

THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

Toronto, Friday, November 16th, 1894.

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Current Topics.

Ourselves.
We beg to announce that THE WEEK has been purchased from its late owners and is now the property of THE WEEK Publishing Company, of Toronto, Limited. This issue of the journal is printed from new type throughout and on superior paper. Beginning with the issue of November 30th—the first number of its twelfth year—certain marked changes will be made in THE WEEK's editorial and literary columns which it is hoped will tend to give the paper greater popularity and greater scope for usefulness.

The Copyright Question.
It is to be hoped that Sir John Thompson, while in London, may be able to come to some understanding with the Colonial Office on the Copyright question. It is not surprising that Canadian publishers are expressing themselves somewhat strongly upon the subject. We do not know whether their representations, as coming from those who have a business interest in the operation of the Canadian Act, will have much influence with the British Government, but it should not be forgotten that a similar selfish interest, or supposed interest, on the part of British publishers, is at the bottom of the difficulty. When the interests of Canadian and British manufacturers of the same class clash in regard to a question of Canadian legislation, it is not unreasonable to insist that the views of Canadians shall prevail. There can be no doubt, we suppose, that legislation in regard to Copyright is one of the powers expressly handed over to the Canadian Parliament by the B. N. A. Act, seeing that it is distinctly specified, Sec. 91 (23). Our self-governing powers are, of course, in this, as in every other respect, subject to the supreme veto of the Imperial Authorities, but it would severely strain Canadian loyalty, strong as such loyalty is, should her power of self-government be arbitrarily interfered with on any but distinctly Imperial grounds. It would be difficult, we fancy, to convince any colonial authority that such concerns are involved in the Copyright question. Not even Imperial treaties should be permitted to interfere with Canada's right to protect herself against a combination of British and American publishers to her detriment, and it is surely nothing less than a combination when, at the instigation of American publishers, British publishers refuse

either to sell books to Canadian booksellers, or to sell plates to Canadian publishers. The Copyright Act has been long enough in suspense, and it is time that our Government should insist on knowing what is to be done in the matter.

The Attack on the Lords.

The agitation for the restriction of the powers of the House of Lords appears to have been greatly strengthened by the announcement made a week or two since by Lord Rosebery, on behalf of the Government. According to the latest telegrams, the Government resolution is to cover the abolition of the veto power, and is to be first on the Government order paper. Just what is meant by the abolition of the veto power, and what position the Upper House would occupy after such abolition have not yet been made clear. The likeliest supposition seems to be that, while the second chamber would no longer be able to cause any measure to be defeated, or thrown out, by refusing to pass it, it will still have the right to discuss and amend measures sent up from the Commons. It would follow, we suppose, that bills thus criticised and amended would be returned to the Commons, where the amendments would be considered and either rejected or adopted, as that House might determine. The nation would in that way get the benefit of whatever wisdom the Lords might be able to bring to bear for the improvement of the measure, if they should choose to profit by it. It is clear that in this way the nation might get some of the benefit of the more dispassionate and mature deliberations of the Peers, of which we have heard a good deal during this agitation. But it is not in the least probable that the Upper House will ever consent to occupy this subordinate position, unless and until absolutely compelled to do so. By what means they can be compelled to vote for their own degradation and ultimate extinction—for this would almost surely be the outcome—it is hard to conceive.

Russia and Great Britain.

Lord Rosebery's statement at the Lord Mayor's banquet, the other day, touching the good understanding which now prevails between Great Britain and Russia, is one of the most important announcements which has been made by a Prime Minister for a long time. Such utterances, shrouded, as they are always supposed to be, in a thick veil of diplomatic reserve, are naturally understood to mean more than meets the ear or the eye. To say that the Government's relations with Russia have been more cordial for a little time past than the Premier is able to remember their having been at any previous time, and that the frontier difficulties are now nearly settled, is saying a good deal. For many years past the attitude and operations of Russia on the borders of India have been the occasion of an almost chronic uneasiness. Should the two nations now have the good sense to come to a fair and permanent agreement in regard to the boundaries, an agreement so clear and distinct as to leave no room for misunderstanding, if such a thing be possible, an important guarantee of European peace would have been given, and both nations would be enabled to carry out peaceful enterprises for the development of their respective possessions, as it has been and would be impossible for them to do under the shadow of an ever-threatening war-cloud. Beyond some such specific

agreement to respect each other's territorial rights it is hard to conceive of any very considerable cordiality between two nations, which represent, as these do, the extremes of personal government and democratic freedom.

The New Conservative
Leader.

The speech delivered in London a few days since by Mr. Marter, Mr. Meredith's successor in the leadership of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, was naturally awaited with a good deal of curiosity and interest. While commendable for its straightforwardness, and not lacking in cleverness, the speech did certainly leave too much room for the criticism of opponents, that it was deficient in the very respect in which it should have been full, viz., in regard to the policy of the Opposition under Mr. Marter's leadership. Hearers and readers naturally wished to know somewhat definitely for what specific reforms Mr. Marter and his Party chiefly stand. It is true that a shrewd Opposition leader can scarcely be expected to take the public into his confidence with regard to the details of his future administration, should he succeed in reaching the treasury benches. But there are certain great lines of policy in regard to which one would like to know whether anything, and if so what, is to be gained by the success of the party. To take a single question, more for the sake of illustration than because we suppose that electors can yet be brought to regard it as of the first importance, what would Mr. Marter do with the Public School system should the reins be placed in his hands? Does he propose to cut the connection between party politics and the management of the educational interests of the Province? In other words, will he take the work of public education out of the hands of a party, and so almost necessarily partisan, minister, and place it in the control of a superintendent or Board, as free as possible from party prejudices? The Minister of Education openly claims that the system is the best in the world, text-book methods included. Does the new Leader hold that view, or does he propose to go back to the old plan of a Board of Education? This question is, in the eyes of many, of prime importance. Is there any reason why Mr. Marter and his advisers should not have their minds made up and make a definite announcement?

The Manitoba School
Question.

In answer to a communication addressed to it by the Dominion Government, the Government of Manitoba recently issued a state paper, the gist of which is contained in the following words: "No citizen of the Provinces has any justification, in fact, for claiming that he has not the same rights and the same privileges respecting education that any other citizen possesses. . . . The statement that Catholic people are compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children creates a false impression. The law is not responsible for any such effect. The correct statement of fact is that . . . all taxable property is assessed for public school purposes, and all citizens have the same right to make use of the schools." Mr. John S. Ewart, the doughty champion of Separate Schools for Manitoba, now publishes a letter replying to this reply. This letter, being probably as good a case as can be made out by a clever lawyer who has made it his business to study the question from the point of view of the Roman Catholic prelates, is worth careful reading by those who wish to get a clear view of both sides of this perplexing question. The letter is largely made up of citations of cases in which injustice has been defended on grounds which the writer assumes to be similar to those on which the Manitoba Government rests. As the whole force of such reasoning depends upon the question whether the cases are really parallel, and as this parallelism has not, in this instance,

been proved, and cannot be taken for granted, this part of the letter may be passed over. The substance of the part which is really argumentative may not unfairly, we think, be summed up in two propositions: First—The Manitoba schools, as now constituted, are not unsectarian; there is, in fact, no such thing as unsectarian religion. Second—In order to be unsectarian the public schools would have to be secular, and as such would be most unacceptable to Roman Catholics, who believe that education should be, first of all, and above all, religious.

These Arguments Prove
too Much.

Accept, for the sake of the argument, Mr. Ewart's first position as established. Grant that there can be no religious teaching which is not sectarian, that those who believe in the possibility of unsectarian religion cannot produce even an unsectarian version of the decalogue, and what follows? Evidently we are confronted with a dilemma. We have to choose between sectarian schools and schools strictly secular. Accepting the Catholic view, as stated in the second proposition and conjoining it with the first, we are shut up to the conclusion, that not only the Catholics, but all other sectarian bodies of every name, have a right, each to its own sectarian school, at the public expense. This is a clear case of reduction to the absurd. If there is any other way out of the difficulty it is either that the State has the right to decide between the sects, declare what the true religion is, and order it and it alone to be taught in the schools, or that there should be no public schools. It is unnecessary to add that either proposal would be scouted in Canada. We may add that Mr. Ewart's reasoning seems to us to be logical and conclusive, if we accept the Roman Catholic premises. We have before pointed out that neither purely secular schools, nor schools in which the religious teaching is not distinctly Catholic, can possibly meet their views. To multiply sectarian schools until there should be a separate school not only for each sect of Christian, but for Jews, Agnostics, Atheists, etc., would be, of course, impossible, apart from the manifest absurdity involved in the Government paying from the public funds for the teaching of the most antagonistic creeds. To decide in favour of no public schools, and no school taxes, would be to turn the wheels of civilization backward. What practicable course, then, is left, but the secular school for mental and moral training, leaving the teaching of dogmas to the sects which respectively hold them?

The Civic Investi-
gation.

It can hardly be denied that the first stage of the investigation by Judge McDougall into the alleged attempts at contract-selling by some of the aldermen of this city, has amply justified the inquiry. Though the contents of the Judge's report are not known at the date of this writing, few who took the trouble to hear or read the evidence produced will have much doubt as to what the substance of that report will be. It is further scarcely conceivable that the Council, if it cares at all for its good name, will hesitate to grant the Judge the fuller powers for which he has intimated his intention to ask. Every honest member of the Council is liable, as the matter now stands, to become an object of suspicion. So manifestly is it in the interest of every alderman whose conscience is clear that the fullest investigation be made, that any councillor who should oppose the granting of the extension of power asked, would make himself immediately a suspected man. It is humiliating to citizens to have such an inquiry going on, and the damaging facts as brought out heralded far and wide, by wire and press. But it would be still more humiliating to all such to have the inquiry hushed, the guilty unpunished, and the innocent suspected. Next to choosing as councillors only men

absolutely above suspicion, the fair fame of the city will be best preserved by setting an example to all the world of prompt and thorough investigation, corruption relentlessly laid bare, and exemplary punishment of the guilty. Every good citizen should insist on this being done speedily, impartially and unflinchingly.

