poetry; falling upon the listener's heart in storm-breeding tones of rich sonority, or tinkling in pearly, glittering, dew-drop touches that hint of summer moonlights when blue-green shadows are scented with the signs of dying lilies, and the pain of living is lightened by warm fragrance of the opening roses." And this comic gush counts for high art criticism in certain quarters! The "storm-breeding tone of rich sonority" may furnish a text to Rubinstein for yet another movement to his Ocean "Symphony."

MR. FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ may well have been delighted with the reception afforded him Thursday week in the hall of the Toronto College of Music. Those who had heard him many years ago were pleased to hear him again, and the younger generation were evidently enthralled by the graceful and sympathetic playing of the distinguished pianist and composer. Of course Mr. Boscovitz brings to his work a very marked individuality, and an occasional disregard of *tempo* and *meance*, which might not prove acceptable to persons of severe and scholastic taste, this being very noticeable in several of the Chopin numbers and the "Harmonious Blacksmith." In pieces of a dreamy nature, such as "Clair de Lune," he exhibited great delicacy of touch, and gave especial pleasure by performing several of his own popular compositions. One of these, the "Chant de Martin," has long been known as one of the most popular teaching pieces ever written. Mr. Schuch sang two fine songs by Mr. Boscovitz in good firm style, and Mme. de Chaderédes revealed unexpected piquancy and charm in a pretty French trifle. Mr. Boscovitz will doubtless be shortly heard again under the auspices of the Toronto College of Music.

Few have recognized in the Princess Joseph Windishgrätz, whose death at Vienna has just been announced, the famous ballerina Maria Taglioni. Born in 1833, the daughter of the composer of "Satanella," she made her debut in London in the year 1849, and immediately won for herself the eminence enjoyed by Grisi and Therese Esler. The Queen was one of her warmest admirers. She subsequently became the *première danseuse* of the grand operas of Vienna and Berlin, and among her best friends and admirers was Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Just about the same time that Prince Adalbert of Prussia contracted a morganatic marriage with her friend and comrade, Therese Esler, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin became infatuated with her charms, and made her an offer of marriage. La Taglioni was, however, far too proud to be contented with a morganatic union. A few years later, in 1866, she contracted a regular marriage at Vienna with Prince Joseph Windishgrätz, who held the rank of colonel in the Austrian army. The marriage proved out exceedingly happy, and a few weeks ago she celebrated her silver wedding. She is sincerely mourned not only by her husband, who is now a general of cavalry and captain of the Archer Guard of the emperor, but by her son, Prince Seraphin Windishgrätz, and by Viennese society.

growth of the narrow gauge system in railroads. This number contains two very bright stories, "The Sheriff and his partner," by Frank Harris; and "A Strange Elope-ment," by W. Clark Russell. The whole is beautifully illustrated, and makes altogether an attractive issue.

PLACES of honour in the October number of the *Review of Reviews* are occupied by "A World Congress of Methodism" and "James Russell Lowell." The latter article is of exceptional interest to the literary reader; estimates of Lowell, the man, and his work, are given by Professor J. F. Jameson, Professor C. T. Winchester, Professor R. D. Jones, Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, and the English Editor. "Hugh Price Hughes and His Work" is a vivid pen picture of this celebrated preacher and worker of "the West London Mission," given in the nervous English and bright animated style of Mr. Stead. There is as well an abundant supply of choice and well culled matter of varied interest for the general reader.

FRENCH Opera has received a good deal of attention on the part of the *Cosmopolitan*. Its October number has for its frontispiece a beautiful representation of three leading French actresses, Madame Baretta Worms, Mademoiselle Bartet and Mademoiselle Reichemberg. The accompanying article, "Three Women of the Comédie-Française," is from the pen of Miss Elsie Anderson De Wolfe. "Some Great Storms" is an interesting illustrated article by W. A. Eddy. Another illustrated article of more than usual interest is "Modern Women of Turkey," by Osman Bey. Murat Halstead writes very fully of "Cincinnati." Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen contributes a very entertaining story of a horse; serials, poems, and other articles complete a good number.

Outing for October is as bright and brimful of matter of interest to sporting readers as any number yet issued. In "Saddle and Sentiment," Wenona Gilman begins a racing story on Southern soil; "Field Winners of 1890" will delight dog fanciers; "Deer Stalking in the Indian Territory," by Francis Hogan; "Goose Shooting in the Sacramento Valley," by "Parson"; and "Upper Peninsula Runways," by E. W. Sandys, will captivate those who love wild sport. For the yachtman there is "Yacht Clubs of the East," by Captain A. J. Kenealy; the huntsman—"The Rose Tree Hunt Club"; the football player—"Recent Football at Harvard." In "How we Ride on Wheels," Mrs. Denison cleverly tells how her sex bestride the bicycle. "The Running Broad Jump" is well described by Malcolm W. Ford. "Ripples and Paddle Plashes" is a capital canoe story by E. Pauline Johnston, and "Autumn's Advent" is a charming sonnet by Georgia Roberts.

THE *Magazine of Poetry* for October has its usual complement of poets known and unknown. As might be expected in such a periodical the latter class largely fills its pages; one does not object to this, perhaps unavoidable, defect. The appearance of his handiwork in print is to many a mediocre writer the event of his life; it is also an abiding delight to his or her friends as the case may be. But the unpardonable sin is that the thin vagaries of mediocrity should so often be accompanied by a biography, which if written about Shakespeare or Milton, would, we feel sure, compel the shade of either to blush through a sense of conscious unworthiness. Take for example this sounding eulogy from the first page opened, "so deep a scholar, so cultured a gentleman, so superior a lawyer, so graceful an orator is he that these gifts and accomplishments have heretofore, by their brilliancy, almost submerged in their luminosity the delicate gift of poesy." It seemed almost superfluous of the biographer to have told us that the gentleman thus described is "one of our most finished poets." In marked contrast is John Reade's sensible, vivid, workmanlike sketch of the Canadian poet, George Martin. Præd's name will be the most familiar to the literary reader of this number.

