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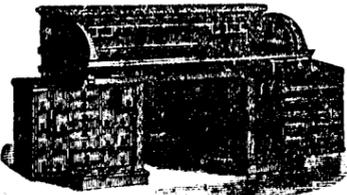
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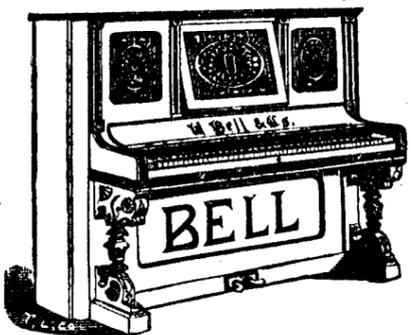
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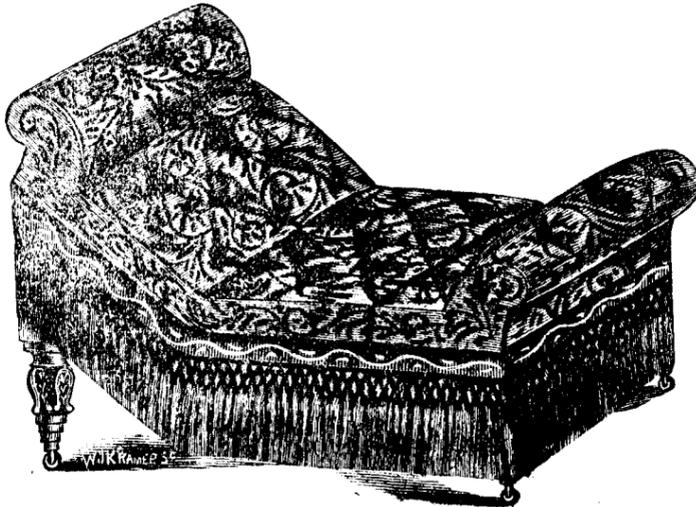
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY has lost no time in redeeming the promise made in his public addresses during the recess. From the feeling elicited in the House during his speech in introducing his Bill to amend the North-West Territories Act, it is evident that his object, if gained at all, will be gained only after a severe and prolonged struggle. There is a good deal of force in some of the criticisms which have been made touching the matter of that speech. If Mr. McCarthy's sole object were the abolition of the use of the French as an official language in the North-West Territories, his speech does not commend his political sagacity. Had he based his advocacy of the proposed change simply on its merits, as relating to the Territories, it is difficult to see how he could have been effectively answered, or his proposal rejected. Whatever view might be held as to the necessity for the use of both languages in the Dominion Parliament, and in those Provinces which have a large French population, no one could have shown any good reason why the official use of French should be made compulsory in a new Province or Territory containing but an insignificant percentage of French-speaking inhabitants. The hardship of entailing this trouble and expense in perpetuity upon the people of the North-West as now constituted is too evident to admit of serious denial. Mr. McCarthy showed effectively that the dual language arrangement was not intended by the Mackenzie Government, and that no such provision was made by their North-West Territories Act as originally drafted. The objectionable clause was added in the Senate, at whose instance does not clearly appear, and was accepted by the Government and the Commons only to save the Bill, as the close of the Session was too near to admit of its passing through the necessary stages if the amendment had been rejected. This fact, which was not disputed in the Commons, could not have failed to produce considerable effect had the question been simply one affecting the North-West Territories. There is no doubt, moreover, that the history of North-West settlement has been quite different from that anticipated at the time the Act was framed and passed. Those who proposed or favoured the clause in question had good reason, seemingly, to expect a large migration of French Canadians from Quebec to the great prairies. They thought the provision for the dual languages a fair and necessary one in view of the large proportion of French-speaking settlers which it was sup-

posed would be found in the future population. This expectation not having been realized, and there being now no reason to suppose that such settlers will ever form more than a small fraction of the North-West people, what could be simpler or more reasonable than for the Parliament of to-day to expunge the clause which found its way into the original Act under such circumstances and in consequence of such unfulfilled expectations?

THE narrow ground of practical politics did not, we may infer, suit Mr. Dalton McCarthy's purpose, and that of the Equal Rights Association which, we suppose, he may be understood to represent. He chose the bolder course of basing his motion on general principles, broad enough in their application to include all the provinces of the Dominion. It is no sufficient condemnation of this course to say that it jeopardizes his Bill, probably insures its present defeat. That Bill ostensibly abolishes the official use of French in the Territories, where it is so nearly useless that no tolerable argument, unless the cry of vested rights or constitutional compact can be regarded as an argument, can be constructed to justify its continued use. But the arguments used by the mover of the Bill strike at the official use of French throughout the whole Dominion, and are, to say the least, of very doubtful validity. It is one thing to claim or admit that there is no sufficient reason for continuing to print official documents in two languages in a province in which but one language is used by all but a small minority of the population. It is another and a very different thing to say that no people whose constitution compels or sanctions the use of two official languages can ever become one nation, or that, even if that premise were admitted, the conclusion would be justified that the minority, no matter how large and influential, should be compelled by law to learn and use the language of the majority under penalty of being shut out, not only from all part in legislation, but even from all intelligent knowledge of public affairs. History, it has already been pretty clearly shown, fails to support the former contention. It is doubtful if British or British-Canadian fair play can sanction the latter. The golden rule almost surely condemns it. It is even doubtful if expediency, the presiding genius of modern politics, is not dead against it. A chronic, exasperating sense of injustice and harsh treatment fermenting in the breasts of two-fifths of the whole population of the Dominion would be a more fatal obstacle to national consolidation than the use of half-a-dozen official languages by as many sections of a contented people could possibly be. If Canadian unity be not possible with French as an official language in Quebec, it is certain that national unity would be impossible after its abolition, at least for generations to come. But Mr. McCarthy's attack on dual languages as wrong on general principles, instead of as a mistake in the North-West Act, was not his only tactical blunder. The most moderate regard for the principle of local autonomy, which is certainly fundamental to the Canadian confederation, should have led him to put his motion in such a form as to leave freedom of action in the matter to the North-West Assembly, instead of forcing the proposed reform without the least hint of regard for the views and wishes of the people of the territory. Of course the Dominion Parliament framed the original North-West Act and alone has power to change it, but none the less the matter in question is one which clearly comes within the proper sphere of the local representative assembly, and should be dealt with accordingly.

THERE are in various quarters pretty clear indications that the question of "better terms" for the Provinces will shortly be again forced upon the attention of Parliament. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec—those three Provinces at least—are rapidly approaching a pecuniary condition which will almost inevitably result in an appeal to the Dominion for larger allowances. And, of course, if the three Provinces act in concert the demand cannot be resisted. We are not sure that it ought to be resisted to the bitter end. It is easy for a Province like Ontario, with ample resources and a good balance at its banker's, to declaim against the improvidence or avarice of her less fortunate sisters. There is undeniably great

force in her arguments. If Quebec would cease to legalize the ecclesiastical exactions which are such a drain upon the energies and resources of her people, she might easily attain a solvent and comfortable position without further aid from the Dominion Exchequer. If the Maritime Provinces would adopt Ontario's excellent municipal system, and let their people learn to tax themselves for roads and bridges and other local improvements, instead of looking to their Legislatures to do these things for them, they, too, might have enough for all the legitimate purposes of local administration. But they all, in their unwise but deep-seated horror of anything savouring of direct taxation, are ready with their rejoinder: "We have the same system in these respects we had before Confederation. We had then, and with the sources of income we then surrendered, would now have enough for all our wants, without resorting to the local taxation which our people so much dislike. Why, if Confederation has been the great boon it is declared to be, should we be left in a worse condition locally than before Confederation was forced upon us?" And the rejoinder satisfies them whether it satisfies Ontario or not. But the real question is whether the financial basis of Confederation is sound, and fit to stand the wear and tear of actual trial. There is certainly some reason for saying it has not done so thus far, and for arguing that the settlement made was wrong in principle, that the Provinces should have been left in a less dependent condition, that they should have more flexible and expandible sources of income. Be this as it may, it is to be hoped that when the next inevitable demand for better terms is made, it will be met, not as hitherto by some temporary gift or expedient of doubtful constitutionality, but by a fair and fearless consideration of the question whether the financial basis of the Confederation does not need such revision and reconstruction as will forever put an end to all temptation to clamour for "better terms."

THE motion of which Mr. Mulock has given notice, informing Her Majesty, amongst other things, that the Canadian Commons have learned "that various public statements have been made calling in question the loyalty of the people of Canada to the political union now happily existing between this Dominion and the British Empire, and representing it as the desire of the people of Canada to sever such connection"; and assuring her "that such statements are wholly incorrect representations of the sentiments and aspirations of the people of Canada, who are amongst her Majesty's most loyal subjects, and are devotedly attached to the political union existing between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, and earnestly desire its continuance," is either uncalled-for or delusive. If there is any admixture of truth in those alleged statements, of which Her Majesty will probably first hear through Mr. Mulock's motion, then to that extent the motion is incorrect and misleading. If there is no admixture of truth in those statements then the resolution is unnecessary, and looks as if intended, as our American cousins would say, for "buncombe." In either case it is worthy of consideration whether the adoption of such a resolution would not put our loyal representatives in the attitude of those who do "protest too much." The question whether there is in Canada any growing disloyalty to the British throne and institutions needs definition. The answer will depend entirely upon what is meant by "disloyalty." That Canadians have no grievance against the Mother Country, that their prevailing sentiment is one of respect for the Queen's person and prerogative, of admiration for the much that is grand and noble in British history, institutions and traditions, and of desire to remain in some way associated with and sharers in the glories of Britannia's future as well as of her past, few will, we believe, be found to gainsay or doubt. But that the Canadian people as a whole, and especially that large and increasing proportion of them who have been born, and many of whose parents were born, on Canadian soil, look with complacency upon their present subordinate position as colonists, and are content to regard it as permanent, will, we venture to say, be affirmed by few cool and competent observers. It is not in the nature of things, certainly not in the Anglo-Saxon nature, that it should be so. It would not be to the credit of the Canadian character if no higher

national aspirations were cherished. The people of Great Britain themselves would think the less rather than the more of us if, with all our immense resources and opportunities, we were willing to remain in a perpetual state of colonial subordination. A well-known writer in *The Canada Presbyterian* has called in question the general assumption that "things cannot go on as they are." But what does the general unrest, the abounding discussion, the project of Imperial Federation itself, whose Canadian advocates are unquestionably among Her Majesty's most loyal subjects, mean, unless that the feeling is widespread and growing that things "cannot go on as they are"? We see no reason why loyalty to Great Britain may not be thoroughly consistent with loyalty to Canada, but the two terms do not and cannot mean the same thing. We do not believe that the better classes, either of British statesmen or of the British people, disapprove at heart the growing ambition of Canadians to have a nationality of their own, and to carve out a destiny for themselves. If in the achievement of this purpose—who can say it is an ignoble or disloyal purpose?—if any misunderstanding with the Mother Country should unhappily arise—Heaven avert the omen!—such misunderstanding is more likely to come from the blind and misguided super-loyalty of those whose sympathies are British without being Canadian, and who are disposed to belittle all purely Canadian characteristics and ambitions, than from any other cause.

MOST Canadians will be glad to learn that the Minister of Justice has been successful in inducing the British Government to sanction the Act by which the Dominion Parliament, two years since, abolished the right of appeal to Her Majesty's Privy Council in criminal cases. It appears, also, that a similar correspondence has taken place with regard to the right of Canada to pass the Copyright Act of last session. The latter issue is still undecided, but the correspondence in both cases is to be laid before the House. It will be interesting reading for more reasons than one. Members of Parliament and the public will be especially curious, we fancy, to know on what grounds the British Government's contention in the latter case can be supported, after the concession made in the former. One would suppose that if in anything Her Majesty's advisers would jealously guard the royal prerogative it would be in a matter involving the life or death of one of her subjects. Opponents of Sir John A. Macdonald's Administration, remembering the high ground taken by him at the time the Supreme Court Act was passed, will be curious to learn how the attitude of his Government in relation to these two matters can be harmonized with his position on that occasion. He and his supporters then, if our memory is not greatly at fault, when it was proposed to make the decisions of the Canadian Supreme Court final, strenuously maintained that such legislation would be *ultra vires*, since no Act of a colonial legislature could annul the Queen's prerogative, or take away the subject's right to carry his cause to the foot of the throne. It is still further very significant that from the time when Mr. Blake, as Minister of Justice, was successful in inducing the British Government to modify very materially the character of its instructions to the Governor-General, up to the present, the tendency of events has been steadily in the direction of an enlargement of Canadian powers of self-government and a corresponding curtailment of the Queen's prerogative. Is it not time that some of the ultra-Loyalists in the House and country were protesting against such a course? Else who can tell where this constant drifting in the direction of Independence may land us some of these days?

CONSIDERABLE comment has been caused by the following clause in the Act which Premier Mercier has introduced in the Quebec Legislature to amend the Election Law of that Province:

If, however, such corrupt practice was of such a trifling nature or of such trifling extent that the result of the election cannot have been affected by such act, whether alone or in connection with other illegal practices at such election, such corrupt practice shall not void the election.

The fact that this clause follows closely the line of a similar provision in the Ontario Act, having apparently the approval of both parties, does not, we suppose, absolutely prove that it is wise and in the interests of electoral purity, but it goes far to free Mr. Mercier from the charge of "trifling with honour, justice and common sense," which has been too hastily preferred against him by Ontario journals. There is much to be said in favour of making the consequences of an act of bribery, on how-

ever petty a scale, as serious as possible to the party which it was designed to benefit, provided there is any good reason to believe that the managers of that party were directly or tacitly privy to the act. But it is not easy to see that any just end is to be gained by putting candidate and constituency to the trouble and expense of a new election in consequence of an act committed by an individual, without the connivance or knowledge of the responsible managers of either party, so long as the act was too trivial to have affected to any appreciable extent the result of the election. Of that kind seems to have been the incident which has just now voided once more the Haldimand election. It would be much more logical and much more effective to visit the penalty upon the individuals giving and receiving the bribe, in some much sterner form than the imposition of a trifling fine. The act in the case of each is clearly a crime against the State, and should be punished as a criminal offence. This would have an educational and moral, as well as a deterrent effect, for the unreflecting classes take their ideas of right and wrong in such matters from the manner in which the given act is dealt with in law, to a much greater extent than we are apt to suppose. If Canadian legislators wish, in downright earnest, to crush out electoral corruption, they will not only amend their laws in this respect, but will also adopt the British method of fixing the limit of lawful expenses, and requiring sworn statements of expenditure from the responsible parties. The practice of bribery and trickery at elections is too deep-seated to be wholly eradicated in a generation. But we see no reason to doubt that if these two means of repression were added to those already in use, the evil would quickly be reduced to a minimum so small as to be comparatively harmless.

A POWERFUL opposition seems to have unexpectedly developed itself against the renewal by the United States Government, of the seal monopoly of the Alaska Company. Senator Plumb has introduced a bill providing that after the expiration of the present contract the sealing business shall be carried on under the direct supervision of Government officers, and that all seals caught be taken in the Government's revenue cutters to San Francisco, there to be sold in the open market to the highest bidder. He would also have the entire revenue from these seal fisheries devoted to the education of the Alaska natives. The proposal has secured much stronger backing than was anticipated even by its friends. The *Christian Union* says: "Senator Dawes pointed out that the present monopoly would be in no way injured if the Government increased the tax on each seal from \$2.62 to \$10. The Alaska Company controls more than half the seal rookeries of the world, and any addition which is made to the tax which it pays to the Government it can make to the price charged to consumers. Senator Plumb showed how the advertising for bids for the twenty years' lease was a pretence, since the Alaska Company was the only one in a position to put in a bid." He also pointed out the dangerous nature of the authority now given to the Secretary of the Treasury to fix the number of seals which the Company is permitted to take each year. Permission to take 30,000 or 40,000 more a year might be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Company. Unless the Government feels itself compelled to recede from the policy which it has been pursuing, it is likely that the influence of the Company will be too powerful to be resisted. It will be strange, nevertheless, while in some of the states the most stringent measures are being taken to crush out monopolies, to see the National Government perpetuating one of the most gigantic and exclusive of all monopolies. It would certainly facilitate withdrawal from the piratical policy which the Government has been pursuing in defence of the Alaska Company's monopoly, to have the control of the business directly in its own hands, and it is just possible that this may be the hidden meaning of that favour which Senator Plumb's bill has met.

WHETHER or not the Gladstonian programme is making the progress in England claimed for it by the Liberal opponents of the Government, there can be no doubt that Mr. Goschen's budget, if he is indeed able to show the expected £4,000,000 surplus, will be a tower of strength to Lord Salisbury's administration. There is, probably, no other member of a Government, the Premier himself only excepted, whose abilities can do so much to strengthen its hold upon the Commons and the country as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Salisbury is particularly fortunate, at the present juncture, in having in

this most responsible and difficult office the ablest financier who has occupied it since the incumbency of Gladstone himself. In this, as in most other cases, the favourable result is no doubt due more largely to causes over which the most brilliant finance minister has no control, than to Mr. Goschen's exceptional abilities, great as they unquestionably are. But it is one of the characteristics of democratic, as perhaps of all other constituencies, that they do not distinguish very nicely between the results of personal merits, and what we may, for want of a better phrase, call good luck on the part of a Cabinet Minister. Neither the people nor their representatives in Parliament are likely to be in haste, except for very urgent reasons, to dispense with the services of a Government which is in a position to restore to them in some shape a few millions of their taxes, instead of devising ways and means for increasing their amount. The task of disposing of the surplus so as to give the largest amount of general satisfaction is scarcely less difficult than that of securing it in a prosperous season. It seems to be taken for granted that the larger part of the sum will, in this case, be devoted to Free Education. If this be done, and even the *Spectator* grudgingly admits that "free education must come," the approaching season will be marked by one of those great movements in the direction of democracy, which form so wonderful a feature in modern British history. In this case it seems probable that the real beneficence of the measure will be to some extent counteracted by the fact that the schools will still be left, to a large extent, under denominational control, and it is very likely that a determined struggle may take place over this aspect of the scheme. Some time will yet be required, it is very likely, before the majority of the ruling classes can be brought to see that unsectarian education is the corollary and logical complement of free national education.

