

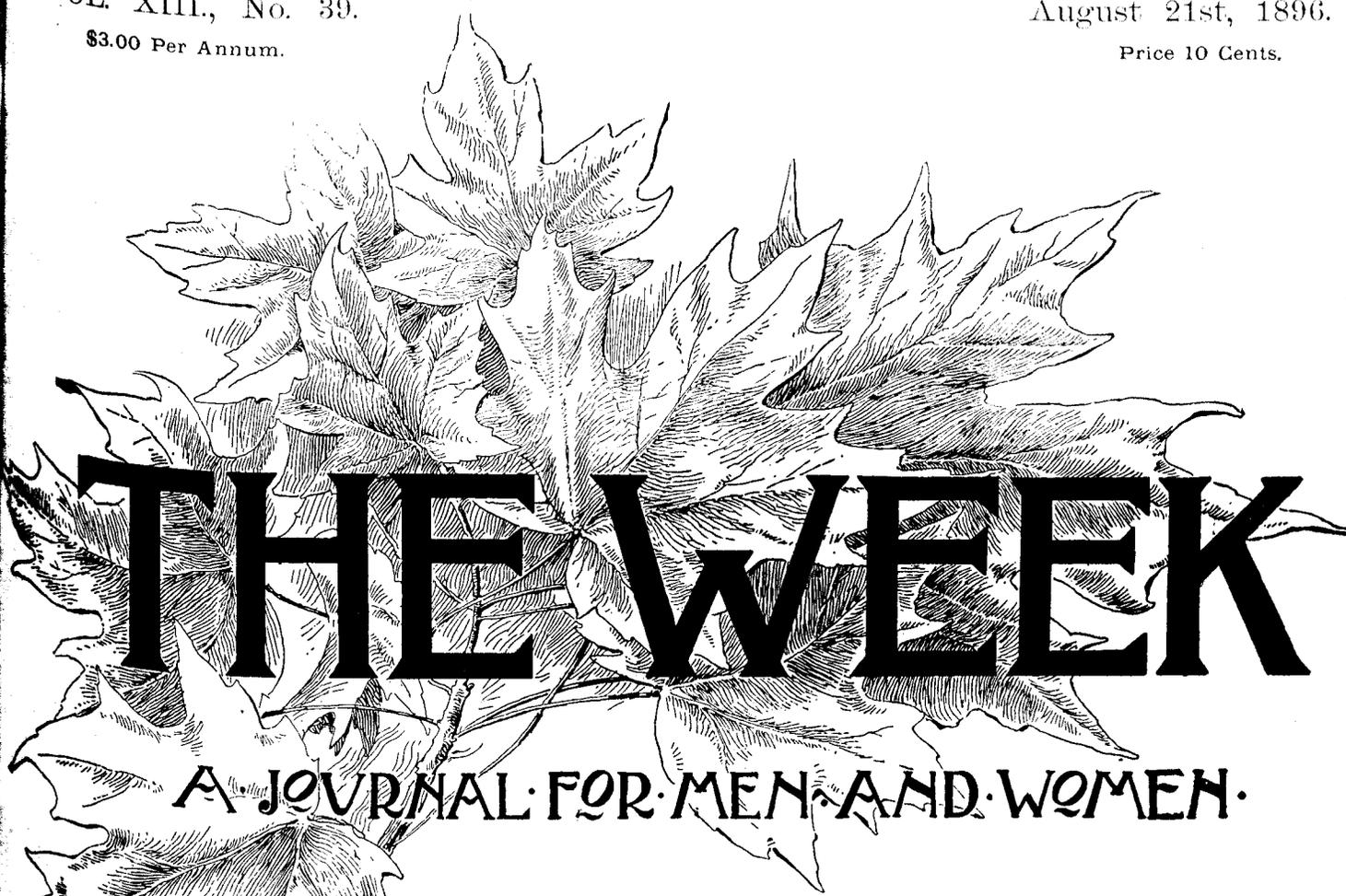
This Number contains : The Condition of Society in Canada in 1763, by Viscount de Fronsac; The Advantages we may Hope to Derive from Education, by Wm. Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S. (C.); The New Spirit, by Arnold Hautain, M.A. Book Review: "Mr. Speaker." Leader: An Interesting Government Report.

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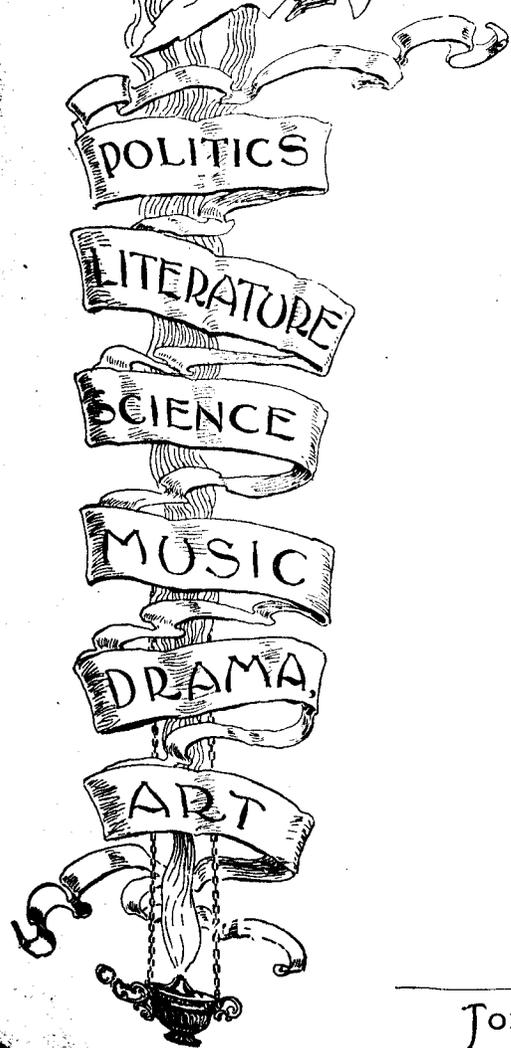
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Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, August 21st, 1896.

No. 39

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Current Topics.

The following despatch appears in The London Times of 29th July last:

A Hero.

"H.M.S. MAJESTIC—AT SEA, TUESDAY, JULY 28th,—I deeply regret to have to record the death by drowning of two officers of the Hermione—the first lieutenant, Mr. Augustus R. C. Warren, and the senior assistant engineer, Mr. John P. Good. It appears that, about nine o'clock this morning, when the fleet was off the Shannon, Mr. Good fell overboard, and Lieutenant Warren immediately jumped overboard to his rescue. The fleet was steaming at fourteen knots at the time. The sea, though rough, was not running heavily, but was lumpy and lumpy under a fresh following breeze. The lifebuoy was let go and a boat was lowered without delay, the Hermione hauling out of line and altering course so as to stand by her boat. As soon as the accident was observed from the flagship the speed of the fleet was reduced so as not to leave the Hermione too far astern and to render her assistance if necessary. After making a careful search, however, the Hermione signalled that both men were lost. The circumstances in which Mr. Good fell overboard have not yet been reported, but no more information is needed to illustrate the heroic act of self-sacrifice by which Lieutenant Warren lost his life. The instinctive comradeship and the unhesitating courage which prompt such an act are some of the noblest attributes of the naval service, and, though we cannot but mourn their consequences in the particular case and offer a respectful sympathy to the friends of the lost, yet even the most deeply bereft must feel consolation in the reflection that both men have died in the service of their country, and that such a death as that of Lieutenant Warren is preeminently worthy of the noble service which it illustrates and adorns."

This despatch states everything that is required. It is worthy of its subject. The self-sacrifice of Lieutenant Warren shows that English sailors are true men still. Long may it be so, for, as the poet sings,

"Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain all her strongest guns,
Unless proud England keeps untamed
The spirit of her sons."

The second International Congress of Applied Chemistry was opened in Paris at the Sorbonne under the presidency of M. Berthelot, on the 27th of July last. Organized by the

French Association of Sugar Refinery and Distillery Chemists, it counted 1,597 members, 602 of whom were foreigners. The Austrian representatives headed the list of members, numbering 157. Germany had 102 representatives, Belgium 53, Russia 37, Peru 35, Portugal 25, Brazil 25, Mauritius 24, Holland 23, the United States 20, Spain 19, Switzerland 13, Egypt 12, Italy 10, England 8, Greece 8, Rumania 7, Cuba 4, Mexico 4, the Argentine Republic 4, Denmark 1, and Turkey 1. M. Berthelot, on taking his place as honorary president, was surrounded by some of the most eminent chemists in the world. It was an inspiring sight, and rounds of applause greeted the great French *savant*, who has now happily returned to his laboratory from the Foreign Office. M. Berthelot's opening speech occupied two columns and a half of the Temps. He insisted at the outset on the indissoluble bonds uniting theory and practice in chemical science. "We are here," he said, "the free representatives of universal science." He went on to remark that the domain of chemical industries properly so called was day by day enlarging owing to the incessant development of the methods of chemical synthesis. "The marvellous results of the creative synthesis in chemistry are seen nowadays particularly in fatty substances and sugar, while agricultural industries have also been profoundly modified since the discovery, scarcely 60 years ago, of the true theory of fattening matter and manures and the consequent studies carried on in the rapidly increasing agronomic stations throughout the world. It is owing to these studies that agriculture has succeeded in doubling the corn product and in giving to the cultivation of beet and the manufacture of sugar that immense development which now raises so many economic problems."

The Progress
of Chemistry.

M. Berthelot next referred to the practical effect of the discoveries as to microbes in the making of wine, beer, alcohol, and cheese, in determining the conditions of transport of alimentary matter, and in transforming medical theory and practice. In the arts of war and also in mining chemistry had been useful and fruitful, not merely in the manufacture of new explosives and the rigorous determination of their relative force, but in the systematic study of the metals used for weapons. "Heaven forbid," he added, "that we should ever again see sinister epochs in which such engines would be employed in a fratricidal struggle of the European nations, but the duty of every people which would enjoy in peace the fruits of its toil and preserve its liberty and its rôle in the world is to hold itself in readiness to defend singlehanded these possessions, which are the most precious of all." The metallurgy of iron, bronze, and steel had quite changed in our time, and to the metals known for 7,000 years had been added the new ones discovered in laboratories—nickel, aluminium, and tungsten, the future of which could not be foreseen. The methods for the preparation of metals were likewise being strangely transformed. M. Berthelot illustrated this point by reference to gold and the new application of electricity. In dwelling on the astounding results of the alliance between chemistry and physics he discussed the whole problem of light and had some curious

things to say on the new gas acetylene, which, however, he said, was even thirty years ago one of the coryphæi of chemical synthesis when it was formed by the direct union of carbon and hydrogen in the electric arc.

Why was Canada
Absent?

By far the most important and suggestive portion of M. Berthelot's speech, however, was that in which he insisted on the difference between the modern era of applied science during the last three-quarters of a century and the whole development of the race during the last 6,000 years, a difference so marked that a new man was being created in a new earth and the entire social organization was being transformed amid conditions for the comprehension of which the past offered no suggestive precedents or *data*. That the continuous intervention of science is an unprecedented fact in human history is a point to which the great chemist again and again reverted, and it is in developing this idea that he was most eloquent. When to this Congress the United States could send twenty representatives, why could not Canada send one? Even Cuba could send four. At Toronto University by far the largest expenditure has been of late years in the direction of the encouragement of the scientific branches. In Montreal, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the same direction for McGill College. Are we to have no return for this expenditure? Is Canada for ever to jog on in self-complacent obscurity? Our University men seem to have no ambition. They are hopelessly *arriérés*.

An American
Sentiment.

The New York Critic, of the 8th August instant, contains a curious sentiment. It begins one of its paragraphs—"All mankind love a swindler." The Critic must be taken to be speaking for itself. We are afraid that the evil communications it so constantly receives are corrupting its manners. In the United States, perhaps they do love a swindler—no other country does. In the United States, if A shoots B it is not "murder," it is "a little unpleasantness." If A cheats B, A is a "smart man." If A defrauds a company, it is a "financial operation." These euphemisms have aided in blinding United States moral sense. We regret to see a journal like the Critic giving currency to a sentiment like that we have quoted. If it is a joke, it is a bad joke, and, therefore, worse than no joke. If it is serious, it is reprehensible. We fear it is only a symptom of the general laxity of moral tone so prevalent across the line.

* * *

An Interesting Government Report.

IT is not often a departmental report is of more than ephemeral value. It contains, perhaps, statistics for the past twelve months or a defence of the Government of the day made to order. When the occasion of its production has passed away the report goes to the butterman to roll up his pats of butter or to the trunk man to line his trunks. But we have had the pleasure of receiving one report which stands out as being of permanent value and indeed of national importance. If there is any subject in which Canada is or ought to be interested, it is her mines and forests. In them lies her capital. Concerning them and not concerning the Manitoba schools question ought Canadian Parliaments and Local Legislatures to debate. Ontario has millions of acres of forest land and millions of tons of iron ore side by side. Why do Canadians not put this and that

together? Why is it they have not seen what is above their heads and under their feet? Why is it that their strength has been frittered away in Orange and Green quarrels instead of being applied with giant vigour to the development of the Dominion? These are questions which strike home and they are suggested more than ever by the report of Mr. Thomas Southworth, Clerk of Forestry to the Province of Ontario. Hear what Mr. Southworth reports. We may premise that we are not advertising the company whose operations Mr. Southworth describes, but on the principle that *palman qui meruit ferat*, we desire to call attention to the example set by the company he names. Would that our lumbermen followed their example.

The Rathbun Company float logs, cut from their own limits and bought from settlers, down the Napanee, Moira, Salmon, and Trent Rivers to Deseronto, and by the Madawaska and Calabogie. Considerable quantities are also brought in by rail, over a thousand car-loads of cedar and non-floatable timber coming in this way yearly. I drove from Deseronto to Napanee Mills to see the annual timber drive which was then on the way down the Napanee river. It was not a very handsome lot of timber, from a lumberman's standpoint. It was composed of "all sorts and conditions" of logs. There were some good sticks of pine, but there was also every kind of log that would float, large and small, straight and crooked, smooth and knotty logs partly burnt, in fact everything light enough to float down the river. I was informed the drives coming down the other streams were similar in quality. Upon reaching Deseronto, the logs are separated and to some extent classified. The cedar is taken to the cedar mill, a large and substantial structure, where cedar, tamarack, etc., is worked up, and where a large number of men are employed. When the logs are hauled up into the mill, if large enough, they are sawed up into lumber, now become very scarce. If the log is not large enough or good enough for lumber, it may do for a couple of railway ties, in which case it is sawn in two and flatted, or it may make a tie and a fence post, or two fence posts, leaving enough over at the end for one or more blocks for street paving. In some cases the log has to be made into shingles, but it is a pretty tough stick that is not manufactured into something, if it is no more than steam. The saw-dust is used partly for fuel, as is that from the other mills, which I will further refer to. With the other logs the process is similar. In the case of pine and spruce, waste pieces that cannot be made into lath may be long enough for matches, and if so they are cut up into match splints and exported to England. This branch of their business, though of quite recent date, already gives employment to nearly one hundred hands. Short pieces of lath not long enough for use as lath are cut to regular lengths and sent to New York to be made into banana crates. Oak, maple, cherry, ash, birch, butternut, tamarack, and other woods are used in ship and car building. Of the timber found unfit to be sawn into any kind of lumber or square timber the worst and roughest is sent to Napanee mills to be used in the Portland Cement works to make steam or burn lime and hydraulic cements. Other of the rough wood is fed to the sixteen big bee-hive furnaces or kilns and is made into charcoal and a variety of other articles of commerce. A cord of wood will produce forty-five bushels of charcoal, and quantities of alcohol, acetate of lime, oil of tar, pitch and pyrolignite of iron. These ingredients are distilled from the smoke of the wood during carbonization in a large building erected for that purpose. Scarcely any wood is consumed in the process of carbonizing the contents of the kiln, as this is effected by means of the gas generated from the wood being carbonized, the generating of this gas being started by a small quantity of wood placed in a small arch inside the kiln. When this quantity of wood is consumed the gas does the rest of the work. Of the product of the charcoal works and the chemical works, nearly all, except the alcohol and the acetate of lime is exported to the United States. The charcoal is sent to Detroit and is used in smelting iron. Their output would run a twenty ton iron furnace, and it seems odd that with so much iron ore of good quality as is known to exist all through Eastern Ontario this charcoal should be sent to the United States to be used in mak-

ing iron there. Some day, let us hope, capital may be found willing to take the risk of trying to develop this industry in Eastern Ontario. The greater part of the sawdust and small chips and blocks, too small to be worked up into any thing, is used to make steam, but a considerable portion of the sawdust is sifted, mixed with an equal quantity of clay and made into a building material now coming into very general use, known as Prouss Terra Cotta brick. This brick possesses some remarkable qualities and is fast growing in favour with the building trade. It is said to be absolutely fire and frost proof, is a good deadening material for partition walls in houses, is very warm and dry, will stand a very heavy crushing strain and is very light in weight. It can be sawn and nails can be driven into it as into wood. When heated to white heat, sudden immersion in water will not make it crack. It is a new use for a by-product of the forests and it is likely to become very general.