The overwhelming Democratic victory of two years ago in the Presidential, Congressional, and State elections was followed last week, all over the United States, by Republican victories even more signal and complete. The present Congress is Democratic by nearly two to one. The next Congress will be Republican by a proportion even greater. State after State in the north and west will send an unbroken Republican delegation, and twenty-five or thirty Republican Congressmen will sit for constituencies in the erstwhile "solid South." The four States—New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana—which are chronically doubtful, and which all went Democratic two years ago, are this year overwhelmingly Republican and all the other States which the Democrats and the Populists wrested from the Republicans have gone back to their first allegiance, with more than old-time majorities. A greater revolution in public sentiment in the short space of two years probably never took place in a self-governing country. As to its causes there can scarcely be much difference of opinion. The Democratic party richly deserved punishment for its scandalous delays in legislation and for the insufficient and half-hearted manner in which it did finally attempt to give effect to the policy it was pledged to carry out. Doubtless the disgust of tariff-reformers and free-traders with that party had something to do with the result, but it would be futile to attribute it mainly to that cause. The crushing defeat of William L. Wilson, the leader of the fight for reform; of Tom. L. Johnson, the stalwart free-trader of Ohio; and of other consistent and steadfast reformers, as well as the poor showing made by the People's Party, which was nearly swept out of existence, argues a different reason. To the hard times and the unexampled distress that have existed all over the country must be attributed the extraordinary result. These, aided by Democratic dissensions and apathy, enormously accelerated the natural tendency of the political pendulum to swing backward. The people, thrown into a panic, have temporarily lost faith in tariff-reform before it has been tried. Their verdict is an endorsement of high protection. Tariff-reformers will reflect mournfully on how different things might have been had President and Congress shown more haste to carry out the will of the people and had the Senate not surrendered to the trusts. But they will congratulate themselves that, at least, the McKinley Act has been repealed; that, with the Presidential veto power still in Democratic hands, the new tariff act is likely to remain unmolested for the present, and that when the popular panic has passed there will be opportunity for further and greater progress along the path of reform.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times in the United States is the determination the people in some of the great cities are showing to reform their municipal governments. Last year the city of Brooklyn overthrew the ring of corrupt politicians that had long preyed upon it and elected a reform administration by the enormous majority of 30,000. This year New York follows suit, defeating Tammany Hall and electing a reform ticket by between 40,000 and 50,000 majority. This splendid result was directly brought about by the shocking disclosures of the corruption and depravity that have permeated the Police Department. Tammany Hall tried to dis-

claim responsibility for the state of this department, but the notoriously bad character of most of its appointees to Police Commissionerships and Police Justiceships was something it could not deny, and the fact that in some departments of the city government its rule was efficient and business-like could not any longer blind the people to the inherent rottenness of its system, or save it from overwhelming defeat where, a few years ago, it was impregnable. Another result of the elections in our neighboring State, encouraging to friends of good government, was the crushing defeat of Senator Hill for the Governorship. Mr. Hill never before appeared to so good advantage as in the campaign just over, in which his speeches were able, broad, conciliatory, and almost lofty in tone. But his past career as a machine politician, a trickster, and an opponent of all that was best in his party, confronted him and would not "down." Despite a gallant fight, he was ignominiously defeated, and a Republican Governor and Legislature elected by immense majorities. This insures the new administration in New York City all necessary legislation to carry out the sweeping and complete reforms that are expected of it. The people of the State have also voted to adopt the new constitution, which has many features worth noting. To some of these we referred last week. Among them are one separating the times of holding State and municipal elections, one absolutely prohibiting grants of public money in aid of sectarian schools, one embodying the principle of civil-service reform, and one prohibiting pool-selling, bookmaking and lotteries. The last-named, if enforced by the Legislature, should do much to destroy the betting mania which is the source of such untold harm, and which has brought horse-racing into such disrepute.

* * *

The People's Parties.

ONE of the noteworthy phenomena connected with the recent election in the United States is the comparatively feeble part which was played by either of the new parties which have, for a few years past, taken somewhat prominent positions in the field of America politics. Neither the Populists nor the A. P. A. secret societies appear to have visibly affected the result. It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that both have fallen into an insignificance which seems to presage their final disappearance. With regard to the last named of the two organizations, the result has often been foretold, and is not at all surprising. No organization or league which has its reason-to-be in nothing better than a narrow sectarian prejudice, and which has no broader platform than the ostracism of the members of a sect, can long survive, to say nothing of attaining great influence, in a free and enlightened country, while great national interests are, or are believed to be, at stake. But with the Populists, the case is, or might have been supposed to be, different. The party came into existence as "The People's Party." Its mission was to antagonize the machine in politics, and to make the voice of the people heard in legislation, above the specious pleadings of the professional politicians, and the selfish but well-nigh irresistible clamourings of the trusts and self-seeking manufacturers. That there is in the United States great room and need for a party to represent the people, and above all the farmers, can hardly be doubted by any one who has paid any attention to the manner in which the business of legislation and administration is carried on under the rule of either of the old parties. We do not propose to inquire into the causes of failure of the People's Party across the border, save so far as its history may serve to point a moral for the use of those who are promoting the people's party on this side of the boundary line. Suffice it for this purpose to say that the movement for which the Populists were supposed to

stand seems to have been betrayed in its own strongholds by those who claimed to be its best friends and promoters. The organization was, as is well known, strongest in the South, especially in the States of Kansas and Colorado. In the latter State its chief representative was Governor Waite, who, from the position of an attorney who, for want of clients, had turned editor of a small country paper, was raised by the Populist vote and influence to the highest position in the State, in 1892. In his hands the body, so far as that State was concerned, soon became identified, not with genuine reform of glaring abuses but with "free coinage" and "fiat money," and, far worse, with disregard of law by its chief Executive in the State, with Socialistic vagaries, and even, in some cases, with avowed anarchism. Instead of keeping up an honest fight with corruption and the machine in the old party politics, unless it is grossly slandered by men of standing and repute who seem to be impartial, it soon became expert and conscienceless in the use of both. While its methods may have been less objectionable in other states where it was less influential, it was not unnatural that its aims and methods should be largely judged from its course in the locality in which it had for the time being complete ascendancy. Even in those more staid States in the north in which it attained to any considerable influence, it is, we believe, no slander to say that it became—as is, perhaps, almost unavoidable in connection with such a movement—a kind of Adullam's cave, into which flocked the cranky, the discontented, the disappointed, the lawless, and, as some aver, even the tramps, the criminals, and all who were at war with society.

Whatever allowance it may be just to make for the hostile colouring which may have been introduced into the above picture by prejudiced linnists, it can scarcely be denied that the Populists speedily fell into some of the worst habits of the old parties, that they suffered their cause to become identified with fads and extravagances, and that these causes have impeded their growth, if they have not virtually wrought their downfall. If this be so, it by no means follows that an honest, straightforward, well-managed people's party, in another land, may not achieve substantial success and attain permanent and salutary influence. But in order to this it needs to cherish its singleness of purpose, and to be wise in the choice of its leaders. It would be too much to expect that such a party, seeking special reforms, and representing only a class, however large and influential, should succeed in overturning both the old parties and taking the reins into its own hands.

We have little doubt as to the future of the P.P.A., the Canadian counterpart of the American A.P.A. It is inconceivable that the sober and liberal-minded people of Canada can ever permit a secret society, pledged to advocate the political, to say nothing of the social and industrial, ostracism of a very large and respectable class of its citizens, to become powerful in their national councils. The very narrowness of its creed foredooms such an organization to a feeble, if not a short-lived, career.

But what of the Patrons of Industry, who have already attained formidable strength, especially in the Province of Ontario? Their organization has certainly a cause, a worthy cause. It has laid down a platform of principles so sound and well-timed that both the old parties are fain to approve of it in the main, while the new parties are evidently anxious for an alliance. Everything depends upon the wisdom and restraint its members may develop in the future. Some of their methods it is impossible to approve, e.g., their interference with the liberty of judgment and conscience which is the birthright of every man, by requiring every member of the order to vote for the party nominee, in every instance,

on pain of expulsion. This is more illiberal and tyrannical than any rule enforced by the old party organizations, and is unworthy of the avowed principles and aims of the Patrons. But we are bound to say that the manifesto put forth the other day by the President, in the name of the managing Board, leaves little to be desired in the way either of ability or of straightforwardness. It declares firmly against coalition or coalescence with any other party. It disavows any desire to overthrow existing Governments, or to take their places. It fittingly rebukes Sir Richard Cartwright for a covert threat, of which it is to be hoped he and his party are thoroughly ashamed. It unambiguously and emphatically re-affirms that by its announced principles the party will stand or fall, and that it will co-operate with any other party in such measures as are honestly designed for the furtherance of those principles.

These are wise words, well spoken. We confess ourselves unable to see any good reason why a genuine people's party, working along these lines for the furtherance of the righteous ends which the Patrons profess to have in view, may not attain to permanent and even predominant influence in the national legislatures, in one of which they now hold, and in others are likely to hold, the balance of power.

* * *

Professor Froude.

BY the death of Professor Froude we have lost a great literary man, if we cannot add, a great or even a trustworthy historian. It is, indeed, almost a pity that so much of his work should have been devoted to historical subjects for which his special gifts by no means fitted him. At any rate, if he continues to be remembered among the great writers of England, it will not be as an historian, but as a writer that he will be remembered; and it is hardly possible that he should ever be denied a high place among English literary men.

Mr. Froude's career was a remarkable one in itself, and not less so in illustration of some of the tendencies of the age. The two Froudes, like the two Newman, took different courses in relation to the religious movements of their times. What Hurrell Froude might have become we cannot tell—whether like Pusey and Keble, he would have adhered to the English Church or like Newman become a Roman Catholic. Of his great influence in shaping the beginning of the Tractarian movement, there can be no question. But he was not long spared.

J. A. Froude was also, for a time, carried away by the Oxford movement. Indeed, it might be said that few men of higher intelligence escaped its influence, for a time at least. It is evident, however, that it did not long keep hold of Froude. He was ordained deacon in 1844, at the age of 26, and seems to have discovered very soon that the clerical office was not his vocation, as he never proceeded to Priest's orders. Subsequently, when an Act of Parliament was passed permitting clergymen to put off their orders, Froude availed himself of it, and legally became a layman again.