THE most interesting article to Canadians, in the September number of *Greater Britain*, which styles itself "A Common Sense Journal," in distinction no doubt to others that are less or more foolish, is one by J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, on "The British Connection and Institutions." The statistics, given by the writer, of the development of Canada since Confederation, are striking and well worthy of being laid to heart by those who are "almost persuaded," by writers who feel or affect despair of our future, to abandon our experiment of nation-making in partnership with Britain. What more can people want, even when they test everything by material progress, than an expansion such as the following tables indicate?

	1868.	1888.
Deposits chartered banks.....	\$32,808,104	\$112,860,700
Deposits savings banks.....	4,360,692	51,861,984
Letters and post-cards sent.....	18,100,000	96,786,000
Miles of railway.....	2,522	12,292
Receipts from freight.....	12,211,158	24,581,047
Fire insurance in Canada.....	188,359,809	633,523,697
Total imports and exports.....	131,027,532	201,097,630
Export animals and products.....	6,893,167	24,719,297
Export cheese.....	617,354	8,928,242

while the development of our export trade is still better exhibited in the ensuing table of four periods, comprising five years each:—

Total exports 1868-72.....	\$283,410,368
" " 1873-77.....	363,511,828
" " 1878-82.....	381,432,803
" " 1883-87.....	405,384,877

The succeeding five years, if averaged, will amount to a total of at least \$460,000,000. The fact that

our population has not increased in the same proportion as wealth, commerce, railways or the work of the post-office makes these tables all the more impressive. Progress means not so much increased population as the elevation of the people to a higher platform of living. There are very few millionaires in Canada, but the general average of comfort is not only high, but rising steadily. This is the best sign that our civilization is of the right kind, and it should be our determination to keep it so, and when changes are proposed, to "hasten slowly," as well as in the right direction. The article on "The Future Ruling Race in Africa" is also suggestive. The British public is now "seized" of the African question, and all the signs point to Portugal being soon brought out.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR, the well-known novelist, is giving readings from her works.

LORD TENNYSON has an offer from an American syndicate of \$5,000 for an ode to spring.

LORD LYTTON's health is said to be seriously compromised, and he thinks of resigning his post as Ambassador to France.

SIGGEERD, son of Hendrick Ibsen, has become engaged to Bergliott Bjornson, daughter of the Norwegian *litterateur*. Young Ibsen is a physician, quite well known in Munich.

The newest of important educational movements, "University Extension," will have first place in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November. The article is by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson.

MRS. GLADSTONE has contracted to write a series of articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, especially intended for American women. The series will be called "Hints From a Mother's Life."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says of Ralph Waldo Emerson's voice: "There was a timbre in it which you got nowhere else; more like the tone in the voice of some cathedral choir-boy, so delicate, so spiritual."

AN edition of Walter Scott's novels on an unprecedented scale of magnificence is soon to be published in England. Andrew Lang is to edit the work, and he will have the use of many interesting notes provided by Scott's granddaughter.

It is announced that Mr. Poultney Bigelow is preparing a history of the German empire, running back to the time just preceding the accession of Frederick the Great. Mr. Bigelow is a New Yorker, and was a schoolmate of the present German Emperor.

WE were glad to see in the *Dominion Illustrated* of the 10th inst. a capital portrait and an appreciative sketch of that able and patriotic Canadian author, Mrs. S. A. Curzon. Mrs. Curzon has indeed done good work for Canada. Such modest, gentle, devoted lives as hers are an honour and a benison to any land.

SWINBURNE is said to be small, red-headed and a bachelor. His forehead is very prominent, but his mouth is small and feminine and his chin weak. His eyes are large and brilliant. The poet is frank and courteous in manner, but he avoids general society because of his deafness. He talks well, and is fond of taking long walks and reading his own poetry.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have been appointed special agents in the United States for the books published in London by George Bell and Sons, including the well-known collection of standard literature issued under the name of "Bohn's Libraries." The same firm announce a *Browning Cyclopaedia*, by Dr. Edward Berdoe, one of the most active members of the *Browning Society*.

THE Longmans will issue at once Canon Farrar's new copyright novel, "Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero." This historic tale is the author's first venture into fiction for many years, and it is the result of his investigation into the early history of Christianity. "Seas and Lands" is the title Sir Edwin Arnold has given to the account of his recent travels, which the Longmans will also publish at once. The earlier chapters are devoted to Canada and the United States.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce publication of "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," translated by Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Art in Harvard University, with notes and in three volumes; I. Hell; and "Dante's Eleven Letters," translated into English by Charles S. Latham, with introduction and notes. Edited by G. R. Carpenter, Professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Secretary of the Dante Society, with an introductory chapter by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

HENRY GEORGE's open letter to the Pope has just been posted to Rome. It has gone in the form of proof slips, and in English. When published in book form it will make a volume of 100 pages. His disciples regard it as his most important work since "Progress and Poverty," and they will welcome it not only for its own sake, but as an evidence that Mr. George has entirely recovered from his really alarming illness of last year. The uneasiness of those about him during the earlier months of that illness was never known to the public.—*Publisher's Weekly*.