We make no apology for the length of this extract. But we call our readers' attention specially to the words in italics. Well may Mr. Southworth wonder as he does at the national slowness! Is there not a field here for our men of science also? Can they show no improved methods for charcoal treatment of ore? Every newspaper in Canada should copy and call attention to this report of Mr. Southworth. Now that capital is deserting the United States, here is a field for its employment at our very doors.

There are other valuable contributions in this report. Mr. Kirkwood's paper on the planting and management of woods is most instructive. We consider that every teacher in the Dominion should be furnished with a copy of this report and be required to teach his senior class the information it contains. The Trades and Labour Council, whose primary duty it ought to be to seek new modes of employment for their fellow-workmen, should agitate for the adoption of a policy which will give work for their hands and bread for their families. To every Canadian agency in England and the Continent should also be sent sufficient copies for appropriate distribution, and the Government should specially take steps to bring the suggestions made by Mr. Southworth to the notice of capitalists. Mr. Laurier and Mr. Hardy, Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Marter can do more for Canada by a policy of this kind than they can by trying to jockey one another out of power.

* * *

Condition of Society in Canada When it Passed to the English in 1763.

TO understand fully how affairs were in Canada at the time of the death of Montcalm, it is necessary to go to France for the condition of men there. For Canada was but a reflection of France thrown on the continent of North America. There were gentlemen of the sword and gentlemen of the robe in France, and they did not change their character when they came to Canada. In France, they belonged to two distinct classes or races in the state. Gentlemen of the sword (*gens d'épée*) were descendants of the old military classes of France. They were derived from soldiers of the Age of Chivalry (1000-1400). They were taught to estimate honour above all things. Their children inherited the right of wearing a sword and generally entered the military profession. In the history of this class, in Canada, there is no mark of dishonour. Every member did his duty to the best of his ability and often to the danger of his life. They most frequently married in their own ranks and associated apart from the other branch of the aristocracy, who consisted of gentlemen of the robe (*gens de robe*). Not only did they associate apart from them, but there was a constant hostility issuing from their nearness to each other in affairs of state.

The gentlemen of the robe were those who, in France, arose to eminence by filling offices in the civil service of the country. They occupy, relatively, the same place in Can-

adian history. They were politicians, lawyers, financiers, state bankers who had loaned the state money, or who had bought up the right to collect the revenue of a certain district.

When a man had arisen to a certain position in this civil service he was made a "noble" by the king. But the honourable military officers of France, and of Canada, considered the civil nobility to be without honour, as it almost always proved itself to be. For rank in the civil nobility, or among the gentlemen of the robe could be bought, but rank among the military aristocracy of France could be purchased only by honourable and distinguished service in the army. D'Argenson, a Minister of War in France, proclaimed this before the king, on one occasion, when he thought it was the intention of the king to override this ancient and honourable requisite of the military order.

It was this civil service nobility not only that ruined France at a later day, but at this very period was one cause of the loss of Canada to France. The chief officer, in Canada, of this civil service was François Bigot, third and last intendant. He was a prince among thieves. Elevated, like all creatures of the court, to esteem rank and wealth above honour, he became intendant of Canada during the time that Montcalm, Bourgainville and Lévis were struggling to free the country from the tightening grasp of the English. His stealings at Louisbourg, in the last siege of 1745, had already provoked a mutiny in the garrison that hastened the capitulation. Instead of being punished he was sent to an advanced position in Canada. He there created an administration after his own image. He was the giant of the fable with an hundred hands, and every hand was a thievish one. It was said that "every official stole from the intendant and the comptroller down to the smallest cadet."

Now in the ancient administration the intendants were officers of the highest civil rank. They had control of the administration, the courts and the treasury. In the provinces of old France, as well as in the Colonies, they held command over every service. The governors-general exercised but a nominal authority when compared with the intendants.

The people employed by Bigot were the most flourishing in the colony. "Honest men starved while rogues made fortunes," as Montcalm said. They made fortunes by getting control of the right to provision places. From money devoted to public works they stole again; again in furnishing the material of war and naval equipment; again in merchandize to be delivered to the Indians. Through this dishonesty the "Colony rests disarmed in the face of the enemy," wrote Montcalm; "dishonesty has become treason. They have given to the soldiers guns whose stocks break like glass. They have made ditches in the place of forts,—that of Carillon, full of defects, costs as much to the king as Brisach, and serves but to enrich the engineers of the country."

Montcalm made repeated complaints to the king against this class of men and the society they formed in Canada. His complaints were seconded by all the military commanders under him; by Bourgainville, Lévis, and Doreil, the military intendant. But his complaints produced little effect in France, because they were counteracted on by the civil aristocracy that had possession of the court and parliament and clung with both hands to the skirts of Madame de Pompadour, the king's mistress.

This corrupt society in Canada, feasting while the General and soldiers were fighting, and living on poor rations, was the same as that that continued at the head of affairs in France down to the time of the French Revolution. It was their dishonourable and dishonest as well as extravagant lives—their wives' and children's also—that afterwards ruined France as they destroyed the French power in Canada.

It shows to what a low degree a nobility without a good name behind it can bring a country; for a bad example is fashionable only when it is offered by those in the highest position. Then all follow it and call it gallantry. No one in a lowly position can possibly become a standard by being corrupt. His corruption is easily admissible, while his goodness is a surprise that sometimes enables one of lowly origin to reach the highest place and adorn it with the virtues that bless his career from beginning to end.

This gives a sketch of the two branches of the ruling

class in Canada, with their appropriate characteristics. The civil service people had become rich through the misery of their fellow-citizens. With all their riches there was little for them to enjoy in a country which ceased to afford them more—now that it had passed under the power of the English. Now, also, since they were released from employment, and on a level with the other French people, they began to feel the hatred of those other French, who rightfully regarded them as the fruitful source of misfortune and misery. Most of this class took their game with them and retired into France, where they expected to live in grand style on the proceeds of their dishonesty. But the high military chiefs also returned to France, and they were indignant at the effrontery of these men. At the demand of the military men, a Council of State was instituted under M. de Sartines, lieutenant of police, to judge sovereignly the "authors of prevarications committed in Canada." Bigot and fifty-five others appeared before this commission. The inquiry and trial lasted two years. Bigot and his colleagues were condemned to restore 12,000,000 francs, and he and his sub-deputy, Varin, were banished from the Court.

The reason why a civil service, consisting of intendants and others, was created in France was to take away the power of the military order. The chiefs of this military order had from the earliest time become firmly established, holding great tracts of country, each one supreme within his castle, powerful, surrounded by his retainers, and independent from the rental of his own lands. Within the limit of their lands, these knights were civil magistrates as well as military commanders. Many of their ancestors had won their lands by the sword, and had been recognized as sovereigns by the Crown. But there came a time when the Crown, listening to schemes for its own aggrandizement and for the elevation of the household servants, by using greater force, took away from the feudal or military aristocracy, the civil magistracy in their own domains, and appointed thereto its own creatures.

To understand exactly who were the classes of the French in Canada and what were their condition before the war, a survey of the treaty is needed which was entered into in 1760 between Gen. Amherst, on the part of the English, and the Marquis de Vaudreil, Governor and Lieutenant-General for the King, on the part of the French.

Article 27: "The free exercise of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion shall remain, so that all the states and people of the towns and country-places and posts shall be able to continue to assemble in churches, and frequent the sacraments as before, without being disturbed directly or indirectly." The English Government in this article was also petitioned to see that the people paid their tithes, as formerly, to the priests. The chapters, priests and missionaries were also to be allowed to continue their curial exercises and functions in the parishes.

Articles 34 contains the fact that there were rents of lordships (seigneuries) in the hands of priests, and it was accorded that they should still possess them, under the English, together with all their other honours, exemptions and privileges.

Article 37 concludes with the recognition that the lords of domain (seigneurs), military officers and officers of justice, and French people of town and country, and merchants, through the whole extent of Canada, should continue to possess their lordships, holdings, merchandize, with all the rights of action in regard to them that possession implies.

Article 40 includes the Indian allies of France, claiming for them the same protection as was accorded the French people, who by this treaty were placed under the government of the English. This generous proviso was well worthy the honour of the French soldiery, that they should think of their humble and defenceless allies at the time of their own misfortune. Yet it must be added that it is good fortune, not bad fortune, that causes men most frequently to forget their humble friends of yore!

As for the King of France, whose weakness and folly and patronage of unworthy favourites—that is, while they were worthy of him they were unworthy of the powers he bestowed on them—when a monument was erected to his memory in the Champs-Élysées at Paris an unknown hand traced these words on the pedestal:

Je est ici, comnee à Versailles,
Je est sans coene at sans entrailles.

The French, it must now be seen by this sketch, entered as subjects of England in Canada, at this period, in three classes. The landed gentry (seigneurs), the priests and professional classes, and the people. They are all mentioned separately in the articles of capitulation, and their separate rights were accorded. The seigneurs had their territorial rights and courts of manor, the priests had their tithes and privileges, the merchants, farmers and manufacturers, their appropriate places according to the law of old France, under which they had lived before in Canada. It was further stipulated that thenceforward all laws made for the governance of English and French in Canada, resting on this treaty as a constitution, should be published in French as well as in English.

On this treaty the Catholic party in Canada have laid the most extravagant claims. Notwithstanding that the laws of England excluded Catholics from the throne, and that people of all classes regard the Catholic power as a menace to individual and national unity, they expected to be favoured beyond the just interpretation of the law. The treaty meant no more and no less than what its articles declare. These articles provide that the clergy shall have all the rights and privileges as they existed under the French. This did not mean that they might spread their system over Canada, create new domains and acquire greater privileges on the strength of what they already had. If the treaty is to be exactly interpreted, they were to remain as they existed at the conquest, within the same limits, with the same number of parishes, with the same number of priests. Otherwise, the seigneurs might make a claim, that inasmuch as their rights and privileges were recognized in the treaty, it implied that the feudal system ought to be extended at their demands over the whole of Canada, also.

VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

* * *

Margaret in the Valley.

Amidst these grandeurs of the hills,
My love came long ago to me,
And him alone they show to me,
His spirit the horizon fills.

Dark verdure of the solemn pines,
How stern and grave your mystery!
You chant my heart's sad history
In mournful, immemorial lines.

Ye glades that skirt the rocky verge—
That shuts this quiet landscape in
Far from the city's dust and din—
Ye listen silent to the dirge

'Tis twice a day your peace is vain:
Broken by steam's o'er-mastering throb:
I hear the imprisoned giant sob,
The long procession of the train.

And once I yearned to hear the roar
That broke the stillness of the lea;
But since it bore my love from me,
I hate its tumult more and more!

BERNARD McEVROY.

* * *

The New Spirit.

TO lament the love of the novel is the extreme of unreason; for, in a way, it is by the novel that we advance. Experiment is but dissatisfaction with the known, and it is by experiment that progress is made. Had Copernicus rested in Ptolemy, we might still have believed that the sun moved round the earth. But—owing, perhaps, to the power of experiment (at all events in science—and this, we have often enough been told, is a "scientific age"), we are a little apt to attribute to the novel an efficacy it does not wholly possess. We rail at the Church for its treatment of Galileo; but if all were Galileos and there were no Church, there might be trouble. There are down-hills in the path-way of progress: and the coach that has no skid comes to grief. Pope's *dictum*, "Whatever is, is right," to-day we amend by reading "Whatever is, is rectifiable." So it may be. But not at once. This, it seems to me, is the lesson that

this "scientific age" has yet to learn. What a hurry it is in! Boulanger goes to the country on the single vague issue, "Revision of the Constitution;" Gladstone (almost on the spur of the moment) on "Home Rule for Ireland;" and, if they were men of larger calibre, there are so-called "leaders" who would go to the country on such equally vague issues—vague, that is, in their results, if not in their theories—as total prohibition, an eight-hours' day, bimetallism, woman suffrage, payment of members of Parliament, one man one vote, confiscation of land, voluntary taxation, and so forth—any reader of the newspapers may fill out the list.

In its essence, then, what is this "New Spirit?" We shall, perhaps, find its characteristics most clearly portrayed in a branch of intellectual activity which, by many, is deemed outside the beaten tracks of human progress—in the novel namely. The novel, said the de Goncourt, is contemporary moral history. It is. And what is the characteristic of the typical modern novel? When one speaks of the "typical modern novel" the titles that rise to one's mind are, I suppose, such as "Dodo," "Trilby," "The Heavenly Twins," "A Yellow Aster" "Ideala," "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—to which we may add the modern drama, typified in Ibsen and Pinero (Sardou is still of an older school). Well, and what is the essence of these? Broadly this: Christianity and the Sermon on the Mount might, so far as they are concerned, never have existed. The "meek" and the "poor in spirit" to day are simply "not in it." No; we have travelled a long way from Christianity.

To the modern novel, too, and consequently to the new spirit, the community is everything. But, curiously enough, the individual is everything also. That is the *crux* of the difficulty. This is evidently the age of communities: everything is "run" by the community—that is, by the majority; but, as communities are composed of individuals, and, as by the still-existing influences of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the "right of private judgment" is a factor as yet uncancelled, how the wishes of the individual and the right of the majority are to be reconciled—this is the problem which puzzles the new spirit. In the sixteenth century the problem was solved by the Church; in the seventeenth by the aristocracy; in the eighteenth by the majority; in this century we are still discussing who shall settle it. The Church has gone by the board; the aristocracy are fast going; the majority have held sway long enough; who is to decide now?

And the questions to be decided upon are no joke. There is a tremendous movement against monogamy. A writer in the Westminster Review has styled "life-long marriages" a "curse to civilization." He, apparently, would advocate the Persian system of hiring a wife as one hires a house. Writers by the half-hundred have denounced private ownership of land—though why they should denounce private ownership of land any more than private ownership of railway stock, they have not yet shown. Writers by the hundred would swear by "the State," whatever "the State" may mean. They would have "the State" educate, feed, supply with books, pension, and all but keep alive the whole community, forgetting, apparently, that "the State" is nothing but the community acting through its chosen representatives. So that in shouting for "remedial legislation" for the community by "the State," it is virtually shouting for remedial action for the community by the community—which, in the last resort, means that the community shall provide for its own food, shelter, and education—a self-evident proposition. Although what the demagogue really means by so shouting is that the few shall pay for the food, shelter, and education of the many—"the few" being, of course, the rich. Though why he who, by industry and provision, accumulates a fortune should provide for those who, by indolence and improvidence have not, does not altogether appear.