Like some other men, eminent and otherwise, Froude passed, by reaction, from Tractarianism to rationalism; and the fact of this change became manifest in his book, "The Nemesis of Faith," for the writing of which he lost his fellowship at Exeter College, Oxford, and had the book burnt in the college hall by Mr. Sewell, the Vice-Rector. We have not observed any mention, in such articles as have come under our notice, of Mr. Froude's return to, at least, some measure of faith in revealed religion. It is said that this was owing, in great measure, to the influence of the late Canon Kingsley, with whom Mr. Froude was connected by marriage. "The Nemesis of Faith" was written in 1848, when the author was thirty years of age.

Most persons would consider as the great work of Froude's life his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada." Originally it was intended to extend to the death of Elizabeth; but the plan was subsequently curtailed. It is hardly too much to say that the publication of the first volumes of this history created a great sensation among the English reading public. "Whitewashing" was not quite unknown to them. Several rather bad kings of England had a good deal done for them. Richard III. had been made almost respectable. Then Herod the Great had been rehabilitated. Charles I. was alternately whitewashed and blackened. But no one had seriously tried to bring out the excellency of Henry VIII.

This King had, undoubtedly, some great qualities. With all his faults he had strong affinities with the people whom he ruled, like his great daughter, Elizabeth; and this may account for the fact that their tyrannical doings were more tolerable to the people than those of James I. and Charles I., although other reasons could easily be found. It can hardly be said that, in the long run, Mr. Froude has done much to change our opinions of Henry VIII.; but for a time he seemed to do a good deal. The thing was so daring, and his arguments and authorities seemed to many quite convincing. We have learned, since then, to know much better the value of his authorities.

Here Froude was at his worst. His want of accuracy was stupendous. His use or abuse of his authorities was monstrous and almost incredible. Hardly any theory will explain his methods. He had no hesitation in quoting a part of a document in corroboration of some particular theory, when the whole document would have effectually refuted it. One can hardly believe that he knew what he was doing in this respect. Perhaps there was with him a kind of incapacity for understanding anything which went against his own conclusions. Even this is a difficult hypothesis, but it seems better than any other. It was surely an example of the irony of history that, on the death of Dr. E. A. Freeman, he was appointed his successor in the chair of modern history in 1892. We need not stop to ask why Dr. S. R. Gardiner was passed over, except that he was a younger man, and the post allotted to Froude. He and Freeman had crossed swords more than once—Freeman fiercely, contemptuously; Froude with but little confidence on his own side, and generally without effect in defence. It so happened that Froude undertook to write on Becket, a subject which had been handled from quite a different point of view by his Tractarian brother. Freeman himself had had some part in the Oxford movement, and had never drifted so far from it as Froude had done, so he descended into the arena and administered to his opponent one of the most effective (and we must add, savage) castigations known in literary or historical criticism.

Froude was hardly happier in the account which he gave of his tours. Thus his book, "Oceana" abounds in errors. His account of Adelaide, in Australia, for example, is ludicrously incorrect in almost every particular; and yet he had visited Adelaide; and his blunders, like some of those already referred to, are unintelligible. "The English in the West Indies" is said to be nearly as faulty as "Oceana," the people in Jamaica declaring that Mr. Froude must have written his book before he left England, and failed to correct it, when he became better acquainted with the West Indies.

The worst of all his achievements, however, was the work which he did on the literary remains of Carlyle and his wife. There can be no doubt that Carlyle trusted Froude as he trusted hardly any one else. It can hardly be denied, either, that Froude had a most sincere attachment to Carlyle. What he did, therefore, in this case, is, if possible, more incomprehensible than some of his previous achievements.

We do not wish to speak harshly of the dead, and Mr.

Froude suffered so much for what we must call his evil doing in this matter during his life, that we may the rather spare his memory, now that he has gone. But no one ever did such harm to a friend as Froude did to the reputation of Carlyle with the English public; and it will take years to bring the grim old cynic of Chelsea back to his former place, if that is ever to be done. We do not, for one moment, imagine that Froude thought he was doing wrong to the memory of Carlyle but how it was that he escaped knowing this, we cannot even imagine. Carlyle trusted him absolutely, and told him to do as he liked; but at the same time left directions that much of his "reminiscences" should not be published. Mr. Froude not only published what ought to have been burnt, but he garbled his documents and thereby made the impression which they produced much worse.

We have no pleasure in writing such words; but Carlyle is no longer here to speak for himself. We will part not with the historian, but with the literary man, in peace and thankfulness. Mr. Froude is a first rate writer. His style is hardly excelled by that of any living man. It is clear, nervous, picturesque without gaudiness, and never palls on the ear.

* * *

Montreal Letter.

SNOW came down in sufficient quantity on Saturday last to make fairly good sleighing, and the cab on runners was the favorite conveyance with the enthusiastic admirers of the beautiful. To-day the snow is a novelty, and children are in great glee over it; experimenting with snow balls, with their usual childish judgment, and making slides on the sidewalk, creating various sorts of impressions upon their unsuspecting fathers weighed down with the thoughts of snow shovels and frozen water pipes. To-morrow the snow will be part of us.

The Montreal Street Railway Company was fined in two cases last week for allowing their cars to be overcrowded. The recorder said it was difficult to prevent overcrowding on the cars, owing to the persistency of the public in boarding them; but as long as the city by-laws restrict the carrying capacity of the cars to a certain number, the company must obey the rules or suffer the consequences. If the company objects to the by-laws and finds it impossible to obey them, it must either get them repealed or pay for breaking them. It is strange that the public clamour so much about overcrowding and yet will not obey the conductors when ordered to get off. Would more cars solve the difficulty?

Sir Donald A. Smith arrived home from Europe on Sunday last, via New York. The trip has done him much good. He says no one has been appointed yet to the principalship of McGill; in fact it has not yet been offered to any one. The authorities recognize the necessity of filling the position as soon as possible, but they want the very best man that can be obtained. They prefer a Canadian, but he must be, in every respect, equal to the man from any other country. In a matter so important we must rise above mere local feeling or bias. It is the best man we want, no matter from what country he comes. And by getting the best man we ultimately work for our own independence; we work for a day when we will no longer have to go outside for our best men.

The members of the Stock Exchange were somewhat startled at the announcement of a two per cent. reduction in the Dominion cotton dividend, and some were very much disgusted, for only a few minutes before, they had purchased at 108 when shortly after they could only realize a little over 90. There had been considerable unloading at high prices and it was believed that two of the members had got a private tip as to what was coming. There was great indignation among the brokers and an explanation was demanded. It is customary when a dividend is announced to at once communicate the fact to the Stock Exchange, but it was after two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon before the Stock Exchange was officially notified. Mr. Gault, president of the company, explained in a letter that the mistake was entirely due to the secretary, who omitted to notify the Stock Exchange at once. The delay was sufficient, however, to enable the unloading of stock by those who got the news early and kept it to themselves.

A shocking calamity took place last Friday in the falling

in of the roof and interior walls of the new building of the Montreal Street Railway. Without a moment's warning something gave way and stone, bricks, timbers and iron girders came down with a crash. Several workmen were carried down with the debris; three were killed and others severely injured. Some escaped by rushing to the windows and hanging on to the narrow ledges until released by the fire ladders. That more were not killed is a wonder. Who is to blame? Each contractor denies that it is due to any of the work under his charge and is prone to shift the blame on to some part of the work other than his own. A most thorough investigation is demanded, for somewhere there was a very grave defect. This is the third large building that has collapsed within the past four years, during the course of construction, but never before was there loss of life.

Mr. Justice Taschereau rendered an interesting judgment recently in an action arising out of the escape of a man arrested on a *capias*. The fugitive's creditors endeavored to make the bailiff responsible for the amount of the debt through which the man had been arrested. The bailiff was charged with not having kept a close enough watch on the prisoner. The court held that a bailiff in charge of a prisoner arrested on civil suit, was not obliged, indeed was forbidden, to treat his prisoner with the same strictness as a police officer would use in the case of a man arrested under a criminal charge. A person arrested on *capias* was entitled to courtesy from the bailiff in charge of him and would have very good ground of complaint if he had not been treated with reasonable consideration. But assuming that the bailiff had been negligent in the execution of his duty, should he on that account be held liable for the amount of the judgment upon which his prisoner had been arrested? No. In the first place, supposing that the man arrested had been imprisoned and no one had come to bail him, he would have had to remain in prison. The creditors instead of recovering their money, would, on the contrary, be put to further expense in paying the weekly allowance the law required, and plaintiffs made to defray the cost of maintenance of prisoners arrested on *capias*. In the second place, supposing the prisoner had been released on bail and had remained in the Province, the creditors would be in no better position. It was not certain that the escape of the prisoner had caused the loss of the money, or that his detention would have secured the claim.

A. J. F.

Mercier as a Papal Count.