THE method of putting an end to disputes between nations which was adopted a year or two since by the United States in dealing with a feeble South American State, and which has just now been used by Lord Salisbury in the case of Portugal, has one excellent quality. It is short and decisive. If only it could be applied to, as well as by, a strong nation, such as the United States or France, this saving of time and all the evil results which are the outcome of prolonged disputes would very strongly recommend it. What a pity it is that great nations cannot act with the same mutual straight-forwardness and good sense that would be shown by respectable private gentlemen or companies in their dealings with each other! What a reproach to our civilization are these interminable disputes and heart-burnings between so-called Christian nations over the interpretation of old treaties. Look at the length of time during which Great Britain and the United States have been cavilling over the Atlantic Fisheries question. And not only is this old dispute no nearer settlement, so far as appears, than it was a score of years ago, but a new one has now arisen in the Pacific which threatens to become equally vexatious and equally chronic. The Newfoundland Fisheries question between England and France is another instance in point, showing how much less business-like and sensible are so-called Christian nations than are sensible, high-minded individuals in their dealings with each other. Grant that the old treaties are indefinite, ambiguous, or obscure. Grant that new conditions have arisen, unforeseen, and consequently unprovided for, by the framers of those treaties. These may be excellent reasons for tearing up, by mutual consent, those misty and musty documents, and agreeing in a friendly and common-sense way upon some clear, fair, fresh compromise. But they surely are no reasons why nations that should be friends and fellow-workers in the world's renovation should prolong year after year and decade after decade a state of vexatious and dangerous irritation. Failing mutual agreement there is always the resource of friendly arbitration. Truly the good and sensible people of these three nations have reason to be ashamed of themselves that with all their culture and progress, sweetness and light, they are unable to devise means for the prompt and permanent settlement of such comparatively trifling disputes. And this is our boasted nineteenth-century civilization!

BALLOT reform is making good progress in the United States. The so-called Australian system is now in operation in ten states, and its adoption in the great state of New York is but a question of time and the subjugation of Governor Hill. The United States Marshal, referring to the recent election in Massachusetts, declares that

the system works admirably. "There is no more bulldozing," he avers, "by our manufacturers; they cannot march their men to the polls under a foreman and vote them all for one ticket. It does away with everything that makes politics disreputable." The last statement is, it may be feared, rather strong, and likely to be modified by experience, unless Massachusetts has improved a good deal upon the Canadian system. At the same time we have no doubt that the contrast between an election under this system and one of the kind with which citizens of the United States are most familiar, must have been so marked and pleasing as to warrant much hopeful enthusiasm. There seems good reason to believe that our neighbours have entered in genuine earnest upon the work of political purification—not, it is too true, before it was sorely needed. The uprising of the "Mugwumps" five years ago; the steady, though slow progress of civil service reform, and now the adoption of ballot reform by one State after another, these and various other indications point to the conclusion that the worst days of political corruption are past, and that the better classes are making and will make their influence felt in public affairs as never before. The struggle may be prolonged, but the history of England, as well as the improved tone and tendencies in the Great Republic, warrant the anticipation that having fairly entered on the upward course, the forces that make for national morality will gain momentum with every fresh achievement, and raise the nation in a few years to a higher plane than it has yet occupied. The best interests of Canada are so affected by reason of proximity that all good Canadians have selfish as well as philanthropic motives for wishing success to whatever tends to elevate the national character of her powerful neighbour.

WHETHER any real progress is being made in the United States towards the solution of its "Negro Problem" is a question upon which it is difficult to form an opinion. The problem itself involves conditions of terrible complexity. It is to-day by far the most serious question in American politics. To a certain extent the present troubles were inevitable from the moment the conclusion of the civil war left in the South several millions of freedmen, in a state of childish ignorance and incapacity, to be in some way cared for and trained up to the intelligence and self-reliance necessary to fit them to take care of themselves as citizens of the Republic. What real progress they have made during the quarter-century which has since elapsed it is difficult to determine, but the fact remains that to-day there are 8,000,000 of coloured people in the Southern States, in a condition of "discontented political and social inferiority." The *Nation*, whose phrase we have borrowed in part, says, "of discontented, and, as far as human eye can see, of permanent political and social inferiority." That is, however, the Democratic, and so the Southern and pessimistic, view of the case. There are just now before the American public three distinct schemes for the radical treatment of the difficulty. One is embodied in the Bill now before the Senate for Government aid to "persons of colour" in emigrating from the Southern States to Africa. This might help matters if the great majority of the "persons of colour" were willing to go to Africa, and if it were possible to provide means of transportation for such a host. But any partial movement of the kind, which would suffice simply to drain off the most energetic and enterprising part of the coloured population, would but intensify the evils and make the last state of the mass remaining behind worse than the first. Both the other plans, viz., that which proposes to educate the negro at the national expense, and that which proposes to take his political rights under the national protection, have, in addition to other difficulties, the fundamental objection that they are inconsistent with the local autonomy which is reserved to the States by the Constitution, and which is in the nature of things the corner-stone of every federal system of government. These objections may not be insuperable. It is possible that from a moral point of view they ought not to prevail. The negro was long kept in the state of servitude of which his present helplessness and degradation are the result, by national legislation and sanction. The nation interfered with State rights in order to effect his liberation. It may be that it is equally bound in righteousness to interfere further with those rights in order to give him that intellectual, moral and political education, without which the gift of liberty may be a curse rather than a blessing. But, passing by all other objections, it is at least doubtful whether the real end aimed at—the

permanent elevation of the negro—could be attained by any such means. Both proposals have the fatal defect of seeking to protect and elevate the negro by external agencies, instead of developing his own powers of self-help, upon which he must in the end rely. It is quite possible that the experience through which he is now passing, stern and often cruel as it is, may be just what is necessary, in the order of nature, to bring out whatever latent force and manliness there may be in the race, and to compel them to do for themselves what no power outside of themselves can possibly do for them. A very hopeful indication that some progress is being made is afforded in one fact, cited by Gen. S. C. Armstrong in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, that "the race is steadily accumulating property in land," and that "where the total taxable landed property of Georgia has increased in ten years 53 per cent., the taxable landed property of the negro has increased 83 per cent.—a state of things" adds Gen. Armstrong, "whose significance needs no comment, especially as it exists, according to the best evidence we can get, throughout the South."

THE ENGLISH MINORITY IN QUEBEC. III.

THE ERECTION OF PARISHES.

IN reading many of the articles written upon the parish system in this province one might be led to suppose that the Roman Bishops possess an arbitrary power of erecting, dividing, or uniting parishes of their own mere motion; and, also, of building churches, and presbyteries at the expense of their people wherever and however they please. Such is not the case. The tithes and dues are collectable by law; but assessments for other ecclesiastical purposes cannot be levied without the consent of the people and the laity have more to say about it than is usually supposed by Protestants. The whole procedure is regulated by statute and guarded by numerous formalities, the neglect of any one of which is fatal. Familiar though these may be to Roman Catholics, it will be worth while for Protestants to know a little about the organization of the Church of Rome considered entirely apart from its doctrine.

All proceedings under the parish system originate with the laity; whether for the erection of a parish or for its subdivision or union with another. A majority of the Roman Catholic free-holders of adult age and resident in the territory sign a request which, with a map in detail, is sent to the Bishop of the diocese. Upon receipt of this the Bishop gives notice of the day and hour when he, or his deputy, will visit the locality to inquire into the facts. This notice is read at High Mass on two successive Sundays and posted at the church door, or if there is no church at some well-known public place, such as the mill or school-house. Ten days at least after the second notice the Bishop's deputy arrives and holds a public meeting, a complete certified list of all the free-holders is provided him, together with certificates that the notices have been duly given. He is thus in a position to know that the majority really desire the change. If any oppose it they state their reasons. He then draws up a report in detail, including the objections made, and forwards it with all the papers to the Bishop. If the Bishop consents he issues a decree to that effect and the locality as described becomes an ecclesiastical or, as it is called, a canonical parish. All the Roman Catholics must pay their tithes, and dues for baptisms, marriages and such like services to the curé who is appointed to the charge. The unit of the organization of the Roman church is then complete.

So far the matter is purely ecclesiastical. The State has not intervened. But in Lower Canada the Lieut.-Governor, under legislation passed first in 1831, acting with the advice of his ministers, appoints for each diocese a Board of Commissioners, generally five—and all laymen. If the canonical parish is to be recognized by the State a formal request must be drafted to them, signed either by ten at least of the signers of the petition to the Bishop, or by a majority of the whole parish. The canonical decree must then be read in church on two consecutive Sundays and notice given that, thirty days after the second reading, application will be made to the commissioners for civil recognition. All persons having objections are notified to send them to the secretary of the commission. The request is then forwarded together with a detailed map, a copy of the Bishop's decree and certificates of the legal notices. The oppositions, if there are any, are also sent in. The commissioners consider these documents and when necessary the parties are heard; or they go themselves to the locality. When they arrive at a decision they draw up a report, stating the objections made, if any, and the reasons of their judgment. This they send to the Lieut.-Governor, and he, with the advice of his council—all laymen—issues, or refuses to issue, his proclamation. If the proclamation is issued it is published in the official Gazette. The parish thenceforth is known as a *civil* parish. It may build or rebuild or repair the church and presbytery; and it may lay out a cemetery. For these and such like purposes it may tax or pledge the property of the Roman Catholics of the parish.

But that may not be done in a hasty or arbitrary manner. The French-Canadian is a very legal personage. He loves forms and ceremonies and will get obstinate if he is hurried.

A request is drawn up stating what is required to be done in the fullest detail and the reasons therefor. This must be signed by a majority of the adult freeholders as before, and sent to the Bishop. Notice having been given, in due time the Bishop's deputy arrives on the spot. He inquires as to the state of the buildings, with the advice of an expert if necessary. He finds out if the majority really require the work proposed—whether the church is really too small,—whether it might not be repaired instead of being rebuilt, and into the finances of the parish. He listens to all objections and makes a full report to the Bishop, who either refuses the request or issues his decree. If permission is given to go on, a similar request is then made to the Commissioners for permission to elect trustees. This request also must be signed by a majority of those interested and a plan of the proposed work with a copy of the Bishop's permission must be attached. The Commissioners having consented, a public meeting is held, after full notice as in the other cases, and three trustees are elected. The trustees must apply to the Commissioners to be confirmed. At the same time they must state what amount they require to raise for the purpose specified and ask permission to levy an assessment, whereupon the Commissioners appoint a day to hear all parties interested and give notice as before to that effect. If the trustees are confirmed, they prepare detailed plans and specifications and a schedule containing the names of the parties assessed and the amount for each. This is left for a stated period on view in the presbytery and notice is given that the trustees will, on a certain day, apply to the Commissioners to have the assessment roll confirmed. All parties having objections are notified to file them before that date. The papers, with certificates of compliance with all legal forms, are considered by the Commissioners who hear all the parties interested and reject, modify, or confirm the assessment roll as may appear best in their judgment. If all this tedious detail has been given, it is to show that Protestants are in error when they suppose that the clergy impose these assessments. On the contrary it is the laity who tax themselves. No doubt the clergy use their influence as they would anywhere; but they cannot in any way drag into such matters their functions as dispensers of the sacraments, and the most cursory glance at the Law Reports will show that the French-Canadian is not nearly so tractable as is supposed. Such a tedious procedure as has here been described would be intolerable to an English congregation; but, on the other hand, how often do English congregations overbuild! How often do they weaken their respective religious organizations by rivalry! That at least is avoided. Every dollar of assessment tells, and therefore it is that the country churches seem good out of proportion to the houses of the people and that they are all at a rational distance apart. The assessment roll, once homologated by the Commissioners, becomes a first charge upon all the real property of Roman Catholics in the parish and, whether registered or not, these assessments will take precedence of all mortgages. Protestants who advance money on real estate are sometimes ignorant of this and when they foreclose they are indignant at finding that the Church must be paid first. This is the nearest thing to a real grievance for Protestants in the whole parish system. It is the only way in which they can be said to contribute to the Roman Church and they must bear it in mind when they lend money on the real estate of Roman Catholics. If a Roman Catholic finds these tithes and dues and assessments onerous he has only to turn Protestant and he will escape them all in the future. There is the most perfect freedom to do that. In a case decided in the Superior Court, a man who had even signed the petition for the construction of the Church at Lachine, escaped his assessment upon his declaration that he had turned Protestant. Such cases do not often happen, but one is enough to illustrate the reality of religious liberty in this province where the Protestant minority is the object of so much outside sympathy.

So far then we have two distinct things—the *canonical* parish which the Bishop, at the request of his people, erects precisely as the Methodist Conference for its people might mark out a circuit: and the *civil* parish erected by the State, again at the request of the people, for purposes of self-taxation. For all purposes of these parishes the Protestant is non-existent. The civil parish may, however, take on another phase; it may under certain restrictions become a municipality. In this case it may elect a common council and have a mayor who will have a seat in the county council. It will, in short, become an ordinary municipal corporation, with municipal powers of raising money for roads, bridges, ferries and similar works and of making by-laws for licenses and police regulations. Then the English Protestant appears in the parish. He has a vote like every body else, he uses the roads like every body else, he may sit upon the council like every body else—if he gets votes enough. Under the Municipal Code this province is politically organized into town, village, or rural municipalities—the institutions are at bottom the same. The mayors of the rural municipalities are organized into county councils under a county warden. In the Eastern Townships, where the English settled, the municipalities were formed out of Townships—in the French part of the province they were formed out of parishes. It is the same thing, municipally, under two names, that is—a definite area was marked out under the name *parish* in one part of the province and under the name *township* in another. A parish municipality is however *quoad* its Roman Catholic citizens something more than a mere municipality. It has to them an ecclesias-

tical aspect which a township has not. To them—taken alone—it is a parish, but to them taken together with the Protestants it is a municipality. Now the original delimitation of the area in question was made by a Bishop in the case of a parish, and although the State had to intervene and recognize it civilly before it could develop into a civil parish, it is considered by some Protestants to be a grievance that the parish should exist at all on land granted originally under the English tenure of free and common socage, and this in spite of the fact that England and Scotland are to this day divided into parishes. It is difficult to formulate that grievance precisely. The subject of my next letter—the case of the parish municipality of St. Barbe decided last year—will illustrate it by example and, at the same time, will make it clear that although the Eastern Townships may be overrun by civil parishes these have regard solely to the Roman Catholic residents and cannot develop into municipalities under the conditions existing.

Montreal, January 20th, 1890.

S. E. DAWSON.

SONNET.

THERE is a forest in the wild north land
So weird and grim the very lynxes thread,
With quickened pulse, its glades and shadows dread.
The jagged stems, black and fire-blasted, stand
Close-rooted in the dull and barren sand;
And over league-long hills and valleys spread
Those ruined woods—a forest dark and dead—
A giant wreck in desolation grand.

So, in that inner world—the mind of man—
Are wastes which once were leaf-adorned and dear;
Where beauty throve till fires of passion ran,
And blighted all. When to such deserts drear
The spirit turns, in retrospection wan,
The proudest starts, the boldest shrinks in fear!
Prince Albert, N. W. T. C. MAIR.

LONDON LETTER.

OF all the London suburbs I take Paddington to be one of the least picturesque. It had but a single redeeming feature—the old-fashioned Green, decorated with the queer Georgian church, but of late years there have grown among the unpretentious cottages so many of the worst kind of mean, modern houses that the character of even the Green is lost. One of those places (Marylebone is another) where the sun never seems to shine, and life is passed away among dead-alive rows of small villas and sordid, narrow streets of poor lodging-houses, Paddington touches the stranger with melancholy. It is useless to tell oneself that opposite that sleepy, sluggish canal Browning lived contentedly for near thirty years; that the painting-room of Leslie, our well-beloved artist, was once close at hand; that Mrs. Siddons possessed, till she moved into the more fashionable Baker Street, a country cottage all gables and creepers only half a mile away. Associations connected with poet, painter, actress, invest the quarter with a degree of interest helping one to forget for the moment its many disadvantages; but Paddington, ill-dressed, troubled about the "cares of bread," and always in a prodigious hurry, has not time to think of her worthies. She has laid away in her churchyard poor troubled Haydon, gentle William Collins, even the great Sarah herself—and forgotten them. Busied all day, there is no hour of leisure till late in the evening, when naphtha lamps flare round barrows of whelks and damaged vegetables, and to the strains of a wandering concertina the children of the Nobility and Gentry tread a measure. Then Paddington is at her best, albeit down at heel; then, something suggestive in the aspect of the shadowy roads, and certain Rembrandtish effects of light and shade produced by the brilliancy of the barrows, make one oblivious of many a shortcoming.

And yesterday, at the Children's Hospital facing the old church, just where the Green was brightest by reason of the dozen illuminated windows of the Hospital, there was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. For in the darkened pleasant room the children lay in their cots looking into Fairyland. Cinderella came gliding past, first in rags and tatters, and then in her gorgeous ball gown: and there was Dick Whittington listening as the cheerful Bow Bells rang their welcome, and all manner of giants and dwarfs and fairies flashing into sight across the magical white sheet hung by the wall. It is true, nothing had any effect on the pitiful little coughs that shook the small beds, weariful chorus to the laughter; but the sick babies hardly noticed the interruption, in their absorbed interest in what was going on. The weakest shouts, which couldn't have scared a rabbit, mere ghosts of giggles impossible to hear a few paces off, proclaimed an enjoyment that not even aching backs and heads had any power to subdue. If some tired eyes could hardly bear the fitting, coloured shapes that appeared by enchantment from the Magic Lantern, they turned restfully to the great Tree near by, laden with crackers and balls and dolls, or to the wall, where more toys were hung among the green wreaths of decoration. Coming out of the dreary, colourless streets, where you would think nothing good or charming could happen, I seemed to step at once into one of the scenes which it would have pleased the Moon to describe to Hans Andersen. "So Cinderella went to the ball in a coach and four; and the Prince received her at the Palace, and danced with her till the clock struck twelve"—said the Lecturer; and the children gave a murmur of pleasure as the Palace walls,

at first very faint and then very vivid, replaced the coach and four, and they saw Cinderella, the admired of all beholders in the light of a thousand candles. The feeble little audience stirred and smiled gravely as the pretty story came to an end. Never, sure, were there such quiet children as these at any Christmas party.