In brief the new spirit evinces itself in the antagonism of the individual to the community, much as long use of the word "democracy" may seem to have apotheosized the community to the detriment of the individual. The individual grows tired of one wife: immediately he thinks he ought to be able to get rid of her and say so, and says that "the State" should authorize him to do so. The individual is too indolent or too stupid to acquire a competence: he thinks "the State" ought to give him an eight-hours' day, and to pension him at the age of sixty, and says so. The individual has more children than he can conveniently bring up and

educate: he thinks "the State" ought to pay for their education, their luncheons, and their text-books. And the individual forgets all the time that it is the community—that is, himself and his fellow citizens, not the abstract "State," that pays.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* * *

Parisian Affairs.

THE journals indulge in sackcloth and ashes articles upon the dying out of the French population. In the census of 1886, the total excess as compared with 1881, was 565,380 individuals. In the census taken for the corresponding period of 1896, the increase was only 138,819. "What a fall is there, my countrymen." And note, in this decreased increase are included the resident strangers, who have no fear to show their Gallic neighbours, how they obey the command to increase and multiply. Look on this picture and on this; while the population of all France only augmented by 138,819 during "five years" terminating 1896, that for Great Britain and Ireland increased by 131,320 individuals in "three months," not including the swarms of emigrants from the hive. In other words, Britain's inhabitants augment as much in ninety days ending 30th June last, as do those of France in the space of five years. That's the unpalatable and instructive comparison in a nutshell.

This deplorable situation of France will continue till manners change. But that reform is akin to expecting a river to flow back in its course, or landing the Sisyphian stone on the summit of the hill. The evil rests with the rich married couples, who wilfully remain sterile. The code does not punish that conspiracy against natality, and the slowly descending augmentation attests that moral and patriotic considerations are of no efficacy. The other classes say that children are only a luxury for the rich; the poor decline to speculate in babies. The poet says, "Ill fares the land, etc., when men decay." The rurals immigrate to the cities, to the great injury of morals and manners, and the country districts cease to be re-peopled. For this immigration, obligatory military service has much to answer for; the country conscript, after serving three years under the flag, six months in as many different cities, is rendered, on being discharged, unfitted for the work of farm labour; he has imbibed the love for excitement and amusement of the towns. It is that same military obligation that makes Frenchmen when they do emigrate to avoid their own colonies and possessions. Legislator Seigfrid, of Havre, has proclaimed over and over again that it was the repeal of the law of primogeniture that emasculated French emigration, by taking away from younger sons the incentive to go abroad and seek their fortune by hand and brain. The revision of the constitution; the separation of Church from State; the making paupers of all persons stained with Rothschildism; the Russian Alliance, or the evacuation of Egypt by the British, will not prevent the population in ten years from crossing the line of relative decrease to positive dwindling. No League can rescue French vitality from its destined doom, and which is accelerated owing to the sad havoc made by the frightful augmentation in the consumption of absinthe.

As it never rains but it pours, the shortage in the revenue returns for July has been 4½ million frs. And the financial is more important and immediate than the population difficulty. Instead of boldly voting the income tax with a graduated poundage, the Government inclines to a policy of makeshifts. It is apparently flirting with the project of becoming the wholesale and retail brandy dealer for the nation. Faddists allege that if the State took over the alcohol monopoly, as it does lucifer matches and the manufacture of cigars, the annual revenue would run up in a bound, like a balloon, 33 per cent. The Minister of Finance never utters a *Retro Satanas* to the tempters, as if the nation was not sufficiently injured already by the passion for fire-waters.

The impression here is that Li Hung Tchang, while being paid every official respect as the representative of a large empire—though not so "great" as Japan—has not found Lord Salisbury in any hurry to concede the demand for increased taxation of British imports. The promise of confiding the construction of warships to England, his lordship dryly reminded Li, did not relate to his department, but to

British shipbuilders. Some concession to open up the empire and to keep the gangway clear to Peking might form the basis of a barter. Does China contain within herself the seeds of resuscitation, or is Britain to merely aid the Son of Heaven to become a more powerful instrument, or ally, for the Czar? On condition that China would throw open all her closed ports and allow commercial daylight to there freely enter, England and Germany would secure her another loan, cheaper than Franco-Russian financiers.

Impartial lookers-on, and so the best judges of the game, avow that England has checkmated Russia in the latter's proposal to blockade Crete. Russia and France have now to dry-nurse the Sick Man, and so cannot oppose the Christian, the Hellenic, smashing-up of European Turkey. The Ottoman empire, rapidly falling to pieces, for the cracking of the ice is ominous everywhere, falls within the ambition of Russia; only it is coming sooner than she expected, and is not prepared for the dismemberment. She cannot even aid the "Shadow" to raise a little cash, and there is no corn in Egypt visible. Lord Salisbury has this time the ball at his feet; before he utilizes a British ironclad he must see those of other nations present—of Germany especially, who fills the academic adviser rôle as usual—and that if bombarding is to be done, England must take her precautions that none of the six Powers will sail away at the psychological moment. The fire this time seems to have gained the Balkans. As the Arabs say, the speaking is now to the powder. The Egyptian bondholders continue to be gloomy at the contemplated and very business-like project of the Khedive to convert the national debt into five per cent. stock. It is said the Powers will not permit him to so act, as if any compact could prevent a man taking up and paying off his bills, as he has the option to do, when in possession of the cash. Russia has been black-balled in the London Stock Exchange for autocratically converting a loan from a higher to a lower rate of interest, after binding herself not to do so till after the lapse of a fixed period. That's not the case of the Khedive.

The renewed attacks of the German press, all for the French gallery, and Bismarck's old game, fail to draw. The Gauls see through the artifice as plainly as do the Britons. The former discount it as a means to turn aside attention from Germany's situation, and of her reported handing over of poor Alsace to Baden, and raising the latter to a kingdom, like Saxony and Bavaria. It would take a great many columns of Anglophobian writing to console French patriotism for that "new departure" of the amputated province. But the French take a good note that Germany does not drain herself of men and money to develop her colonial possessions while she covers France with flowers and envelopes her in incense for doing so. "She agrees with us in pulling up Japan; she approves of us—along with Russia understood—opposing England in executing Lord Rosebery's Armenian policy; so far, that may be good Samaritanism, but, if matters came to a head, would she contribute the oil and the two pence by employing her ships and her army?" You will never eradicate from the mind of a Frenchman that *au fond* Germany and Britain understand each other; that may be inexact, but it is a salutary suspicion. In the coming European war it is possible to guess the grouping of the Powers at its commencement, but who would hazard the combinations at its close? The gigantic contest, where the existence of at least four States will be at stake, is beyond all human ken. All one can count upon is, that the Power with the longest purse, and the greatest staying resources, has the odds in its favour, and that secondary realms will soon discover how to range themselves behind the handle of the broom.

A few faddists are taking soundings as to the having a convocation of the "Latin race." It would be well to first of all define what is the Latin race, and to bring out a demographic map of the whereabouts of its members. The Balkans claim to possess the purest branch of the Latin family—it is a kind of lost tribe, but the natives speak not the less the language of ancient Rome, and though the country be marshy, the dialect is not "bog Latin." The theory or doctrine of "nationalities"—the *dada* of Napoleon III.—was his ruin. He advocated it for the Germans, who ran together and took him prisoner, out of gratitude, at Sedan; he tried Latin race planting in Mexico, and was Monroed in due course by Juarez and Uncle Sam; he helped to unify Italy, and she ended by preferring the Germans.

To-day France prefers the Slavs before any other people, and Greek sympathies have been carried over to Byron's countrymen—one returns always to their first love. France has other fish to fry than patchwork pastimes of race. She is, like England, closely studying the rapid commercial growth of Germany, that the sly Teuton has stolen a march on them while they were bagatelling about the Nile valley, Mekong, and the Niger. Now they are on his tracks, and intend to make him stand and deliver his secrets. The German bagman has got a big start of them, and is well seasoned for the race.

Paris is an abomination of bad smells. The doctors are this time agreed. They recommend people quitting the city for holidays, and by the time they return mother Nature will have arranged all with the goddess Hygie. Some sanitarians accuse the paying water-closets—*entrance libre et prix fixé*—as the cause of the offensive odours; the closets hit back and lay the charge at the doors—or rather kitchens—of the multitude of cheap restaurants in their vicinity! It is a pretty quarrel as it stands.

Although Prince d'Arenberg, the new chairman of the Suez Canal Co., be not an Anglophilist, and which is no crime, he is an excellent man of business. He is the great gun of the Colonial Expansionists. The position is non-political, and the big ditch being now internationalized, he can never place his legs on its banks, and Colossus-of-Rhodes-like, compel the British navy to sail under that "fork." Britain now controls the majority of the shares, and can command the exit and entrance of the canal, while any Cairo donkey-boy, with a few cartridges of dynamite, can close it.

Paris, August 8th, 1896.

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Letters to the Editor.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

SIR,—Under the above heading, in the issue of THE WEEK for the 7th August, you appear to be apprehensive as to the happening of great events in the immediate future, but do not seem to be very certain where the Wave will start from, nor where it will strike with the greatest force. The Signs of the Times, apart from any other consideration, denote some impending calamity or calamities of great inquietude to be approaching. So as not to prolong this statement, and without at present giving elaborate reasons for my prognostications, I simply assert that some events may be expected, and that soon, out of the ordinary course. The history of the world shows that all human revolutions and convulsions have been preceded by, or accompanied with, striking and unusual natural phenomena in heaven and in earth. These are noticeable in all the continents of this earth at the present time. But to come to the question, as to the immediate coming events, it may be asserted with little doubt that a great war will soon be in evidence on the continent of Europe. As to the nations expected to take part in that war there are and have been seriously expressed diversities of judgment. My view—contrary to most predictions I have observed as made—is, that the great War will primarily be between Germany and Russia; and, secondarily, with their respective allies, probably, as now indicated, by present alliances. Germany, Austria and Italy on the one side and Russia and France on the other.

Thus all the great Continental European nations will be engaged. England will not be a party. Her true policy is to keep out; and I judge she will keep out of the impending conflict. Her present attitude is in that direction, and she should pursue it with all her wisdom and energy. The immediate occasion of the war will, I think, be the Central Provinces or Principalities of Europe. One or more of the number will be the bone of contention. The Emperors of Germany and Russia do not wish for the war, but it will come; they cannot prevent it. They are not their own masters, although in a sense despotic and tyrannical. England will then be master of the situation—of Egypt, the rest of Africa, of Asia, including China and Japan. In another generation, after Russia is worsted in this conflict, as she will be, a war with England will be in order. They have been at the line of battle in Afghanistan for over fifty

years, and at least six times have they come to the mark, which led the world to look for an immediate conflict, yet each time they respectively withdrew without coming to blows. It will not be so after Russia has revived from the coming defeat. Then England will lead Asia against Russia; and the millions of barbarians thus let loose will overrun Europe, and history will repeat itself. Another Barbarian inroad, as in the Roman empire of old, so now in the kingdoms of Europe, will be made. The result will be much the same. The German Emperor is no fool, whatever some people may say of his impulsive movements at times. He has seen this result, although probably not the way it will be brought about. See his sketch in an early number of this year's Review of Reviews, in which he pictures Christendom trying to stem the tide of Barbarism.

Toronto, August 11th, 1896.

PROGRESS.

* * *

Lines to a Bird.

My captive bird, I hear thee sing,
And when I list thy plaintive strain
Sad memories wake within my breast
That will not rest nor sleep again.

Like thee, immured in lonely walls,
Like thee I pine for life and light,
O could I see the days again
That once were bright.

Or could I flee these desert scenes,
With thee that life and light I'd share
And see thee set thy sailing wing,
And seek again the rustling air.

With thee I'd fly to sylvan greens
Where vernal blossoms deck the year,
Where rural scenes enchant the eye
And pastoral notes persuade the ear

But not for me those wooded haunts
To fancy fond, to memory dear,
With thee, my bird, I languish still,
Thy limpid note content to hear

EMMA C. READ.

* * *

Some Considerations on the Advantages
we may Hope to Derive from
Education.*

BY WILLIAM KINGSFORD, LL.D., F.R.S. (C.), OTTAWA.

IT must generally be admitted that those who desire to give a good education to their own children, or to young relatives dependent on them, are guided by some theory as to the object they have in view. It may not in their own mind always be capable of definition, and the hope they form may be vague and wanting in precision. The feeling, however, whatever it may be, has a recognized activity; hence I humbly conceive that an inquiry into its character may enable us to place it in a somewhat concrete form; moreover, that it will not be unacceptable to those on whom the obligation is entailed.

If the intent be to assure the child's future, it becomes a duty to examine into the character of the direction to be given to the young mind, that this hoped-for result may be attained; and it is by no means clear that there will be a general acceptance of any positive definition of that suggestive word, success. The estimate of it must vary in the ratio of the consideration given to the moral or material results desired. Some may regard the acquisition of wealth as the first object in life. Money will purchase much, but it cannot be said that its power is unlimited. The most valuable acquisition it can confer undoubtedly is independence of conduct, and that it will extend liberty of action; not always possible with men struggling for a livelihood. It is easy to conceive the strong desire to obtain this independence, apart from any craving for luxury, and free from the desire of being reputed to be wealthy, with the status it confers. There

* The above address was delivered before the meeting of the Ontario Teachers, held in the Normal School, Toronto, May, 1896.

may be many who inculcate the doctrine of the all-potentiality of money, but it cannot be said to play an admitted part in any system of teaching. Of the same character is the desire that the youth may rise to a high position in his career, for there are prizes in every calling, and fond parents hope to see their child attain distinction, whatever vocation he may follow.

With these aspirations there is a wholesome fear of the evil consequences to which ignorance can lead. We are not wanting in examples of the extent it brutalizes the individual, and of its creation of a class dangerous to the well being of the state, to be duly guarded against with continual watchfulness. It has also its comic side, when, if free from guilt and from endless evil consequences, it casts ridicule on those afflicted with it. A story is told of a baronet utterly uneducated, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood of a battle ground renowned since the Wars of the Roses. Late in life he resolved to be presented at Court. George III, who followed the rule of making some civil remark to every person who attended his levee for the first time, found a difficulty in selecting a speciality in the baronet's career for a topic of personal comment, so he congratulated him on the historic associations of his estate as being near the scene of the renowned battle. The baronet was surprised by the remark. Finally he stammered out, "It is true, your Majesty, that I did have a few rounds with the blacksmith, but I am surprised the fact should be known to your Majesty."

We may smile at the story, let us profit by its teaching and cultivate the judgment and intelligence to avoid such an exhibition. An unhappy incident of this character might mar a career from which much was hoped, and create a false impression only to be effaced by careful effort.

We cannot fail early to learn the vastness of the field of modern art, science and literature, in which as a whole we can attain but little more than partial and elementary knowledge. We may see the plain widely extended before us, but how few are able to pass onward to any extent on its ample space. As we advance forward towards the goal we desire to reach, we soon learn that it is only by continuous movement we can accomplish the journey to excellence and prominence in any one branch of learning. What really can we know of many subjects beyond their first principles and mere elementary facts? Whatever the training we pass through, and however efficient the aids we receive in our studies, we must be all more or less self educated. The difference lies in the start made in life's race; the progress we may achieve in our endeavour to reach the goal is really dependent on our own effort. It is by our own industry alone that the problem lying before us for solution can be mastered.