IT was early dawn of one of the long days in the summer of 1891 that I stepped off the train at the village of St. Anne de la Perade, some four hours run from Montreal. The dew lay in large beads on the grass; the cobwebs, hanging under the eaves of the little station, and, stretching from leaf to leaf and branch to branch of the bushes close by, were heavy and white with moisture; the exposed parts of my body were made clammy with the heavy morning air, and, as I stood alone on the platform and saw the train disappear in a bank of mist in a hollow down the track, a feeling of having been ruthlessly abandoned in a strange and unknown land came over me. But had I not told the conductor to shove me off there? Of course I had; and, finding that I could not in any way blame the company for having been set upon my feet outdoors at an hour that only roosters and other villains are awake, I rubbed my sleepy eyes and started along the road towards the village. It had no striking points, it was just like many other villages of Quebec Province that one sees through a car window when hurrying along between main points; a white-washed village, low cottages with little flower gardens in front, every inch blooming; two or three general stores, with broad verandahs and hitching posts; one or two hotels, a tall, white flag-pole, and close by, with high, massive stone walls and lofty towers, out of all proportion to the size of the hamlet, the parish church, like a sentinel, watching over all. The only unusual feature was the abundance of flags and bunting which hung from the houses and church towers, at the moment damp and limp. There were, too, a few men in the street, early prowlers or late stragglers, I hardly knew which, but they sized me up pretty well as I wandered aimlessly along the middle of the roadway weighing in my mind what to do in order to kill time. I was in a blissful state of uncertainty as to what course to pursue when there rounded up close to me a conveyance of the buckboard type, driven by a small, wild-eyed and excitable *habitant*. "You, you go, Mercier's place?" he asked grinning from ear to ear and pointing with a broken

whip down the road, "Me take you, come," and he wheeled the rig sharply around so that I could get into the seat. I got in. "Marche t'en! Marche t'en," a succession of sharp tugs at the reins; whack, whack, whack, with the whip on the poor animals back, and away it went shambling along the road rapid enough to suit my fancy for an early morning ride, but not enough to suit the driver who seemed to feel that he had some great duty to perform, "Marche t'en! Marche t'en. Then, after a pause, "She have heap big time las' night at Maison du Mercier; great big blaze firework—boom!" and the *habitant's* eyes shone like two polished coals and his face was transformed into one big grin which showed that he was enjoying the event thoroughly. "Marche t'en"; whack—whack—whack; I thought the animal would collapse. "You frien' Mercier—Yes? She big mare. Me run all night—me; horse she get tired pretty soon, but got mate in de barn good for all day." I suggested that he get the mate out at once, as the animal he was driving was pretty well used up. After a run of about a mile and a half along the road the driver, who all the while kept up his chatter, suddenly hauled up; an unexpected procedure, which was the cause of nearly sending me over the dashboard. "This Mercier's place," he said, still grinning, for he grinned the whole way. "Want team again?" "No!" I had no arrangements to make and told him so. Asking what was the fare, he promptly replied, "Ten cents." This was so much of a surprise, that I believe I gave him a quarter in mistake.

Tourouvre, the country seat of Honore Mercier, was in a state of drowsiness. Everywhere there were signs of life, but it was all asleep. The flags and Chinese lanterns, so numerous that they seemed to outnumber the leaves of the trees upon which they hung, were motionless and damp. Under the trees, in irregular form, were several military tents in which were the hundred and some odd Papal Zouaves who had come from all parts of the Province the day previous to share the hospitality of the Premier, and receive from his hands the medals awarded them by the Pope. These men had gone over to Italy and served under the Papal flag during the great civil war which resulted in the wresting of the temporal power from ecclesiastical hands. They had served with honor in that far off land, and stood shoulder to shoulder in support of their cause; returning to their national country with regret that the cause had been lost. Just as they had slept under canvas beneath Italian skies so did they sleep that August morning at Tourouvre many years after. To them it was a grand reunion. Upon small boards fastened to the trees were the name of the successful battles of the war and the generals who figured in them, prominently among them being the name of General Charette. Besides the ordinary military tents there were large marquees which were used for cooking purposes, and in these preparations were being made for the breakfast. Not being able to strike up a conversation with the cooks, and finding the rest of the camp had no intention of rousing itself for some time, I turned my steps towards the residence. It was neither new nor fashionable in appearance, but it was comfortable looking, and, with its ivy covered walls, was charming. It was a typical country residence for a country gentleman of moderate means. While passing by it, on the broad gravel walk, a man appeared at the door. He scanned the sky, which was now brightening up by the sun appearing over the horizon, and then looked at me enquiringly. It was the Premier, and his appearance at that hour of the morning rather surprised me, and he did not look as if he had got out of bed in a hurry either. He was dressed in the costume of a country gentleman; corduroy hunting jacket and leggings, and in his hand he held a riding whip. Mercier, up and ready for the day's proceedings, and the camp still asleep? It was surprising. Yet this was only part of his every day life. He had always astonished his friends with the amount of hard work he did. He was possessed of indomitable energy, and it is said that during the sessions at Quebec he worked from early morning to late at night. At six o'clock he was up, and before breakfast he had finished his correspondence with his private secretary. At ten he received deputations, and prepared the work of the Ministry up to lunch hour. Then there were the afternoon and night sessions, during which he always spoke a good deal, and often it was two o'clock in the morning before he would retire. During his campaigns he worked even still harder, looking after all details of organization, and arranging about candidates. Then, after all, it was not so surprising to find him, at his country residence, up at four o'clock looking for something to do. Presenting my card he grasped my hand warmly and bade me welcome. "Everybody is still asleep," he said, "come, we will wake them up and then I shall show you my farm." Returning to the house he procured a horn, and as we walked along

the pathway the Premier blew several terrible blasts which had the desired effect, for the Zouaves appeared one by one looking as if they could have enjoyed another two hours sleep. Those near by shook hands with the Premier, and he saluted each with a smile, and a "bon jour, mon brave Zouave." "Come, and I will show you my farm," and taking my arm led me across the road to the barns and stables. "I am not Prime Minister now," he said with a laugh, "I am a farmer." I doubt, however, if Mr. Mercier's knowledge of farming amounted to much, and when it came down to discussing the points of any particular animal he switched off the subject by passing on to the next stall or to some other part of the stables. He would put his hands upon each animal and say, "Isn't that fine," and was satisfied with that. The horses and stock were nearly all imported, and he said he had twenty-two head of Holstein cattle and several horses among which were two handsome Norman horses which he had procured in England at a large cost. There were bulls and stallions, herds of pigs and sheep, and a large number of fowl and duck. The latter seemed to give the Premier more pleasure than the rest, and he spent some time scattering feed into the pond and laughing at the duck's scramble for it.

Breakfast under the trees, then preparations for the grand procession to the church. At eight o'clock Honore Mercier again appeared at the doorway of his residence, but his costume and manner were much changed. At daylight he was plain Mr. Mercier, farmer; now he was Premier Mercier of the Province of Quebec, Hereditary Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, Officer of the Legion of Honor of France, and Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, and he bore all these honors with a sense of supreme dignity. His costume, which was that of the Order of St. Gregory the Great was gorgeous in the extreme, consisting of white trousers, green velvet coat and waistcoat, with an abundance of silver trimmings, a cocked hat and long, thin sword. It was the first time that the costume had been seen in Canada, and as the wearer drew on his white gloves he was an object of considerable interest to his numerous guests. He was surrounded by high military officers and judges, but he spoke to none of them, and he had that bearing which made them hesitate to speak to him. He was there as a high officer of the Pope, and the honor of the order was to be maintained with the greatest respect. He signalled with his hand and the Papal flag, yellow and white, was run up to the top of the flag pole which stood close to the residence. There was a great booming of cannon and martial music by the band, and amid cheers the Count of the Holy Roman Empire stepped into the crested carriage awaiting him, accompanied by Recorder de Montigny, commander of the Papal Zouaves. The booming of the cannon continued, the noble Norman horses pranced and tossed their heads, rather upsetting the dignity of the liveried coachman and footman, who sat upon the box. At last the procession got into line, and it moved along the broad gravel carriage-way into the road. The mile-and-a-half of roadway to the church was lined with *habitants* who were so struck with amazement at the grand display that they hardly emitted a cheer. They looked upon the Count as something more than a great man. They had heard how he had been honored abroad by the Pope, and many raised their hats reverentially as he passed. Great accounts of honors having been done him by the church, had preceded his return from Europe. The Trappists of the Monastery at Bellefontane had paid him homage. When entering the threshold of the door, two monks prostrated themselves and lay flat on their stomachs waiting until the Prime Minister, of Quebec, raised them up again, and one of these monks, the cousin of Jules Ferry, the leader of the French Cabinet. Again, had he not been invited to sit in the stalls of the sanctuary of the great cathedral, as if he were a prelate of the church. No wonder, then, the simple *habitant* was struck with awe and admiration, and was drawn irresistibly close to the carriage wheels as it passed on to the church. In the village the decorations were more profuse than they were early in the morning. There were evergreen arches, and streamers crossed the streets, bearing such inscriptions as "Vive le Comte Mercier," "Vive le General Charette," and "Honneur au Comte Mercier." Cannon again boomed as the procession neared the parish church, and as it entered it. Thousands of people were unable to gain admission, so large was the crowd.

From the organ loft the scene was one of magnificence. From the centre of the high ceiling to the sides long streamers stretched the whole length of the church—yellow and white predominating—and little flags stuck out from all points. In front of the altar hung in mid air a fac-simile of the medals

about to be presented. Within the sanctuary was a handsome chair and in front of it a prayer desk. This was for the Count, and as he walked up the crowded aisle and took his seat, the organ pealed forth a stirring march. The Papal Zouaves sat just without the sanctuary. The service of High Mass was performed, Father St. Onge, of Troy, N.Y., officiating, assisted by several prominent priests. Then to each of the Zouaves was presented a medal bearing the likeness of Leo XIII and the inscription "Bene Merite." On the clasp was the single word "Roma." The count presented the first medal to de Montigny with much ceremony and the rest were presented by de Montigny to the Zouaves. During the ceremony beautiful music was rendered by the organ and singers, and, with the rays of the morning sun falling through the high windows upon the vast crowd and bright uniforms, the scene was brilliant and impressive.

The procession reformed to the booming of cannon, and when it marched back to Tourouvre it carried the crowd with it. Only the guests were admitted to the grounds and the thousands of *habitants* had to be contented with remaining beyond the fence where men and women struggled for advantageous points in order to see what was going on on the inside. Under the trees, in regular form, were seven long tables each with an awning over it, and, at the end nearest the road, was a table for the host, the clergy and principal guests. All were seated except the great man who remained within his residence until everything was ready before he made his appearance. The tables were gorgeously decorated and laden with all the good things of the land. There were flowers everywhere. Here comes the Premier arm in arm with de Montigny. They do not come straight to the tables but make a detour through the grove and go along close to the road where the crowd is. Cannon is booming, the Zouaves are on their feet cheering. The *habitants* crowd upon a little bridge to get a glimpse at the count; the bridge crashes beneath the immense weight and the men and women fall with it in a heap shouting and screaming. The band plays and cannon boom again, and the count strides along, raising his cocked hat and waving it in the air. He passes close to a large cannon that has not yet been discharged owing to its close proximity to the crowd. The count waves his arm excitedly and shouts out something to the cannonier. The man looks at the crowd and hesitates. The count is excited and impatient and he shouts to the cannonier so that his voice can be heard above the noise of the excited crowd, the band and large arms. The burning fuse is applied. The cannon makes a great noise, and simultaneously there is a scream from the direction of the crowd. There is a perfect turmoil and men crowd upon each other to see what is the matter. Part of the fencing is torn down and through the aperture is born the form of a woman in a state of unconsciousness from which she never recovered. Past the gaily decorated tables and under the flying flags and streamers she is carried into the residence where she receives medical attendance and the last rites of the church. The noise continues and there is only peace when, after the count has taken his seat, a church dignitary rises and gives his blessing. The viands were rich and wine flowed plentifully, and, after the inner man had become somewhat satisfied, the toast of Pope Leo XIII. was honored with enthusiasm. The compliment was extended to General Charlette, Mercier and the Zouaves themselves. Until near dark the festivities continued, and, as I returned along the road to catch the homebound train, I could see that the humble *habitant* could hardly understand it all. He was mystified.