Suddenly, without any warning, there came a cataract of water down our chimney, which put out the fire with a mighty hiss. One or two of the small patients turned from the merry figures on the sheet to find the cause of this phenomenon, and then seeing that nobody stirred or seemed frightened, and that the Lecturer was still talking on in his quiet, even voice, they gave the matter up, as no concern of theirs, and no amount of bustle and stir outside the room could take their attention from Whittington and his Cat. Tramping overhead, the smell of soot, even the sight through the half-open door of a fireman on his way to the roof—these things had no effect, and the placidness of the children was reflected in the faces of the nurses. For ten minutes there was much the same disturbance outside the Hospital as there was round the White Rabbit's villa in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Then the storm in a teacup subsided as quickly as it rose. "The kitchen chimney has been on fire, but it is put out now," said some one in a loud whisper, who had, like the undertaker in "Huckleberry Finn," made it his business to find out the cause of the tumult. I think the grown-up people felt grateful for this information; I am sure the children did not take the trouble to listen to what was said. There could be no danger for them as long as the nurses were near at hand; or trouble, when every moment there were fresh pictures from the Magic Lantern. So the entertainment went peacefully on in the long Hospital ward, and the last thing I saw of the small revellers, very quiet from their recent visit to Fairyland, was a grave carousal over tea and buns.

The remembrance of the quiet painters asleep in the dim churchyard across the road reminds me of the winter exhibition, one of the best we have had for years. Landseer's wonderful "Intruding Monkeys" is there, painted when he was only twenty-one.

At the Old Masters to-day those very monkeys are exhibited amongst a score of other treasures. For twenty-one years we have been shown new, wonderful, delightful pictures from collections seemingly inexhaustible. This winter they are just as interesting, but there must come a time when we shall have to begin over again. Then I am in hopes that the imitations will be weeded, and that many of the Romanys, for instance, will not be re-invited into a company too good for the majority of these tiresome, empty-headed pieces. The story of the artist's life accounts for much that is wanting in his work. The exhibition of 1890 will be remembered best, I suppose, for the marvellous portraits by Velasquez—there is, in particular, a truculent Spanish ruffian whose face one cannot easily forget—and for two or three Rembrandts, which must have given the best sort of satisfaction, even to that conscientious, not easily contented painter. These two great masters stand supreme. Perhaps next after them one is attracted by the sweet face of Mrs. Graham, sketched in sepia by Gainsborough. This is the same lady whose portrait in pale pink, with feathers in her hair, hangs in the gallery at Edinburgh. By the way, that Gainsborough piece came home finished from Gainsborough's studio just after Mrs. Graham had died suddenly. It was left unpacked in its case for thirty years, till after the death of her husband, who, broken-hearted, could not bear the sight of the portrait. His heirs had no idea of its existence. After the loss of his lovely wife, Mr. Graham rushed into the army (Mr. Horsley tells me) to court his own release from "this world of cares." His life, however, was spared, and he became one of Wellington's most famous captains in the Peninsula, and was ultimately created Lord Lynedoch. Mr. Horsley remembers, when he was a small boy, Lord Lynedoch coming to call on Lady Calcott, with whom he was very intimate, her first husband having been one of Lord Lynedoch's near relatives. Mrs. Graham died as far back as 1792.

There is a Romney of Mlle. Fagniani, the little girl about whom one hears so much in the Selwyn Letters, and who afterwards married Lord Hertford, the original of Lord Steyne: there is a Reynolds of the wife of that Lord Carlisle of whom Thackeray speaks so touchingly in the Four Georges; and there is an astonishingly good portrait by Turner of Mr. Williams, captain of the Cumberland Fleet. This last picture is a curiosity. The head is so admirable one is inclined to believe we are indebted to Turner for the rest of the figure and the background merely. If he painted the whole, it must have been a fluke: he has never done anything like this before or since.

I see that Copley, very unnecessarily, had painted in the date of Miss Randolph's birth at the foot of his portrait of that young lady, and that some one, probably Miss Randolph herself, has had it rubbed out. The annoying date doesn't matter now any longer. Do you remember that an admirer sent Dickens silver figures of the seasons, with Winter left out, because the giver could not bear to connect Dickens with the end of life; and that Dickens himself declared he never looked at Spring, Summer, Autumn, without thinking most of the missing Winter? When the friends of Miss Randolph read the inscription, written in letters a couple of inches long, "Susannah, Daughter of the Yst Brett Randolph: b. December , at Chester, Virginia," they would have been less likely, I think, to dwell on her age if the date had not been erased. One is anxious to know if this shrewd-faced, black-eyed young lady died an old maid.

WALTER POWELL.

TRAVELLING IN MOROCCO.

TO those who are accustomed to look upon Central Africa as the most dangerous part of the world to travel in, it will appear strange that Morocco—a country separated from Europe by only the short expanse of the Mediterranean Sea, and with many towns whose names are familiar to every school-boy—should exceed it both in danger and in accessibility. A hasty glance at the peculiarities of Moorish travel will show how true this is. The Moor is the most religious of men. Not that a religious person is necessarily a dangerous one, but when the religion is that of Allah and Mahomet his prophet, we must dismiss preconceived notions, for we have to do with a religious fervour and strength of belief that is quite unknown in the calm, peaceful, uneventful life of the West. The Moor buys, sells, eats, lives, begs, borrows, steals, murders, in short runs through the whole category of crime and all the trivial details of life, in the name of Allah. His fanaticism is so thoroughly grounded, so extraordinary and so inexhaustible, as to be totally incapable of being understood by those who have not had any personal experience with it. He will plunge into the wildest excesses, will cut and bruise himself until he is a mass of running blood, and almost cease to be human, all in the name of God. Naturally he looks upon all Christians as his lawful prey, for they are a living reproach to his religion. If he can exterminate them, great will be his future reward, and each one he kills is one less opponent to his faith, thus constituting a step towards the universal rule of the prophet.

It is this intense and widespread hatred of the white races which renders travel in Morocco so dangerous. In the coast towns they are, of course, more or less familiar figures, and are looked upon as something to be tolerated, to be treated with indifference, or as a source through which to grow rich. But in the interior, the unexplored part, that which has the greatest attraction for the traveller, it is very different. Here the Moor is found in his "most religious" and therefore most developed state. There are places and towns where it is actually unsafe for a European to appear in the streets even with an escort, and the sign-manual of the Sultan himself is often powerless as a safeguard in the more distant districts. These can only be reached with the greatest caution and strategy, and the traveller who ventures into them takes his life in his own hands, while he is constantly running the risk of being turned back and of having the object of his journey frustrated before it has fairly begun.

The fanaticism of the Moor, however, is not the only source of danger to the traveller. No single individual could make any progress in Morocco, for outside the coast towns, and possibly the capital, he would not be apt to survive long enough to tell the adventures of a single day. An escort is an imperative necessity, and if one wishes to make an extended excursion, a new difficulty arises. The average Moor is animated by no desire to travel, even in his own country, and the connection between the outlying districts and the central government is so slight and so frequently interrupted that it is almost as dangerous for him to pass through them as for a white man. In addition to this the fact of being with an infidel, of living with him and of carrying out his orders, is sufficient not only to lower his dignity in his own eyes and those of his co-religionists, but even to imperil his future happiness in Paradise. Guides are, therefore, extremely difficult to procure, and such as are to be had are those of the most undesirable and unsatisfactory kind. In fact, a recent traveller states that in Central Africa he found better, more capable and easier handled guides than he could obtain in all Morocco after a prolonged and careful search and with the aid of influential residents.

However, when one cannot get what one wants, necessity makes one satisfied with what can be had, and in this strange country it does not do to be over particular. All is easy and plain sailing until the city of Morocco has been left behind. Then the ugly nature of the men, of which they have plenty, begins to show itself. If it is possible for them to obtain the mastery, they will, and the firmest hand and the most decided determination are required to subdue them. So thoroughly deceitful are these people that the very man on whom you have placed the most dependence will be apt to prove the worst the moment he deems it safe to throw off the mask and show himself in his true light. A determined mind can, however, accomplish wonders, and with threats of punishment, both in prison and in the life to come, with one or two personal chastisements—lasting disgrace to the Moor who will permit the infidel arm of a Christian to be lifted against him—it is possible to maintain a tolerable discipline.

In Morocco the traveller has no rest from constant watchfulness; he must be all the time on his guard against both his men and the natives. Everywhere he is the object of suspicion and jealousy, of hatred and discontent. Even the letter of the Sultan will be disregarded if one penetrates far enough into the interior, and the authorities think they can do so without being called to account. If you are provided with this not altogether powerful document, you will be received by the Kaid, as the chief officer of a city is called, with just as much disrespect as he thinks you will tolerate. He will assign you to inferior quarters, and make you feel as uncomfortable as he dare. It is necessary to assert your independence, to announce your importance—a modest man makes no headway at all in Morocco—to demand the best the

town affords, to threaten instant communication with the capital as to the way you are received. Talk of this kind will produce astonishing changes, and the Kaid who only a short time before was confronting you with scowls and impertinences, will humble himself in the dust before such a great and powerful personage, will smilingly order you to be conducted to the best chamber, and will send you a dinner whose quantity would be stupefying if you were not nearly exhausted with hunger.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has recently travelled through Morocco and penetrated further into the Atlas mountains than any European had done previously, tells some amusing stories of the dinners he had in the course of his wanderings. Here is one of them. The company consisted of himself and his European companion, an assemblage not likely to consume a particularly large quantity of viands. The feast was prefaced by twelve negroes bringing in each a legless table bearing a great cone that almost hid the bearer. After a brief interval the Kaid arrived, though he simply assisted by his presence. The Moor uses his right hand only in eating, and the meal began with the customary ablutions. The nearest table was placed before the guests and the cover removed, revealing a large dish half filled with melted butter, on which floated four roasted chickens. Four loaves were laid on the table as accompaniments. With the usual *Bismillah* ("in the name of God") the feast began in earnest. With no forks or knives, and practically only one hand—the use of the left being too ill-bred to be thought of for a moment—this was easier said than done. It was next to impossible to detach any of the meat from the chickens without taking the whole bird. One of the attendants came to the rescue, and separated the choicest bits with his own fingers, placing them beside the guests, or, as a special mark of esteem, popping them into their mouths. At the conclusion of this exercise all hands sucked their fingers in order to have them clean for the next course. A rapid succession of six similar dishes, fowls, and stews of beef and mutton came next, followed by a half of a baked sheep, all exuding the most appetising odours, and all more or less soaked in butter or oil. Rice succeeded, to have its place taken by *kuskussi*, the Moorish national dish. This is granulated wheat flour steamed over a stewpan in which meat is cooking. It is eaten in the form of little balls, made by a peculiar motion of the half-closed hand, and propelled into the mouth from the edge of the fist by the thumb. It is an operation that requires much practice and our travellers made a sad failure of it. Fortunately the gentleman who had so kindly assisted at the meat courses was equal to the emergency, and with his own greasy fingers made the balls, and at the signal *kul* dexterously shot them into their open mouths. This marked the conclusion of the feast proper, though there was still an imposing succession of dishes of tea, cake and fruit. The banquet came to an end by a drenching of the clothes and person with rose-water, and a final perfuming with the smoke of odoriferous aloes wood, benzoin and ambergris.

As can readily be imagined the Moors are not the most cleanly people, and the vermin are one of the greatest annoyances the traveller has to contend with. Mr. Thomson relates some surprising experiences on this point. Owing to local disturbances the Kaid would not permit him to remain outside the city, and a room was procured within the walls. It was alive with insects, and he made what preparations he could to resist their attacks. He thoroughly sprinkled his bed and sleeping-suit with insect powder, and placed himself in a large cotton bag carried for such purposes, completely enveloping his body and tied at the neck. Thus fortified he laid down and closed his eyes, alas, not to sleep. The heat generated by the airtight bag was intense, while mosquitoes buzzed about his face and were more than usually vicious as he was powerless to kill them or protect himself in any way. A rat or two took a tour of investigation across the bag, until, unable to resist the torture longer, he broke it open and sought relief by striking out into the darkness. This, however, was but the signal for renewed hostilities, as a myriad of fleas availed themselves of the opening of the bag to precipitate themselves within it, and peace was at an end for that night.

Travelling in Morocco would be impossible without the native horses and mules. These little beasts are much surer footed than their European relations, and climb paths that would be impossible to a civilized animal. The mountain paths are of the worst possible description, and there are seasons when progress seems out of the question. The native mule, however, is never at a loss to proceed, though his driver is frequently compelled to hang on his tail in order to follow him. So often is this necessary that at times it seems that these very essential appendages must come out, so long continued is the unnatural strain they are subjected to. A considerate nature has, however, implanted them firmly, and the records of Moorish travel reveal no mention of tailless horses and mules. The greatest annoyance from passing through the narrow passes, comes from people going in the opposite direction. In a path that is scarce wide enough for two, constant disputes are arising, and it not unfrequently happens that a whole valley will be thrown into a turmoil and all progress stopped for a considerable time, while one party is disputing with the other its rights to a path which has no sides and is all centre.

But Moorish travel is not all hardship and discomfort. The traveller meets with many interesting phases of human nature; he sees a strange and curious people, and while their customs are generally the same in all parts of

the country, they are never without variety. The towns are, on the whole, devoid of interest, and one serves very well as a sample for them all; but what is wanting in them is more than made up, in Southern Morocco, by the natural scenery. The Atlas mountains afford some unsurpassed bits of nature, and many of the views are of surpassing grandeur and loveliness. It seems, indeed, a strange contradiction that these smiling valleys, these restful mountain glens, these solemn towering heights should be the home of the most wildly fanatical people on earth, a people who in religious frenzy would not hesitate, were they able, to put to the sword all who did not like them, nor hold to the faith of Allah and Mahomet his prophet.

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BARR FERREE.

PARIS LETTER.

NO one but admires Jeanne d'Arc, the Warwicks not excepted. Tons of literature have been dedicated to her legend, therein including the treatise of the German professor to demonstrate that Joan never existed. In her history no question of religion was at stake, for the English and French armies were alike Catholic, and Luther did not commence his work till nearly a century later. The remnant army of France, over which Charles VII. ruled, viewed Jeanne as inspired, one sent from heaven to save France and piece her fragmented territory into unity. The English and their French allies, the Burgundians, viewed the maid as witch. The latter were the stronger of the two armies, but were not the less defeated, partly due to Providence not being then on the side of the large battalions and not a little owing to the Burgundians at the psychological moment retiring, like Achilles, under their tents.

Jeanne was betrayed by the jealousy of her own countrymen and her own soldiers at Compiègne, sold to the English, who were glad to possess the "influence" that forced them to raise the siege of Orleans, defeated them at Patay, and undid the Conquest of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. French ecclesiastics tried and condemned Joan for sorcery, and the English being the secular power in Normandy were invited to burn the maid as they would one of their own Lancashire witches. She was not saved from the stake, as was Daniel in the lions' den, or Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace.

Such is the canvas on which song and story have embroidered all that can evoke our admiration for innocence, purity of patriotism, and unalloyed disinterestedness. Joan claimed for her work what Peter the Hermit claimed for his—though of different aim and magnitude—*Dieu le veut*. The nineteenth century unanimously deplores the martyrdom of Schiller's virgin soldier; even Protestants are ready to sign a petition to the Sacred College not to any longer circumlocute about bestowing on her memory the recompense of canonization. Chance made the English instead of the Burgundians, that is, the French, charged to execute the sentence of the French ecclesiastics. It is only to be regretted fate did not reserve for them the work of erecting a second stake to incinerate Charles VII., to whom Joan presented a united kingdom, and who expressed his gratitude by not making an effort to save her, for the conquered are always ready to accede to the wishes of the victors. The man who looked on unmoved at the assassination of Jean *sans peur* could well forget Rouen and Joan for Chinon and Agnes Sorrel.

M. Jules Barbier has revised at the Porte St. Martin theatre his "Jeanne d'Arc," that was first represented at the Gaité in 1873 with a *succès d'estime*. But the nation was then in mourning, and it was felt that Bismarck and de Moltke would be too much, even for a Joan. The role of the Maid of Orleans was then interpreted by Lea Felix, sister of the great Rachel, as it is on the present occasion by Sarah Bernhardt—oddly enough, two Jewesses. M. Gounod has intercalated the play with very appropriate music, suited to his mystical temperament. But the piece in three acts and six scenes is neither a lyrical drama nor an opera. It is a passion play of mystery, weighted with all the gorgeous accessories of 1890 scenery, costumes and upholstery, all of which serve as a frame, in which Sarah Bernhardt recites a monologue. A "Hamlet," all Hamlet. But she displays such a profuseness of varied and incomparable talent that we forget Joan for Sarah. The play should be seen—it will be included in Madame Bernhardt's next year's cosmopolitan and final tour—by those who like good scenery, graceful and melodious rather than brilliant music, but above all, unrivalled declamation. The stake scene alone is as emotional as three suttees or a dozen cremations. The crowning of Charles at Rheims will make Frenchmen ashamed of President Carnot's simplicity. The English are the Turk's Head in the piece; it will be a safety-valve to blow off steam till the British evacuate Egypt and make lobster and cod-fishing pleasant for the French at Newfoundland.

The influenza-plague is going slowly away from Paris—into the provinces. At Amiens the horses contracted the disease before the inhabitants. A sharp eye is kept on the bills of health issued respecting the Czar. He commenced the epidemic, and seems to be continuing it. The death rate in Paris is 300 per cent. over normal rates. The deceased do not represent fresh cases, but old sufferers with a longer flicker than others. The epidemic would appear to be specially sent to weed out graduates for centennialism, or the rickety who cannot make up their

minds either to live or die. For ordinary healtharians, they have nothing to fear, if they avoid exposure. As much as possible live in the old arm-chair near the chimney, till the pestilential wave shall have swept past. All the doctors prescribe when called in is, keep warm, avoid draughts, live well, but not highly.