One of the objections urged against the study of the classics is the limited progress made by the schoolboy, and that unless continued in mature life, from the insufficiency of the knowledge obtained, is of no value. It must be extremely limited for this criticism to be accepted. The boy at least learns the abstract laws and structure of grammar, and gains some acquaintance with the history and civilization of antiquity. Is it different in any other pursuit? In abstract mathematics, in chemistry, or in the study of any of the economic sciences that have advanced human happiness and civilization? What proficiency under the conditions named are we able to attain beyond mastering some main facts? The first heights of a range of hills, seen from the plain below, stand out to us as the attainable object of our journey; when they have been gained they are discovered to be only a series of successive elevations rising above us, which, one by one, have to be surmounted before the summit is reached. Equally in the pursuit of knowledge; in no long period we are taught how illimitable is the field before us.

It is not immediately that a boy can learn the books of Euclid that are read; but when mastered, I put it to any mathematician if anything more than a trifling advance has been made in a long and difficult study. It was the tradition of a former time that mathematics expanded the reasoning faculties, and the study of them was commended as a means of mental discipline. This view has passed away. If we admit the testimony of ancient and modern thinkers, no studies tend to cultivate a smaller number of the faculties, or in a more partial or feeble manner. I could multiply examples of this view expressed by men eminent in the world's history. I will confine myself to d'Alembert and Descartes. The former said of the study that it only made straight

minds without a bias, and only dried up and chilled natures already prepared for the operation. Descartes wrote that he was anxious not to lose any more of his time in the barren operation of geometry and arithmetic studies which never lead to anything important. Voltaire tells us, *j'ai toujours remarqué que la géométrie laisse l'esprit où elle le trouve*. It is not to be denied that much ingenuity is required in the higher mathematics, such as in the integration of a complicated deferential; an exercise of knowledge and judgment, only attainable by study and perseverance. The operation, however, is nothing more than the reduction of an equation to greater simplicity, and I cannot recognize any operation of reason, or any mental training beyond the exercise of patience and diligence. Moreover, when the result has been reached, it is simply the means to an end: the creation of a formula applicable to mechanics or astronomy. In the former to determine the force required to meet a strain; in the latter to admit of the calculation of the movement of heavenly bodies; a science essential to the architect, the engineer, the electrician and the astronomer. I refer those who desire to examine into the view I express to the "Discussions on Literature and Philosophy," by Sir William Hamilton.

The same remark applies to the physical sciences, whether it be chemistry, geology, electricity, indeed to any section of physics. The interval is wide between the incidental study of any branch, and concentrated undivided attention in its acquirement. The former only aims at a general superficial acquaintance with facts and principles, in itself desirable and worthy of consideration, for it saves us from making ourselves ridiculous, and enables us to understand new inventions and discoveries. What can we learn of chemistry, except in a general way, without constant experiments with stills and retorts, the use of delicate instruments for analysis, and the pneumatic trough for the test of gases; indeed even a moderate knowledge of chemistry calls for the work of years in a laboratory. The superficial information we obtain from books we soon forget, and all that we commit to memory relative to symbols, is only remembered by those with whom it is a duty to know something of chemistry without the desire of becoming chemists. In the same way minute and precise knowledge relative to geology, mineralogy, electricity is only possible when we make some one study the leading subject of investigation. Can we hope to do more in any case than master the leading facts and characteristics of the several sciences we superficially investigate?

How can it be otherwise if the men who attain eminence concentrate their attention on one branch only? There is such a sub-division of labour, so constant an examination of the codified truths, such nice and delicate distinctions, possibly slight in themselves, but on which important theories depend, that it is only by constant study and examination that the truth is to be had. In modern scientific work, the "good all round man" is simply acceptable in the circle of mediocrity. He may shine in an after-dinner conversation, and, with those who know a subject superficially, may pass for erudite; but with abler critics his reputation is indeed slight. The French tell us that in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are kings, *Dans le royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. In modern life, to succeed in the science we profess, we require both eyes, and the use of every faculty.

On this point I will ask, whether in the high schools and universities we are not introducing too many subjects, and thus dissipate the attention of the student in place of concentrating it upon the choice he should make of a limited number; the studies enforced having little influence on the formation of character. There is a tendency to impart a superficial knowledge of a multiplicity of subjects, each one of which to be thoroughly mastered demands many years of patient study. Are we justified in devoting the first years of impressionable youth to this diversified ordeal? Is it not rather our duty to inculcate the belief that knowledge can only be attained by persistent effort in one direction. You may look through the records of literature, art, science, and political life; you may probe the lives of those who have attained eminence, I care not what the career has been, you will find that success in each case was not attributable to imperfect, uncertain, feverish, dissipated effort, but to careful, conscientious study, directed within the acquirement by which reputation has been gained.

I am afraid that this is not the common view. The modern curriculum embraces a multitude of subjects, even the narrative of which is bewildering.

We may recall the advertisement of the immortal Squeers in Nicholas Nickleby.

"Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms: Twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacation, and diet unparalleled."

This diversity, however, is by no means antagonistic to the views of the class, who, rejecting classics and modern languages as the studies best adapted to form the mind, would substitute the sciences for the inculcation of mental discipline. We cannot, however, adduce the influence that science has exercised on civilization and personal comfort, with its ramifications and beneficent effects, as a criterion of the moral benefit to be inculcated by the study so advocated. Any system of education that would neglect such consideration would be strangely imperfect. It was the fault in the teaching of the last, and the early years of this century. It is absolutely necessary that we obtain a fair knowledge of the principles and laws by which natural phenomena in the application of science are controlled; but this acquaintance with every-day facts is widely different from the minute and extended investigations, conducted as if it were the pursuit of an attainment to form the main labour of after-life.

It cannot be gainsaid that any one science consists of a myriad of cumulative inter-dependent facts from which generalizations are drawn to admit of nomenclature, classification, and order, inductively forming the principles by which any science is governed. Essentially it is the case in geology; palæontology is above all other of its branches dependent on minute differences of species. We may recollect "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who tells us of the professor who had devoted the main years of his life to the special study of a species of the beetle. We have to-day men who are mentioned as authorities of the species of the trilobite, and who define the classification of the poriferæ, known as the common sponge.

This minute study is essential in the determination of geological epochs, the relative age in the formations of the earth's genesis, as a guide to practical husbandry; but this technical minuteness can have no influence on general education. In this respect I conceive that it is unwise to do more than attempt to implant the cardinal facts and the general principles which, to a certain extent, can be mastered by ordinary industry.

Undoubtedly there is a great difference in the mental constitution of students, and their capacity for learning. No fallacy is so patent as the declaration that all men are born equal. Some are highly favoured in appearance and disposition. In a large city the consequence of our civilization is, that the majority of its denizens must toil and moil, and the few be rich and prosperous. We also differ in the objects individually we desire to attain; but in this inequality we find the incentive to progress, and the influences by which civilization is advanced, for the one active principle prevails, we aim to attain that which we do not possess. Johnson laughed at the idea of anyone writing a book, except for some reward. The man in want of money has its acquisition in view. Those in the enjoyment of ample means seek for honour and distinction. We cannot hope to find in this world the happy valley of peace and content, where no wish is unsatisfied and want unknown. Who can read unmoved Johnson's address to those "who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow." In a few words, it is a chapter of despondency and disappointment.

I believe that it is generally conceded, that whatever the inequalities of life, the means of happiness are equally extended; that is to say, that it lies in the grasp of all who seek to obtain it by prudence, rectitude and self-denial; that we are less dependent on external circumstances than many suppose. It has been said that a man is what he knoweth. Is it not more correct to say that a man is what he wanteth;

so much is artificial in modern civilization that we learn to entertain fanciful requirements. It is difficult to see how it can be otherwise with the incitements to comfort and ease which science furnishes.

In all the changes in the mode of life during the last seventy years, in the improvements of material comfort in every direction, with the extraordinary effect of the introduction of railways, which have worked a revolution in modern thought scarcely inferior to the impetus given by printing, and with the general dissemination of education in all classes, with all this, I humbly conceive that the student of history will find the main characteristics of humanity to be the same to-day as we read of them in Herodotus. We may trace in the early records the same varied panorama of passion, motive, patriotism, cruelty, self-interest and abnegation, with examples of that indescribable fascination which never fails to attract, and of that ruggedness of manner which so constantly repels, as we to-day experience in the intercourse with our fellows. We meet much in the study of the past to colour the theories we may form of human life. The improvement in morals, manners and attainments visible in our observation of this century cannot be referred to all classes. The imperishable works of ancient literature remain to betoken the highest genius, the most subtle originality, a marvellous knowledge of the human heart, set forth in an energetic and most perfect form of expression; works which have outlived twenty centuries. The improvement most discernible is to be traced in the attainments, the manners, habits and tastes of the humbler classes. The Roman spectators who crowded to the circus to witness the Christian overcome in the struggle with some wild, savage beast, and torn to pieces, or who shrieked out applause during the combat of gladiators when the fate of the vanquished depended on the upturned thumbs of the excited crowd as Byron has written, slaughtered to make a Roman holiday, from their standing point could not recognize that there was hard hearted cruelty or inhumanity in their nature. In their view they were present at a legalized ordinary amusement. In their hard code suicide was looked upon as the legitimate relief from misery. The reader of Livy may recollect the last Macedonian king, Perseus, imploring his conqueror, Æmilius Paulus, not to lead him in triumph, and receiving the reply that the matter was in his own hands.

Now-a-days we look sternly on amusements disgraced by brutality. We legislate against cock-fighting and dog-fights. Bull-baiting has long been forbidden by law. The prize ring, however, although illegal, retains its supporters, who, if not numerous, are certainly noisy.

It seems to me that in the examination I am attempting so imperfectly to make of the results we hope to effect in the education of our children, or as my contemporaries would say of our grandchildren, it is not possible to pass unnoticed the consideration of all that can be effected by home influences. How much lies in the power of the mother, or the female connection who supplies her place! Indeed it is not possible to over-estimate all that can be effected by this wise and fostering care. M de Quincey in his essay on Shakespeare has speculated on what Shakespeare's mother must have been. Mary, the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wellingcote, of one of the most ancient families of Warwickshire, which Dugdale tells us can be traced for six centuries from the days of Edward the Confessor. Mary Arden! as Charles Knight says, the name breathes poetry. Her position in the county gives an assurance of the worth and station of the Shakespeare family, and sets at naught many of the absurd myths that have entwined themselves around the supreme and universal excellence of her son. To my mind, in the scenes with the Queen in Hamlet, there is a deference shown by the son to the mother, in spite of her vices, which suggests Shakespeare's recollections of the happiness of his own young years.

By these home influences the child's mind can be moulded in the qualities of gentleness, of thoughtfulness of others, and with sympathy with what is good. When we have had the happiness to receive this teaching, the effect never wholly leaves us, whatever follies as we advance in life we may commit.

May I be permitted to express the hope that those present who have responsibilities of this character will ponder over my humble words, and consider the extent that the future of those dependent on them may be moulded to good by their precept and example.

It may be inferred from what I have said that in my poor judgment, neither the study of mathematics nor of the sciences can be recognized as the surest means of training, forming and developing the young mind; that in their extended study they must be regarded as technical, to be followed with the design of fitting a student for a professional career. There will ever be two schools advocating different theories of education; the one the practical; the other, for want of a better word, may be called the philosophical, in the etymological meaning of the word; the love of wisdom. The former assumes that all teaching is preparatory for active intercourse with the world in the state of life to be followed. The second keeps in primary prominence the development of the moral being; the effort to endow it with fixed principles, to create a standard of duty, to impregnate the young mind with sentiments of honour, truth and duty.

It would be absurd, as it would be unjust, to deny that these views have a place in practical education, and that the advocates of this system, when affirming as a primary principle that nothing should be learned but what may prove useful, neglect all moral training. Indeed they contend that it fully finds place in their system; but, that such is the competition in every avenue of progress that in order to fit the youth successfully to struggle with his competitors, it is necessary to gain the ability of doing so at as early a period of his life as possible. This argument is met by the objection that this peculiar training engenders much thought of self, that its tendency may make a man expert in a peculiar walk of life, but is not elevating in a moral point of view.

Nor is there accord among those who adopt the opposite theory that the greater advantage is attainable from the study of languages. The advocates of this view are divided on the expediency of prominence being given to the ancient over modern languages. Here we meet the practical argument that Latin and Greek, in whatever light they may be regarded as accomplishments, are useless in our intercourse with the world, while modern languages really prove of daily utility.

I have spoken of the limit of attainment in the general knowledge which a boy in the ordinary course of education may reach in a few years of his school novitiate. It is the common experience, unless with those endowed with rare ability, to permit of exceptional progress. It is stated of the late Lord Leighton that his father remarked to Powers, the sculptor, that after much hesitation he had at length consented to make his son an artist. Powers at once interrupted him by replying "that, nature has done for you." This illustration sustains the view that those only gifted with genius and great powers can reach the first rank of the calling they embrace. Indeed the most able and conscientious teacher can do little more than trace for us the path we should follow: it depends on our own abnegation and industry how far we advance upon it. I venture to express the opinion that in no one pursuit is the fact more apparent than in the study of a modern language. There is hardly anything so special. So many considerations are embraced, grammar, idiom, the knowledge of the words and phrases in use, the *tournure* of the language, the genders, the pronunciation, both of great importance, for a fault in either direction may lead to a *sad faux pas*. I recollect once remarking to a young girl who, I was given to understand, knew French perfectly, "*Vous parlez donc Français, mademoiselle.*" Her intention was to reply "*un peu,*" she said "*un pou,*" for the meaning of which I refer you to the dictionary.

Necessarily there are degrees of education enforced by circumstances. If the boy, from family exigencies, is destined at an early age to gain his own bread, the time of his disposal will admit only of his learning reading, writing and arithmetic as they are now sometimes spoken of as the three R's. This teaching is all that is possible with what incidental instruction can be given in general history, and in the principles of applied science. Where no such sacrifice is required, in my poor opinion, the study of the ancient languages should form the basis of education: Latin preceding Greek, the cultivation of which must depend on time and opportunity. Even a moderate knowledge of the former language, and I admit such is the general result in ordinary cases, tends more than any other form of knowledge to discipline the mind. From the structure of these languages and the strict laws of grammar a logical habit of thought is called forth, and a key to the grammar of all modern langu-

ages is gained by the study. Likewise the history of Greece and Rome encourages generous sympathies with the student, for it is replete with examples of patriotism, self-sacrifice, courage and devotion to duty; conduct never recorded but with praise. While vice, cruelty, treachery, meanness, falsehood and tyranny are mentioned with detestation. Equally it inculcates the love of truth, the foster-mother of every virtue. That sense of right and of duty, which, as Socrates tells Crito, is a voice I seem to hear as the coryphantes hear the sound of flutes with the resound of the echo, that nothing else can be heard. No one will dispute that the study confers purity of style and correctness of taste. Is it not something to speak and write our noble language with simplicity, force and correctness so that we are never misunderstood, and are able to express our thoughts with vigour and subtle emphasis? To command attention without affectation, to avoid the effort when artifice is apparent in every sentence? To learn to imitate the language we find in the writings of Goldsmith, of Macaulay, Jeffery, Sydney Smith and de Quincey. There must be a groundwork for every class of information, and what is essential is the creation of a core of sound knowledge, around which is to be coiled the technical attainments by which we are to gain our bread.