ALBERT J. FLINT.

* * *
A Love Song.

The winter stars shine bright and cold
But that is naught to me,
Her soft brown eyes are bright with love
And they're the stars I see.

The voices of the winter winds
Sing on in music drear,
Her voice, so like the Zephyr's sigh,
The music that I hear.

The winter's hand in icy grip
Holds nature fast.—But she,
Within a hand so soft and warm,
Holds safely my heart's key.

The roses deep beneath the snow
Lie still in Death's repose,
But what care I!—for I am her's,
And she,—she is my rose.

H. HELOISE DUPUIS.

A Deputy Surveyor General's Report of 1788.*

QUEBEC, 6th December, 1788.

MY LORD,—In Obedience to Your Lordship's Instructions, dated 29th May, 1788 wherein is specified that Doubts being entertained whether Carleton "Island or Kingston is the most eligible station for the King's Ships-of-War to protect the "Navigation of Lake Ontario, and the Upper Part of the "River St. Lawrence, I am to make this, particularly, an object "of my attention, and report how far it may be necessary to "occupy, either or both, and what Works, I judge, advisable "for that Purpose." I therefore lost no time in going into this Investigation, but before I proceed to state the Result I would beg leave to premise, as well, with Respect to this as to other Objects of my Instructions, that when speaking on Subjects purely naval, I cannot be supposed to do it with that Confidence which might be expected from a professional Man; what I have to say on this head must, therefore, be considered, in some degree, as a detail of such information as I have been able to procure, connected, however, with the Observations I have myself made on the spot; but I do not, on any account, mean to insinuate that I shall shrink from giving an Opinion of my own; on the contrary I shall never advance any Doctrine or Opinion which I do not myself think well founded; I shall, therefore, without further Preface proceed to state to your Lordship such particulars as may be necessary to form a comparative view of the two Posts herebefore mentioned.

With Respect to Kingston, what is there called the Harbour, and where the Town is laid out, is not the Situation *on this side* for Vessels, as it lies rather open to the Lake and has not very good anchorage near the Entrance, so that they are obliged to run a good way up for shelter and where there is but little Water; they may, however, there lay safe; but the most eligible situation here, for naval Purposes, is the Cove immediately to the Eastward (marked A); therefore, in what I shall have further to remark upon the Properties of a harbour, here, this latter situation is to be understood as referred to.

It is remarked (speaking both of Kingston and Carleton Island) that the Wind here blows from the eastward upon an average at least three-fourth of the year, sometimes varying a few Points either to the N. or S., it is said to have been observed that, in general, it is to the south of West in the Spring and to the N. of W. in the Fall; in this case from the different Positions of Carleton Island and Kingston, as there is about two Points of the Compass difference in the Course from thence into the open Lake; from the former, it being nearly S.W. a little westerly and from the latter about S. S. W. so that it should appear from the foregoing Remark on the general State of the Winds that is more favourable for getting into the Lake from Carleton Island in the Spring, and from Kingston in the fall; the safety of the Navigation is, in either case, nearly quite equal; the Distance, also, from either Place, into the Lake, is nearly the same. Vessels may be sooner sheltered in the Harbour at Carleton Place than at Kingston and on that account might be sooner warped in or out; but, on the other Hand, it has been observed at Kingston that there is, very frequently, early in the morning, a light, northerly, land Breeze with which Vessels might be carried out of the Harbour with great facility and Dispatch, in either case when they are clear of the Harbour they must have a leading Wind to carry them into the Lake; they cannot beat up either from Carleton Island or Kingston, at least the present Vessels cannot.

The Harbours, both at Kingston and Carleton Island, are safe, commodious and well sheltered, the Neck B. would be, perhaps, a good situation for storehouses and other naval Buildings, but I am not quite satisfied that it could be, in all Respects, equal to that at Carleton Island, the former, in some Places, is low and wet, the greater Part, however, is rocky; the latter is low, but it is a flat Rock and dry; but the former is by no means a bad situation as far as may be requisite for naval Purposes there is sufficient depth in both harbours for Vessels of any moderate Draft of Water, but it is supposed as

well with Respect to those two Posts as to the Navigation of this Lake in general, that Schooners from 80 to 100 Tons would best answer the Purpose; but if and Enemy has also Vessels upon the Lake, then the Nature and force of ours must, I imagine, be proportioned to the sort of Vessels we may have to oppose.

Having now brought forward all the material Information and Observations I have been able to make and to procure—and having duly weighed the several Properties both of Kingston and Carleton Island relative to naval Purposes only, it at present remains to draw that conclusion which the Premises may seem to Warrant, in doing this their appears some Difficulty; many circumstances are very nicely balanced, nevertheless after maturely considering the whole of what has been remarked on this Subject I cannot help being of Opinion that the Preference rather leans on the side of Carleton Island. If the object was that of Trade only or regarded merely the Transport of Goods to Niagara, I do not see that Carleton Island has any material Advantage over Kingston; but as a Station for the King's Ships of War I am induced to think that Carleton Island is the best; indeed the features of S. W. end of this Island are very singularly formed, and seem admirably adapted for all naval Purposes upon a scale, perhaps, sufficiently extensive for whatever could, at any time, be requisite upon this Lake.

In considering the two Situations as Military Posts, I shall not have that Difficulty in deciding which should have the Preference, the few following Observations will, I imagine, be amply sufficient to ascertain it.

A single Work at Carleton Island embraces the best situation for Defences, protects the naval yard and both Harbours and scours the country; the ground in front is a natural Glacis, and it is on this front only it can be attacked by a Land force, but is not commanded by it, nor can the Works be approached under cover, upon the whole I conceive it to be a good Post and that it would effectually answer the Purpose of protecting the Navy.

At Kingston the only eligible situation for a Military Post is on the Ground marked (C) this is a good commanding Spot, but the Height does not seem sufficiently spacious for a work of any great Capacity, something, however, of good Defence might, I believe, be constructed here for three or four hundred Men, but the particular figure and Dimensions of it cannot be ascertained, with any precaution, until the Wood is cleared and proper sections are taken. This Fort with a Battery on the Extremity of Point below, and another on the Point D. would secure the Harbour from any attempt of an Enemy on this side, but it could not prevent their taking Post within fourteen or fifteen hundred yards, at the Back of the Town of Kingston, and bombarding the Navy yard and shipping in the Harbour, neither do I see that this could be any Way prevented, but by such a complicated and extensive system of Works as I imagine would not be thought expedient to adopt, nor could I undertake to recommend.

Neither Carleton Island or Kingston, nor indeed any other situation I have been able to discover, could be capable of preventing an Enemy's Vessels from entering the River St. Lawrence from the Lake; the Channels are too wide and the wind in general as well as the current in their favour: But I am nevertheless of Opinion that the best station for the King's Ships of War to be ready to act for the Protection of the Navigation of the Lake, and the Upper part of the River St. Lawrence, is Carleton Island—in Regard to the present condition of the Works at this Post the whole is now so far in ruins as to be altogether defenceless and impassable; the Ditch, which is in the Rock, has never been sufficiently excavated, the other Works have been completed, but it strikes me that they never were capable of any serious Defence, as well from the smallness of the Bastions as the oblique Manner in which their faces are seen from the other Works; but the whole could only be considered as a temporary Matter, the green Logs with which the Fort was built could not be expected to last long; the ground is favourable for a Fort of greater capacity and strength, but it is probable that such a system may have been originally adopted for the Works at this Place, and might then have been thought adequate to its Importance, to the Number of Troops designed for its Defence and the strength it was likely an Enemy might be able to bring against it; and these Ideas must again be brought into Consideration if the Post should be re-established or any new system adopted; without therefore going in this place into a Detail of Particular Works I will beg leave only to remark, which will be applicable to any system, that as the

* [The above interesting report of over a century ago was made at the instance of Guy, Lord Dorchester, (before his elevation to the peerage, Guy Carleton) by John Collins, Deputy Surveyor General of the Province of Quebec. The report was addressed to Guy Lord Dorchester, Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec, at the Castle of Saint Lewis in the city of Quebec. This venerable and historically important document, procured with great difficulty, and published exclusively in THE WEEK, is given, as nearly as possible, in its original terms.—ED. WEEK.]

Ground in Front widens and extends somewhat over the Extremities of the Work, particularly on the right—Precautions should be taken to strengthen those Points towards the Fields, to counteract in some Degree the advantage an enemy attacking might have in the Extent of his Flanks.

The Barracks although partly dismantled and in very bad Condition may be still repaired.

Proceeding to the other Objects of your Lordship's Instructions I next examined the state of Fort Ontario.