If, at the outset, the "pan"-demic was not viewed as serious, now that its ravages are seen, there is no reason to become pessimist—the worst condition to be in at any time. The doctors are working up to give the invader a name; "polymorphous influenza" is not bad. It is highly contagious, its virus-force being very great. It is illusory to imagine it can be cozened by medicaments. The post-offices are the hotbeds of the disease: afflicted clerks sell postage stamps to the public, and the latter wet the stamp with their tongue and put it on a letter. The malady has been at last classified: with infants and grown-up children it presents a scarlatine eruption on the face, intense fever and a lingering convalescence. With adults, after a short duration of the malady in its acute form, accompanied by muscular pains, headache and fever, convalescence is very long, next to interminable, and subject to sudden and serious relapses. With the aged the malady is almost certain to induce pulmonic complications that assume the character of typhoid infections. One peculiarity about the pest is, that no one has ventured to accuse it of a slums origin. The Pasteur Institute has all hands at the pumps endeavouring to discover the microbe of the malady; but Sister Anne sees nothing coming.

Up to the present the French have been attributing the sickly situation of their commerce to the Frankfort Treaty of May, 1871, by which Germany inundated France with her cheap goods, due to the operation of the most favoured nation clause. It was only a patriotic inexactitude. Roughly speaking, Germany took as much French goods in return for her sales to the Gauls. Now the cry is to uphold the favoured nation clause, pin the Teuton down to it, and when France before 1892 recasts her import tariffs, not in the protectionist, but in the prohibitive sense, she can avail herself of the lower German products. The French appear to believe they can play ducks and drakes with the laws of commercial economy; and deal with exchanges as did the famous Papal Bull, dividing the undiscovered parts of the world between Spain and Portugal. Said J. S. Mill: "Things are what they are, and the consequences shall be what they shall be."

M. d'Estrey draws attention to the insufficiency of doctors in France, and alludes to the superiority of Japan in this respect. He has been answered, that the more the doctors augment in France, the more the deaths increase. The population in Japan is not much below that of France, yet she has 70,000 practitioners, while France has only 18,000. In Japan every doctor compounds his own prescriptions; there are no apothecaries, but a special class of shops sell the raw materials of medicine. As in the case of their art—line delimitation or curves in motion—the practice of medicine is hereditary in families. Twenty years ago a Japanese seigneur had in his retinue no less than a staff of forty-five physicians, from the professional of all work down to a bone-setter. In the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese discovered Japan, the Pinto family became the most important among the European settlers. As the Major Pinto of to-day is fond of making discoveries, with or without Gatling guns, might he not take up the unfinished expedition of the Chinese emperor Shi-Houang-Ti (B. C. 219), he who commenced the Great Wall; he who sent his doctor, Zjo-Fouk, with one thousand young men and a thousand young girls to Japan to discover the "plant Immortality?"

France does not appear to be eager to nibble at the olive branch—abolition of differential duties—held out to her by Italy. She will never forgive the latter for joining the Triple Alliance, and the mother of the Latin nations will never pardon France for absorbing Tunisia, plus her meddling with the Italian peninsula, from Marignano down to September, 1870. It is Russia, not France, that intends to dispute the Italian protectorate over Abyssinia, and so prevent Italy from having a command of the Red Sea and thus cut off France from her Eastern possessions. The *Soleil* begs arm-chair politicians to remember that England is pledged not to allow the Italian navy to be destroyed, and so upset the balance of power in the Mediterranean; and as for the command of the Red Sea, England possessing Perim and Aden can put the keys of the Suez Canal in her pocket when it pleases her. A more serious matter for France is that, industrially and commercially, she is being rapidly replaced in Italy by Germany and England.

Z.

WE are not wont to hear Thackeray spoken of as a realist, yet where do we meet finer cut pictures of life than those of Lady Kew, the brilliant, wicked Becky, Beatrix Esmond in youth and in old age, and British Barnes Newcomb? Nor are these personalities less life-like because the effect is heightened by exquisite humour and tender pathos; or because the cynical, calculating and dastardly characters are balanced by such fine drawings as those of lovely Lady Castlewood, generous Harry Warrington, and the chivalrous, reverent figure of the Colonel, bearing everything from the Campaigner because she happened to be a woman, and devoutly saying "Adsum" at the close of his life's sad day. None the less life-like are these, we say, if high aims and hopes and noble loves and sacrifices belong to life, as much as coldness and cruelty and baseness and despair.

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

THE time taken by the moon in making its revolution of the earth gave rise to the division of the year into months, though the lunar year is divided into thirteen, and the calendar year into but twelve, months. The sun measures time for us, and has done so for thousands of years, since the first Chaldean shepherd measured the morning and the evening shadows on the sand, and first dreamt of time by observing the sun by day, and the stars by night. The French Revolutionists of 1793, in their hurry to change all things, made their year begin when ours arrives at its fruition, their Vendemaire or Vintage month being coincident with our September 22nd. We, following the rule of ages and the Roman Calendar, make January, from Janus, the two-faced deity, looking both into the past and present year, begin in the mid-winter of our days.

To quote the admirable calendar of months, by Spenser, which will never grow old, so true is its description:—

First came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet he did quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blow his nails, to warm them if he may.

Aquarius is the zodiacal sign of this, the coldest month in the year. In ancient pictures, January is represented as a wood-cutter, with a little wood under his arm, blowing his fingers to warm them; and standing near him, the figure of Aquarius, or Water-bearer, because the sun enters this sign in the heavens on the 19th of this month.

Cold February sat in an old waggon, for he could not ride. This waggon was a sort of boat, which two fishes drew through the waters. By his side he had his plough and harness, and he had also his pruning-knife for the trees before the leaves appeared. The name February is derived from the circumstances, that during this month occurred the Roman festival called the Lupercalia, and also Februalia, from *februare*, to purify. Pisces is the sign for February, because on the eighteenth of the month the sun enters the sign Pisces in the zodiacal belt. It is an appropriate emblem, because fish multiply more than any other created beings, one hundred thousand young being a small family for a big fish; and so it aptly indicates the approach of spring, when all nature is about to burst forth into new life. The Saxons used to represent this month as a vine-dresser, pruning trees, or, in some instances, warming his hands, by beating them across the body, thus picturing the coldness of the early year.

When in the zodiac the fish wheel round,
They loose the floods and irrigate the ground;
Then husbandmen resume their wonted toil,
Yoke their strong steers, and plough the yielding soil;
Then prudent gardeners seize the happy time
To dig and trench, and prune for shoots to climb,
Inspect their borders, mark the silent birth
Of plants, successive, from the teeming earth,
Watch the young nurslings with paternal care,
And hope for "growing weather" all the year.
Yet February's suns uncertain shine,
For rain and frost alternately combine
To stop the plough, with sudden wintry storms—
And often violence the month deforms.

Sturdy March rode upon a ram, strongly armed. His stern brows were bent, but he was kinder than he seemed to be. As we say, his bark was worse than his bite, for he held in his hand, not a sword but a spade; and he had with him a bag full of all sorts of seeds, and as he rode on the ram, he took handfuls out and strewed them on the earth. March, dedicated by Romulus to Mars, the god of war, was the first month of the Roman year, which had at first but ten months. Numa, the second Roman King, added January and February to the calendar, thus making twelve. Until the change of style in 1752, it was considered as the first month of the year in England, and the legal year was reckoned from March 25th.

Aries is the celestial sign for the month of March, as the sun enters that sign in the zodiac on the twentieth of the month. Perhaps this emblem was chosen because, in ancient times, the increasing power of the sun's rays was expressed by the horns of animals. In old paintings March is portrayed as a man of a tawny colour and fierce aspect, with a helmet on his head—a type of Mars; but in order to make the emblem appropriate to the season, and the labours of the farmer, he is made leaning on a spade, holding blossoms in one hand and a basket of seeds on his arm. March has been well described as Nature's Old Forester, going through the woods and dotting the trees with green, to mark out the spots where the future leaves are to be hung. The Anglo-Saxons called it "Hlyd-monath," stormy month, and "Hraed-monath," rugged month, also "Lenet-monath," length month, in reference to the lengthening of the day at this season—the origin of the term Lent. There is an old proverb, still used by the English and Scotch rustics, which represents March as borrowing three days from April; and in the *Complaynt of Scotland* they are thus described:—

The first it shall be wind and weat,
The next it shall be snow and sleat;
The third it shall be sic a freeze
Shall gar the birds stick to the trees.

But it is disputed whether these "borrowed days" are the last three of March, or the first three of April.

Fresh April, wet with showers, came riding on a bull, whose horns were gilt with golden studs, and garnished with garlands of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds the earth produces. Whether the name of the month comes from *aperire*, to open, being the month of opening and unfolding buds; or whether the name is in some way akin to Aphrodite, seeing that the Romans dedicated the month to Venus, the goddess of the reproductive powers

of nature—is a question to which there seems to be no certain answer. The Anglo-Saxons called it "Eastre-monath," but whether from a Saxon goddess "Eostre," or from an old Teutonic word, "urstan," to rise, appears again to be uncertain. By the Dutch, it was called "Grass-month." The custom of sending one upon a bootless errand on the first day of the month is perhaps a travesty of the sending hither and thither of the Saviour from Annas to Caiaphas and from Pilate to Herod, because during the Middle Ages this scene in Christ's life was made the subject of a miracle-play at Easter, which occurs in the month of April. It is possible, however, that it may be a relic of some old heathen festival. The customs attached to April Fool's day appear to be universal throughout Europe. In France, a victim of the custom is called *un poisson d'Avril*; in Scotland, a "gowk." It is curious that the Hindoos practise precisely similar tricks on the 31st of March, when they hold what is called the Huli festival.

Fair May followed, the fairest maid to be seen anywhere, decked with dainties and throwing flowers out of her cap. She sat on the shoulders of twins; and at sight of her, all creatures laughed, leaped and danced. The common notion that this month was named *Maius* by the Romans in honour of Maia, the mother of Mercury, is quite erroneous, for the name was in use among them long before they knew anything of Mercury or his mother. The name is derived from the Latin word *maius*, a contraction of *magius*, from a root *mag*, to grow, May being the season of growth. The outbreak into new life and beauty, which marks nature at this time, instinctively excites feelings of gladness and delight; hence it is not wonderful that the event should have at all times been celebrated. The Romans held their *Floralia*, or floral games in this month, while the first of May—May-day—was the chief festival both in ancient and more modern times.

The zodiacal sign for May is Gemini, and it is this figure among the heavenly bodies that the sun enters on the twentieth of the month. Coming just between spring and summer, May is held as an emblem of the early or joyous part of life, and so in ancient times was pictured as a youth with a lovely countenance clothed in a robe of white and green, embroidered with hawthorn and daffodils. On his head was a garland of roses, in one hand he held a lute, and on the forefinger of the other sat a nightingale. The Saxons used to call the month "Tri-milki," or "Tri-michi," because the juices of the young spring grass in the meads were so nutritious that the cows yielded milk three times a day.

After May, in the words of Spenser, came jolly June, arrayed in green leaves, and riding on a crab, which bore him up, and waddled on in an uncouth manner, with crooked crawling legs. June was named by the Romans from their goddess Juno, the Queen of the heavens, to whom the month was dedicated. She bore the same relation to women that Jupiter did to men. Like the Greek Hera, she took a special interest in marriage, whence her name of *Juga* or *Jugatis*, the yoke-maker; but she was also a kind of female providence, protecting the sex from the cradle to the grave. Her epithets, *Virginialis* and *Matrona*, indicate this. Her month was considered the most propitious for fruitful marriages; and even yet after eighteen centuries of Christianity, this old Roman faith lingers superstitiously in the popular mind.

The zodiacal sign of June is Cancer, which the sun enters on the twenty-second, just when that orb appears to remain for a time stationary, and before it begins to recede; this backward motion of the sun is typified by the sign of the Crab, whose motions are always sideways or even backwards. The ancients represented this month by a young man clothed in a mantle of dark green, having his head ornamented with a coronet of beets, king-cobs, and maiden-hair, bearing on his arm a basket of summer fruits, and holding in his left hand an eagle. The Anglo-Saxons called this month "Sear-monath," or dry month, and "Mid-summer-monath," and before that "Wend-monath," because their cattle then went to "wend in the meadows."

Hot July succeeded jolly June. So hot was he that he had cast away all his garments. He rode on a lion raging with anger, but he ruled the wild beast by his own strong will. Behind July's back was a scythe, and under his belt he had thrust a sickle big and keen. This month is the hottest in the year, and ordinarily brings summer to the full. It owes its name to Julius Cæsar, after whom it was named by Marc Antony, Cæsar's birthday occurring on the twelfth of this month; prior to this the month was known as *Quintilis*. July is usually depicted as a strong robust man, with a swarthy, sunburnt face, nose and hand, eating cherries or other fruit, and clothed in a light yellow jacket, at the girdle of which hangs a bottle; a garland of thyme encircled his head. On his shoulder he carries a scythe; and at his side stands Leo, the zodiacal sign for July, and which the sun entered on the twenty-third of the month, during which the heat is generally more violent than at any other season. By the Anglo-Saxons it was called "Maed-monath," or mead-month, and "Litha-aeftera," or after-mild-month, also "Hen-monath," or foliage-month, and "Hey-monath," or hay-month, because it was their usual hay harvest season.

August was dressed in golden garments, which swept the meadow grass. He did not ride, but led by the hand a lovely maid, who was crowned with ears of corn, and whose hands were full. She was the righteous lady who used to live in this world in the good old time before wrong entered in, and when plenty abounded everywhere. August, originally called *Sextilis*, received its name from the Emperor

Cæsar Augustus, on account of several of the most fortunate events of his life having occurred during this month. On this month he was first admitted to the consulate, and thrice entered the city in triumph. On the same month, the legions from the Janiculum placed themselves under his auspices, Egypt was brought under the authority of the Roman people, and an end put to the civil wars. The Anglo-Saxons called it "Arn-monath," or "Barn-monath," in allusion to the filling of the barns with corn. It is thus the harvest-month; and in the drawings found in Saxon calendars still in existence, August is pictured as a carter standing near a loaded cart of corn. In later times, mowers with scythes were emblems of the month, and nearer still to our own times August was drawn as a young man, with fierce countenance and flowing garments, crowned with a coronet of wheat, and bearing a sacrifice, whilst a sickle hung from his girdle. In England, when a man has been successful, it is by no means uncommon to hear said of him "He has made his harvest," but in France the expression is, "He has made his August." The zodiacal sign is Virgo, which the sun enters on the twenty-third of the month.

September came next, also on foot. He laboured under his heavy burden of harvest riches, with which he had been bountifully supplied by the earth. In one hand he held a knife-hook, and in the other a pair of weights. The seventh month in the Roman calendar, though the ninth in ours, it has still preserved its original name. The Anglo-Saxons called it "Gerst-monath," because they then gathered in "gerst," or barley; it was also known as harvest-month until that title was given to August, and then September was represented as a vintager—a man with a purple robe, adorned with a coronet of white and purple grapes, in his left hand a small bundle of oats, and in his right a cornucopia of pomegranates and other fruits. The zodiacal sign is Libra, which the sun enters on the twenty-third of the month. It is altogether a month of plenty:

The feast is such as Earth, the general mother,
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
In the embrace of Autumn.

October followed—a fellow full of merry glee, but somewhat unsteady, owing to the new wine he was making, and frolicsome from the taste of joyous oil. He rode on a dreadful scorpion, and by his side he had his ploughshare ready for the autumn seed-time.

October was the eighth month of the so-called "year of Romulus," but became the tenth when Numa changed the commencement of the year to the first of January. Despite the attempts made by the Roman Senate, and the Emperors Commodus and Domitian, who substituted for a time the terms *Faustinus*, *Invictus*, *Domitianus*, the ancient name has yet been retained. Many Roman and Greek festivals fell to be celebrated in this month, the most remarkable of which was the sacrifice at Rome of a horse—called October—to the god Mars. Amongst the Anglo-Saxons of olden time October was called "Wyn-monath," or wine-month; and in some old Saxon calendars October is pictured as a husbandman carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn—expressive of the season being the proper time for that work. In more modern pictures he is a man clothed in a robe of the colour of withering leaves, with a garland of oak branches and acorns on his head. In his left hand is a basket of chestnuts, medlars, and other autumnal fruits; and in his right the zodiacal sign, Scorpio, which the sun enters on the twenty-third of the month. The scorpion is a venomous reptile that infests hot countries, in form much like a lobster, which carries a deadly sting within its tail, and which it has been known to turn against itself.

November came next, a very fat man, filled with lard, for he was a feeder of hogs; and, though the season had become chill and bitter, his brow was wet with perspiration. He was also greatly taken up with planting trees; when he passed by he was also riding on a centaur.

November was one of the most important months in connection with religious ritual of the Romans, and continues in the same position though for other reasons, in the Roman Catholic ritual. It was known among the Anglo-Saxons as "Blot-monath," blood-monk, on account of the general slaughter of cattle at this time for winter provision—known for a long time afterwards as "Martinmas beef"—and for sacrifice. It was also called "Wint-monath," wind-month; and an old writer says that it was the custom of the shipmen, meaning sailors, to give over seafaring until March had bid them look for favouring winds. In old pictures, November is represented as a man clothed in a robe of changeable green and black, his head adorned with a garland of olive branches and fruit. In his left hand he holds winter vegetables, and in his right hand the sign Sagittarius, which sign of zodiacal belt the sun enters on the twenty-second of the month.

December, chill December, came at last. But what with so much merry feasting, and so many great bonfires, he did not trouble about the cold; and, moreover, his mind was gladdened by the birth of our Saviour. He rode a shaggy, bearded goat, and in his hand he carried a broad and deep bowl, from which he drank heartily the health of all his fellow-months. This month has its name from being the tenth and last in the Alban calendar. Our Saxon ancestors called it "mid-winter-month" and "Yule month," whilst it was also known as "Halign-monath," holy month, because we celebrate then our Lord's nativity. In ancient pictures he is represented as an old man, with a grim countenance, clothed with furs, wearing several caps on his head, and having a very red nose and beard from which hang icicles. On his back is a bundle of holly and ivy, and in one of his hands, which are in furred gloves,

the goat, which is an emblem of the sun's entry into the tropic of Capricornus on the twenty-second of the month.

Amongst the Poles there is a superstition, that the month of a person's nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when he wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described, namely:

January—jacinth or garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

February—amethyst; this month and stone preserve mortals from strong passions, and insure them peace of mind.

March—bloodstone; courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.

April—sapphire or diamond; repentance and innocence.

May—emerald; success in love.

June—agate; long life and health.

July—cornelian or ruby; the forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

August—sardonyx; conjugal fidelity.

September—chrysolite; preserves from or cures folly.

October—aquamarine or opal; misfortune and hope.