Parents must not suppose that a schoolboy leaves the sixth form with much more than a general knowledge of the ancient languages. He does not in the allotted time become a professional scholar, such as we read of three centuries back, when Latin was the common medium of correspondence; which produced men of the type of Erasmus, Luther, Roger Ascham, or Milton; in modern times, Bentley; or who possess the knowledge of Greek of Porson, Jowett or Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), of whom hereafter I have to speak. I have to ask, is the progress in science or in modern languages relatively greater under the conditions I name? My argument is simply this, that limited as the knowledge of the classics possessed by the boy at the close of his school life, or even as a youth in leaving the university, the study of them is the safest ordeal to follow in the formation of mind and character.

The rebound against this theory is attributable to the excessive and almost exclusive teaching of these languages in vogue until the first twenty years of this century. They formed the main basis of education; indeed little else was taught. What was known as "cyphering" was taught after Walker's Arithmetic. We are told by Lord Sherbrooke that the mathematical master at Winchester stopped at the fourth book of Euclid, and this was after 1825. English grammar was not looked upon as an essential; modern history obtained but scant attention; French a moderate amount of study; German at that date was in the matter of education an unknown tongue. Not the slightest attention was given to science. Possibly there were occasional lectures on astronomy and on electricity, in the former with a workable orrery, in the latter the experiments made were the chief feature. Latin and Greek were alone considered paramount. So much so, that in an essay written in 1811, Sydney Smith complained that it was the custom to bring up the first young men of the country as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and that a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honour and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried for half his life with longs and shorts. No man was considered fit for a bishop who was not learned in Aristophanes; indeed we owe some of the best editions of classics to clergymen looking for preferment.

The teaching is now in the opposite direction. Horace tells us that when foolish people avoid one vice they run to the opposite extreme. *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.* Thus the exclusive study of science or modern languages is advocated and an attention given to the classics is pronounced to be a waste of time. A powerful advocate of this theory was one of the most distinguished men of modern times, the late Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, a scholar of rare gifts and multiplied attainments. From his recognized classical knowledge and his opposition to the study, there arose the *mot* that he was the Philippe Egalité of this branch of learning. Of a respectable family in the squirearchy of Notts, under the great physical disadvantage of imperfect sight, he worked his way up to the first rank in political life, having been Chancellor of the Exchequer. He numbered among his friends the first public men and the first scholars in England. It may interest those who do me the favour to listen to me, that he was an intimate friend of

Sir Edmund Head, and visited him when Governor-General, in Toronto in 1856. Sir Edmund then consulted him on the selection of the seat of government for the Province of Canada, as then constituted, and he is accredited with having contributed to the recommendation of Ottawa as the capital. We also read of him in the biography by Mr. Patchet Martin, that his influence to some extent led to the withdrawal of the British garrison from Canada. He said in the House of Commons, "In my opinion nothing could be so strong or such an incentive in America to war with this country as the notion that they could catch a small English army and lead it away in triumph. Never mind, if it were thirty to one it would be all the same; the popularity that such a capture would confer upon the successful General or President of the period would be irresistible." [Vol. II, page 233.]

Mr. Lowe was one of those elaborately educated Englishmen who are entirely without acquaintance with the history of Canada, some tell us we have no history, or even of the continent, until the United States became a power in modern international relations. He knew nothing of the revolutionary war of a century back, or he would have more correctly judged the two great disasters experienced by the British, and there were two only, the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and of Cornwallis at Yorktown; both perfectly explicable. They were, in the first place, caused by the meddling, cowardly, incapable Lord George Germain, typical of all that is insolent to an official subordinate, and of extreme sycophancy to the king. He was then Secretary of the Colonies, and he threw the blight of his presence on all brought in contact with him. The incompetence of Burgoyne, joined to the abandonment of him by Germain, led to his surrender. It was possible for him to have retreated with his army in safety, but to spare himself the disgrace of that reverse he strove to establish that he had been ordered to execute what was in itself impossible. It was Germain's correspondence with Cornwallis which led to his self-assertion, his disregard of orders, and his bad generalship that caused his defeat: and we must not set out of view the want of enterprise, courage and conduct of the British admiral. Mr. Lowe evidently knew nothing of the U. E. Loyalists who settled Upper Canada, and their descendants; and he had no thought of the war of 1812, and its stirring memories, which appeal so strongly to every Canadian heart. You, who are here present, cannot fail to remember that within the last few months a powerful appeal has been made to this sentiment, and that the whole country was stirred to the heart's core, to a burst of feeling by what could only be construed as an appeal to their sense of duty and of patriotism. Let us fervently pray it may pass away. We cannot be insensible to the danger of our position, but there is the common resolve, if the exigency so exact, we must meet it as men. I am not here to discuss this point, but I feel bound to protest against the opinion of Lord Sherbrooke as irrational and unfounded.

I fully recognize the great qualities that distinguished Lord Sherbrooke. Few public men have exceeded him in ability, in honesty of principle, in patriotism, courage, and tenacity of purpose. It is difficult to reconcile his utterances with his attainments, for all who follow his career must recognize how much he owed to the training he received. Jowett, the celebrated master of Balliol, dedicated to him his translation of Thucydides. In doing so he described Lowe as one of the best Greek scholars in England, whose genuine love of ancient classical literature, though sometimes dissembled, is as well known to his friends as the kindness of his heart and the charm of his conversation. I can but cursorily allude to the arguments advanced by him. At Glasgow he dwelt upon the neglect of other and more valuable studies, and one of his epigrammatic sayings was that the English universities had loaded the dice in favour of the dead languages. At the dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1872 he laughed at the battle of Marathon as a small affair, not calling for any particular criticism, for 192 were only killed on the side of the victors. Mr. Lowe could not but know on that day, was decided whether or not the dawning light of intellect should be stamped out, and the rule of an irresponsible tyrant be affirmed. Until Marathon the name of the Mede was a terror to the Greeks. "The Athenians, who are they?" asked the great king. The answer was given on the plain of Marathon when the principles of civilization and liberty were first established.

There was truth in Mr. Lowe's criticism as to the excessive attention given to classics. But it may be said that he rather changed the direction of a youth's studies without conferring benefit on his mind and thought. It is difficult to recognize that he advanced the true purport of education, the development of the reasoning powers, by his advocacy of confining the attention of the boy to modern languages and the sciences. Every earnest student of a modern language not his own, early discovers that he must give to it exclusive attention. Let me ask you, of what value in the practical duties of life is superficial knowledge of any kind? But even a little Latin is of use in the study of French. If you have a fair knowledge of both, and it is your fate to visit Italy, you will be surprised at the facility with which you will pick up the language for every-day conventional use. I do not speak of literary proficiency of the language, as any of you will soon discover if placed in a position to observe the distinction. German is another matter. It is a study entirely apart. Many may conceive that being cognate with English his mother-tongue will aid him. It is quite the reverse. The analogies between the two languages require advanced knowledge to perceive. I may adduce a familiar example. Our gable, the wall closing at an angular point, is the word *gabel*, a fork. It conveys the same idea; here the relationship stops. German is a language demanding the closest application. Thus, I contend that the study of these languages and the pursuit of science, however laudable in themselves and elevating in themselves, can only be considered as advanced studies for the higher education, when the character is formed and fitted to receive them.

Lowe himself to the last clung to the love of classics, and they never ceased to furnish illustrations in his argument. There is a comic incident connected with the tax, which, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he introduced on the manufacture of matches. It obtained favour in the House of Commons, and in the present day writers of eminence on political economy justify it. The manufacturers opposed to the tax, as manufacturers are in such circumstances, had a card to play which they did not neglect. They started up all the young girls engaged in the manufacture and in the sale, by the dread of losing their means of livelihood, and induced them to form themselves in a procession with banners and music, and proceed to the House of Commons, noisily to protest against the tax being enforced. The unthinking public accepted the trick as a good demonstration against an unjust imposition. The proposition at the time, and since that date, has been brought forward in a disparaging spirit to Lowe's ability, and in a minor way caused him annoyance. A strange feature of the case was that the stamp required by law bore a Latin motto, *Ex luce lucellum*, which may be translated, "A little profit out of light."

In a number of *Punch* at the time, Mr. Lowe's statue was given placed on a match-box, with the distich:

Ex luce lucellum, we all of us know.

But if Lucy can't sell them, what then, Mr. Lowe?

I have felt it my duty to introduce Mr. Lowe's name, as from his deservedly high reputation no one opposed to classical training has obtained greater countenance or weight.

It remains for me briefly to summarize the advantages we may hope to confer by a judicious system of education. Primarily we escape the penalties entailed upon ignorance, and we avoid the errors it is too often the lot of the uneducated to commit. The manners of youth become more subdued and gentle. It is the effort to lead to the abandonment of prejudice, to inculcate habits of self-respect and self-reliance, and to endow manhood with the capacity of living respectably in the condition assigned to us, and of finding honest resources in leisure: generally of forming the character according to the precepts of truth, honour and unselfishness. I know no better detail of this aspiration than what we are taught in the church catechism, which doubtless you all know, but it will not harm any of us to hear these noble words. We are there told to "love our neighbours as ourselves, to hurt nobody by word or deed, to be true and just in all our dealings, to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts, to keep our hands from picking and stealing, and our tongues from evil speaking, lying and slandering; to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness and chastity, not to covet or desire other men's goods, but to learn and labour truly to get

our own living, and to do our duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call us."

Naturally we look forward that our children will be well acquainted with the history of their own country, with a general knowledge of the motherland, and of the great Empire to which we have the happiness to belong. We hope to make them intelligent human beings, useful members of society, to possess principle to withstand temptation, and integrity to rise above the seductions which everywhere present themselves. I may be told that these are accepted moral truths. Yes, but while teaching the requirements enforced by our daily life according to our duties and station, surely we ought not to omit to impart the moral force and the dignity of character by which the temptations to which every human being is subjected can be met and mastered.

There is a phrase of the people worthy of remembrance, that "Life is not all beer and skittles." It is a truth we learn at an early date. We find how the most prosperous career is chequered by many disappointments; that the most favourable, equally with the least attractive, condition entails serious and exacting duties, and that failure in their observance leads to a day of reckoning, certain and sure, be it late or early. We are taught how much of our fate lies in our own hands; that when dark days come upon us we have to be true to our purpose, and that we slacken neither our perseverance nor our hope. We cannot be insensible to the fact that there is much good and evil fortune by which our destinies are shaped, but we do not better our condition by stopping on the roadside to weep over a reverse.

I trust my imperfectly expressed remarks have not tired you. I have to thank you for the attention you have been good enough to give in listening to me. Even if, as Saint Paul says, you have had need of patience, I have striven not to be wearisome. Permit me in my last words to repeat Juvenal's celebrated lines from the Tenth Satire:

"The one certain path to a life of peace is through the observance of virtue. Oh, fortune! if prudence guide us, thou hast no divinity, but we make thee a goddess and place thee in heaven."

Nullum numen habes si sit prudentia, sed te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, caeloque locamus.

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Art Notes.

"NEVER retreat"—the motto of one of Julius von Payer's pictures—might be taken also as the painter's watchword, and the sufficient expression of the man. A painter of very great talent and highly appreciated in the artist world, Payer did not devote himself to pictorial art till almost late in life; only after his return from his last expedition to the Arctic regions did he cease to be the distinguished amateur and take up painting as a profession. Payer was born at Shönau, near Teplitz. Being destined by his family to a military career, he was sent to study at the school for cadets at Wiener Neustadt. A book given to him as a prize stirred his soul to a passion for travel. It was a "Life of Franklin;" and from the day when he first read it he promised himself that he too would push northwards and carry on the task that Franklin had so gloriously begun. And all his life through Payer has never ceased to regard Franklin as the model he fain would copy and the man he most admires. And he has depicted his death in one of his best known works. Payer, while still an officer in the army, was sent as guide to an expedition to the summits of the Ortler and Adamello Alps. Was it there that the sight of the eternal snows and the infinite blue horizon first gave him the idea of the Pole to be conquered? Or was it really and always Franklin? At any rate, soon after this, Payer, in 1869, joined the second German expedition to the Arctic regions. In sledges, along the coast of Greenland, he reached the 77th degree of North latitude. In lat. 73 he ascended Cape Brocruys, and from its summit saw from afar Franz-Josef Fjord. This discovery was the chief result of the expedition. After a second expedition in 1871, in the course of which he reached latitude 79, Payer took the command of the great Austrian expedition, which led to the discovery of Franz-Josef land. On

his return from this third expedition, Payer, loaded with honours and distinctions, quite unexpectedly retired from the service to devote himself entirely to painting. The memory of the intensely luminous and shifting pearly tints of the Arctic sky, and the solemn, blue Polar night haunted his mind, and he became a painter in order to record the splendour and the wonders he had seen. Hasselhorst, of Frankfort, was his master for two years, and then he studied art for three years under Alexander Wagner, of Munich. He subsequently spent four years in Paris. Payer had begun from the first to work on large canvases, painting very stirring scenes of his Arctic experience with highly artistic feeling. The pictures he exhibited at the Munich Academy in 1883 earned him the highest award for merit—the gold medal—and again a medal at the Paris Salon of 1887, and a gold medal at the great Paris Exhibition of 1889. Fine *technique*, broad and solid handling, with masterly sobriety of effect in colour and figure movement: these form the note of Payer's work, and his pictures, which are in the highest degree impressive, have from the first met with general approval. Payer has painted in succession "The Bay of Death"—the abandonment of the boat—"The Death of Franklin," and "Divine Service." Then in 1892 Payer added to his series of pictures representing the episodes of Arctic adventure, that bearing the legend "Never Retreat," which lights up, with its fascinating intensity, the somewhat gloomy gallery of modern paintings at the Vienna Museum. This picture was a commission from the Emperor Franz-Josef. Payer has more than one string to his bow. I need not say that he is a man of science and a fine seaman; and throughout the expedition of 1872 he kept a journal, which was published after his return with illustrations from his own drawings and from photographs by Count W—, who was also a member of the party. The subject alone was enough to make the book interesting in the highest degree, and it was immensely successful. But what gives it a permanent value, and tempts old and young to read it again and again, is that the narrative and the descriptions of scenery, never dry or over-long, are pervaded by an atmosphere of style at once lofty and attractive, and that over all we feel the presence of a living soul. There are some passages—as the turning of the dogs adrift, the descriptions of the immense ice-bound solitude and of the Northern twilight—which have brought tears to my eyes and moved me as deeply as the work of any recognized genius. . . . Payer sets his model by the side of his canvas, then goes a few yards away, returns and puts in a touch—only one—steps back again, considers the effect, and then lays on another. He does not scorn drawing, he draws too well for that; but in painting he admits nothing but the general mass, light and shade in small touches, worked up and gradually formed to the modelling till they are a lifelike reproduction of the original; and this working up over a highly elaborate ground-painting, and carried by degrees to complete finish, results in a solidity of workmanship and largeness of style which makes every study from Payer's brush a picture almost worthy to be called a masterpiece.—*Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, in the Magazine of Art.*

* * *

Music.

VERDI'S latest gift for a purpose of charity is described as follows:

NAPLES, July 9, 1896.—During Signor Verdi's long musical career the great maestro has accumulated a colossal fortune, which he uses for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Several years ago he opened a hospital for the poor of his native city, Villanova, and there is yet another act of munificence on his part to register. On his arrival at the Grand Hotel at Milan, where he usually spends the months of June and July, he deposited 400,000 lire in the People's Bank of that city as the first instalment of the sum of 1,000,000 lire which he intends to devote to the erection of a house for aged and needy musical artists. He has called it "Casa riposo per gli artisti di musica" (the house of rest for musical artists).