Fort Ontario being an Earth Work and not lately attended to has suffered considerably, the face of one of the Bastions has fallen down, a few other slips of less consequence have also happened to the exterior slope of the Parapet throughout, the Embrasures have mouldered away; the Banquette is also in bad Order, and at improper and unequal Distances from the top of the Parapet in some places not more than three feet; the platforms are bad; the Gun Carriages want repairs and new trucks. The Outworks designed have not been completed, except one Ravelin nearly so, the Parapet of which is now in very bad order, the Picketing in the Ditch is too low as well as too slight. The Blockhouses in the Bastions designed also for Barracks, are so exceedingly damp below owing to the Earth laying against them and so much out of repair above, that they are not habitable. The Bomb-proofs in the Curtain are falling down being forced by the Weight of the Earth behind. The Barracks may be repaired without great expence; the Powder Magazine is too damp to be serviceable. The Bastion, shut in at the gorge as a Retreat to the small number of Troops in Garrison unequal to the defence of the whole Fort, might perhaps for a short time protract their being taken by an Enemy unprovided with Canon; but it is assailable by the Parapets of the adjoining murtains, and the nearest Flanks of the Bastions on each side Could serve as a Breast Work against it, therefore much defence wust not be expected from it. The Fort is seen into and commanded, but it is from the Distance of twelve or fourteen hundred yards, there is low ground at the foot of Part of the Glacis not seen into from the Works, and the Bank and shore on the Lake side is not sufficiently commanded.

To restore Fort Ontario and put it into a proper state of Defence, that is to say, to repair or rebuild where necessary, the Works and Buildings of the Body of the Place, and to complete the outworks the following would be necessary:

The Scarp would be best revetted with masonry or Brick Work but if that should not be approved then there should be substituted new log Work raised to the Height of twelve feet with a slope half the height, the logs to be placed up and down not horizontally and on the top a horizontal Capcil and a small Berm on which should be placed a strong Fraize; from this to the top of the Parapet to be sodded with a slope three-fourths of the Height. The inside of the Parapet to be lined with log work or masonry; also the Embrasure with oak Plank; and the Platforms and Gun Carriges to be repaired, a new Palisade in the bottom of the Ditch, and the covered Way also to be palisaded; the ravelin to be completed and the Work executed in the Manner proposed for the Body of the Place: The Glacis to be raised to its proper height, and traverses made in the covert Way; if the Glacis is also regularly sloped very little of the Hollow at the foot of it will remain unseen. The Barracks in general to undergo a thorough Repair, and to be weather boarded. The Blockhouses in the Bastions to be reduced in size so as to admit an area or Passage between them and the Rampart, for which Purpose a stone retaining Wall to the Rampart, within the Bastions will be necessary. The Bombproofs in the Curtains to be pulled down and rebuilt, in which case they should be thrown forward so as to admit a Passage between them and the Rampart.

The Fort being in some degree commanded although at the Distance of 1200 or 1400 yards it might at least be proper to prevent its being seen into from Bastion No. 8 to Bastion No. 9—about four feet: a new Powder Magazine must be built, an advanced Blockhouse or Redoubt on the Cliff eight hundred and fifty feet North East of the Fort is necessary to command the approach along shore, and a line extended from the counterscarp on the left face of Bastion No. 7 to the edge of the bank to scour the same as it is not at present sufficiently seen from any of the Works; the Brush Wood within a thousand yards of the Fort should be cut down; it has been formerly done but is now grown up again.

These several alterations and Repairs if done by the Troops might probably cost in executing about eight hundred or two thousand Pounds, and when completed would require for their Defence about five to six hundred Men.

The Harbour here is safe within and Vessels may carry in

about two fathoms and half water in mid Chamel but the entrance is so narrow and the current sets out so very strong that it is extremely difficult to get into it, and it is not good lying without being exposed to the swell of the whole Lake from the North and North West and the shores are very rocky and dangerous.

(To be continued.)

* * *

A Relic of Ville-Marie.

IN the process of improvement, false and real, the antiquities of this continent's history have suffered much, and, among the old and notable towns, Montreal has not been the least of the sufferers. Its buildings of the French period are now reduced in all to between thirty and thirty-five (if a list recently made by me be correct), and every year or two another goes over to the majority, such as the La Corne St. Luc house, or the original cottage of Madame d'Youville's Grey Nun Hospital. Just now it is the quaint little cottage-built warehouse on St. Nicholas Street behind the Board of Trade Building. This here on its front, which was in a courtyard, the evidences of having come down from the earliest age of Ville-Marie, days when the town was but a straggling village of little provincial Norman cottages, not yet walled nor even palisaded, and when each house was a separate stronghold. Entering by a wicket in the gate, which pierced a high wall of rough stone, the visitor, on turning to the right, rested his eyes on the whitewashed rubble house of a story and a half, its openings faced with characteristic scanty widths of cut stone. A door and two large windows, grilled with rude ironwork, pierced the lower story. Another window was covered by a later addition of a wing.) On the face of the wall above these, and in the centre of the facade, was a small image-niche. Near it on one side was a diminutive window of the size of a single pane. A little above it began the roof. On entering the door it was seen that the ground floor consisted of a range of heavy round-arched vaults, divided into three by two ponderous walls, the effect of which, with the prison-like, grilled windows, was highly "donjon-keep" like. Vaulting was characteristic of the more substantial houses of the period, and the range of vaults beneath the Chateau de Ramezay are a rare sight for this continent. A fireplace was built across a corner at one end of the building presently in question, and adjoining it was a mysterious opening in the wall about six feet up, leading into a dark hole or chamber large enough to hide a man, and the use of which nobody has been able to divine. There was an attic above and cellars beneath divided by walls supporting the vaulting.

From documents and information belonging to the proprietor, Mr. James Coristine, it is known that the property belonged, about 1670, to Migeon de Bronsac, who was bailiff or fiscal attorney of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, then feudal proprietor of the Island of Montreal, and who was also agent of the celebrated *compagnie des Indes Occidentales*, to which the monopoly of the trade of the colony had been granted in 1664 by Louis XIV. This man appears to have carried on his business in the premises, as well as later in the premises adjoining, which also belong to Mr. Coristine, and which are likewise vaulted, but are more spacious and built more pretentiously, with a dwelling overhead in which Migeon in due course doubtless resided. There Count Frontenac was a frequent and friendly visitor, for he was interested in the profits of the company. La Salle also, of whom Frotenac was the patron and ally, was deeply interested in business transactions with Migeon, being indebted to him in 1679 in the vast sum of 46,000 livres for part of which Frontenac went security to the fiscal attorney. Their dealings together began with a loan to La Salle of 450 livres in 1671.

These ponderous arches, therefore, two hundred years ago looked down on famous men and picturesque transactions. The piles of furs, the painted Indians, the voyageurs and bold *couvreurs de bois*, Frontenac, LaSalle, Joliet, the cassoaked soldier, Dollier de Casson, the brave town-major, Lambert Closse, who fell fighting the Iroquois, the nuns, Marie Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance, and, playing about the floor, Bienville, leading other boys—what a picture these would make!

In 1681, the premises were witness of other lively scenes. Perrot, the notorious Governor of Montreal, protected certain lawless *couvreurs de bois* in illicit trade, of which he shared the profits. Duchesneau, the intendant of Canada, ordered Migeon to bring the men to justice. "Perrot," writes Parkman, "at once arrested the bailiff and sent a sergeant and two soldiers to occupy his house, with orders to annoy the family as much as

possible. One of them accordingly walked to and fro all night in the bedchamber of Migeon's wife. On another occasion, the bailiff invited two friends to supper, Le Moyne d'Iberville and one Bouthier, agent of a commercial house at Rochelle. The conversation turned on the trade carried on by Perrot. It was overheard and reported to him, upon which he suddenly appeared at the window, struck Bouthier over the head with his cane, then drew his sword and chased him, while he fled for his life. The seminary was near at hand and the fugitive clambered over the wall. Dollier de Casson dressed him in the hat and cassock of a priest, and in this disguise he escaped."

One of the earliest cemeteries of Ville-Marie was situated for many years just in the rear of the old building. Whether connected with this in any way or not, is not known, but a coffin containing a skeleton was disinterred a few days ago at a depth of some five or six feet under the courtyard and adjoining the wall of the house. On the St. Nicholas Street gable, a beam bore traces of fire, and evidently the original roof had been destroyed by that element, while, in rebuilding, the edifice had been considerably enlarged and widened at the back. The fire was probably the great conflagration of 1765, which reduced two-thirds of the town to ashes, and was such a calamity as to occasion a large cash subscription in Britain for the relief of the sufferers. The rebuilding on the other hand accords with the epoch and circumstances of the owner soon after, the celebrated Alexander Henry, the first British Canadian explorer of the Northwest. He it was who doubtless made the enlargement. In more recent times the property has had owners and associations of more local interest, and on the building of the new Board of Trade Building it was regarded as an obstruction, expropriated and demolished.

Montreal, Oct. 29th, 1894.

ALCHEMIST.

* * *

Shakespeare, New and Old.

TO Shakespeare and Stratford is the cry and the pilgrimage. All the world is paying the poet homage and the poet is still king. Long live the king!

This bard of bards, this dramatist of dramatists, came into the world at Stratford, beside the silver stream of soft-flowing Avon-water, forty years before the opening of the seventeenth century. It was a time auspicious of the flowering of poetry. The laurels of war had been gathered in. Disturbed customs were settling, waiting to be stamped by genius. The revolution in religion had come and gone. The fanatic iconoclasm of the Reformers in matters of art had passed, and possibly this devastation was not an unmixt evil, for there doubtless had been many ordinary statues in England's niches and many poor pictures looking down on England's altars!

Sir Thomas More had touched the fancy with Utopia. If this book had not been translated into English from its Latin original, it would have been beyond the reach of our poet. Refined Thomas Howard, who doubtless instructed Shakespeare in sonnet writing, had introduced that exquisite form of verse from Italy. If our poet did not have the King James' version of the Scriptures, William Tyndale, a scholar of Oxford, had put the sacred book within his reach. If he read it, it did not keep him, with the other young bucks of Stratford, from shooting the deer of Charllecote Park!

There had been an abundant classic fertilizing of the language. It was time for the emergence of English brain and of English style. Though Bacon, a contemporary, was not sure of his faith in "pure and undefiled" English, as Petrarch had not had entire confidence in the strength of his Italian tongue, Dante and Tasso had set the style of national writing, and Shakespeare, if he had not wanted to have followed, could not have done otherwise, for he was master of only one tongue. But that language he controlled, and with it he framed the sweetest numbers that ever charmed a listening world.