November—topaz; fidelity in friendship.

December—turquoise or malachite; the most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard, as the old saying, that he who possesses a turquoise will be always sure of friends.

Precious stones also possess symbolical meanings in the Christian faith. Thus the jasper symbolises the first article of the Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," because the jasper is the foundation stone which promotes fecundity, and causes unity.

The sapphire reconciles, heals, consoles, gives light, and is the king of stones, symbolises the second article of the Creed, "And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord."

The chalcedony, which sets forth humility, and so the third article of the Creed, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

The emerald, which heals, gives eloquence, riches, conquests, banishes luxury and sorrow, clears sight, fortifies memory, typifies the passion of our Lord, which spiritually doth all these things, and therefore that article in the Creed, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The sardonyx, the lower part of which is black, typifies the sorrow of Good Friday; the middle part which is white, the rest of Easter Eve; and the upper part, which is red, the triumph of Easter Day; thus the whole symbolizes that part of the Creed which says, "Was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead."

The sardius, as being a bright stone, sets forth joy, "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

The chrysolite shines as gold in the day, as fire in the night. By the day the good, by the gold their crown is represented; by the night the wicked, and by the fire their punishment; hence the stone typifies their final separation, "From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

The beryl, whose virtue is to cause love, to bestow power, and confer healing, sets forth the eighth article, "I believe in the Holy Ghost."

The topaz, which receives as in a vessel the light of the sun, symbolizes that which thus stores up the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, "The Holy Catholic Church."

The chrysothrasus (a) shines like fire, and (b) communicates its virtues without diminishing them; and thus typifies (a) "The communion of saints, (b) the forgiveness of sins."

The jacinth has the virtue of invigorating, and therefore is a type of "The resurrection of the body."

The amethyst gives a clear sight which makes it symbolical of the beatific vision, and thus of the "Life everlasting."

Biblical symbols can also be applied to the signs of the zodiac, thus:

Aries—the ram or lamb of Abel's offering and of Abraham's sacrifice.

Taurus—the bull of sin offering, and consecration of Aaron.

Gemini—the figures, sometimes twin kids, of the two goats of the day of atonement.

Cancer—the great multitudes of the Jew and Christian, figured in the great nebula, or cloud of stars.

Leo—lion of the tribe of Judah, their well-known standard.

Virgo—the woman of prophecy, bearing the promised seed.

Libra—the scales of righteousness.

Scorpio—the enemy trodden underfoot.

Sagittarius—the sending forth the Gospel.

Capricornus—the goat of sacrifice, the sin-offering, sinking down as a slave.

Aquarius—the pouring forth the water of purification.

Pisces—the two fish; the church before and after the going forth of the Gospel. F. S. MORRIS.

ONE of the results of the recent visit of Mr. G. R. Parkin to the Australasian Colonies has been the establishment of a branch of the Imperial Federation League at Adelaide. The branch was formally inaugurated on November 18, Chief Justice Way accepting the office of president.

THE SONG OF THE SEA WAVES.

BORNE on the breast of the breezes
Fresh from the foam and the spray,
Safe from the southwind that seizes
Fairest of forms for its prey,
Smelling of brine from the billows,
Salt with the salt of the waves,
Rocked on tempestuous pillows,
Nursed in the seas that are graves.

Come from the Northern Atlantic,
Come from the winds of the west,
Ghastly with spectres gigantic,
Phantoms of fear and unrest,
Tempest-tossed backward and forward,
Songs from the waves of the sea,
Blown by the wild winds to shoreward,
Blown by the nightwinds to me.

Visions of summer eternal
South in the isles of the blest,
Climes where the winter is vernal,
Lands where the storms are at rest,
Shores without sadness or sorrow,
Streams without shadow or stain,
Days without dream of to-morrow,
Nights without knowledge of pain.

Pass through the gloom 'mid the sighing
Sound of the wind in the pines;
Die with the light that is dying
Far on the mountain inclines;
Flicker and fade and dis sever
Visions and fancies and gleams
Ever returning, and ever
Dying again into dreams.

Dim grow the mountains; the daylight
Dies like a dream that is o'er;
Grim, through the mist, in the grey light,
Flash the white waves on the shore.
Come to me, gazing to seaward,
Snatches of songs of the sea,
Borne by the kind winds to me-ward
Borne by the night-winds to me.

Comes the remembrance of stories,
Fragments of tunes and of rhymes,
Songs of past days, and the glories,
Told of in tales of old times;
Faces and forms that discover
Love for a love that is dead,
Memories pallid that hover
Over the years that have fled.

Visions of ships flying seaward
Spread with white sails to the night,
Storm-clouds to windward and leeward,
Foul winds that follow in flight,
Skies that turn bright in the morning,
Suns that rise red without form,
Flames that burst forth as a warning,
Telling of tempest and storm.

Pale faces, placid in dying,
Wet with the brine as with tears,
Depths wherein lost hearts are lying
Silent through limitless years.
Come in the mist and the twilight
Over the rocks and the shore,
Fade as the forms in the sky might
Fade when the sunset is o'er;

Phantoms and forms from far regions
Found on the wandering waves,
Drifting to shoreward in legions,
Swept from their shadowless graves,
Tempest-tossed backward and forward,
Come from the wide waste of sea,
Blown by the wild winds to shoreward,
Borne by the night-winds to me.

Halifax, N.S.

A. CAMPBELL.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, who has for so many years ably upheld the Protection view in England, in a recent pamphlet defines Protection and Free Trade thus: "Protection means protection to labour, protection to native industry, protection to those who earn the bread by the sweat of their brow. Free Trade means untaxed foreign competition. Foreign competition means competition in cheap labour; competition in cheap labour means competition in flesh and blood, and competition in flesh and blood is slavery. Excessive competition is the greatest curse that can be imposed upon a working community."

PROFESSOR FORBES, in a paper read before the British Association of Newcastle, England, said he had not the slightest doubt that in the course of a very few years the steam launch, as used to-day, would be entirely abolished. The result would inevitably be the survival of the fittest, and the electric launch would take the place of the steam launch. The electric launch is free from the objections of smoke and oil, and taking into consideration its size and accommodation, it is cheaper than the steam launch.

POOLS AND TRUSTS.

THE Reform Club of New York has the pleasant custom of holding a series of reunions throughout the winter at which economists of eminence are invited to treat some theme of interest, a free discussion following the evening's address. On January 24th the speaker was Professor Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, author of the well-known work on railroad transportation. His topic, which his study of railroad problems especially fitted him to present, was "Pools and Trusts."

One would think, said Professor Hadley, in reading the daily newspapers that trusts were both new and numerous. As a matter of fact there are probably fewer than a dozen trusts in the United States, and so far back do they date that we find mention of them in Aristotle's Politics. Thales Miletus, sage and philosopher, being reproached with his poverty by his rich fellow-citizens, determined to make some money. Learning that an unusually large crop of olives was likely to be harvested, he secured control, on margin, of all the olive-presses he could find. When the olives were offered to him he managed to squeeze a handsome fortune out of the farmers. Thus, 2,500 years before Mr. Rockefeller, was oil made the source of gain to a monopolist who had seized the means of manufacture.

In times before the present, when production was on a small scale, competition was an automatic regulator of prices. If a manufacturer or merchant charged an undue profit, new rivals brought about a mark-down. If prices fell below the paying point, then the withdrawal of a few of the competitors from business soon restored the market to a remunerative basis. To-day the vastness of the capital embarked in industries prevents this automatic regulation of prices. For example, there may be business enough to make one railroad pay, but there may not be business enough for two. A second, however, comes into the field, and competition of a very fierce sort ensues. If a twenty-five cent rate is necessary to make the new line pay its expenses and interest on its cost, it may and usually does offer to carry goods at eleven cents, if ten cents cover the bare running charges. Capital, in circumstances of this new kind of competition, receives no return whatever—a most undesirable and even dangerous turn of affairs. It is exactly the same in the case say of a cotton mill which continues to make goods long after prices have fallen below the dividend paying point. It loses by the operation, but loses much less than it would were it to stop production altogether. This new phase of competition is one of the justifications which can be urged in favour of pools and trusts. Pools endeavour to limit competition by contract, and trusts by consolidation. Pools were devised to overcome the difficulties in the way of carrying out agreements as to rates between railroads. It was found in practice that however sincerely the presidents of lines might desire to maintain tariffs, their subordinates, through distrust of each other, were certain to find some mode of evasion. The pools remove all temptation to violate an agreement by apportioning beforehand the percentage of total earnings which each party to the pool shall receive. The Inter-State Commerce Act prohibits railroad pooling, and unwisely, for the effect is to compel railroads to a larger scale of combination than they would have attempted had they been free to establish pools.

Trusts are devices to limit competition by consolidation. Managed with ability all the gain which comes of producing on a large scale, of minutely sub-dividing labour, of adjusting supply to demand enures to them. Competition, actual or possible, is their sole regulator, the sole check on their temptation to practise extortion or to slacken their efficiency of service. Two examples of monopoly might be usefully contrasted. A few months ago a French syndicate grasped the world's copper and raised the price from nine to sixteen cents. Its managers had carefully computed how much metal would be produced, but they failed to estimate how much the use of copper would be lessened by their enhancement of price. By new economies of the metal, by using large stores of scrap, by substitution of soft iron and the like, the demand for copper shrank enormously, and the syndicate was ruined. They were not men seeking to economise the waste of ordinary competitive methods of distribution, but simply forestallers and extortioners. Of another type are the men who conduct the Standard Oil Trust; whilst their treatment of their rivals has been outrageous, their treatment of the public has always been fair—they have constantly lowered prices and widened their market. Whether prices would be higher or lower than they are now if ordinary competition prevailed in oil-refining no man can tell without making the world anew without the Standard Oil Trust and then observing the markets of that world. Against extortion by this Trust the public has had the natural protection that petroleum oils can only be sold on a large scale at a low price. The Standard people have been long-headed enough to see this, and have preferred a large demand at reasonable prices, to a small demand at high rates.

The lesson then is obvious enough. Combination is inevitable, for combination can work more cheaply and effectively than multitudinous and unorganized competition. But if combination abuses its power it must simply be permitted to suffer the natural penalties that abuse will be certain to incur. Men of business, keen to see gain and loss, quick to note changes in the public pulse, to observe the possibilities of new rivalries in the field, may be depended upon to see and appreciate that justice in their

use of monopoly is the only thing that can ever give their monopolies permanence. Experience will bring them to this conviction much sooner than legislation will be able to devise adequate means of public protection against trusts. With justice acknowledged and exercised as the true principle of monopoly management, what has the public to fear?

Referring to the protective tariff, Mr. Hadley thought that its existence unquestionably stimulated the growth of oppressive trusts, such as the sugar trust. It also served to exaggerate the fluctuations of competitive prices. Iron and steel, for example, could vary in price all the way from the lowest rates at which American furnaces could be kept going, to the rates at which imported metal which has paid a high duty competed with the home product.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

ANY association banded together to form a link social and political must do good and promote a better knowledge between us. Such a society is another help towards the spreading of an atmosphere of sympathy, and that means good will towards co-operation. Co-operation means the power to push the fortunes of each country as that country may best desire it. It is to be hoped that no Home or Colonial Federationist will drive his hobby so hard as to introduce arguments for local and domestic "reforms" on the lines of Federation. This would be one of the greatest barriers against the adoption of his gospel here. Where Federation does not exist in form, it is much to be desired in preference to isolation and separation. Where the people have constituted the more complete form of a united constitution, there they would not wish to have what they would consider "foreign" forms of "disintegration" thrust upon them at home because it was wanted for the Empire at large. It does not follow that because Australia has not yet got a common army, that Britain should have each of her races at home adopting a separate tariff. We want to go on as we are, one land. Canada and Australia desire the same. Canada has managed to compose her inter-colonial differences, and does not examine in detail the portmanteau of a British Columbian, nor does New Brunswick say she can't get on without having her railways of a different gauge from those of the French Province of Quebec. There is no doubt that Australia will soon see that there is an advantage in a common gauge, if not immediately in a common tariff. She already sees that for a common defence some power is necessary to insure cohesion and unity in command, and she has nobly come forward to aid in the heavy burden of the defence of her extended coast-line. Too much praise cannot be accorded to her statesmen for the early recognition of her duties in this respect. No doubt by-and-by she will be able herself to build the vessels which shall aid in her defence, but for a long time to come we can do it cheaper for her. The cost of the maintenance of dockyards and building establishments under Government control is immense, and it will be some time before the energies of her manufacturers are turned in a direction that would make it profitable for her to do much war-ship building on her own coasts. It is the same with the cost of maintaining consular or other representatives. The work is cheerfully done for her by the Imperial servants. So, too, with Canada. In her case, although the population is larger than that of Australia, the Treasury is much poorer, and her people have been so heavily engaged in making the country stronger, as well as richer, by the construction of public works, that it is only gradually that she can afford much for military or naval preparation. She has, however, the nucleus of an army, and nothing but further training and more complete organization is necessary for the magnificent body of militia she can always call out. She has, too, in the Kingston Military College an institution for the instruction of officers, which is absolutely admirable, and much needed in Australia. The cadets find berths easily in other services than that of the art military, and can be relied on as a body always available in case of need. Were such a federal institution established by the Australian Governments, one great hinge for the proper working of federal feeling and organization would be at once established. It is of the highest importance that this College, when once founded, should give officers only to a federal army, at the call of the Federal Council or Government alone, and that no men, whether officers or privates, should be allowed, once a Federal force is established, to call themselves Provincial forces, but that they should all be Federal or Dominion troops. It was the reverse of this policy, it was the fear of offending the separate colony pride, that led America, when her Federal Constitution was first settled, to allow each State to enrol militia, that made the great Civil War possible, and it will assuredly again breed trouble, unless altered by an amendment to the Constitution. Canada saw the fault, and has remedied it, and every militia man looks only to the Federal Government for orders. Whether the forces so created shall be called out for defence in time of Imperial war, whether volunteers shall be encouraged for service outside of the Home Government jurisdiction are questions for the future. If England is always to defend the colonies, as I hope she always will, the equivalent hope may be expressed that to the best of their power the Colonial Governments will assist her in her need in the same way. It is in this direction that in the future some understanding will be arrived at. It is the first and longest step in the consummation of a real federation. But

the desire for these matters must be felt by the colonists, the need recognized, before England can properly urge more than discussion and consultation. If Australia manages to do that which the statesmen of America and Canada were able to do, and for which her statesmen should be equal, and found a Union, then another stumbling-block in the way of federation will be removed, for we shall have a representative of the Dominion of Australia, as we have a High Commissioner representing Canada. The High Commissioner has since the creation of the office been a statesman in the closest touch with the Federal Government. His value as a representative, placed on equal terms with the British Plenipotentiary when foreign treaties have to be adjusted, has been amply proved, and the united Australian States or Provinces will find that such a representative is necessary. His appointment would make the formation of an Imperial Council more easy. But in saying this, I speak only words I have heard from Australians competent to judge. There is no doubt that some participation in Imperial Council must be arranged for in the near future. The Conference summoned two years ago was of great service, and it may be repeated with advantage. It would, however, be well not to repeat it too often. Perhaps once in every three or four years it might be arranged that such a Conference should take place, and that questions and desires which had in the meantime become prominent should be talked over. There is but little doubt that the range of items on which we at present in Great Britain levy some slight duty could be extended to the advantage of our colonies. Articles of common use and manufacture do not rise in price under a small duty. It is the more elaborate articles, requiring costly machinery for their make and transport for a distance before they are consumed, that are raised in price by a tariff. It may be possible for the Labour Unions in the several countries to name those common articles which could be supplied within the Empire, and on which we need not be dependent on the foreigner. New South Wales might join Britain in this, but it is to be remembered that foreign retaliation in the exclusion of goods must also be borne in mind, and any list of articles asked for as dutiable should be considered with the greatest care, and conjointly by the delegates appointed to their conferences. Let us back to the utmost of our power the desires they may express, believing that any little sacrifice will be repaid a hundredfold in the continued close alliance of our strong brothers across the sea.—*Daily Graphic*.

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

THE Russian people have been so long possessed by the belief that they are entitled to lead and guide and control, if not actually to incorporate, all the Slavonic races, and to drive the Mussulman out of Europe, as to regard any cessation of their progress to this goal as a mere temporary pause, to be followed by more vigorous action when a suitable opportunity arises. A revolution in Serbia or Bulgaria, an insurrection in Macedonia, would create such an opportunity. Now a revolution in Serbia may happen at any moment, may happen without any direct promptings from St. Petersburg, because the elements in Serbia are in unstable equilibrium. So the causes for an insurrection in Macedonia are never absent, nor is the propaganda of Russia agents needed to create them, because the disorders and wretchedness of the country under Turkish misgovernment are chronic. The Austrian Emperor and his military *entourage* and the Magyar Ministers who now, expressing on this point the general sentiment of their countrymen, prescribe the international attitude of the Dual Monarchy, know all these facts, and deem the conflict inevitable. The position of the Magyars in the midst of a Slavonic population would be untenable if Russia had absorbed the Ruthenians of Galicia and established her influence over Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania. Hence the Magyars, and the Hapsburgs, who now lean on the Magyars, think their existence involved in holding Russia back within her present limits, in maintaining Austrian predominance in Serbia, and keeping Bulgaria at least neutral. Being the weakest and the most internally distracted of the three Empires, Austro-Hungary feels the strain of continued preparation for war most severely, and is most likely to be driven into premature action by her fears. More than once of late years she might have taken up arms but for the restraint imposed by Germany, without whose approval she dare not move a soldier. So now, through all South-Eastern Europe, hardly an educated man can be found who does not look for a Russo-Austrian war within the next four or five years at furthest. A Western observer thinks that as the tension has lasted so long already, it may last still longer; but he sees that the passions and the interests, real or supposed, which lead to war, do not lose in intensity; and he therefore concludes that that which may happen at any time will happen some time before long. We have spoken of Germany as a restraining power. This she has been, this she probably means to continue. But it must be remembered that the feeling of sullen dislike between Germans and Russians, discernible for many years past, has grown apace of late. Among the Russians it rests partly on a feeling of personal jealousy on the part of native-born officers and civil servants towards those who, while only half Russian, absorb many of the best posts, partly on an idea that Germany as a State is the only real rival of Russia, the only obstacle to her progress. Among the Germans it springs from the belief that Germans are ill-treated in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and that this is part of a deliberate plan to root

out the German speech and habits and religion; nor has the ostentatious friendliness of the French to Russia failed to deepen these feelings. In both Germans and Russians there is a race-antagonism similar to, and stronger than, that which has alienated Irishmen from Englishmen, which disposes each people to believe the worst of the other, the Germans to despise the Russians for their supposed want of cultivation, the Russians to detest the priggish arrogance of the Germans. This mutual repulsion, whose strength surprises us English, who have no hatred for any Continental nation since we left off hating the French, has become a powerful factor in the open alliance of Germany with Austria, and in the tacit alliance of Russia with France. Although Germans and Russians have not been in arms against one another for nearly eighty years, and have within that time had no serious ground of quarrel, there is as much bitterness now in Germany against Russia as against France. The hostility of Frenchmen and Italians to one another is no more reasonable and scarcely less menacing. Italy has been for years spending large sums on the fortification, not only of her Alpine frontier to the west, but of the roads which cross the Apennines from the coast between Genoa and Ventimiglia, in preparation for an attack by France in that quarter. There is fortunately no sign of anything approaching *casus belli* between the countries; but neither people would recoil from the prospect of a war with the other.