AMONG the new books to be published in October by Harper and Brothers are "Art and Criticism," by Theo-

dore Child; "The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe," by Colonel Thomas W. Knox; "Hints to Amateurs," a Handbook of Art, by Mrs. Louise Topley; "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," by Laurence Hutton; "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama," by Henry E. Krehbiel; "The Warwickshire Avon," by A. T. Quiller-Couch, illustrated by Alfred Parsons; and a volume of the "Collected Writings and Memoirs of the late Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke."

It is singular how fragmentary and chaotic the literature of the beaver is, considering that it is the national emblem of Canada. There are plenty of random sketches and hunting stories, but these have never been brought into concrete form and separated from the mass of fiction and of error that have collected around the subject. It is singular, too, how invariably our national animal has been maligned pictorially, even the official emblems and heraldic designs being usually inaccurate. Yet there is no animal in the whole realm of natural history whose character and habits possess greater interest, apart from the fact of its special connection with Canada. Mr. Horace T. Martin, of Montreal, whose life-long connection with the fur trade should entitle him to a special acquaintance with the subject, has undertaken to do justice to the beaver. He is about to issue a work, elaborately illustrated, dealing with all phases of beaver life and habits, and explaining many traits of the animal which have hitherto been subjects of speculation only. Such a work will fill a distinct gap in literature.

Two excellent stories, "What Mrs. Johnnie Did," in the September *Romance*, and "The Children's Children," in the current *Independent*, are the work of a young Canadian, Acton Davies, of St. John, P. Q. Mr. Davies is the eldest son of the late Lieut. E. Whitacre Davies, of the Royal Canadian Rifles. For the past year and a half he has held a reportorial position on the New York *Evening Sun* staff. Several of his most successful sketches, notably "Tot's Message" and "A Little Chapter of Life" have been republished in short studies. The story of "What Mrs. Johnnie Did" ought to be read by every King's Daughter. Mr. Davies is twenty-two years of age. *Romance*, in speaking of "Sawed Off," one of his most successful sketches, which it republished in its July number, says: "The men who know a story, even when it unfolds itself under their very eyes, are fewer than we are apt to think. Acton Davies is one of them, however, as witness this tragedy in inches ('Sawed Off') which he wrote for the New York *Evening Sun*." The "Quinn" stories in the *Evening Sun*, in which one Delia Quinn and her two old cronies, May Cadogan and Julia Brannigan, have no end of unique adventures, are also from Mr. Davies' pen. One of these stories, "The Obsequies of Mrs. Quinn," and his child stories, "Tot's Message" and "Dimple and Dumpling," received high editorial praise from *Current Literature*, and "A Bit of Newspaper Verse," one of his shorter sketches, was re-published in the March number of that magazine. Aside from his reportorial work, New York literary circles regard Acton Davies as one of the coming lights.

WHEN Lieutenant Bower returned last autumn from Kashgaria he brought with him an ancient birch-bark manuscript, which had been recovered in somewhat curious circumstances from the ruins of a buried city in the neighbourhood of Kuchar. At the last meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Dr. Hoernle communicated to the members the result of his examination of the manuscript, which has just been published, together with facsimiles of two leaves of the MS. in the journal of the Society. The work is written in Sanskrit verse (Sloka), and in the character known as the Northern Class of the Nagari alphabet, of which three varieties occur in the course of the MS. The work appears to be a compendium of medicine, the "Navanitaka," and is in sixteen chapters. It was written by a Buddhist, but Dr. Hoernle has not succeeded in discovering his name. The age of the present MS. Dr. Hoernle, after careful study, fixes between 450 and 550 A.D.; certainly not later than that, and it is thus the oldest Indian written book known to exist, and its archaeological value is consequently exceedingly great.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Brooks, Noah. The Boy Settlers. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
Brown, G. Baldwin. The Fine Arts. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
Colvin, Sidney. Letters of Jno. Keats. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Crawford, F. Marion. The Witch of Prague. \$1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Cunningham, W., D.D. The Use and Abuse of Money. \$1.00. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
Douglass, L. Beggars All. \$1.50. London: Longmans, Green; Montreal: W. Drysdale.
Gilman, Nicholas Paine. Conduct as a Fine Art. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Jones, Henry Arthur. Saints and Sinners. 75c. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. xxvii. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Lummis, C. F. A New Mexico David. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
Mitchell, Ellen M. A Study of Greek Philosophy. \$1.25. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Murray, Dr. Jas. A. H. New English Dictionary. \$3.25. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Palgrave, R. H. Inglis, F.R.S. Dictionary of Political Economy. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.
Perry, Nora. Lyrics and Legends. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

It would be sweet to think when we are old
Of all the pleasant days that came to pass ;
That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans, and smoke unrolled,
And spread the melon nets when nights were cold,
Or pulled the blood-root in the underbrush,
And marked the singing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories,
As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves
And find them afterward with sweet surprise ;
Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
Loosing them in the days when April grieves ;
A subtle summer in the rainy room.

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in *September Scribner*.

THE VICTORIA FALLS.