Shakespeare's father was in ordinary circumstances. He bought, cleaned and carded wool. When William was quite young he was taken from school to aid his father in the support of nine brothers and sisters, among whom he was the eldest boy. He was a lad of uncommon wit and of great diligence in reading. It is not unlikely that it was the father's intention that the son should carry on the business. When he was eighteen he married Ann Hathaway, a young woman of twenty-six summers. His spirits, however, were restless. He was gloomy by turns, and reckless. Ambitious, yet he could see no sure prospects. It was, therefore, not an unhappy fortune which threw him into London to evade the toils of the law at Stratford. A young man of twenty-three, married and almost

a stranger, must needs be fearless in his hopes and willing to work. His old playmate, and possibly relation, Tom Green, who was an actor, took him to Blackfriar's theatre, where, before long, he was given opportunity to rise above supernumerary, and act simple parts. He grew popular with the players, for he was genial. His sunny disposition was given freedom to shine, for his prospects were not now lost in the oblivion of a country town. He soon had opportunity to furbish up his old plays; afterwards taking to writing new ones. It was not long before success flattered him. His material was gathered from the talk of the times, and from whatever books suited his purpose. With this foundation he began his writing, calling for the binding and completion of the whole upon his peerless powers of creation and poetic feeling. His sense of humour, and the necessity of writing for success, saved him from being pedantic. His master wit selected the best words making his measures as limpid as the flowings of a brook. He wrote intensely and he wrote *con amore*. Though none of his manuscripts are in existence, his first publishers state them to have been almost without correction. If there was any change in his style it was latterly, when he grew hardly as lucid as in earlier days.

His retirement to Stratford when only forty-nine summers were past, and hardly a winter begun for him, can be perhaps understood. His twenty-six years of service to Thalia and Melpomene had assured him a modest competence, and the "ease and rural retirements" of the town proffered him a welcome rest. The cords of his mind life were waiting to be gathered up, and he thought to leave to fame immortal sonnets. Fame has selected the dramas, but only because there can be but one superlative. Sonnets can never die which contain such descriptions of nature as the famous one of the lark in the twenty-ninth, and of "Philomel" in the one hundred and second. During these days he also wrote the short comedy of "Twelfth Night." Here came to him expressions of regard from Elizabeth and, in after years, correspondence from James I.

Shakespeare has not catalogued his books for us like Leigh Hunt and Macaulay, but among them he esteemed a copy, by Florio, of Montaigne's essays, on the title page of which he wrote his name. Over these Warwick downs he rode on horseback or walked with his favorite daughter, Susanna. On the Stratford green he contested in bowls with the village men.

His death was lamentable at the early age of fifty-three. Oblivion seems to have followed his race, for his line became extinct fifty years after his death. The poet's only son died at the age of twelve.

The dramatist's life in the capital before his retirement is interesting. How active and merry it was! The sun of success was in the zenith. Court and courtiers favored him. Conceive the scene of his readings before Elizabeth. In the company are the generous Southampton, patron of the poet; the travelled Raleigh, who himself was hoping for literary renown; the astute Cecil, much occupied with cares of State, and possibly, if he was in London sojourning from Kilcolman, there came to hear our poet, Edmund Spencer, now lamenting the loss of his dear and kindly friend, the brave and romancing Philip Sidney. Into this company is introduced, at the invitation of the Queen, William Shakespeare. He limps slightly with a lameness of which he was highly sensitive. He is of good figure, dressed well with frill, doublet and cape. He carries his stitched manuscripts in one hand, and hat, with feather, in the other. His reading is with that careful intonation which comes from practice before the foot-lights, and his suave and expressive features reinforce the wit and pathos of his lines. The Queen is flattered with so much geniality and delighted with such immortal verse.

On his mother's side the poet inherited Norman blood. To it perhaps we may trace his facility for combining names and chronicling deeds the wide world over. On his father's side there was a Celtic strain, whence came that peerless imagination and poetic fancy.

About Shakespeare have been written over two hundred distinct works. There are eighty portraits of him. That in possession of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe is well accredited. The hair of the poet is long and flowing. His face is pleasantly wise. The faculties of language and imagination are developed. The mouth is richly full.

It was a happy fortune of Elizabeth's that granted her to reign when was the golden age of English poetry, and in that age there is one name, the immortal bard, William Shakespeare.

Montreal, Que.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

John Granger's Pomes: Our Canadian Highlandmen.

Grandfather's folks was Sussex bred,
And came from England 'cross the sea;
But mother's parents, so she said,
From Ireland and from Germany.
No drop of Scotch is in my blood,
Yet, if I wanted brethren
To carry me through fire an' flood,
I'd choose 'em all of Highlandmen.

They call 'em stiff and obstinate,
And proud as Lucifer's own crew,
And say they hate with pious hate
Them as wont think the way they do.
But, be you right or wrong, my lads,
If they just love you once, why then,
They'll shield you with their tartan plaids,
And fight for you like Highlandmen.

I know a man, his name was Mac,
And he stood high in politics,
Some called him white, some called him black,
A patriot true, a bunch of tricks.
The roughs began to yell and shout,
Somewheres down east, begins with Glen.—
But, when he let his Gallic out,
They cheered him deaf like Highlandmen.

And there was Parson Whats-his-name
Had got some doctrine whittled fine:
The Squaretoes said, "Our Church is game
To whip that sinner into line."
But scared they were, by all the powers,
When hundreds shook their fists at ten;
"The Parson is a friend of ours,
And we are loyal Highlandmen!"

I'd trust 'em drunk, I'd trust 'em blind,
(Both which I hope I'll never be,)
For when I've won their hearts I find
That right means right 'twixt them and me.
Your Highlandman can't do no wrong,
Conscience is conscience in the clan;
But faith he keeps, like the old song,
"My gallant braw John Hiellan'man?"

English is good, and stout, and brave,
Irish is warm and dashing too,
Your Lowland Scotchman ain't no slave,
The Dutchman's homely-like and true.
Pore Jong Batteest's an honest cove,
But this I'll swear, I've never ben
Among a lot that won my love
Like our Canadian Highlandmen.

J. CAWDOR BELL.

* * * Paris Letter.

NIMES has braved the Home Minister by holding its bull fight on Sunday last as usual. Between 15,000 to 20,000 spectators crowded the old Roman arena to witness the killing of six bulls. The ladies were very numerous, and appeared, by the waving of their handkerchiefs and parasols, to be all joy. The red and yellow poster, signed by the Mayor, did not set forth that the bulls would be put to death; that was a trick, since it prevented the authorities from interfering, and when they did interfere, during the abattoir scenes, all they could do was to announce that the law had been violated. The Mayor, who was present, left the arena when the first bull was slain. This was to protest against the violation of the law; he saved himself from being suspended. The Home Minister at once ordered the six Spanish toreadors to be expelled from France, and the organizers of the fight to be prosecuted; they can be fined—which penalty would be soon paid—or imprisoned. There will be no more putting of the finger in the eye of the law, as posters announcing the fights will have to state on the bills if the bulls be killed or not. The horses were such veritable screws that, to conceal their Rozinante condition, they were caparisoned: this covering of "cloth of gold" not only hampered their efforts to escape from the infuriated bulls, but, when disembowelled, hid their wounds. One horse, thus ripped, was visited by the toreador, who thrust a sword into the poor "friend of man," and then threw a red mantle over his carcass. The bull's turn came next; the matador missed his thrust, the sword entered the animal's skin and the point came out twenty inches farther on; at the second thrust the sword was buried to the hilt and passed through the bull's heart. The applause was frantic at the artistic butchery. Both horse and bull were tied by the legs to a swing bar and dragged round and out of the circus. One bull that showed no fight was pierced with

darts and with quibs. That soon made the beast furious, till despatched; and so on with the other four bulls.

A few days ago a Boulevard journal let fly the canard that Emperor William had made an entry in his agenda to pay a visit to Paris, in A.D. 1900, to see the exhibition. The joke did 24 hours duty just as well as another. But it served a second purpose to solicit the views of people as to the attitude Parisians ought to maintain, did the Teuton drop in upon the City of Light; from Jules Simon to Zola and Daudet, all either walked round or shirked the question. An ex-foreign minister, now almost forgotten, M. Flourens, demanded to know if the Emperor was aware of the words attributed to him; if so, then he would deliver his opinion. His Majesty's reception would be welcome if he brought with him Alsace-Lorraine, plus a present of five millions pocket money. Omitting these *impediments*, Parisians should not extend hospitality to the traveller. Such are the views of Madame Adam, whose only delight is to sing peans in honor of Russia, and shriek Jack-daw of Rheins anathemas at Germany and England—especially the latter. To adjust the horoscope to the year 1900, when we do not know what even a day may bring forth, is courageous at least. Said the poet, "Before a month, the king, the ass, or I may be dead."

The Belgian elections form a most interesting subject of study. Belgium, till the reformed electoral law was voted on, was on the verge of revolution. She resembled France in February, 1848: the King and Guizot declined to enlarge the list of voters; the throne was overturned, and next day, under the provisional government, universal suffrage was decreed, and that now reigns. Belgium has profited by the lesson; she has accorded, with some cumbersome restrictions, universal suffrage. This has added ten fold to the number of electors. Workmen have for the first time voted. And the verdict has been the triumph of the Socialists. Their cry was, "Progress, justice, and make way for the poor." That programme is plain. But the Socialists remain as united as a Grecian phalanx, and are led by able, though extreme, men. They represent a situation very like what is now existing in France. In Belgium the voting qualification is far from one man, one vote. It is one man, "four" votes. Then the areas of population, in respect to deputies to be elected are not proportionate. Under the new law, that came into operation on Sunday last, the voting hours are from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. The Senators are elected at the same time, their voting urns are rose colored, those for the deputies are blue. The voter only receives the official bulletin, when he enter the booth; the names of the candidates are there set forth; before the name of each is a printed ring, so as to form a white spot. The elector retires to a stall or "isoloir" and draws his pencil through the rings, opposite the names of those he wishes elected. If he have property, or be a graduate of a university, he has to exercise these plural votes on separate lists. Every voter must vote, or incur a penalty of 1 to 25fr.; if persisted in, he can be struck off the roll. In France not more than than the moiety of electors go to the polls. In one district the voting papers were exhausted. So many could not vote, and the various parties instituted lectures and object lessons, to teach the electors how to fill their bulletins. Demos has scored a great victory.