When these various sources of danger are reckoned up, the prospects of a long-continued peace do not seem bright. Europe, and especially South-Eastern Europe, is so full of inflammable material, that any match may cause an explosion. For present alarm, however, there is probably less cause than there has often been during the last ten years. France and Germany are unquestionably pacific in their wishes and purposes. Russia may be so, and if Austria moves it will only be because she thinks the dangers of waiting to be greater. The very vastness of the scale on which wars are now conducted makes rulers feel not only how ruinous a reverse may be, but how great may be the losses attendant even on victory.—*Speaker*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY

BE CAREFUL OF HEALTH.

It is always wise to take all reasonable precautions against sickness, but it is now an absolute necessity to be specially careful of health because of the general prevalence of the peculiar epidemic that is afflicting the whole civilized world. The casual cold or sore throat, or pains in the head, back, or limbs which ordinarily would create no concern and involve little danger, now require instant and careful attention to guard against serious illness and more than possible death. Three-fourths of the very many fatal cases, here and elsewhere, have been caused by neglect to procure medical aid or by returning to business when danger was supposed to be passed; in many instances a sudden relapse has been speedily fatal, and all because it is hard to understand that what seems to be a trifling illness can be so perilous to life. It is needless to discuss the cause of the present almost universal epidemic. The ablest medical scientists are not agreed as to its source, and that question can be left to those who are most capable of discussing it, but its varied symptoms and its strange fatality are known to all, and it is now also known to all that most of the many deaths are directly traceable to the want of that simple but severe care that is indispensable to safe recovery. There is safety only in the promptest medical treatment and extreme care to avoid exposure when the epidemic begins its work. A sore throat, a sudden cold, pains in the head, back or limbs, or general lassitude, without any acute symptoms, clearly indicate that the disease is at hand, and much suffering as well as grave danger may be avoided by immediate application of properly prescribed remedies and absolute avoidance of even ordinary exposure until the disease is entirely mastered and normal vigour restored. Two days of proper treatment with close in doors at home, where there is no exposure to varying temperature, will arrest most cases of the epidemic, while two days of neglect after the symptoms are evident may cause a violent spell of sickness and probable death. It seems absurd to healthy and vigorous knock-about men and women to shut themselves up because of what they have always called a slight cold or a little pain in the head or limbs; but many thousands have given their lives as the penalty for treating an uncommon epidemic in the common ways of treating such symptoms; and the large list of victims will continue until people learn that this is no common illness, and that it calls for quite uncommon remedial efforts. The necessity for the plea we make is plainly verified in every community, and all should accept the admonition to exercise the greatest possible care of health while the epidemic prevails.—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EPIDEMICS.

EVERY epidemic carries in its train curious exaggerations of many well-recognized characteristics, and these frequently call for appreciation and for treatment almost as much as the disease in which they originate. Perhaps one of the most striking of these mental perversities is to be found in the idea that the epidemic is to be treated by "common sense," or by *nostra* which have been largely advertised, or by specifics which are known to the laity mainly through their frequent mention in the daily press. Those suffering under this delusion feel that it is wholly unnecessary to seek skilled assistance, and they boldly dose

themselves with remedies of whose power and properties they are absolutely ignorant. In Vienna it has already been found necessary to forbid the sale of antipyrin, except under doctor's prescriptions, as no less than seventeen deaths were attributed to stoppage of the heart's action owing to overdoses. The freedom with which the prescription of this remedy has been assumed by the public has long since been viewed with anxiety by the medical profession, and frequent warnings have already fallen upon deaf ears; and yet it is to be feared that if the epidemic of influenza should spread, many more examples of recklessness will have to be recorded. Mr. Labouchere, claiming to act "by the light of common sense," upon having "cough, a headache, and an all-overish ache," accompanied by sneezing, diagnosed the prevailing epidemic, and at once administered to himself "thirty grains of quinine," and to meet the cough he took "unlimited squill pills." He writes that the one "settled the fever" and the other "settled the cough," and that in four days he was quite well. Upon this last fact he is certainly to be congratulated though we trust that others may not be impelled, "by the light of common sense," to follow him in such heroic measures, or to emulate his example by trying the effect of antipyrin in similar doses. It is serious enough to cope with an epidemic and its sequelae, without having matters complicated by ignorant and reckless experimental therapeutics.—*Lancet*.

THE HEIGHT OF WAVES AT SEA.

THE height of sea waves has long been the subject of controversy. Eminent hydrographers have insisted that storm waves were usually not more than 10 feet high, and and rarely over 20 when the conditions of the sea were most favourable for wave development. Many a traveller, reclining on a cabin transom, has looked up through the skylight to see the waves rearing their frothy crests, and wondered how even a 20 footer could show so high above a great ship's deck. Many a sailor dowsed by an up-driving wave while lying out on a topgallant yard has, doubtless, shaken his head incredulously when told that the highest waves were not above 20 feet, the rest being "heel" of ship and dip of yard. Now, however, comes expert testimony to prove that storm waves are often 40 feet and sometimes from 60 to 70 feet in height. In the recent British scientific expedition some instructive data were gathered by a sensitive aneroid barometer capable of recording its extreme rise and fall by an automatic register. "With a sea not subjected to an atmosphere of unusual violence, it indicated an elevation of 40 feet from the wave's base to crest." Admiral Fitzroy, after a long series of careful measurements from the main top of his ship, came to a similar conclusion.—*Scientific American*.

CHOLERA ON THE MARCH TOWARDS EUROPE.

THERE is unfortunately but too good reason for believing that the epidemic of cholera which has for so many months hung about the Tigris and Euphrates valleys, and the interior of Mesopotamia, has made considerable inroads into Persia. News of its having crossed the western boundary of that empire has been received from time to time, but it is now announced to the faculty of Medicine of Paris that there has been an alarming increase of the disease in Central Persia and on the Turco-Persian frontier; and that the inhabitants are fleeing northwards. Those who can afford the journey are endeavouring to reach Russian ports on the Caspian, and, remembering that this is the route into Europe which cholera has so often taken before, the announcement must be regarded as one of no little gravity. This is more so, because the Caspian port towns and fishing villages have a bad reputation in regard to those sanitary circumstances which are known to favour the diffusion of cholera.—*Lancet*.

M. PASTEUR says, speaking of the prevailing influenza: "Let men and women both quit smoking tobacco and smoke camphor instead, and they will probably escape the pest."

IN recent medical experiments on horses, in Vienna, the incandescent lamp played an important part. The subject was diseased of the nostril, and by inserting the lamp with mirrors very successful results were obtained. The apparatus was provided with a cooling arrangement, allowing cold water to circulate round the lamp.—*Electrical Review*.

TEST borings recently made on the line of the Nicaragua Canal show that the entire divide to be traversed by the deep cut consists of solid basalt, at least to a depth of 165 feet, as far as the borings extended. This is a most favourable showing for the construction company, as it settles at once the important question of slopes in the greater part of the cut.

REFERRING to the story of the death of a lady from blood poisoning, alleged to have been communicated by microbes in the skin of a kid glove, the *Medical Press and Circular* says, "In view of the processes through which 'skins' have to pass before being cut up into gloves, a perfectly disinterested person can only feel some admiration for the robustness of the individual microbes whose tenacity of life and purpose enabled them at the proper moment to give expression to their malignity."

THERE can be no doubt that the use of oil for the safety of vessels in stormy weather is becoming more general. A Norwegian engineer has recently drawn attention to the important point of selecting the most

suitable oil. A fat, heavy, animal oil, such as train oil, whale oil, etc., is decidedly the best, but as these oils in cold weather become thick, and partly lose their ability to spread, it is advisable to add a thinner mineral oil. Vegetable oils have also proved serviceable. Mineral oils, especially refined ones are the least effective. Crude petroleum can be used in case of need, but refined petroleum is hardly any good at all.—*Industries*.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

WERE these white hairs the strands of spangling gold,
Which richly shone around thy noble head?
Were these the curls on which my young eyes fed
Their love of beauty—now so grey and cold?
Mother! my greatest fear is gone—thy brow
Touched by those fateful fingers that close all;
I feared that I might die before the pall
Enwapt thee, and thou'dst grieve as I grieve now.

And still they're beautiful—these silver hairs,
Though the gold gleamings are no longer there,
For diamonds glitter mid the frosty white;
A dear possession! wheresoever fares
My way, near to my heart this lock I bear
Until I too shall pass into the night.

II.

From that bright heaven where pure souls work in peace,
Where the just dead live in immortal joy,
Where pleasures freed from sense can never cloy,
And those who suffer'd nobly find release
From pains, and to annoy the wicked cease,
Where Christ we'll meet and undisturbed adore
The infinite love that all our sorrows bore—
Can ears be lent unpaired to cries like these?

If so, bend down and let thy soul touch mine,
As thy lips kissed away my earliest woes,
O let me feel thy fond arms as of yore!
What yet remains of life make worthy thine,
As to the weeping warrior by the shore,
His mother came—come, arm me for life's close.

III.

The memory lives throughout the deathless years:
Then lapsing eons will not shake thy love;
And if I mount to where so far above
The vale I pine in, sad and stained with tears,
The boy's ideal like a star appears,
I'll meet thee one day, purged and pure like thee
On stormless margins of the jasper sea,
And we'll embrace, emancipate from fears

Of parting. Best of all I've loved or known;
I loved thee here; I love thee where thou art
To be thy son the richest heritage;
And yet I feel poor, feeling all alone;
The sense of loss remains, as if a part
Of me were gone. Hence tears upon this page.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENGLISH MINORITY IN QUEBEC.—I.

A REPLY TO S. E. DAWSON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The English Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec are not unhappy; but they are alive to the danger that menaces them and cannot be blamed for criticising those overt acts of the majority that savour Old World mediævalism. That a good deal of temper has been displayed in much of the criticism delivered from platforms and through the press may justly be accepted as a gauge of the life that exists rather than as is too often construed into evidence of hostility on their part towards the majority of this Province.

With regard to States' Rights, if Mr. Dawson is willing to accede the right to the French majority in Quebec to legislate in accordance with their ideas of government without any intervention of the veto from Ottawa, will he accord them the right to demand the exercise of that veto against Manitoba, if the people of that Province legislate in a spirit contrary to the wishes of the majority in Quebec? One might almost infer as much. Mr. Dawson says there is the most absolute freedom in Montreal and quotes in evidence the statement of a stranger-clergyman present at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

Will that evidence counterbalance the murder of Hackett; the refusal to permit Orangemen to walk on the twelfth of July; the taking full possession of the streets and public thoroughfares on the *Fête Dieu* occasions?

Mr. Dawson says: "The English provinces have established States' Rights, shall they not be equally available to the French majority in this Province?"

In all candour I ask Mr. Dawson—with his eminently judicial mind and classic lore—are the cases parallel? Mr. Dawson thinks it quite within the range of probability that the revindication one hundred years after date of the Jesuits' estates here, may lead to the distribution and secularization of the immense estates owned by the Jesuits in Brazil. Mr. Dawson reasons as though the authorities and the population of Brazil were composed of individuals

as intelligently educated as himself. What an error for a wise man to fall into! It is highly questionable whether one-tenth of one per cent. of the population of Brazil will ever hear of the Jesuits' settlement recently effected in this Province.

Again Mr. Dawson puts the question regarding the quasi establishment of the Roman Church in Quebec—"Does it in any way affect the English minority?" and he answers, "Certainly not." I reply just as emphatically—Certainly yes. It affects us sentimentally and financially.

When we see a cardinal of the Roman Church occupying a seat of equal honour with Her Majesty's representative in the Parliament at Quebec we are affected to the extent of protesting that such a sight ought not to be seen.

When we know that nearly three-fourths of the revenue derived by the Government at Quebec comes from nearly purely Protestant sources we have a right to take into our most serious consideration a state of things wherein the majority contribute so small a share towards the burden of government.

It is not to be wondered at that the French *habitant* looks to the Government to build his bridges, make his roads, feed his poor, furnish the farmer with seed on every slight occasion, maintain his charitable institutions, when he knows that only a small share of the cost indirectly falls upon him, and the executive at Quebec knows that the increase yearly of the public debts can only reach its limit when the resources of the Protestant portion of the community are exhausted.

The above will suffice for the present as a reply to all Mr. Dawson has written in his letter on that score.

Again Mr. Dawson says the minority should not be alarmed because of the writings of a few extremists.

Whether the writings of the extremists represent the views of the mass of the French-Canadian people I know not; but this I do know, it has secured their votes, and votes count every time with the politician who seeks power; or having obtained it, seeks to retain it.

When we are told, as I have been told, that Mr. Mercier's appeals to his French-Canadian people, in the strain that the people of Ontario are Orangemen, fanatics and bigots, secure him votes; that his declaration from his seat in the House that he would not have in the employment of the Government an Orangeman, knowing him to be such, or if he knew of any already in the employ of the Government he would discharge them, secures him votes; that when he speaks of the present jury system as "a barbarous English custom which he intends to reform agreeable to the enlightened sentiment of the age," such language secures him votes amongst the French-Canadians—all Mr. Dawson's fine platitudes about hospitable parish curés, or the innocent and harmless-to-Protestants parish system, will not close our eyes to the fact that extreme watchfulness alone will secure to us the liberties we prize.

Mr. Dawson says:—"The Revised Statutes of Quebec are law here, not the Syllabus of Errors." The number of ecclesiastics who would laugh and chuckle at this statement, did they see it, is more than I can count up just now.

Again I quote from his letter:—"The strength of the Roman Church now is in its diocesan bishops, who are in touch with the people."

Does it look like it when the Jesuit Incorporation Act was passed in spite of the strenuous opposition of Archbishop Taschereau and the majority of the bishops of the Province?

Does it look like it when the same archbishop was relieved of his office of procurator to settle the Jesuit question on behalf of the Pope, and Father Turgeon was nominated in his place?

I trust Mr. Dawson in his second letter will draw a straighter line; for he possesses the requisite knowledge and ability.

JAS. THOS. PATTISON.

Portage du Fort, Que., Jan. 24, 1890.

THE NAME AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I desire to draw the attention of your readers to the following extract from the February number of *The Law*, occurring in a letter signed "Carlos Erskine Crosby." The original paper to which the extract refers was, I think, reprinted by you in your columns, and has no doubt given rise to much discussion:

"In the December number of *The Law* appeared an article entitled, 'A Nation without a Name,' in which it was argued that the people of the United States can not hold claim to any precise name of their own. It can readily be admitted that our forefathers probably overlooked this little detail; but we must remember that then (in 1776) we were the first to lay claim to the title, (1) and, in fact, we were the only real Americans (aborigines excepted) then in existence; for outside of the narrow limits of the original thirteen states, the whole of the western hemisphere belonged to different European nations, as colonies, and consequently had no separate existence of its own.

"In 1776, we set ourselves up to be free and independent Americans (2) and we succeeded. In latter years our example penetrated to the south, and the Spanish colonies gradually became free; but without any tremendous effort—had their chains been strong, they would still be wearing them! However, these Spanish colonies all had

names capable of personal application. as : Chilian, Mexican, Bolivian, Peruvian, etc., etc. (3) And they all call us *Americanos*. (4)

"Let us retain our name of AMERICAN, pure and simple, but God forbid that we should hyphenate it with *Anglo*. There is nothing English about us but our language (5) and even that is readily distinguished from the English of Albion.

"Rome grew in the early days as we did ; adventurers of all nations brought together, created the Roman character. The English, German, French and Spanish will produce the future American of the United States, who will speak English with a peculiar accent, and who, I believe, will continue to call himself *American*, until some other nation can show a better title to the name."

"(1) The terms 'America' and 'Americans' were not employed in 1776 as distinctive names of the English colonies and people on these shores. In the Declaration of Independence, the term 'these colonies' was used three times, 'these states' three times, and 'province' once. The style 'United States of America' also first appeared in that document ; but our rebellious grandfathers neither then nor at any subsequent time claimed for themselves the name of Americans.

"(2) They set themselves up as 'independent states,' named Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, etc. ; but not as one nation having a distinctive geographical or political name. On the contrary, in the Articles of Confederation they took care to deny any claim of such a thing by formally asserting that 'each state retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence.'

"(3) As the English colonies had, also.

"(4) They commonly called us *Norte-Americanos*, or *Anglo-Americanos*, to distinguish us from the other sorts of *Americanos*. They also distinguished us as *Sajones* (Saxons) but oftener as *Yankees*.

"(5) The principal things English 'about us' and of us, are : 1. Our folk-character. 2. Our world-family history and traditions. 3. Our national heritage, the basis of our political and juridical systems. 4. Our language. 5. Our literature, extending from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Bryant, Longfellow and the rest."

The point I would wish to make in connection with this letter is, that while thanking God he is not even as "these Englishmen" (*vide* Henry V., Shakespeare), he, the writer, admits that the language, folk-character, history and traditions, national heritage, political and juridical systems, and literature of the United States, all are English. I leave it to some of your readers to reconcile so great a paradox. The italics are mine. G. KNOX.

"CRONACA NERA."