WHEN we come to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi we arrive at one of the most remarkable sights which any river in the world has to show. The broad Zambesi, flowing nearly due south and 1,900 yards wide, is cleft by a chasm—a crack in its bed—running athwart its course. The whole river plunges precipitously down this chasm to a depth of about 360 feet, or, counting the depth of the water, say 400 feet. The entire volume of water rolls clear over quite unbroken ; but after a descent of 400 feet the glassy cascade becomes a seething, bubbling, boiling froth, from which spring upwards high into the air immense columns of steam-like spray. On the extreme edge, on the very lip of the chasm, there are four or five raised lumps of rock which have become islands densely covered with trees. To a certain extent they break the uniform descent of the whole breadth of the river. Beginning on the south bank, there is first a fall of thirty-six yards in breadth, and, of course, uniform in depth of descent to the rest of the river. Then Boaruka, a small island, intervenes, and there is only a thin veil of water descending over the rock in front of it. Next comes a great fall with a breadth of 573 yards ; a projecting rock separates this from a second great fall of 325 yards broad ; farther east stands Garden Island ; then comes a good deal of the bare rock of the river-bed uncovered by a descent of water, and beyond that a score of narrow falls, which at the time of flood constitute one enormous cascade of nearly half a mile in breadth. Those falls, however, which are between the islands are the finest, and there is little apparent difference in their volume at any period of the year. Their vast body of water, separating into spurts of comet-like form, encloses in its descent a large volume of air, which, forced into the cleft to an unknown depth, rebounds, and rushes up in a mass of vapour, and forms three to six columns of steam or smoke-like appearance, visible twenty miles distant. On attaining a height of 200 or 300 feet above the islands, this vapour becomes condensed into a perpetual shower of fine rain, which produces and sustains the most exuberant vegetation on the islands and on the neighbouring shores. As might be imagined, the most beautiful rainbows of more than semicircular extent play over the face of the Falls. After the Zambesi has descended into this gulf, which is nearly twice the depth of Niagara, its wonder does not cease. Garden Island, almost in the centre of the Falls, divides the cascade into two main branches at the bottom of the gulf, which flow round a vapour-hidden mass of rock, and reuniting in a boiling whirlpool, find an outlet nearly at right angles to the fissure of the Falls. This outlet is nearer to the eastern end of the chasm than to its western extremity, and is no more than thirty yards wide. Within these narrow limits the Zambesi, which was over a mile wide when it plunged down the Falls, rushes and surges south through this extremely narrow channel for 130 yards, then abruptly turns and enters a second chasm somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of the large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory of over 1,000 yards long by 400 yards broad at the base. After reaching this base the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east in a third chasm ; then glides round the third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west in a fourth chasm ; and after that it rounds still another promontory, and bends once more in another chasm towards the east, after which the extraordinary zigzags of this gigantic yet narrow trough become softened down into a wider, less abysmal gulf, which broadens and straightens as the river flows eastward in an easier descent.—*From Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa. By H. H. Johnston, C.B., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., etc.*

THE INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON DISEASE.

WE may regard it as certain that an apparent connection between infectious diseases and atmospheric conditions had suggested itself to the medical mind long before Sydenham attributed to the atmosphere an "epidemic constitution." Others have since his day expressed themselves in somewhat similar language. Among these we may mention Dr. Ballard. Many of our readers will remember how he has associated an increase in the amount of prevalent illness with a rise of atmospheric temperature and with variations in humidity, rainfall, direction of

wind, etc. That there does exist in many cases an apparent connection of the kind referred to it would be idle to dispute. That this connection, if it really exists, is merely indirect, we may also claim to be true, at all events in the class of infectious diseases. The influence of weather in such cases would be measured by its effect in providing an environment suitable to germ development. Thus moist weather, whether bleak or warm, would be found conducive to the spread of contagia, and so it is. This fact has often been attested by the extension of cholera, diarrhoea and the exanthemata. A warm and dry day, on the contrary, tends to check morbid action of an infectious kind. This fact is susceptible of more than one explanation. We may, on the one hand, regard it as a consequence of the absence of that germ-fostering condition—humidity ; on the other, we cannot fail to be reminded that dry warmth and sunshine give the signal for an exodus from many crowded homes, for their freer ventilation, and consequently for diminution in the intensity of contagia. The exact value of weather changes in regard to this class of diseases, however, still is and must for some time remain *sub judice*. As for the ailments more usually associated with these changes—those, for example, more commonly known as inflammatory—the connection is here much more evident, and also in all likelihood more direct. The association of pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma and rheumatism with bleak and wet weather is too invariable to permit of our doubting its reality apart from any suggestion of septic agency.—*Lancet*.

RINGS AND WEDDING RINGS.

LOVE and wedding rings are, we hope, intimately associated ; yet Colley Cibber exclaims : "Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring ! " Do you know why this gold circlet is placed on the left hand ? Opinions differ. On the one side it is affirmed that a vein proceeding from the heart to that finger is the cause ; on the other, that it denotes that the wife is subject to her husband. Napoleon I., when he married his second Empress, whispered in M. Pradt's ear : "The Roman law ordains that all slaves should wear rings, and as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude." The Little Corporal and the Great Emperor was not given to weighing his words as far as politeness was concerned. It is more grateful to women to know that men in a thousand graceful ways have demonstrated the tenderness of their passion by "the giving and receiving of a ring." Herrick sings :—

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove
And pure as gold forever.

It was more the fashion in old days than now to engrave a verse within the ring. Many such have been handed down to us ; for example :—

Thus may our lives be one perpetual round,
Nor care nor sorrow ever shall be found.