The site chosen for the building lies in the healthiest part of Milan and consists of 4,500 metres of ground. The

building, which is to be two stories high, will have in the centre a large garden and room enough to accommodate 200 persons, besides a hall for concerts of 250 square metres. It will take a year to complete the work, which has already been begun, and it will cost nearly 1,000,000 lire. In two years the house will be opened. It is calculated that it will take 150,000 lire yearly to keep it up. This amount will also be furnished by the maestro.

That rehearsals are an uncertain indication of the value of a work was proved once more in the case of Mascagni's *Zanetto* at Florence. He was so disappointed with the general rehearsal, although Bellincioni was in the cast, that he declared he would not permit the piece to be produced and would himself leave the city that evening. He finally changed his mind, insisting that the first chorus, sung behind the scenes without orchestral accompaniment, must be omitted. The success of the opera was great. The music is described as passionately emotional, sweet, original, worked out in a masterly manner, and full of inspiration.

The operas performed at Covent Garden during the season just closed were:

Roméo et Juliette (with Jean de Reszké and afterward with Alvarez), eight times; *Faust*, six; *Die Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, five; *Tristan und Isolde*, four; *Aida* and *Carmen*, three; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with *Hänsel and Gretel*, *Gavorita*, *Rigoletto*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, *Die Walküre*, *Lucia*, *Menstofele*, *Don Giovanni*, *Manon* and *Les Huguenots*, twice; and *Traviata*, *Philémon*, with *Pagliacci*, and *Pagliacci*, with *Hänsel and Gretel* once each.

In all there were twenty-three operas performed, *Roméo et Juliette* and *Faust*, by Gounod, leading off with eight and six performances respectively. Among composers, Wagner was represented by twenty-one performances of his works, including five each of *Die Meistersinger*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, four of *Tristan and Isolde*, and two of *Die Walküre*. Among the other German works are *Hänsel and Gretel*, three times; *Martha* and *Don Giovanni*, twice each, thus making twenty-eight performances of operas from the Fatherland. Italian works were brought forward twenty-two times. The modern works were much the more popular, as we see *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* were given five times each, *La Traviata* only once, while *La Favorita*, *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *Aida*, *Mefistofele*, were put on twice each. French operas claimed the attention of the public twenty-four times, and, as stated above, Gounod's works lead with *Roméo* eight times, *Faust* six times, and *Philémon et Baucis* once. *Carmen* was not put on until late in the season, and consequently we saw it only three times. *Manon*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Fra Diavolo* each twice. It is noticeable that no novelty is included in the list.

With regard to artists, chief among these have been Mmes. Albani, Melba, Eames, and Lola Beeth, Mlles. Macintyre, Margaret Reid, Marie Engel, de Lussan, Olitzka, Brazzi, and Bauermeister, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké, David Bispham, Alvarez, Plancon, Ancona, Lucignani, Arimondi, Corsi, Albers, and Castelmarty. Signor Mancinelli and Signor Bevnignani have conducted the majority of the performances.

The following unusual tribute was lately presented to the Brothers de Reszké by the musical critics of the London press. It must have been gratifying to the recipients:

"To the Brothers Jean and Edouard de Reszké—To the great artists, who have ever upheld the dignity of their profession, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the public. To the men whom success has failed to enervate, and abundant honours to deprive of manly modesty. To the vocalists in whom survive the traditions of a glorious past, and through whom the succession of all that is illustrious in their art has continued to the present hour. To the lyric actors who have given substance and vitality to creatures of imagination, and made them live in sight and memory. We whose names are hereto appended, being musical journalists in London, desire to offer the homage of our admiration and gratitude—admiration of brilliant talents, gratitude for high example, and the rare delight of perfected art."

Great excitement raged in musical and journalistic circles over the libel case of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and the Saturday Review. The article in that journal of which complaint

made was written by the well-known critic, Mr. J. F. Runciman, over his initials, and in it was said that "Sir A. Mackenzie's case is the most tragic. Here is a man gifted with a fine musical temperament, light and delicate poetic fancy, a measure of genuine invention, and a sufficiently persistent character one might have thought to turn his gifts to some notable account. Yet he has allowed himself to be kicked back and forward like a football between the late Hueffer and the present humble servant of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Joseph Bennett, and he ended—practically ended—his career by accepting the post he now holds—and abuses. Doubtless the gods laughed a bitter laugh on that day, and perhaps they laughed again when he who was once hailed as the saviour of British art permitted a foreign professor to manipulate in favour of a foreign student a scholarship given for the express purpose of assisting British students. This infamous case is typical of all the transactions that go on in what I have repeatedly called the cesspool of academical musical life."

The case referred to was connected with the Erard scholarship at the Royal Academy. It was one of the conditions of qualification that competitors should be British born subjects, and it appeared that among the proposed competitors in the case was a pupil of Mr. Oscar Beringer, who was of Russian extraction, but whose father had become a naturalized British subject. A question was raised as to her right to compete, and Sir A. Mackenzie referred the matter to the donors of the scholarship, and finally it was agreed that she should compete, but that if she were successful and objection were taken by the other competitors the matter should be settled by Messrs. Erard's solicitors. The lady, however, was not successful.

Messrs. Lewis & Lewis, plaintiffs' solicitors, wrote, after the publication of the libel, demanding that an apology should be inserted in defendants' own and in three other newspapers, and that defendants should give £100 to a charity.

A long correspondence between the solicitors was read, from which it appeared that defendants were willing to pay the £100 and insert an apology, but they objected to undertake to insert an apology in terms to be settled by Messrs. Lewis.

Mr. Harris, editor and proprietor of the Saturday Review, said he was ill at the time and did not read the article, but he had had the number withdrawn and had inserted two apologies.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for £400.

Another action arose out of the same circumstances as the previous one, Sir A. Mackenzie suing the proprietor of the Figaro to recover damages for libel. Commenting upon what had been stated in the Saturday Review, there appeared an article in the Figaro to the effect that the part plaintiff had played was scarcely an enviable one.

The jury found a verdict for plaintiff for 30 guineas.

Judgment for plaintiff accordingly, with costs.

The Royal College of Music gave its last concert for the season recently. Of the orchestra I need not fear giving too much praise, the interpretations of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Bizet's Arlesienne Suite No. 1, and a Liszt rhapsody were altogether admirable. Mr. Samuel Grimstone performed with marvellous ease, amounting to sangfroid, that technical monstrosity, the Ernst concerto. Two excerpts from Parsifal were given, in one of which a choir of female voices gave proof of careful training and individual intelligence. A solo, O tu Palermo, by Mr. Dearth, a baritone with a rich voice, but with a production which leaves room for betterment, completed the programme.

The annual orchestral concert of the Royal Academy of Music at the end of the summer term was given, under Sir Alexander Mackenzie's conductorship by the students in Queen's Hall on Monday afternoon. Some of the leaders of the Royal Academy orchestra were professionals, but the students, including many ladies, played in a manner reflecting much credit on their chief. The programme commenced with Greig's setting of the lament of the widowed Bergliot for her husband and only son, both treacherously slain. The work of Miss Maud Lupton as the elocutionist was commendable. Mr. Hickin gave a fine reading of Schumann's Concertstück in G; Mr. Percy Miles, a promising violinist, played Vieuxtemps' concerto in D minor,

and Miss Peppercorn Dr. Saint-Saëns' piano concerto in C minor. The "novelty" of the concert was a setting by Mr. John B. McEwen of the scene from Shelley's Hellas, in which the Indian slave is watching over the sleeping Mahmud. The part of the slave was sung by Miss Kaiser, a young American vocalist, who, though nervous, displayed a beautiful voice and much intelligence. I shall watch this young lady's career with interest. The rest of the work is allotted to a female chorus, the writing for this and the orchestra being very effective, and this talented young Scotchman speaks as though he had something to say and knew how to express it in musical language. At the close Mr. McEwen was called upon the platform and heartily cheered.

Much interest centred in the first appearance in London of Miss Gertrude Palmer, in Broadwood Hall. Miss Palmer is from Sydney, Australia, and showed undoubted talent, which at present is hardly sufficiently developed for her to take the position that further study will entitle her. Beethoven's Sonata Caractéristique, op. 81, was a serious tax upon her powers of interpretation, but she was heard to far greater advantage in some familiar pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, and Greig, while a pretty gavot of her own composition was very popular with the audience. Mr. Arthur Deane, a baritone vocalist, pupil of Mr. Santley, sang the prologue to I Pagliacci.

During the opera season, July 28, 1895, to June 30, 1896, the Frankfort opera house added eighteen works (including operetta and ballet) to its repertory. The fourteen produced for the first time were: Die Karlschülerin, Silvano, Festa a Marina, Evangelimann, Das Irrlicht, Rübezahl (ballet), Die sieben Raben (fairy tale), Falstaff, Geigenmacher von Cremona, Moderne Oper, Trischka, Müller von Sanssouci, Lilli-Tsee, Das Modell. The operas revived were: Teufels Antheil, Zaar und Zimmermann, Joseph in Egypten and Die weisse Dame.

The programme of the twenty-fifth Norwich musical festival, which will be held from October 6 to 9, was issued on Tuesday. Mr. Randegger is conductor, and the principal artists will be Mesdames Albani, Ella Russell, Fisk, Izard and Berrey; Messrs. Lloyd, Brophy, Ben Davies, Watkin Mills, Brockbank and Andrew Black. The festival will commence on Tuesday evening with Händel's Jephtha. On Wednesday morning Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Rose of Sharon, originally produced at these festivals, will be revived, and in the evening Mr. Randegger's Fridolin will be given, produced twenty-three years ago at Birmingham; Dr. Parry's Blest Pair of Sirens, and a new violin concerto in B minor, specially written by Mr. Frederick Cliffe, to be played by Mr. Tivadar Nachez. Elijah is down for Thursday morning, and in the evening will be produced Signor Mancinelli's new operatic cantata, Hero and Leander, composed expressly for the festival. Friday morning will be devoted to the Redemption, and the festival will close in the evening with the third act of Lohengrin and Mr. Edward German's Suite in D minor, the special novelty, however, being a new Irish ballad for chorus and orchestra, set by Professor Stanford to Sheridan Le Fanu's Phauldrig Crohoore.

In connection with the proposed memorial to the late Sir Augustus Harris a numerous attended meeting was held in the saloon at Convent Garden Opera House on July 21. Earl de Grey being detained elsewhere, the chair was occupied during the earlier portion of the proceedings by Mr. H. V. Higgins. Among several letters read to the meeting was one from Sir Arthur Bigge, on behalf of the Queen. The writer, after expressing the regret that Her Majesty was unable to become a patron of the proposed memorial fund, concluded in the following terms: "At the same time I can assure you how much the Queen appreciated the ability and untiring energy with which Sir Augustus Harris conducted his many and responsible undertakings. The Queen much regrets his loss, and remembers with much satisfaction the kindly readiness with which he always endeavoured to carry out Her Majesty's wishes." Mr. Higgins moved, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree seconded, a resolution wherein the meeting expressed its intention to raise as suitable and as lasting a memorial as possible to the late impresario. No tangible suggestions respecting the form of the memorial were advanced. An executive sub-committee, however, was appointed, and it was intimated that the object of

this body would be to associate the name of Sir Augustus Harris with some important charitable or educational interest. The result of the sub-committee's deliberations will be made known toward the end of September. In the meantime Mr. Alderman Frank Green, treasurer of the fund, will be glad to receive subscriptions, which may be sent to him at 93 Upper Thames street, E. C.

In this effete and blasé world of ours anyone who succeeds in introducing an element of novelty into our public entertainments, says *The Globe*, establishes a prima facie claim to be considered a popular benefactor. Hence we are glad to see that due attention is being bestowed on the epoch making novelty which has recently made its appearance at a musical gathering recently held in London, viz., the blowing of smoke rings. Only one performer exhibited his proficiency in this beautiful art, but there is no reason why the principle of concerted action should not be applied, and the advent of a Smoke Ring Quartette is probably only a matter of time. If harmonies can be translated into colour why should they not also be capable of conversion into smoke? Invisible music has of late found ardent advocates, but there is really quite as much to be said in favour of the inaudible variety. If the new departure should find favour, we may expect to hear of smoking concerts at which the programme will contain such items as, e.g., a nocturne for four "church wardens," or a concerto for meerschaum accompanied by weed band, or an Egyptian rhapsody for solo cigarette. It only remains to be added that the compositions of the late Mr. Clay, if there be any virtue in names, ought to be peculiarly well suited for adaptation to the new medium. In conclusion, we wonder whether it is in anticipation of the new smoke music that the musical critic of a Kentish paper has coined a new variant upon the terrible world "ren-tition," to wit "rendency."

* * *

The King's Message.

The King lay in his palace,
In a far-off Persian city,
And the winds breathed through the lattice
All laden with perfume:
His couch was soft and silken,
His carpets like the sea-foam,
And lamps of pearly radiance
Dispelled the midnight gloom.

The King lay in his palace,
While stood at every portal
A trusted, stalwart servitor,
That never foe come nigh:
But how it was I know not,
There came a silent messenger
And whispered in the King's ear,
" 'Tis thine, O Ki g, to die."

The heart of the King grew faint,
For life was very precious,—
The heart of the King grew faint,—
"To die, to be no more!
To drift into the silence,
The shadows and the darkness,
As a rudderless ship drifts seaward,
And never finds a shore."

But then the messenger added,—
"Thou shalt live, O King, forever!
Thou shalt live in the flowers and the grasses—
Thou shalt live in the fruit and grain;
Thou shalt sleep on the breast of beauty
In the rose or the carnation;—
Thou shalt gladden the hearts of thousands,
And thou shalt not live in vain."

"Is it not better to live thus,
By human woes untrammelled?
Answer, O King, and tell me,
Prefer thou the Now to Then,
When thy glorious fate it may be
To live through all the ages—
Through all the countless ages,
In the hearts and minds of men?"

The King turned on his pillow
And sank in peaceful slumber,—
Through realms of bliss his fancy
Unchecked went roaming free;
And 'tis told throughout his kingdom
That while he lived thereafter,
A greater and a juster
And a happier King was he.

St. John, N. B.

H. L. SPENCER.

Canadian Savage Folk.* (Second Notice.)

IN closing our first notice of this interesting and valuable work, we reserved particular reference to the tribute paid to women and their work for the red man.

Under the heading of "Ladies in the Lodges," many names now of note in literary and missionary annals are mentioned, and the story of many a life of devotion and self-sacrifice told of women of refinement and superior education spending the best years of their lives, using the gifts which the ignorant believe were only fit to be expended in the might of civilization of the Old World to lighten the lives and educate the understanding of the untaught native women of the Western world—giving up their lives to find them in the simple trust, poetic imagery and natural refinement of their red-skinned sisters. To sow the seed gathered in the centre of civilization upon the wide and wasting fields of barbarism and therefrom to garner a rich and abiding harvest.

Through the wielding of a graphic pen, the story of Helen Hunt Jackson and her influence upon the times, is told by Dr. MacLean with so true and strong a touch that few who read it will rest long until they too have read her "Century of Dishonour," and the more effective "Ramona," two books which not only have placed the name of their author in the front rank of literature, but have roused men and all nature to better deeds, protected the oppressed, and made the oppressor blush.

Of the patient endurance, of loneliness, hardship, deprivation, of not only social privileges, but of many of the apparently actual necessities of life, the strain upon delicate nervous organisms, the continuous, incessant toil of actual physical labour, the great demand upon their sympathies, which to woman's nature is the life force of her existence, and the daily struggle against the difficulties inseparable from narrow means.

"There are tales untold and biographies unwritten as great as have been heard or read by mortals, and these heroines of the cross have borne their share in making history, yet their names are unspoken, and posterity will only know them by their influence in guiding the red men toward a nobler destiny than it was theirs to enjoy in the days of yore. Their memories are precious to the dwellers of the Lodges, who remember them by the euphonic names the natives gave them in the Indian tongue; but the white man shall never know the brave deeds enacted by his sisters in laying the foundation of an Empire in the West, yet they live in the lives of others and in the memory of God."