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—The news that a clerical paper, called the *Cronaca Nera* (the Black Chronicle), has been started in Rome with a daily circulation of 38,000 is not a little startling. It is avowedly the champion of the lower against the higher clergy, and its object is without offending religious sentiment to give battle to the potentates of the higher ranks of the priesthood, unmasking their vices and crimes with candour and without bitterness.

The object, we are assured, is to get at the ear of the Pope, who is kept in ignorance of the grievances of the clergy and the ill-doings of their superiors.

The *Cronaca Nera* has naturally caused much excitement, particularly among the higher clergy, and their organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, is furious and even abusive. The Holy Father himself has been appealed to to put a stop to the plain-spoken journal that has dared to speak evil of dignities, but the Pope has refused on the ground that if abuses exist, it is but right that they should be exposed.

On the question of ecclesiastical morality the *Cronaca* is very outspoken, and boldly asserts that the only cure for a monstrous evil is the abolition of clerical celibacy. The attacks which it makes upon the cardinals and other ecclesiastics in high positions are not general and vague, but painfully specific as to names and details.

The opposition organ speaks of the paper as set going by men who are Protestants at heart, yet the *Osservatore Romano* calls them, as if in bitter scorn, Jesuits. The non-clerical papers in Italy are watching the duel with much interest, but quite calmly.

That such a quarrel should be taking place at Rome, and that the Pope himself should refuse to do more than give fair play to the opposite sides, is a fact worthy of consideration. The rabid anti-Romanists who gloat over the misdeeds of the scarlet lady of the seven hills will be to the front with their sapient "I told you so," but a calmer and better element in Protestant Christendom will regard it as a healthy sign of the times, and one freighted with good, not only for the correcting of abuses within the Roman pale, but also for the moral health of the world.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

MISDIRECTED EULOGY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—THE WEEK of January 17th contains a paragraph from the *Spectator* commenting on a disclosure of some literary interest, lately made by the *Times*. A contributor to the great English journal, under the *nom de plume* of "An Englishman," wrote a series of letters, the first of which appeared December 20, 1851, which attracted much attention because of their extraordinary ability. They hurled severe invectives against Napoleon III., very much in the style of the celebrated "Junius." Good critics pronounced the letters superior to those of that historic but unknown writer. They were ascribed to various distinguished statesmen, but, like "Junius," their author remained *incog*. It appears that they were originally published by the *Times* in ignorance of the writer's name, but it was subsequently discovered that they were penned by Mr. H. J. Wolfenden Johnstone, a surgeon, who had lived in France from 1848 to 1850. He died recently at Ramsgate, aged eighty-one. The *Spectator* pronounces the following eulogy on this man :—"He appears to have

remained silent ever after, and it is pleasant to think that in our day of self-advertisement a man could live from middle life to old age in possession of so powerful a weapon as Mr. Johnstone wielded, yet only use it when moved out of himself by moral indignation. There was not a journal in England which would not have been proud of letters from him, and he might have destroyed ministries, but, in an age of gabble, he remained silent."

Now is this eulogy well or ill-bestowed? I venture to think that it is wholly undeserved, and that the "silence" so highly commended should rather be visited with censure. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is a good maxim sometimes, but it is inapplicable to such a case. This man possessed powers of a high order, which might have been employed for the public good. Had he a right to let them lie dormant? Does not capacity for usefulness carry with it responsibility? Is not this a conspicuous example of what our Lord condemns in the parable of the talents recorded in Matt. xxv., verse 26? Nay, is it not a worse case than is described in that parable? This man had not one talent merely, but ten talents, which he "went and hid in the earth." Christ administers a tenfold rebuke to such an one, as a "wicked and slothful servant," and where that august authority censures, we may hardly venture to commend.

This may be an age of "self-advertisement" and "gabble," as the *Spectator* alleges, but it does not follow that "silence is golden" on that account. Indeed, I venture to doubt the invariable truth of the proverb, a part of which I have just quoted. That there are times when "silence" is "golden," is perfectly true, but it is just as true that it is often culpable. There is a time to be silent, and there is also a time to speak. That silent "Englishman" lived during a period of great political activity, when burning questions were agitating the public mind, and the most beneficent reforms invited advocacy. That pen more mighty than the sword, which assailed the third Napoleon with sharp invective, and "might have destroyed Ministries," was capable of doing a vast amount of public service in battling for the right, and in promoting the reign of the "true, the beautiful and the good." Surely the world sustained serious loss by the wrapping of these talents in a napkin, and their burial in the earth. Besides, if this man did wisely and well, others ought to imitate his example. The argument proves too much, for it would silence every potent pen, squelch every mighty organ of public opinion, and (*horribile dictu!*) annihilate THE WEEK ; a journal, part of whose mission is, avowedly, to "rear the tender thought, teach the young idea how to shoot," and develop in "this Canada of ours," a literature worthy of us :

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
And many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

It is a patriotic task to bring these "gems" out of their hiding places, and prevent the waste of "sweetness and light" fitted to bless the land and age we live in.

Side by side with the column of THE WEEK which contains the *Spectator's* paragraph, there are some sentences in an article from the brilliant pen of Mr. N. F. Davin, which are so *apropos* to this critique that I cannot forbear quoting them. "There is a close relation between literary genius and the passion for the welfare of the people—between the desire to serve humanity, and literary studies. I cannot recall an instance of a man of genuine powers of thought and true talent of expression who, from the influence of warping profession and pursuit, was not against oppression, and for the people. No doubt one of the reasons why the fame of literary men—of course, I speak of the great ones—is more enduring than that of other great men, is because they are champions of the people, especially of the poor and oppressed, and leave evidences of this in living thoughts and words which continue their warfare after they have been resolved into the elements." The *Spectator* eulogizes one who might have taken a prominent part in such glorious work, but declined the honour and usefulness of the task. It praises him for not doing what he could. There is surely a far different eulogy more worthy to be coveted. It is that pronounced by unerring lips on one of old, and emblazoned in eternal marble : "She hath done what she could!"

WARFLECK.

WHAT IS TITHE IN QUEBEC?

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—Will you do me the favour of allowing me to correct your correspondent, Mr. Hemming, as to what constitutes "Tithe" in the Province of Quebec?

To confound the impost with the Jewish tithe is quite erroneous in every respect. The Quebec tithe amounts only to one twenty-sixth of the grain crop, it is not levied to any extent upon any other products of agriculture ; nor does it to any degree affect those who live in towns ; it is exclusively a charge upon the farmer who grows grain. When we consider that hay, potatoes and other fruits of the earth constitute by far the larger portion of the crops in Quebec, the one twenty-sixth part of the grain grown is not so very burdensome an impost as your contributor, and the public of Ontario, imagine tithe to be in that province.

As to the justice, or policy of any such tithe I am not now concerned, but I submit that in this, as indeed in all, discussions it is a mere beating the air unless the facts are stated with exactitude. Thanking you for the courtesy of this being inserted. Yours truly,

Toronto, January 28, 1890.

JOHN HAGUE.

THE DANGERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

ELECTRICITY is dangerous in three ways. When in great quantity but of small tensity, it destroys by fusion conductors of insufficient capacity and semi-conductors by disruption or heating, or both, and has the tendency to leave the road laid down for it and cut out a new path for itself. Thirdly, whenever electricity enters or leaves an electric conductor, it, by its mere presence in one, evokes a momentary current of electricity in neighbouring conductors : that is termed induction. Voltaic electricity—the current produced between a zinc and a copper plate sunk in an oxidizing liquid—is electricity of low tension ; if the plates are large and the liquid active, the quantity will be great. Two plates coiled in a tank as big round as the dome of St. Paul's would produce electricity sufficient in quantity to light a great part of the city, to melt a bar of iron like a tallow candle ; its current, turned into a system of conductors of insufficient size, would carry fire and destruction wherever it went. Nevertheless, the intensity would be scarcely more than that of a cell made up of a brass thimble and a bit of zinc—viz., about one "volt," and would be unfelt by the human body. The equivalent of one hundred such cells, in dynamo-electric machines, is proposed for a London district. When voltaic cells are connected in sequence—i.e., so that the current passes through all in succession, the intensity is multiplied, the quantity remaining constant.

The late Dr. De la Rue, with a battery of 11,000 cells, obtained electricity of sufficient intensity at the terminals to leap across a space in the air of nearly three quarters of an inch. The shock from this battery would have caused instant death, and extraordinary precautions were taken to avoid chance contact with any part of it or its connections. Dynamo machines of nearly equal potency are being constructed. The apparatus so often seen in the streets, whereby a moderate amount of electric tetanus can be experienced for a penny, is an example of electric induction. The current of a few cells is made to circulate round a bobbin or reel of insulated wires, on its way back having to pass through a little magnetic arrangement which makes and breaks the circuit many times in a second. Outside this primary coil of wires, but not in contact with it, is wound a large coil of much finer wire, the two extremities of which are connected to brass handles to be grasped by the experimenter. There is no connection between the first and second coil. Every time the low-tension current enters or leaves the primary or inner coil a current of higher "potential" passes through the secondary or outer coil ; thus a "potential" of two or three volts is made to induce a potential (ten or fifteen volts in the case quoted) dependent on the relative length and fineness of the two separate coils. Induction coils have been made of great capacity. Dr. Spottiswoode constructed one which when worked with a few cells producing an imperceptible shock induced in the secondary coil electricity of tension sufficient to flash across four or five feet of air, and pierce glass a quarter of an inch thick.

In electric lighting induction coils of converse construction are employed, the primary coil being of fine wire, and the secondary or induction coil of the thicker wire. These coils convert high-tension into low-tension electricity, and under the name of "converters" are already in use in several electric lighting systems. Electricity for lighting and other purposes is now universally produced by means of dynamo machines founded on Faraday's discovery of magneto-electricity. Momentary currents in alternate directions are induced in coils of wire passing the poles of powerful magnets, by rotating these coils between the poles. In some machines these induced currents are immediately carried off to do the required work ; these are termed alternating-current machines. They are commonly worked at an electric tension of 1,000 volts, enabling a large number of arc or other lamps to be worked in series—or the current passes into a "converter" as above described, and is thus reduced to a tension of 100 volts. Generally, however, the alternating current is by an ingenious arrangement twisted round upon itself in the machine, so that when the separate impulses leave it they are all in the same direction. These machines are termed continuous current machines. They, like the alternating-current machines, can be made of any desired "potential" or electric pressure.

The physiological effects of alternating currents of electricity are very different from those of continuous currents. In the former case 10 to 15 volts are as much as can be borne for any length of time, whereas in the latter as much as 100 volts can be endured, though even here much depends on the quantity. Westinghouse says, "With even less than 100 volts it is painful beyond endurance to grasp firmly with the hands the brushes or any bright brass work of a large dynamo or to grasp any metal connected with the wires." A 220 volt continuous current will burn the human body if the flesh is in contact with the conductors, that is if the skin is broken. A current of 90 volts will burn meat, boil water, melt cast iron. In Mr. Edison's experiments a continuous current of 400 volts killed a dog in 40 seconds ; 304 volts did not kill in 30 seconds. A current of 1,000 volts killed a large strong dog instantly. The alternating current he found to be much more hurtful ; 120 volts killed, and 100 volts may cause death ; 200 certainly will. The hands are unable to relinquish the grasp of a conductor carrying an alternating current of more than about 20 volts ; this adds materially to the danger of this system. Death by electricity is not always instantaneous. A person fixed to the conductors by an alternating current might live

some time before death released him from his sufferings; and it is to be feared that this sometimes happens.

In America the alternating currents pass through the streets at a pressure of 1,000 volts. Arriving at the place to be lit, the wires pass into a converter, as described above, and the lights are worked at a pressure of 100 volts. There is always some danger of the "converter" being pierced, in which case the house wires would be fused, if nothing worse happened, and the house would almost certainly be set on fire. This is no imaginary danger. Mr. Edison, corroborating the experience of many other workers, points out that the insulating material, under the continued stress of millions of strong currents in opposite directions, undergoes molecular change, and ultimately becomes so disintegrated that piercing and disruption follow. It is common experience that such is the end of an induction coil.

The conditions of absolute safety, as we know them at present, are—conducting wires of large size and great capacity and conductivity, perfect insulation, currents of low tension, and installations for limited areas. It is commonly said that, to save cost of conductors, a higher potential than any known in New York will be carried through the streets of London, and the appalling intensity of 10,000 to 15,000 volts is talked of! Apparently the following regulation of the Board of Trade contemplates such action: "Every high-pressure aerial conductor must be insulated with a durable and efficient material, to be approved by the Board of Trade, to a thickness of not less than one-tenth of an inch, and in cases where the extreme potential in the circuit exceeds 2,000 volts, the thickness of insulation must not be less in inches or parts of an inch than the number obtained by dividing the number expressing the volts by 20,000." Large installations of electricity introduce fresh risks. There is danger to property if quantity is very great, even though potential be low. There is danger to life if potential be high. Fortunately it is ordered "that the Board of Trade may from time to time make such regulations as they may think expedient for securing the safety of the public from personal injury or from fire or otherwise." Many people think that the time for such regulations is now!—*Nineteenth Century*.

ART NOTES.

WILLIAM WYLD, the English water-colourist who went to Paris many years ago and settled there, died at the Rue Blanche on Christmas Day last; he had a great influence on the French school of water-colour painting, although not so highly thought of in his own country.

JULES GARNIER, a celebrated pupil of Gerome, died at Paris on Christmas Day. He was well-known both as a painter and as an etcher. Among his most celebrated pictures were "Borgia S'Amuse," "Flagrant Delit" and "Droit du Seigneur," which were exhibited at the Paris Salon Exhibition.

J. T. BENDEMAN, the Director of the Academy at Düsseldorf, died at the close of last year. He was of Jewish extraction, and was well-known to American and Canadian students who have studied at Düsseldorf. His best known works were of Jewish history—"Jews Weeping at the Waters of Babylon" and "Jeremiah Among the Ruins of Jerusalem."

A CURIOUS relic of the every-day life of Athens, which brings the old Greeks into line, so to speak, with our own days, was dug up during the recent excavations at Hag-hios Andreas in Athens; it is a fragment of a decree in which Kallikrates is charged to construct a railing round an enclosure or sanctuary on the Acropolis to prevent fugitive slaves, clothes-stealers or pickpockets from taking refuge there. The duty of watching this enclosure is entrusted to three guardians chosen from the tribe holding the *prytania*.

A BOOK that in the future will be of great value to historians and artists has just been published in London. It is written and illustrated by Ralph Nevill, and treats of "Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture of West Surrey;" it contains capital illustrations of those picturesque homes of the English peasantry, which are being rapidly improved out of existence, and of which there will soon be no record apart from such illustrations as these and the charming little pictures of Birket Foster, who seems to have been the first English artist of note who has made those lovely little homes his principal theme.

THE mental collapse of the great English art critic, John Ruskin, which after many threatenings is now an unmistakable fact, has come with a kind of shock to his many admirers, who have been in the habit of looking up to him and quoting his authority in matters of art. His influence has made itself felt in the world of art to a wider and wider extent ever since the publication of his "Modern Painters," and although many of his admirers were not able to follow him through his later eccentricities, they have never ceased to admire his courage and perseverance in attacking old and false notions of conventional art and in fighting the battles of Turner and other English artists, who, without his powerful aid, might, in many instances, have remained unknown and unhonoured. Always sincere and always in thorough earnest, he won the respect even of his opponents, and his works will worthily take rank among the great English classics.

TEMPLAR.

THE Victorian Legislative Assembly have passed a Loan Bill for £4,000,000, and a large part of the money is to be used for railway construction.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON's excellent lecture upon "Descriptive Music," at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, last Saturday, proved a great attraction to numbers of our thoughtful people, as well as to the staff and pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, under whose auspices the lecture was delivered. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Mellish, Mrs. Romaine-Walsh, Mrs. H. H. Humphrey, and other appreciative citizens enjoyed to the full the very lucid and interesting remarks of the lecturer. Wagner, Chopin, Schumann and other composers were used to illustrate the true sphere of "descriptive music" as distinguished from mimetic music. Mr. Harrison was assisted by members of the Conservatory staff as well as pupils.

A most interesting concert was given in the hall of the Toronto College of Music on Monday evening last, when the following programme was given:—Trio, *Op. 2* (first movement), piano, Hummel, Miss Williams; Song, "The Angel Came," Cowen, Mr. Baguley; 'Cello Solo, (a) Romance, Volkmann, (b) Mazurka, Popper, Mr. Ernst Mahr; Trio, *Op. 20* (Entire), piano, Jadassohn, Miss Florence Clarke; Vocal Duo, "Of Fairy Wand" (Maritana), Miss Sutherland and Mr. Hall; Trio, *Op. 42* (Entire), piano, Gade, Miss Sullivan. The concert, speaking both musically and educationally, was an important one, neither the Jadassohn or the Gade Trio having ever been given before in Toronto, which practically means Canada. The fair pianistes who took part are, without exception, able and artistic players who thoroughly appreciate the many beauties of chamber music. Mr. Torrington and Mr. Mahr contributed the string portions in the *ensemble*. The vocal numbers were very good, and well received. Mr. Ernst Mahr gave his solos with good intonation and fine taste, he also has a ready technique. He was accompanied by Mr. Henry Field, and all of those who took part were pupils of Mr. Torrington.