Other mottoes, or posies, as they were called—such as "Let likings last" ; "United hearts death only parts" ; "Let us share in joy and care" ; "As God decreed, so we agreed" ; and "Love and live happily"—characterized wedding and betrothal rings alike. The following were chiefly confined to marriage rings : "A virtuous wife preserveth life" ; "By God alone we too are one" ; "Christ for me hath chosen thee" ; "Hearts united live contented" ; "God's blessing be on thee and me" ; "God did foresee we should agree." Lady Cathcart, who, as the Scotchman once said, was "unco' wastefu' o' husbands," on her fourth wedding ring had inscribed : "If I survive I will have five." Whether she had the opportunity of carrying out her threat history sayeth not. William III. was hardly the kind of man to display any sentimental weakness openly, and yet when he died a gold ring was found tied to his left arm by a ribbon—the ring containing the Queen's hair. During their courtship he had presented the Princess Mary with one in the form of a gold strap and buckle, set with diamonds and the posy : "I will win and wear thee if I can." Love has ever proved superior to sorrow—indeed, grief strengthens affection—and a certain Baron Rosen sent to Siberia and deprived of all his personal trinkets, refused to relinquish his wedding ring, declaring that if it went his finger should go with it, and his wishes were respected. Dr. Johnson preserved his wife's wedding ring, with this inscription : "Eheu ! Eliza Johnson, nupta, Jul. 9, 1736 ; mortua, ehue ! March 17, 1752."—*Cassell's Family Magazine for October*.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

A SONG altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that "Auld Robin Gray" has few superiors, either amongst its predecessors or successors, though to call it the "King of Scottish Ballads," as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence, which it would not be prudent even for the most patriotic native of the "kingdom" to claim for it. For our present purpose it is more to the point to observe its modern character and sentiment. This cannot be better shown than by an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to the author of "Waverley," who had referred in the "Pirate" to "Jeannie Gray, the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad" : "Robin Gray," Lady Anne, then an old lady, writes, "so called from its being the name of the old herdsman

at Balcarres, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us at Balcarres ; I longed to hear old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tone some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, which might suit it. While attempting this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke : "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover ; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing ! Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, amongst our neighbours, "Auld Robin Gray" was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with." To which Sir Walter Scott answered : "I wish to heaven I could obtain an equally authentic copy of 'Hardyknute,' and then I think old Fife might cock her crest in honour of her two poetesses."—*Blackwood's*.

FIJIAN HOUSES.

THE ordinary Fijian house looks, outside, like a great oblong hay-stack, standing on a mound raised some few feet above the surrounding level, with a long ridge-pole extending beyond the roof at either gable, its ends sometimes ornamented with shells. The hay-stack has a doorway or two, with a mat suspended in it. Houses with greater pretensions, however, have the walls prettily latticed with reeds, and distinct from the roof, which is elaborately thatched, with great projecting eaves. Inside, immense posts, usually of *vesi*-wood (*Azelia bijuga*), and a very ingenious framework, support the roof. The interior decorations of sinnet (cocoanut fibre), always in rectilinear patterns—for they do not affect curves—are sometimes pretty. The black, squared lintels of the door are the stems of tree-ferns. On a great shelf overhead is stored the family *lau*, a convenient Fijian word equivalent to the Italian *roba*. Here it comprises their fishing-gear, huge rolls of *tappa* or native cloth, mats, immense pottery vessels, and the like. The shelves were also handy in war-time as a point of vantage whence you could conveniently spear your neighbour as he entered, and before his eyes became used to the subdued light. The floor is strewn with mats, on which you recline, and is usually raised a foot or so toward one end, which enables you to take a graceful attitude, leaning on your elbow. Cooking is done in a little hut outside, or sometimes there is a great fireplace on the floor, confined by four logs, the smoke finding its way out through the lofty roof. As you enter the house, you find the mats being swept, or fresh ones unrolled and laid down. Your traps are brought up from the boat, and if this happens to have grounded half a mile from the shore, you have perhaps yourself been carried to land by these willing giants. A few words are exchanged with the village chief or your host for the time being—far too few, to my mind, even for politeness. I am told they do not expect it.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

LADY DUFFERIN tells some interesting anecdotes about the Baboo English of the Hindoos. One man, during an examination, was told to write an essay upon the horse, which he did in the following brief terms : "The horse is a very noble animal, but when irritated he ceases to do so." Another had to write upon the difference between riches and poverty, and he ended by saying : "In short, the rich man welters in crimson velvet, while the poor man snorts on flint."—*Canadian American*.

PINE, ROSE, & FLEUR DE LIS.

POEMS BY SERANUS.

"All who prize local colour and young enthusiasm, and deep-hearted patriotism will find them in this book. The series of songs, 'Down the River,' are veritable caskets of precious New World concerts."—*Saturday Review* (London, Eng.).

"Spirit and tone genuinely Canadian. . . . French models of versification are successfully and appropriately imitated. . . . The author might become a Canadian Longfellow."—*Spectator* (London, Eng.).

"The pretty French phrases and refrains come like the notes of a guitar into our Saxon symphony. As Mr. Cable brought into use the rich colouring of the French Creole regions, the Canadian poets began timidly to use the same resources among the Frenchmen of Canada, and the best fruit of the new effort is to be found in the present volume."—*New York Nation*.