Several pages are devoted to the Indian nomenclature, not only of the rivers and localities, but of men and things. The origin as well as the changes made at different periods in the tribal names marking important epochs in the history of the natives being most interesting. Legends and poetic fancies, traditions and history perpetuated for all time in a word. Many of these familiar to our eastern ears, acquire an added interest and significance.

The derivation of some of these, as given by Dr. MacLean, differ from that given by other authorities, but so slightly as to be rather a corroboration than a contradiction, the new rendering establishing the truth of the idea or spirit which prompted them and authenticating the historic incident so preserved. For instance, "Manitoba is the Strait of the Spirit"—from Manito, a spirit, and "Waba," a strait. Yet Dr. MacLean goes on to say: "The lake having received its name from the strange things heard in the strait which unites the lake with another." Thus corroborating another accepted derivation of the word, "The breath of the Spirit," given by the Indians from the fact that the breeze or draught blowing through the strait being continuous, omnipresent, was said by them to be the "breath of the Spirit."

There are graphic sketches, terse and interesting biographies of many native heroes given. The wise democracy of the red men, the absence of consideration for an aristocracy of wealth and their appreciation of that of ability, valor and character, are evidences of a truly higher standard of life than that of our boasted civilization.

Of these heroes the great Chief Crowfoot takes first rank deservedly. Dr. MacLean cannot speak too highly of his wisdom, his executive ability, his influence over his own people,

"Canadian Savage Folk; The Native Tribes of Canada." By John MacLean, Ph.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

and his calm judgment in understanding and dignified dealing with the white men. Not only his own people but the white settlers in the North-West owe much of their success, peace and prosperity to the wise rule of this strong but simple-hearted chief.

The chapter upon the various forms of religious observances, the traditions, sacred numbers and myths now fast being swept away, to live, ere long, only in the fading memories of the older chiefs among them, or in the songs of the women is, perhaps, the most valuable in the book, and should be read *in extenso* to be appreciated at its true value.

"Canadian Savage Folk" will be a standard work for all time in the history of Canada, but for the sake of the author we would heartily wish a speedy proof of the value of his work being given him by a large sale of the book and a consequent practical return for the great amount of faithful labour he has expended in its production.

* * *

Mr. Speaker.*

MISS FOLLETT'S book on "The Speaker of the House of Representatives" is a remarkable work. It is not uncomplimentary to remark that no person would have taken it to be the work of a woman. The subject is not one which would appeal to the ordinary feminine mind. Politics in action are often as attractive to women as men, but politics at rest and embodied in musty records, are not attractive to either men or women. Of the two sexes a man is more likely to face the drudgery of investigation into a dry subject than a woman, whose leaning is ordinarily towards imagination or fancy. In the first place, therefore, the subject of the work is masculine. In the next place, the mode in which the subject is treated is that of a man. The authoress has kept herself well in hand and has let no sympathies run away with her. There is no fine writing, and the statements of facts are plain, simple, and business-like. The only part of the book which displays a feminine hand is the preface, which reads as if it had been written by a woman, or a very young man. In making these remarks, we most decidedly wish to be considered as not having any intention to depreciate feminine work or feminine industry. All we wish to point out is, that this book, written by a woman, is an evidence of feminine labour in a new field. The result is satisfactory, and as old co-workers in the same line, we cordially welcome a recruit who produces a book of such exceptional value and excellence. The introduction of Dr. Hart states that heretofore there has been no elaborate or thorough study of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Next to the President, he is the most powerful man in the United States, and his influence is increasing. To us in Canada, who are on the eve of seeing a new House of Commons and a new Speaker installed, a comparison of the two positions is interesting. "Whatever is, is right," is a comfortable maxim, and both Miss Follett and Dr. Hart appear to be satisfied with the American theory of the constitutional position of Speaker as developed by United States practice. In Canada, the Speaker is a judicial officer—he is non-partizan. In the United States, the Speaker is a party officer, appointed by his party to serve party interests. The difference in the system of government of the two countries explains the difference in the position of the two Speakers. In Canada the governing party is represented in the House of Commons by the responsible Ministers who have seats in the House. In the United States, the officers of State have no seats in the House of Representatives. Thus, while they are leaders of the party, in the House of Representatives they are not officially recognized, and therefore the Speaker takes the place of leader of the dominant party. Without prejudice either way, one would say that to have a presiding officer who was non-partizan, would be a better system than to have a partizan one. As we all know the results of our own system fairly well, it will be useful to see how the American plan succeeds. Under both systems the principles of choice, except as to political motives, are the same. The position

requires knowledge of parliamentary procedure, previous service in the House, and certain personal characteristics of tact and judgment, which latter, of course, vary with the individual.

It does not take much experience in debate to become aware of the power a presiding officer has by technical objections or by adroit favouritism to help a friend or embarrass a *persona non grata*. It does not also require much experience in practical politics to know how savagely the party dogs bite one another. The questions debated in a national assembly like the House of Commons or the House of Representatives are also of not merely academic interest. They stir up the passions and appeal to the feelings of the most cold-blooded. If a moderate-minded man is thus tempted to forget himself, how much more will an uncompromising partizan be likely to require a curb. A presiding officer over such an assemblage has, therefore, as his first duty, that of the maintenance of order. As a corollary to that power he has to deal with obstruction. Then, as to routine procedure, it is his duty to open and close the sittings of the House, he must see that the order of business is preserved, he must authenticate documents and verify the official account of proceedings. Further, he is the mouth-piece of the House. He must on complimentary occasions receive and welcome strangers. Should also a member be guilty of an offence against the rules of order and require reprimand, the Speaker must carry out the disagreeable duty of admonishing that member. These duties are common to the presiding officers of all properly managed assemblies, and it is obvious that they place of themselves great powers in the hands of the presiding officer. An abuse of these powers is rare under the English or Canadian system. The general tone of feeling of the assembly has been against it.

The three main functions of the Speaker, discussed by Miss Follett, are these: (1) acting against filibustering, (2) appointing committees, (3) recognizing members.

Miss Follett leads up to her discussion of these points by a sketch of the history of the Speakership. In order to understand the present state of affairs in connection with this office, it is necessary to follow this history and we propose to give, in a succeeding paper, a short summary of her account, and thus lead to a better understanding of what appears to us an anomalous and unsatisfactory political situation—one to be avoided, not one to be followed. Montesquieu says the Romans succeeded by adopting whatever was admirable in the nations they conquered. Canada is engaged in a struggle to perpetuate her individual national existence. It is necessary for us to know what other systems are. If they are worthy of adoption let them be admitted. If we shun them, let it be after examination and consideration. The Americans have developed a great many idiosyncrasies in their political theories. This particular feature of the subordination of a House of Representatives to a presiding officer who is a partizan deserves special investigation in order to see how it works out in practice.

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Poems and Pastels.*

CARPING critics have asserted that no song birds fill our native woods with melody, and no poets are numbered in our rough-hewn Canadian literature. That the one is as unauthorized a statement as the other, dainty little volumes of tuneful verse, upon whose pages pure thoughts and living truths are clothed in melodious measure, are issued by our Canadian press to prove.

In the little book by William Hunt, whom we recognize more readily as "Keppel Strange," there is enough of beauty and of true poetry to entitle the author to a place in the first rank of Canadian poets. There is some unevenness here and there, weak lines which later the author will be the first to find and strengthen; but the music of the rhymes, the light and tender touch which is the gift of genius, and the Hall mark of genuineness is there and strikes the reader pleasantly. Many of his poems, too, grow upon one, and the spirit of them, the thought he has so deftly dressed shines out the stronger as we read them again and once again with

* "The Speaker of the House of Representatives." By M. P. Follett. With an Introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. London and Bombay. 1896.

* "Poems and Pastels." By William Edward Hunt (Keppel Strange.) William Briggs, Toronto.

interest. Reading the lines on an "Old Song Book," beginning:

"Pages closed this many a year,
(Lying in this ancient room)
Lines so faint and leaves so sere,
Letters on a mouldering tomb.

Rose within its pages pressed
(Powders in my vandal hand)
Once was lovely, was caressed,
Treasured, in a vain strange land,"

one sees the love and sadness of a tender pity underlying and prompting the lightness of the song. In another and stronger key are the lines "To a Fair Minstrel."

"Enchantress, sweep the golden chords,
And cheer my heart with noble words;
A tilting tourney lay,
Of mailed knights and prancing steeds;
Recount my country's gallant deeds.

Enchantress, touch the silvern strings,
Which rustle like an angel's wings,
And bear my soul away
To hills and vales where reigns delight;
Sing me a joyous song to-night

Enchantress, lean thee to thy lyre,
Evince from out the resonant wire,
Soft themes for rest and dream,
That thy rich fancies I may keep
To soothe me in the realms of sleep."

Three stanzas, entitled "Slumber Song," are pretty and well adapted to be set to music. The author is, however, at his best in the sonnets; one of the best of these, under the title of "According to Thy Strength," has already been published in a recent issue of THE WEEK, and need not be again quoted. It is a fine crystallization of a great thought and an earnest of future power in the author's pen.

Of the seven dedicated or relating to Mount Royal, Montreal's beautiful mountain park, the following is the most descriptive and pleasing to our understanding:

"Now, in the flutter of night's raven wings,
The dead leaves palpitate, and all around
The air is pregnant with that mystic sound—
The deepening and darkening of things;
The inquiet sense to ev'ry footstep clings
As of pursuit; the moon lies on the ground
Awhe-e—a fay in tangled meshes bound—
Then, imp like, on some pendulous branch it swings.

The white lights of the city!—it is well
Here cluster pleasant memories for dole
Through all dark days; so Beauty's sweet control
Pursues the blessed into meanest cell;
Like to a vestal lily she doth dwell
Within the tender garden of the soul."

Many will read the "Pastels and Sketches in Prose" which take up the last pages of the volume, and wonder why they are. In these practical days there is little room for such. The style belongs to the past and the times are not yet ready for a revival. The soul is not yet rich or rank, the days not leisurely enough either for their perfect production or perfect understanding. There is sadness enough in real life; we are too apt to be pessimistic without being tempted to foster or fan it into a morbid existence. We are young yet, and when wrong or sin or sorrow falls upon us, it is ever accompanied by a vigorous desire to raise our voice, our influence, our will to battle with and mend it, to rise from it better men, through it to grow stronger for the right and dwell in the sunshine rather than the shadows. And the author of "Poems and Pastels" must forgive us if we say that while we like his poems and think highly of them, we do not care for the subjects of his prose. M. A. F. G.

The Tower: With Legends and Lyrics.*

DELICATE, mystical spirit pervades this volume, and combines with a certain artistic feeling for form and colour and the flavour of words to impart a truly poetical quality to verse that might easily otherwise have failed to interest on account of its nondescript character, and the remoteness of its subject matter from ordinary intellectual

*"The Tower: With Legends and Lyrics." By Emma Huntington Nason. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

interest. The main body of the verse is not held together by any necessary thread of mental development, which is tantamount to saying that a volume of minor verse does not aspire to offer a philosophy of life. And this in itself is a matter for congratulation, because those who see not far beneath the obscure face of things see even confusedly if they strive to explore the depths, and may yet find upon the surface many pretty things for the mere gathering. In this respect, then, we are not disappointed in the volume, for while the more ambitious flights are modest in their scope, the lighter waifs of inspiration are delightful in no small degree. We might instance the "Slumber Song," or, better still, the poem which immediately follows, entitled "Winds of the North," of which this verse will illustrate the spirit:

Blow, glorious winds! for ye bring to me
A chant of the Northland strong and free,
With sweep of the skies, and surge of the sea,
Through its measure flowing;
And clear in its rhythmical undertone,
I catch the airs to my childhood known,
The glad, wild songs that were mine alone,
With the North winds blowing.

There is little else in the volume to censure or commend, as whatever faults there are arise less from faulty execution than from lack of power in the original conception.

The Withered Jester; and Other Verses.*

THIS medley of verse is essentially light in character with a range perhaps from grave to gay, though scarcely from pathetic to sublime. Some of the poems are thoroughly inadequate and others quite unnecessary. The "Reflections of a Revolutionary Poet" throws a strangely new light upon one whose later work was sustained by no undiminished ardour of hope and instinct with an ever-widening power. The lines refer to Shelley.

"My life is ebbing fast; my task is done;
And I but wait upon this silent shore
Like one who feels the solemn mystery
Of fleeting days, and looks with earnest eyes
While the great world moves on, bearing its freight
Of dead and living souls, none knoweth where."

In his lighter verse the poet is more successful, although the extravagance at times lapses into absurdity. "My Cousin from Pall Mall" is not free from a certain wit:—

On the morrow through the city we sauntered arm in arm;
I did the cicérone, my style was grand and calm.
I showed him all the lions—but I noted with despair
His smile, his drawl, his eye-glass, and his supercilious air.

As we strolled along the crowded street, where Fashion holds proud sway,
He deigned to glance at everything, but not one word did say;
I really thought he was impressed by its well-deserved renown,
Till he drawled, "Not bad—not bad at all for a provincial town."

And so on in a similar strain, till his companion, the poet, bursts into sobs, and finally ends by slaying the obnoxious cousin. "The Pagan in Piccadilly" is a series of cynical-humorous verse, and is perhaps the most attractive reading in the volume.

Publications Received.

- Dickens (Charles), Christmas Stories, 1852-1867.....
-(Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dictionary of National Biography, vol. xvii, Puckle-Reidford.....
-(Macmillan & Co., Smith, Elder & Co., Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dorr (Julia C. R.), A Cathedral Pilgrimage.....
-(The Macmillan Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Dyde (S. W.), Hegel's Philosophy of Right; Translation.....
-(George Bell & Sons, The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Hutton (W. H.), Philip Augustus.....
-(Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- James (Henry), Embarrassments (Macmillan Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)
- Jones (F. R.), History of Taxation in Connecticut, 1636-1776, paper.....
-(The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Ind.)
- Kirkwood (A.), The Forests of Russia, by W. N. Weirka, translation.....
-(Warwick Bros. & Rutter)
- Lubbock (Right Hon Sir John), The Scenery of Switzerland and the Causes to Which it is Due (Macmillan Co., Copp, Clark Co.)
- Peacock (Thos. Love), Melincourt, or Sir Oran Haut-Ton.....
-(Macmillan & Co., The Copp, Clark Co.)

* "The Withered Jester, and Other Verses." By Arthur Patchett Martin. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

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Chess.

Several methods have been promulgated with a view to breaking ties, but it remains for THE WEEK, we believe, to give the best and only efficient plan, as per this table:

	Teichmann.	Schallopp.	Porges.	Showalter.	Winawer.	Albin.	Marco.	Charousek.	Blackburne.	Schiffers.	Tschigorin.	Schlechter.	Walbrodt.	Steinitz.	Janowski.	Tarrasch.	Pillsbury.	Maroczy.	Lasker.
Lasker	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	13
Maroczy	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Pillsbury	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Tarrasch	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Janowski	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
Steinitz	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11
Walbrodt	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
Schlechter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
Tschigorin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9
Schiffers	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9
Blackburne	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9
Charousek	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8
Marco	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	8
Albin	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Winawer	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
Showalter	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
Porges	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
Schallopp	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4
Teichmann	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	4

The Macmillan Company is about to add to its valuable medical list Deformities. "A Treatise on Orthopedic Surgery, Intended for Practitioners and Advanced Students," by A. H. Tubby, M.S. Lond., F.R.C.S. Eng., illustrated with fifteen plates and three hundred and two figures, of which two hundred are original, and by notes of one hundred cases. This volume is the outcome of several years' work at the hospitals to which the author is attached. Almost all the cases quoted are from his note-books, and two hundred of the illustrations have been drawn from his patients especially for this work. It has been his endeavour to make himself acquainted, by direct observations, with the methods of treatment practised in Orthopedic Clinics abroad as well as at home, so that most of the details have been personally verified.