THE advent of Rosina Vokes formed the chief dramatic attraction in this city last week. The daily papers calling her, as they so frequently do, the "winsome little *comédienne*," the "gifted little lady," the "bright and amusing, vivacious and sparkling actress," nevertheless fail to do her justice. She is winsome, she is sparkling, she is little, she is gifted—yet all these and many more adjectives fail to put her adequately before us. And this is because her art is so finished, so subtle, so supreme, that, while she amuses, she touches, while she laughs, she makes you want to cry, while she makes you laugh, it is yet with no loss of dignity. To depict her genius—for genius it is that unites sudden pathos with innocent bubbling fun—much more is necessary, after we have said that she is gifted, clever, original, mirth-provoking, while heart-enchanting. Her elocution is perfect, her English undefiled, and her assumption of external accent, or brogue, delightfully genuine and refined. Her personal charms improve with every year, and quaint and odd as her face may be, she is capable of much facial expression of varying interest. She was pre-eminently successful in Buckstone's charming comedy, "The Rough Diamond," and in that pretty little piece in which Mr. Courtenay Thorpe displays such gentlemanly characteristics, "My Milliner's Bill." Conceding that they are both comic productions, full of broad humour and absurd situations, we claim for Rosina the power of delineating to their fullest extent the emotions of disappointment, fear, self-reproach and suffering added to womanly dignity and sweetness which occur in both plays. Only a *comédienne* could never render Mrs. Merriden's *prolly* wifely despair, or Lady Evergreen's sudden dignity when she reproves her indiscreet friend—yet only a *comédienne* can invest her performance with such grace of motion and lightness and genuine fun as she evinces from first to last. The support was, as it always is with Miss Vokes, excellent in every respect. In fact, the engagement was an ideal one, although "Wig and Gown" was a distinctly weak spot while amusing enough. Miss Vokes should revive the "Circus rider"; it is more within the bounds of probability and suits her specialties better. Mr. Felix J. Morris ran Miss Vokes very close in popular estimation, being an established favourite in Canada. The "Old Musician," in itself a touching little piece, allowed him however to draw a little too much. He was at his best in comedy, notably "Crocodile Tears" and "Cousin Joe."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STORY OF EARLY BRITAIN. By Alfred J. Church, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Prof. Church's story of Early Britain ("Story of the Nations" Series) covers the period from the earliest time of which we have any record to the battle of Hastings, when the sceptre of England passed to the Norman conqueror. The story is clearly told, and a much more precise and intelligible view of the characteristics and habits of life of our ancestors is presented than can be obtained from the ordinary manuals of British history. An interesting chapter is devoted to the literary works of Caedmon, Bede and Cuthbert, and another to the social organization of the English people. The work is embellished with a great many illustrations of ancient British, Roman and Saxon remains, and of scenes from the Bayeux tapestry.

There are, also, several maps showing the sub-divisions of the country at various periods.

STUBBLE OR WHEAT? A Story of More Lives than One. By S. Bayard Dod. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

This story opens with a newspaper paragraph reporting the finding of a suicide and its burial in the Potter's field. Some fragments of a letter found in a tangled bunch of sea-weed lead to the identification of the body and the story of the dead man's life. The story is vigorously told; but it is a painful one, intended to illustrate the pernicious effects of an extreme pessimistic philosophy on a peculiarly organized and wayward temperament.

UNDER THE PRUNING KNIFE. A Story of Southern Life. By Mary Tucker Magill. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

A young, impulsive Virginian falls in love with and marries a beautiful, but undisciplined, French girl in Paris. He brings her home to Virginia, where their children, two girls, are born. But the young mother has, or appears to have, no maternal feeling, and no conception of wifely or maternal duty. She wears of the society around her, and longs for the freedom and gaiety of her beloved Paris. At length her entreaties prevail. The husband and wife go to Paris, leaving the children with their grandparents. Five years later the husband returns—to die within a year. His wife had deserted him; no trace of her could be found, and it was afterwards thought she had perished in the burning of a theatre. The grandparents, too, pass away, and the children become the wards of Judge Wallace, an old family friend. The story is about these two girls, and the interest hinges on the re-appearance of the mother, old, poor and feeble, just after they are both engaged to be married.

THE GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH: their Origin and Authorship. By Rev. Duncan Morrison, M.A., Owen Sound. Toronto: Hart and Company. 1890.

It is not every day that we are called upon to notice so handsome an evidence of distinctly Canadian enterprise as this remarkable volume just issued by Messrs. Hart and Company. The appearance of the work at once convinces us of the high standard aimed at by this ambitious firm, for in choice of paper, type, binding and ornamentation it may be safely compared with almost anything that reaches us from the other side. We can heartily congratulate the Toronto house upon the genuine attractiveness and delightful appearance of this most recent Canadian publication. With regard to the contents, the Rev. Duncan Morrison has done his work excellently well, leaving little to be desired and little that we can wish to see altered. The "Hymns" are twenty-eight in number, and include compositions of every style, from the "Te Deum" of the Early Church to Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." The selection has been compiled in the most Christian and catholic spirit of brotherly love, embracing the famous hymns of the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Nonconformist, the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran schools. The compiler's good taste has been shown in many instances, notably in the second naming of many of our popular hymns. Thus he calls the "Te Deum" the "Great Historical Hymn;" "Dies Irae," the "Great Judgment Hymn;" "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," the "Greatest Hymn in the Language;" "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," the "Second Greatest in the Language;" "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" the "Great Christmas Hymn," and so on. There is an eloquent scholarly introduction, and all the information compressed into the chapters is pleasantly and naturally given. No sectarian feeling is allowed to domineer, and it could be wished that the appearance of this useful volume, written, as it would seem, in the very spirit of Christian loyalty and consideration for others, might usher in that era of Christian equality and tolerance which recent Conferences have led us to expect. Approximation in our churches is slowly, but surely, continuing. Anglican chants and hymns form the backbone of many a Dissenting service; Nonconformist writers have supplied many of the hymns in daily use among our Episcopal brethren. These facts should speak for themselves.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Edited, with notes, by John Bigelow. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Franklin's autobiography is not now so commonly read as it once was; but it has lost none of its value, and this attractive "Knickerbocker Nugget" edition will make its dimly remembered merits again widely known. Perhaps, the autobiography, although it appears to give a truthful and candid account of the philosopher's life, as far as it goes, does not convey an absolutely correct idea of his real character; but it is full of shrewd observations, practical suggestions and wise maxims, and can scarcely fail to give encouragement and help, especially to the youthful reader. Franklin was, in the earlier part of his career, a printer and a journalist; and the rule he follows as an editor, with respect to the publication of personal and libellous matter, was so wise and just that we are tempted to quote it here, for the evil he endeavoured to avoid is a too prominent feature of a large class of modern newspapers: "In the conduct of my newspaper," he says, "I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I

was solicited to insert anything of the kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stage-coach, in which any one who would pay has a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately, if desired, and the author could have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now, many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity, even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighbouring States, and even on the conduct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course of conduct will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION. By Th. Ribot. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1890. 75 cents.

In spite of the late Professor Ferrier and the whole army of metaphysicians, there are many who will still persist in the study of Psychology; and if psychologists are wrong in sneering at the students of the real and the absolute, metaphysicians might do better, if they recognized the importance of the careful study of the powers of the human mind, and of its relation to the body. It may, perhaps, be said that M. Ribot holds a second place to no European psychologist of this century, if, perhaps, we except Wundt. He has distinguished himself both as a critic and as an investigator. Among ourselves, perhaps, he is best known as the historian of English and German Psychology, his works on these subjects having been translated into English. The subject of Attention is of the greatest importance in Psychology. Readers of Sir William Hamilton's lectures in Metaphysics will remember the stress he laid upon it in its general bearing. M. Ribot's treatise has a narrower scope. He does not treat of the Philosophy of Attention, but of the Psychology of Attention, and especially of one department of this subject. "Psychologists," he says, "have given much study to the effects of attention, but very little to its mechanism. The latter point is the only one which I propose to investigate in the following work. Yet even within these limits the question is important, for it is, as we shall see further on, the counterpart, the necessary complement of the theory of association." The writer divides his treatise into three main parts, in which he considers first spontaneous or natural attention, the mechanism of which is a mechanism of motion, a motion of the muscles. Attention, he says, is, in this respect, only the subjective aspect of the physical manifestations expressing it. He next considers Voluntary and Artificial Attention, the formation of which he considers to be a product of art, and he discovers three principal periods of its genesis: actions of simple feelings, actions of complex feelings and actions of habit. The analysis of Attention under this head is remarkably acute. In the third division of the book, he considers the morbid states of attention, and here his discussions and illustrations will probably be of more interest to the general reader than any other part, since this section is devoted to such subjects as Hypochondria, Fixed Ideas, Ecstasy, Mania, Idiocy and the like. In some acute concluding remarks, M. Ribot points out that Attention is dependent upon emotional states, and arrives at general conclusions respecting the conditions of Attention. It will be granted by those who are acquainted with the past history of Psychology, that M. Ribot has made a real contribution to this interesting study.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALPHONSE DAUDET is at work upon a new novel, called "The Caravan."

WILLIAM MORRIS is busy with a poem of some length, to be called "St. Adrian."

MR. WILLIAM BLACK's new novel, "The New Prince Fortunatus," was promised for the 13th inst.

WILLIAM SHARP has undertaken to write the volume on Browning for the "Great Writers" series.

"FOLLOWING THE GUIDON" is the title of a story of army life on the plains which Mrs. General Custer has just completed.

MR. LOUIS STEVENSON's stepson, who collaborated in "The Wrong Box," is assisting him in the writing of his South Sea book.

MR. ARLO BATES feels that, "in a somewhat provincial and clumsy fashion, we have still managed to retain in Boston more of the old-time respect for literature *per se* than obtains elsewhere."

THE death is announced of Percy Greg, son of the pessimistic English social philosopher. Mr. Greg was the champion of the Southern Confederacy, and published a history of the United States "to the reconstruction of the Union."

ALL of Charles Kingsley's writings are now on the list of Macmillan and Co., his "All Saints' Day, and other Sermons," "True Words for Brave Men," and the "Letters and Memories" being the most recent additions.

At a recent autograph sale in London, the signature of Voltaire brought only two guineas, while that of Isaac Watts sold for three; and while ten pounds were given for a Boswell letter, one by Johnson brought only nine.

MR. WEMYSS REID expects to have his biography of Lord Houghton ready during the coming spring. It will be more a record of friendships with men of note than a regular biography. Lord Houghton played a large part also as the helper of the writers of more than one generation.

A RECENT death was that of Keats' sister, Fanny Keats, who married Senor Valentin Llanos, a Spanish gentleman of considerable accomplishment, who distinguished himself both in the diplomatic service of his country, and in literature as the author of "Don Esteban" and "San Doval, the Freemason." There are two sons and two daughters, children of this marriage.

A MEETING is likely to be convened in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, at an early date, to consider the question of a memorial to Robert Browning. The primary object of such a memorial will of course be the erection of a bust or other monument in the Abbey. The gathering at the funeral showed sufficiently how influential and representative the memorial committee is likely to be.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND Co. entered suit in the Federal Court at Indianapolis, last Saturday, against J. E. Sherrill, of Danville, and William P. Hart, of Osgood, Ind., for infringement of copyright. The alleged infringement consists in the publication by Sherrill of a book entitled "American Poets," of which Hart is named as the editor. Among the poems in litigation are Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie," "The Courtin'," of Lowell, and Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp."

MR. EDWARD CLIFFORD, the biographer of Father Damien, who stopped in Boston last spring on his way from Molokai to England, returned to the Hub in November, and remained until last week, painting portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thrope (the parents of Mrs. Ole Bull), Mrs. Chapman, and Mrs. Seabury. He also made, for himself, a drawing of Dr. Phillips Brooks, which is said to be a fine likeness, and an example of strong and sympathetic portraiture. Mr. Clifford sailed for England last Saturday on the *Umbria*.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in a speech at a dinner of the Holland Society in New York recently, said of the Dutch who form the pillars of Manhattan Island's institutions: "The Yankees conquered them in New York. The Irish rule them. The Germans, the Italians, the French, the Scandinavians, and the Hebrews crowd them; but here we are." This statement elicited cheers from the assembly. No wonder there were cheers. It is much to have survived Irish rule for so many decades, not to speak of the crowd ing from other sources.

MME. CARNOT, the wife of the French President, ought to be a very popular woman. On Christmas Day she entertained four hundred of the poor children at the Elysée Palace at her own expense. These children were selected by the mayor of each district, twenty from each of the twenty districts being sent to her for an entertainment, spread, and Christmas tree. They were conveyed to the palace by special omnibuses, and taken home in the same way. Mme. Carnot has been reputed a most charitable soul, but no act of charity was probably more productive of good than this.

ACCORDING to the English probate returns for 1889, the estates of those engaged in literary labours, who died during the year, show that literature continues in most cases to be its own reward. Witness the following table of "literature and its offshoots," published in the *Pall Mall Budget*:

Warren de la Rue	£307,142
Robert K. Burt, publisher	22,000
William Leighton, publisher	15,992
Wilkie Collins	10,881
Eliza Cook	5,057
W. R. S. Ralston	3,471
Lawrence Oliphant	1,445
E. L. Blanchard	442

"WHEN she recovers from the effects of her recent accident," says a Philadelphia *Press* contributor, "Mrs. Burnett will begin work at once upon her first promised novel, which is sold to a New York weekly for \$10,000—this including only the serial rights, I believe. When this is finished a second novel will be commenced, the rights to which have been sold to a magazine for even a larger price. Neither of these amounts represents the English rights, which Mrs. Burnett will sell independently. She is also pledged for two plays, I understand, and between all these are sandwiched lesser contracts for smaller pieces of work, but at proportionate prices."

MR. RUSKIN is, it is feared, hopelessly insane. In July last, while Miss Kate Greenaway, who was visiting him at Brentwood, was painting, he "suddenly seized her colours and a large brush and angrily daubed paints of all kinds over her sketches." Since that time Mr. Ruskin has necessarily been confined to his own house, and no one outside of the Brentwood people has seen him since August. In November reports reached London of his having had a violent paroxysm, during which he broke all the windows in his room. Since that time he has laid in bed continuously. He refuses all except liquid food, and manifests no desire to get up. He is steadily growing weaker, and the probability is that if he ever leaves his bed he, at all events, will never go out of his house again.

A RECENT English letter says, speaking of Browning's funeral:—"It was a grey, grim morning, with the yellow fog enveloping all things in its melancholy folds. A pall without and pall within. The venerable Abbey was wrapt in the yellow mists; the statues on Palace-green were but spectres, and the streets seemed peopled with ghosts. Truly a fit morning for death. Crowd, in the common acceptance of the term, there was none; only the crowd of sombre mourners who were gathered from all corners of the kingdom to pay the last tribute to the dead poet. By 11.30 the portion of the Abbey reserved for ticket-holders was well filled, and wreaths were brought in from all sides to be laid around the poet's grave. Indeed, the Poet's Corner was for a time turned into a garden of flowers, the scent of which hung heavy in the fog-laden air. Violets were very plentiful, but white hot-house flowers and ferns predominated—a specially pretty wreath, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Whistler, was of pink carnations and ivy. The cards attached to these wreaths bore the names of many of the most distinguished men and women of the day—'certain people of importance' with whom the dead poet had been on terms of friendship. Among these were Lord Tennyson, Sir John and Lady Millais, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Henry Irving, Mrs. Jeune, Countess Brownlow, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir Henry Thompson, Lady Goldsmid, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Mme. Le Quaire, Miss F. P. Cobbe, the Browning Society, the Society for the Prevention of Vivisection, Lady Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, the Misses Montalba. Conspicuous above all the flowers was the handsome wreath hanging on Cowley's tomb, presented by the Municipality of Venice."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ARE TIGERS AND SNAKES DECREASING IN INDIA?

ARE tigers and snakes gradually being exterminated in India? The question is often asked, but the most authentic answer is in the negative. This view is supported by an official statement bearing the title, "Results of the Measures adopted in British India with the view of Exterminating Wild Animals and Venomous Snakes during 1888." To judge from these statements the measures adopted cannot be said to have proved very efficient. Thus we find the total number of persons killed in 1887 was 22,348, and in 1888, 22,970; the cattle killed in 1887 amounted to 68,840, and in 1888 to 76,271. There was an increase in the number of wild animals killed from 18,901 to 20,709; but as regards the snakes, the number fell from 562,221 to 511,948, while the rewards shrank from 165,423 rupees to 159,253 rupees.—*Calcutta Englishman*.

A SONG OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

FOR the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The uncatchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabbable I die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far-unvertakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-on-to to his lair.

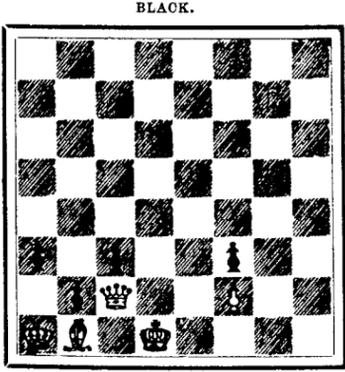
—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

WHY LINCOLN DID NOT FEAR ASSASSINATION.

FROM the "History of Lincoln," now drawing to a close in *The Century*, we quote the following:—"From the very beginning of his presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vapourings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined, proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence. He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly, even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, 'Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin,' the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief."

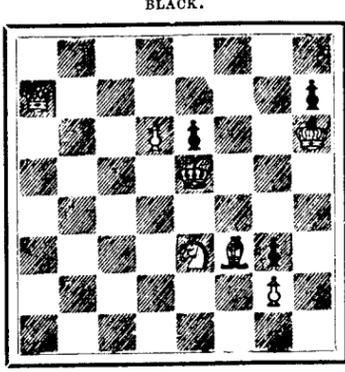
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 431. By J. T., Cambridge.



White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 432. By JAMES MASON.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 425. White: 1. Q-R 8, 2. P-Kt 6, 3. Q x Kt mate. Black: P x Kt, K moves. If 1. K-R 2, K-Kt 1. With other variations.

No. 426. White: 1. R-R 6, 2. R-R 5, 3. R mates. Black: K moves.

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MR. FRIEDEWALD AND MR. MUNTZ, ON THE 9TH JANUARY, 1890.

Table of chess moves for the game between Mr. Friedewald and Mr. Muntz, listing moves for White and Black on both sides.

NOTES.

(a) Bad; B-Kt 4 better. (b) Why not R-K 1. (c) Bad. (d) A fine move, winning the game.

BOOKS FOR LADIES.

- List of books for ladies: PAPER FLOWERS, OR THE FLORAL WORLD, in tissue paper. By Florence. 15 cts. HOW TO CROCHET. Explicit and Easily Understood Directions. Illustrated. 15. MISCELLANEOUS DESIGNS FOR CROCHET WORK. 15. ARTISTIC EMBROIDERY. By Ellen R. Church. Profusely Illustrated. 15.

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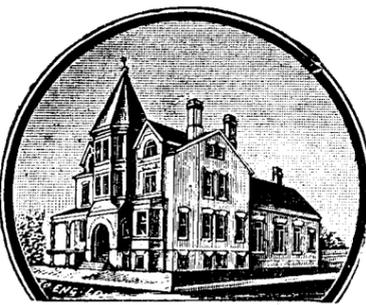
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