"A new singer from Canada who possesses a brilliant natural voice. It is not likely that there is in America or in England another writer who could describe a woodland sojourn, naturally and without strain, by means of half a hundred villanelles."—*Boston Literary World*.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A LITTLE novelty is the invalid's teacup. It consists of a teacup and saucer, differing neither in price nor in size from the ordinary breakfast teacup, but so made as to allow of a depression in the saucer, in which is placed a small cube of prepared fuel, by means of which the liquid contained can be kept hot for some time—until the invalid is ready for it. For night nursing this cup should supply a long-felt want.—*London Queen.*

THE following is the record for quick passage between Queenstown and New York, by the steamers named:—

Year	Ship	Days.	Hours.	Minutes.
1866	Scotia	8	2	48
1873	Baltic	7	20	9
1875	City of Berlin	7	15	48
1876	Germanic	7	11	37
1877	Britannic	7	10	53
1880	Arizona	7	7	23
1882	Alaska	6	18	37
1884	Oregon	6	11	9
1884	America	6	10	..
1885	Etruria	6	5	31
1887	Umbria	6	4	42
1888	Etruria	6	1	55
1889	City of Paris	5	19	18
1891	Majestic	5	18	8
1891	Teutonic	5	16	31

To the usual well-known ways of stimulating muscles to contraction, viz.: electrical, thermal, mechanical and chemical, M. D'Arsonval has recently added that by means of light (*Nature*, Aug. 20). He could not, indeed, get any contraction in a fresh frog-muscle, when he suddenly threw bright light on it in a dark chamber; but having first in darkness stimulated a muscle with induction currents too weak to give a visible effect, and then suddenly illuminated the muscle with an arc light, the muscle showed slight tremulation. Not thinking this conclusive, however, M. D'Arsonval attached a muscle to the middle of a piece of skin stretched on a funnel, and connected the tube of the funnel by means of a piece of india-rubber tube, with the ear. The muscle being now subjected to intense intermittent light, he heard a tone corresponding to the period of illumination, and this ceased when the muscle was killed with heat. Arc light was used, which was concentrated by a lens and passed through an alum-solution to stop the heat rays.

HEADACHE, dizziness, ringing noises in the ears, hawking and spitting are sure symptoms of catarrh. There is no case Nasal Balm will not cure if given a fair trial. Beware of imitations.

MOTHERS, have pity on your pale and suffering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected the consequences may be fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring back their rosy cheeks and health and strength.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-

class. I am never

Two Days. without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of

indigestion, if taken

Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Belle-

fontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." ●

THE age of aluminium is slowly creeping upon us. At least the metal is becoming cheaper, and a boat ten feet by five constructed of it has just been launched in Germany, propelled by a naphtha motor. More ductile and light by far than steel and possessed of vastly greater tensile strength, it only remains for the discovery of more ready methods in extracting this metal, which is omnipresent in the earth's crust, to revolutionize industry again.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

SOME curious observations were made by Mr. Rawlet, of Lyons, on the skeletons of monkeys, among which were 49 chimpanzees, 26 gorillas and 11 orangoutangs. There were several examples of epiphyses, 5 cases of fracture, the same number of deformed joints and 8 cases of ossification. The maladies bore a remarkable resemblance to similar accidents observed in man. In the cases of fracture, although the monkey tribe have neither removable bandages, nor surgeons, the knitting of the bone took place just as well as among human beings. The deformed joints (attributed to starvation, privations and dampness) were only found among the gorillas, who live on the ground, and not among the monkeys who live in trees. The latter very naturally had more cases of fracture. According to the author of this statement, diseases of the bone are as frequent among monkeys as among men.—*Paris La Nature.*

ONE of the most important discussions of the recent meeting of the British association for the advancement of science took place in the biological section, presided over by Francis Darwin, one of the sons of Charles Darwin, and professor of botany at Cambridge. The subject was the fundamental points of distinctions between plants and animals. The unanimous conclusion was that in the lower forms of life there is no distinction which can yet be formulated. Plants and animals are but differentiations from a general type of life, and a new nomenclature must be devised for the description of the lower forms, which shall be simply biological, and shall be equally applicable to plants and animals. In summing up the discussion, Prof. Darwin wittily remarked that in order to tell whether volvox was a plant or an animal we should have to determine whether the animals which fed upon it were herbivorous or carnivorous.

TOBACCO fermentation, a very essential process, is brought about by firmly packing ripe tobacco in large quantities. *Nature* states that it had been generally supposed that the fermentation is of purely chemical nature, but Herr Suchsland, of the German Botanical Society, finds that a fungus is concerned in it. In all the tobaccos he examined he found large quantities of fungi, though of only two or three species. Bacteriae were predominant, but Coccaceae also occurred. When they were taken and increased by pure cultivation, and added to other kinds of tobacco, they produced changes of taste and smell which recalled those of their original nutritive base. In cultivation of tobacco in Germany it has been sought to get a good quality, chiefly by ground cultivation and introduction of the best kinds of tobacco. But it is pointed out that failure of the best success may be due to the fact that the more active fermenting fungi of the original country are not brought with the seeds and the ferments here cannot give such good results. Experiments made with a view to improvement on the lines suggested have apparently proved successful.

EVERY tissue of the body, every nerve, bone and muscle is made stronger and more healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—"100 Doses One Dollar," means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cts. per bottle.

Is it not enough that every bird that flies, ruthlessly robs her nursery, devours her babies, and even snatches her own soft body from the very sanctum of home; that gauzy flies steal their greedy young into her nursery to fatten upon her infants; that to monkeys, squirrels, and lizards her plump body is a sweet morsel they never resist; that frogs and toads snap her up without ceremony; that centipedes seize her in restless grasp; that wasps paralyze and bury her alive? Are not these enough, without man joining the host of exterminators? Consider for a moment her usefulness. Count, if you can, the thousands of flies and mosquitoes eaten by one common house or garden spider in a summer. Then remember her harmlessness. Other servants we must pay; birds eat our cut-worms, our caterpillars, and our potato-beetles, but we have to pay a tax—small it is true—in fruits, in berries, in green peas, in corn; owls and hawks, while they destroy moles and mice, indulge now and then in young chickens. But the daughter of Arachne asks no reward, neither fruit nor vegetable suffers from her touch, no humming or buzzing attends her movements. Steadily, faithfully she goes on her way doing her appointed work; and we, so wise, so far above her in the scale of being, we—murder her!—*From The Spinning Sisterhood, by Olive Thorne Miller, in The Popular Science Monthly for October.*

GOVERNMENT BLUE BOOK ON INSURANCE.