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His Advice Was Acted Upon by Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, Who, as a Result, Now Rejoices in Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Picton Times.
Mr. Miles Pettit, of Wellington, was a recent caller at the Times office. He is an old

CENTRE GAMBIT.		
25 moves—	Porges-Blackburne	Won by white
45 " "	Winawer-Pillsbury	" black
55 " "	Janowski-Blackburne	drawn
FRENCH SNEAK.		
36 moves—	Blackburne-Schiffers	Won by white
36 " "	Schalopp-Maroczy	" black
20 " "	Showalter-Albin	drawn
100 " "	Marco-Schlechter	drawn
26 " "	Schiffers-Maroczy	drawn
GIUOCO PIANO.		
46 moves—	Teichman-Pillsbury	Won by black
50 " "	Tschigorin-Tarrasch	" black
21 " "	Albin-Winawer	" black
	Maroczy-Marco	drawn
19 " "	Schiffers-Winawer	drawn
30 " "	Maroczy-Lasker	drawn
25 " "	Albin-Porges	drawn
KINGS DECLINED.		
54 moves—	Charousek>Showalter	Won by white
70 " "	Charousek-Janowski	" white
47 " "	Charousek-Pillsbury	drawn
41 " "	Winawer-Teichman	drawn
62 " "	Charousek-Marco	drawn
QUEENS DECLINED.		
100 moves—	Steinitz-Porges	Won by white
60 " "	Tschigorin-Albin	" white
54 " "	Pillsbury>Showalter	" white
40 " "	Lasker-Marco	" white
44 " "	Pillsbury-Schalopp	" white
56 " "	Maroczy-Charousek	" white
45 " "	Steinitz-Janowski	" black
66 " "	Showalter-Schiffers	" black
64 " "	Janowski-Tschigorin	" black
61 " "	Tarrasch-Walbrodt	drawn
21 " "	Schlechter-Maroczy	drawn
RUY LOPEZ.		
56 moves—	Tarrasch-Steinitz	Won by white
29 " "	Steinitz-Schlechter	" white
36 " "	Lasker-Tarrasch	" white
51 " "	Teichman-Lasker	" black
45 " "	Winawer-Marco	" black
44 " "	Winawer-Lasker	" black
	Walbrodt-Charousek	" black
29 " "	Walbrodt-Teichman	" black
35 " "	Schiffers-Janowski	" black
61 " "	Pillsbury-Walbrodt	" black
31 " "	Showalter-Schlechter	drawn
36 " "	Marco-Tschigorin	drawn

The Herald says, "Pillsbury has beaten all the 'cracks.'"

subscriber to the paper, and has for years been one of the most respected business men of Wellington. He is also possessed of considerable inventive genius, and is the holder of several patents for his own inventions. The Times was aware of Mr. Pettit's serious and long continued illness, and was delighted to see that he had been restored to health. In answer to enquiries as to how this had been brought about, Mr. Pettit promptly and emphatically replied "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it." Being further interrogated as to whether he was willing that the facts should be made public, he cheerfully consented to give a statement for that purpose, which in substance is as follows:—He was first attacked in the fall of 1892, after assisting in digging a cellar. The first symptom was lameness in the right hip, which continued



for nearly two years. It then gradually extended to the other leg and to both feet. The sensations were a numbness and pricking, which continued to get worse and worse until he practically lost control of his feet. He could walk but a short distance before his limbs would give out, and he would be obliged to rest. He felt that if he could walk forty rods without resting he was accomplishing a great deal. He had the best of medical attendance and tried many medicines without any beneficial results. He remained in this condition for about two years, when he unexpectedly got relief. One day he was in Picton and was returning to Wellington by train. Mr. John Soby, of Picton was also a passenger on the train. Mr. Soby, it will be remembered, was one of the many who had found benefit from Pink Pills, and had given a testimonial that was published extensively. Having been benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has ever since been a staunch friend of the medicine, and noticing Mr. Pettit's condition made enquiry as to who he was. Having been informed, Mr. Soby tapped him on the shoulder and said "Friend, you look a sick man." Mr. Pettit described his case, and Mr. Soby replied, "Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I know from experience what virtue there is in them and I am satisfied they will cure you." Mr. Pettit had tried so many things and failed to get relief that he was somewhat skeptical, but the advice was so disinterested, and given so earnestly that he concluded to give Pink Pills a trial. The rest is shortly summed up. He bought the Pink Pills, used them according to the directions which accompany each box, and was cured. His cure he believes to be permanent for it is now fully a year since he discontinued the use of the pills. Mr. Pettit says he believes he would have become utterly helpless had it not been for this wonderful, health restoring medicine.

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Periodicals.

Harper's Bazar for Aug. 14th, 1896, contains: "Women and Politics;" the usual "Fashions;" interesting articles such as: "A Paradise for Students;" "Women and Men;" "Music;" "Household Furniture and Decoration," etc.; besides a further instalment of "Bound in Shallows," by Eva Wilder Brodhead.

"Hjaltland," the Norse appellation for the Isles of Shetland, by Colonel T. Pilkington White, is the subject of the first article in The Scottish Review, for July, which is followed by Art. II., entitled "Serapis—A Study in Religions," by F. Legge; "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," by J. Wells; "The Asiatics in America," by C. R. Conder, LL.D., M.R.A.S., Major R.E.; "Scotland Under the Roundheads," by James Colville; "Christiana, Queen of Sweden," by the Rev. R. S. Mylne, M.A., B.C.L., F.S.A. Summaries of Foreign Reviews and Contemporary Literature. This number well sustains the reputation of this admirable magazine.

Blackwood's for August commences with "A Strange Episode in the Life of Mayor-General Sir James Browne, K.C.S.I., C.B., R.E." related by himself. The titles of other papers in the number are:—"The Cemetery of the Lilies: A tale of the Jesuits," by H. M. Dziejewski; "Robert Burns;" "An Excursion in the Atlas Mountains," by Walter B. Harris; further instalments of "An Uncrowned King: A Romance of High Politics;" "Some German Novels;" "An Admirable Bandit: A Story of Escanilla," by Mrs. J. Gladwyn Jebb; "Through Touraine on Wheels," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.; and "England's Duty in South Africa: A Study on the Ground," with map, by A. Michie, who concludes his able article with an opinion that "South Africa requires first of all that the British Government shall definitely assert its authority there. This is the desire of Boer and Kaffir alike. Secondly, efficient machinery to execute the will of the Government, having as its head a competent representative always in evidence in Africa, a real High Commissioner, shielded from every influence save that of the Crown. . . . But the Queen's representative who shall wield this imperial authority in South Africa must have no Downing Street scheme given him to work out, like that which crushed the best man ever sent to Africa—after Sir George Gray—nor must he have a task put upon him which man of woman born could never yet perform—that of serving two masters

A paper of great interest entitled "Mr. Balfour and his Critics," by Professor Seth, appears in the August Contemporary Review. The Professor writes that "the philosophical student can hardly fail to remark the striking resemblance of Mr. Balfour's mode of argument to the transcendental methods of Kant, and the affinity of his conclusions to those of Kant's idealistic successors. In saying this, it is far from my intention to deprecate the freshness and independence of Mr. Balfour's treatment; on the contrary, he has, I think, accomplished a remarkable feat in working his way from a different starting point, and to a large extent by a different route to his fundamental argument." Other articles in the issue are:—"Home Rule and the Irish Party," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who writes from a Nationalist's stand point; "The Autonomy of Labour," by H. W. Wolff; "The Caliph and his Duties," by Ahmed Riza Bey; "Nitragin: A New Advance in Agriculture," by C. M. Aikman, D.Sc.; "The Orange Society," by Michael MacDonagh; "Passing Through Fire," by Andrew Lang; "Living in Community: A Sketch of Moravian Anabaptism," by Richard Heath; "La Saisiaz in 1895," by Taylor Innes; "The Book of the Dead," by J. Hunt Cooke; "Musical Snap-Shots," by H. R. Haweis, and "Money and Investments," the writer of which appears to be ignorant of the facts that most of the so-called American securities are not based on any real security at all, that the United States, as a whole, are virtually bankrupt, consequently it is utter folly for European investors to hold any bonds or stocks issued in the United States.

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Periodicals.

Onward and Upward, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is editor, has appeared for August, and is full of bright and interesting short papers. The first of its editorials is "Women's Life in Persia," by Hulda Friedericks, with illustrations.

The August issue of Music furnishes a number of good articles, among which may be mentioned:—"Photographed Voice Production," by Rosa Bell Holt; "Songs of the Lake and the Nightingale," by Ira Gale Tompkins; "Hector Berlioz," by Joseph Trostler; "University Work in Music," by Dr. H. G. Hanchett; "The Necessity of a Standard for Music Teachers," by E. Van Valkenburg; "A Characteristic Chopin Group," by Marie Benedict, and "Women in Music," by Jessie L. Gaynor.

The International Journal of Ethics for July contains several well-written essays. "Is pleasure the Summum Bonum?" the first paper in the number, is by Mr. James Seth, of Brown University, who handles his subject with ability. He writes:—"The question of ethics is, What are the true interests? In what objects ought we to take pleasure? What is the good? . . . I cannot help feeling, with Sir Frederick Pollock, that, while fullness of life is pleasant, yet it is not so much the pleasure of it that is good as the fullness of life itself. The good life looms in pleasure, as Aristotle said. But pleasure is rather the symptom and expression of moral health than itself the soundness of life. The moral task is the gradual formation and development of ever higher and larger interests; the learning to find our pleasure in the best objects, to draw from the deep wells of the absolute good the pure waters of life." Mr. J. S. Mackenzie, of University College, Cardiff, contributes a paper entitled "Rights and Duties." "Ethical Aspects of Social Science" is the subject taken up by Mr. Lester F. Ward, and "The Jewish Question in its Recent Aspects," that selected by Mr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. "Hegel's Theory of Punishment," by Mr. J. Ellis McTaggart is the final article, but not the least notable. The usual "Discussions" is furnished by Mr. W. Hale White, and some clever "Book Reviews" complete a good number.

The National Review for July contains several able articles. That of most interest to Canadian readers is one entitled "Canada and the Empire," by Principal Grant. The article aptly exposes the fallacy of the preconceived views entertained by Prof. Goldwin Smith in regard to Canada and its relations to the Empire, and gallantly repudiates the slurs that have been cast on Canadian national life and spirit by that author who has written so voluminously about Canada in those organs which are supposed to represent or influence British opinion. Dr. Grant regrets the real ignorance of colonial affairs in England an ignorance that caused the loss of the United States, and left the States themselves with shattered national life, feverish national spirit and low political ideals. He laments the fact that "about the only writer on Canadian topics who ever reaches the British politician" should be a man who "for all that he knows of the deeper feelings and convictions of Canadians might have lived for the last twenty or thirty years in an English cathedral close." He then shows that the facts of Canadian history, such as the invasion of 1775; the war of 1812-15, the rebellion of 1837, and the attitude of Canada on the Venezuelan question, give the lie to every one of Prof. Smith's blind, superficial views as to Canada, its people and its destiny. "Commercial Federation," by J. G. Colner, contains much that is of interest on that all-absorbing topic which is dealt with from the historical and comparative standpoint. "The American Silver Rebellion" should be read by every one interested—and who is not—in present American politics. Other articles of general interest are "The Science of the Change of Air;" "Cycling in the Desert," and "Mr. Rhodes' Raid;" the latter possessing peculiar interest as professing to see behind the scenes in recent Rhodes and President Kruger were prominent actors.

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Literary Notes.

Lady Tennyson died on the 10th of this month. Her maiden name was Emily Selwood, and she was married to the poet in 1850.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," will appear as a serial in the Century magazine, beginning with November.

Dr. George C. Keidel, of the Johns Hopkins University, has published "A Manual of Esopic Fable Literature" in the series of "Romance and Other Studies" upon which he is at work.

"The Phantom Ship," "Snarley-yow," and "Olla Podrida" are volumes just added to the library edition of Marryatt now issuing from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. The latter volume includes "The Pirate" and "The Three Cutters."

"The Definition, Object and Sphere of Taxation" will be treated by David A. Wells in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for September. Many popular errors as to the nature of Taxation, some centuries old, will be pointed out in this paper.

Early in October The Century Co. will issue Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald's first book, "The Cat and the Cherub, and other Stories," and forthcoming numbers of The Century magazine are to contain short stories from his pen. Mr. Fernald is the son of Frank L. Fernald, Naval Constructor, U.S.N. Father and son having lived for a considerable time in San Francisco, the young author found his fiction types in the Chinese quarter.

England has been going in for literary memorials of late. Within the space of a few days last month there were unveiled a Masinger window in a Southwark church, a bust of Dr. Arnold in Westminster Abbey, a statue of Cardinal Newman, at Brompton Oratory, and a monument to Heming and Condell in the churchyard of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury.

"A disadvantage of the metric system," says The Observer, "is found in the use of the centigrade scale on the thermometer. Prof. H. A. Hazen points out that the degrees in this are twice too large, while weather records are complicated and filled with errors by having half the temperatures with minus signs before them. Professor Hazen suggests that both the centigrade and Fahrenheit scales have their zero point dropped to forty degrees below zero of the present scales. This would obviate the difficulty of the minus sign in meteorology, but the Fahrenheit degree would remain the better."

Volume XXV. of the new series of The Critic (Jan.—June, 1896) has just been issued in the well-known maroon coloured cloth covers with gilt stamp. Like its predecessors, it contains the complete record of the course of American literature during the period covered—not only the record of books published and their literary value, but of movements in letters and of happenings in all fields of the craft. The copyright question, with its complications and developments, is carefully followed; the standing of American authors in England, and *vice versa*, is considered from all points of view; and some interesting communications on the Frovengal school of letters are included. The leading books during the first half of the year were Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality," Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage," Zola's "Rome," and, in a certain sense, the verse of Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant poet whom the Critic was the first to make known to the American public. Poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Helen Gray Cone, Edith M. Thomas, and others have been printed; and Mr. Zangwill has given wit and wisdom in his papers on "Men, Women and Books." The Critic gives ever more attention to educational matters, and made an aggressive campaign against the threatened Straus bill on public education in New York; and the record of art and drama is reliable and complete

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Appreciations of Poets and Authors

THE LITERARY DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM Wordsworth, by J. W. Bray.
SHELLEY AND WHITMAN, by Dr. Isaac Hull Platt.
WHY FAUSTAFF DIES IN "HENRY V.," by Prof. R. H. Troy.
SORDELLO: THE HERO AS MAN, by Dr. C. Everett.
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- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
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The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
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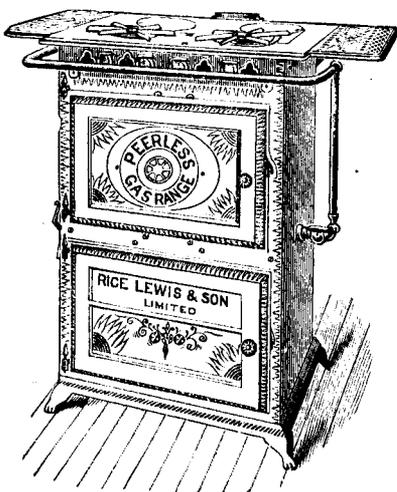
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