The Superintendent of Insurance for the Dominion has just published his report for the year ending December 31, 1890, and from it authentic information can be obtained regarding the business of insurance as carried on by the various companies operating here. Of the total insurances effected during the year, more than one-half was secured by the Canadian companies, while the British and American companies obtained the remainder. This speaks volumes for the enterprise and popularity of our home institutions, among which may be specially mentioned the North American Life Assurance Company, of this city, of which the veteran ex-Premier, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M.P., is President.

Examining more particularly this Company's statement, as verified by the Government Superintendent, we find that its assets amount to \$1,034,325.04; consisting of first mortgages, chiefly on city property, bonds, debentures, etc.; the policies in force exceed over ten millions of dollars, and the surplus on policy-holder's account, over and above liabilities, \$187,149.04.

An interesting feature in connection with this financial statement is that the interest received in cash on the Company's investments exceeds the death losses for the year by several thousand dollars. A leading journal, *The Insurance and Finance Chronicle*, of Montreal, in referring to the average rate of interest realized by the life companies last year, shows that, with one exception, the North American realized a higher rate of interest than any other Canadian, American or British Company. To anyone acquainted with the business, this fact must indicate that the Company has been built up on a solid foundation, and that the management is in skilled hands.

The work accomplished this year is, we understand, considerably in advance of that done during the first nine months of 1890. With plans of insurance devised to meet the wants of intending insurers, whereby investment and insurance are combined, with a policy contract as liberal in its conditions as consistency dictates, and having financial strength which is not excelled by that of any other company, the North American Life commends itself as a safe and reliable institution to those seeking the beneficial protection of life insurance.

The charter granted by Parliament to this Company gives it the power to grant and sell annuities, which is a method of securing an income to those in middle life and old age that has been found specially acceptable. The instalments are payable at the option of the annuitant—that is, either annually, half-yearly or quarterly, and what is an important point, they are always paid promptly on the day upon which they fall due.

An annuity has also these special features: That it is for a definite sum, and is always for a much larger amount than could be obtained from any ordinary mode of investing money. It is a well-known fact that the income derived from stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., is not always payable as promptly as might be desired, neither is it at all times a settled quantity, thus frequently causing much inconvenience and annoyance. While stocks, bonds and real estate may fluctuate and depreciate in value, an annuity granted by such a strong institution as the North American, cannot, as it is a definite contract to pay a fixed sum at stated periods.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. All who suffer from catarrh or debility should certainly try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past four years at intervals. I was troubled with catarrh, and the medicine effected a perfect cure. I take it now whenever I feel debilitated, and it always gives me immediate strength, regulates the bowels and gives an excellent appetite."—*LEVI CAMPBELL, Parkersburg, W. Va.*

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY.

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

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Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists. 25c. a bottle.

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For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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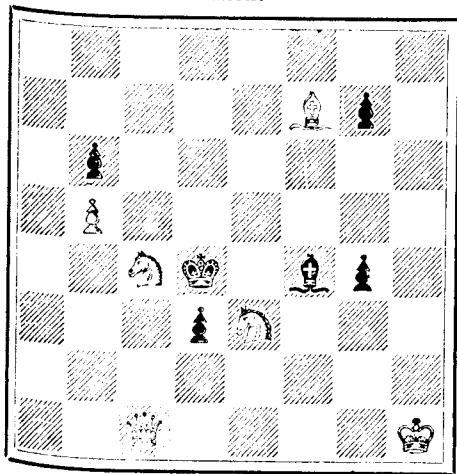
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its vintages it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeits of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the haitton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most beautiful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Powder. Subtle removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERD T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 607.

By J. Kesi.

BLACK.



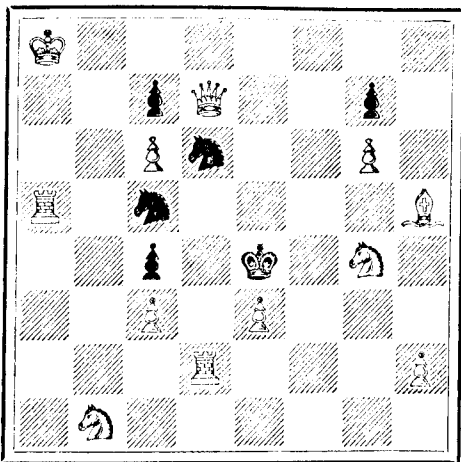
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 608.

By Mrs. W. T. Baird.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 601.

- White. 1. B-Q Kt 5 2. Q-K Kt 1 + 3. K-R 3 mate. Black. 1. K x R 2. K x Q 1. B x R 2. K moves

No. 602.

R-B 7

The subjoined partie is described by Mr. Pollock as Moehle's masterpiece. Score and notes from the Baltimore News. Being the tenth in the match played at Chicago last month.

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

MR. POLLOCK.

MR. MOEHLE.

MR. POLLOCK.

MR. MOEHLE.

- White. 1. P-K 4 2. Kt-K B 3 3. B-B 4 4. Kt-Kt 5 5. P x P 6. B-Kt 5 + 7. P x P 8. B-K 2 9. Kt-K R 3 (a) 10. P x B 11. B-B 3 12. B-Kt 2 13. Q-K 2 14. Kt-B 3 15. P-Kt 3 (c) 16. B-Kt 2 17. Q-B 1 18. Castles (d) Black. 1. P-K 4 2. Kt-Q B 3 3. Kt-B 3 4. P-Q 4 5. Kt-Q R 4 6. P-B 3 7. P x P 8. P-K R 3 9. B x Kt 10. Q-Q 4 11. P-K 5 12. Q-K 4 13. B-Q 3 (b) 14. Castles K R 15. Kt-Q 4 16. Kt-K B 5 17. P-K B 4 18. Q-K 2 White. 19. R-Kt 1 (e) 20. Q-R 6 (f) 21. B-B 1 22. Kt-R 4 23. P-Q B 3 24. K x B 25. P-B 4 26. K-R 3 (i) 27. P-B 5 28. R-B 1 29. B x Kt 30. P-Kt 4 (j) 31. Q x Kt 32. P x R 33. R-Kt 1 34. P-R 6 35. R-Q Kt 4 36. R-Kt 8 + and White resigned. Black. B-R 6 Q-B 4 K R-Kt 1 Q-K 4 (g) B x B + Q-Q 4 (h) Q-K 4 + Kt-K 3! Kt-Q 5! Kt-Kt 4 + R x B Q-Q 5 R x Q R-Kt 1 R-Kt 4 R-R 4 Q x Q P K-R 2

NOTES.

- (a) Steinitz novelty. Instructor, p. 94. (b) We prefer Castles (if) 14. Q-K 2, B-B 4. 15. Kt x P, Kt x Kt. 16. B x Kt, K R-K 1. 17. P-Q 3, P-B 4. 18. B-B 3, Q-B 3. (c) Steinitz gives 15. P-Q 3. The text move is sound. (d) The position is not without its dangers. For instance, if 18. Kt-Q 1 Black might reply Kt-Q 6 +. (e) A most critical question—Is not this the time to play Q-R 6, instead of a move later? (f) Mr. Moehle condemns this move, and considers White's best to be 20. B x B. (g) An admirable move, followed up in masterly style. (h) To prevent White posting B at Q B 4. (i) If 26. K-Kt 1, Kt x Kt P, 27. P x Kt, R x P +. 28. K-B 2, R-R 6, or 28. K-R 2, Q R-Kt 1. (j) A fatal error, though it is very hard to escape the effects of Q-Q 5, which Black threatens in any case, now that Knight is defended. 30. Kt-Kt 6 looks like a resource, as Black cannot sacrifice with advantage. He might, however, reply R-Q 1!



INTERIOR DECORATION

Has taken a decided turn in the direction of the French and Colonial styles, and WALL PAPERS, STAINED GLASS and especially RELIEF ORNAMENTS show this tendency. As usual we have the very latest designs in all branches of house decoration.

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94 AND 96 BAY STREET - - - TORONTO.



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

It is a genuine and reliable Meat Food, absolutely pure, and free from any adulteration.

It is manufactured from the Finest Quality of Beef, and Supplies all the virtues that exist in Prime Beef.

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others, Will Cure You

3 PRACTICAL POINTS.

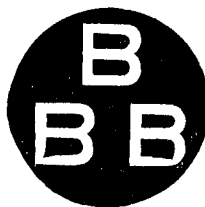
One of the most successful German physicians gave as the secret of his wonderful success these three important points:—



- 1. Keep the Head Cool. 2. Keep the Bowels Open. 3. Keep the Feet Warm.

These conditions are not so easily obtained as one would think. Why? Because without pure and healthy blood a vigorous circulation cannot be kept up, and because the food and occupation of most people tends to clog up the bowels and produce constipation. The success of B. B. B., like that of the German physician, lies in so purifying the blood and regulating the bowels, liver and stomach, that these three conditions are fulfilled easily, and disease can find no lodgment in the body.

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.



This medicine does purify the blood and cure all diseases arising from impure or unhealthy blood. It does regulate the entire system and cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, scrofula, skin diseases, rheumatism, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. During the past ten years over one million bottles have been sold in Canada, and, although we guarantee every bottle to do all we claim, we have not received a single complaint.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism.

For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

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And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4 or by letter.

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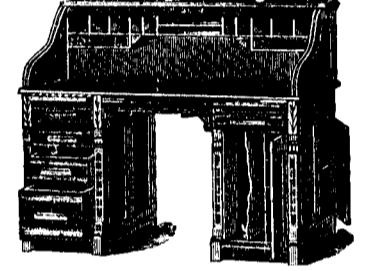
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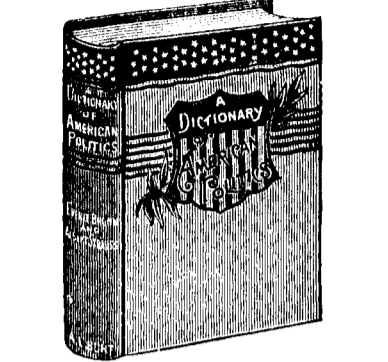
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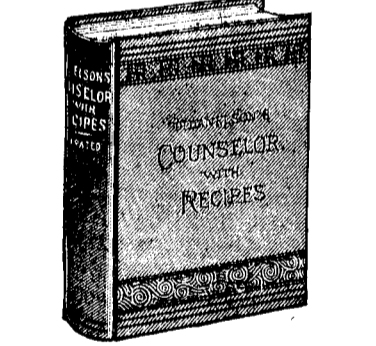
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