The anniversary of the death of a member of a family, or of a celebrity, is generally observed in private life for a certain number of years. With politicians, the occasion is a god-send. The Royalists keep up the execution days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; the Bonapartes, Napoleon III. and IV—never I. or II. The Orleanists seem to utilize the whole calendar, but do not go farther back than Louis—Philippe, whose papa, Égalite, voted for the chopping off of the head of his cousin Louis XVI. The Orleanists lately observed the anniversary of the demise of the Comte de Chambord. When Gounod died last autumn, his obsequies had been overshadowed by those of Macmahon, and the national hurrahing for the "Rooshians." He died of apoplexy at his country seat, St. Cloud, like "the evening of a beautiful day"—as La Fontaine would say. He had been listening to a rehearsal of his unpublished Requiem, when his head dropped on the score. He had said that he desired no music save chants, nothing "operatic" at his funeral. But his family have just seized the occasion of the anniversary of his death, to invite his relatives and friends to attend the memorial mass, when the Requiem would be performed, in fact, to *une première* representation. Gounod like Hugo, only believed in an *impersonnel* God. In the score, the *Dies Ire* has nothing wrathful; it is written in a simple, tender, yet bright style. Now we know the reason why; it was composed years ago in honor of a dear lad whom Gounod

lost—a "little Dombey." The really last composition of Gounod's is his *Repentir*, a melody which has been often executed. The laurel wreaths placed on Gounod's tomb, are cut from the shrubs that he planted in his garden to celebrate his first success.

When stirring winds do blow in the Chamber of Deputies, the hand-bell of the President is the only "Riot Act" used to secure calm. Often it fails to do so; the handle never was known to break, but it nearly broke Gambetta's wrist at one time, as he shook it violently at the disorderly House; he shook it at them like a birch, in addition to ringing it like a fire bell. Grévy tingled it so as to recall the coming home of a herd of milch cows on a Swiss mountain slope! Brisson "agitated" that weapon of law and order, as if a death or a curfew bell. Floquet seized the bell as if it were a child's rattle, but drowned its sound by his own voice inviting his colleagues to decorum, and secured the end by a witty remark. The suggestion is made to supersede the hand-bell by a mechanical contrivance; not a light house *Sirene*, nor a buss trumpet worked by the foot, nor the electric or air pump of a tram car. It is proposed to fall back on a joy-bell arrangement, worked on a graded tableau like the steering apparatus of a modern ship—or a touching of keys like a piano. The slightest pressure of a finger would enable the president to set the bells protesting *pro rata* to the disturbance. Ours is a labour saving age.

The Parisians continue to appreciate Verdi's *Othello*—the name is all that reminds you of the "original" author. Madame Caron, who created the role here of Desdemona, if she escaped suffocation by the Moor, caught something like croup the other night on regaining her home, and for a time was seriously ill. She has been replaced by Madame Bosman, who got up the part instantly, and won laurels. Verdi promises his "King Lear" for next year. Till then, Parisians can while away the time with Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, *Othello* and the Wagner repertoire.

The dockyards of France promise to be emptied by the demands made upon them for war ships to be stationed in every part of the world. Boats are wanted for Delagoa Bay, to protect French lives and interests, as well as to be keeping an eye on the movements of John Bull. Happily there is no convenient water way to Central Soudan or Lake Tchad. While Captain Lugard is looking after British interests in Niger hinterlands, the race at grab is keenly followed for the Dahomey and Ashantee hinterlands, where France, Germany, and England are executing a sort of tie race. A French Oriental traveller, who knows the yellow races well, informs me that the Japs have all their sorrows before them in Manchouria, and, if they intend adopting that route to Peking, they will be subjected, in front and rear to merciless Guerillas—the flower of Black Flags. If China devotes the winter to preparing for spring campaigns, the Japanese will have some hard nuts to crack. A correspondent from Saigon writes that the wealthiest residents in Cochin China are coolies, who, five and twenty years ago, arrived with no other *impedimenta* than their pig-tails, to seek fortune and succeeded.

Pasteur will soon have as many horses as the 'buss companies; he employs them all to utilize their blood for its serum to prepare the anti-cramp vaccine, as discovered by Professor Behring. Villages are adopting the fashion of sending him a subscription in the form of a horse.

It is as difficult to run a new religion as a new journal. The Rev. Père Loyson quit the Pope to set up old Catholicism. He formed a joint stock arrangement with the Dutch, and has now seceded from them, and his flock of 300 wandering sheep are in quest of a Gallican fold. Even in religion, the French dislike the foreigner. The Pere says the existence of many religions, is only a proof of the goodness and power of God. England, said a Frenchman, has 365 religions, but only one sauce.

Z.

* * *

Alas! how many causes that can plead well for themselves in the courts of Westminster, and yet in the general court of the universe and free sons of men, have no word to utter!—*Carlyle*.

You are to consider that learning is of great use to society; and though it may not add to the stock, it is a necessary vehicle to transmit it to others. Learned men are the cisterns of knowledge, not the fountain heads.—*James Northcote*.

We perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple. Without the beauty we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness.—*George Eliot*

Mr. Gilbert Parker.

IN the summer of 1890 I was sitting one morning in the editorial room of *The Independent*, then at the corner of Broadway and Murray Street, when a card was handed to the editor.

"Ask him to walk in."

There appeared in the doorway a quiet man of the world. He was tall rather than medium, well-built, alert, with dark hair, dark square beard, and keen, observant, gray eyes. The forehead was a student's, serene and distinguished; the lower face an adventurer's—Hannibal's perhaps or Cartier's. He walked quickly without striding. When he spoke, his face lighted up with human friendliness, and as the conversation wore on he followed his topics with animation. He was earnest—not too earnest; the finished manner of a gentleman of culture and travel. Well-groomed, and marked with breeding rather than fashion, you would take him at once for an Englishman—or a New Yorker.

It was Mr. Gilbert Parker. And soon after this visit *The Independent* printed "The Patrol of the Cypress Hills," the first of those wonderful tales of the far North, many of which were to appear in the same journal during the next year or two. In 1892 they were collected in a volume, and "Pierre and His People" was given to the world.

In these stories it was Mr. Parker's good fortune to be first in an unoccupied field. The unknown vastness of the Canadian Northwest furnished him with good hunting, only to be equalled in Mr. Kipling's India. In this little-known region, stretching far away into the land of perpetual night and everlasting snow, touched with the glamour of uncivilized romance and the mysticism of an earlier race, he found a background well suited to his purpose, a canvas large enough for the elemental scenes he wished to portray. For "Pierre" is not a drawing-room product—that daring, reckless, gambling, adorable half-breed. He has morals of his own, and is not amenable to our strait code of petty conventions. A sinner he may be, a *man* he certainly is, and a distinct creation in our contemporary letters.

Indeed, it seems to me that one of Mr. Parker's strongest claims for a permanent place in literature will probably be based on his power to create character. Pierre, Gaston Belward, Mrs. Falchion, Andrée, Brillon, the Chief Factor,—these are characters of clear and biting distinctness. After reading of their doings, you have a strong individual remembrance of the men and women themselves, not a mere recollection of the story in which they figured. Yet the story is always there too, full of interest and movement, a thing to keep you up into the small hours of the night. It is a rare and telling combination of powers, this,—the power to portray striking figures to the life, added to the power of recounting any incident with a thrilling vividness. Give a man these two gifts, and then give him a third gift of style, a genius for phrase, and you may be sure to lend the world a great story writer. All these faculties Gilbert Parker has in abundance.

I said that Mr. Parker was fortunate in finding a background like the great Northwest. There is a primitive element in all he does that could be made apparent only with great difficulty if he had been confined to conventional life for his models. It is present, this strong, self-assured, manly outlook upon life, only in the youngest and the oldest communities. And by bringing these two into contact, Mr. Parker has emphasized very clearly the traits of human character he most admires. On every page he will be found in accord with the new romance movement.

"Gaston Belward was not sentimental: that belongs to the middle class Englishman's idea of civilization. But he had had a civilization akin to the highest; incongruous, therefore, as the sympathy between the United States and Russia. The highest civilization can be independent. The English aristocrat is at home in the lodge of a Sioux chief or the bamboo hut of a Fijian, and makes brothers of 'Savages,' when those other formal folk, who spend their lives in keeping their dignity, would be lofty and superior."

And in this interplay of civilization and rough life, Mr. Parker, like some other of the most manly of his contemporaries, finds his inspiration. We know what an inveterate world-wanderer Mr. Kipling is. The ends of the earth will not let him rest. The elemental gypsy in a man drives him from India to Vermont, as it drove Mr. Stevenson from the Adirondacks to Samoa and many another corner of the world. It sends Mr. Richard Harding Davis to Paris, to Africa, to the plains, to the slums of New York,—anywhere where life is fresh and sincere and bare to the eye. It gives us, too, stories

like "The Raiders," "The House of the Wolf," "A White Company," and all those restless novels which are crowding upon us to-day. We had become so over-nice in our feelings, so restrained and formal, so bound by habit and use in our devotion to the effeminate realists, that one side of our nature was starved. We must have a revolt at any cost. Naturally, then, all these young men who have at once the artist's eye and the adventurer's heart, as soon as they turned their hand to story-telling, sprang at once into favour. They have many things in common—spirit, courage, knowledge of the world, honesty, education, breeding, and a dislike of mawkishness and sentimentality. Art seems to them second to life; and a day of sport is better than a night of study. They would rather have gone down the world with Alexander of Macedon, or crossed the Alps with Napoleon, than have walked with Plato or supped with Virgil.

Mr. Stevenson in every volume, indeed, shows himself a writer for men rather than women. The stress and turmoil of the pursuits of men are more entertaining to him than the admirable virtues and beauties of women. And in all that excellent series of stories of the troublous times of Henry of Navarre, "A Gentleman of France," "The House of the Wolf," "The Man in Black," as well as in "Francis Cludde," it is the thrilling incident, a new one to every page, which chiefly engages the writer's attention and captures his readers. Not analysis, but story-telling, pure and simple, is the aim of the school. To be life-like concerns them less than to be moving, enthralling, and vivid. And they are right. Great as has been the service rendered to English prose in the last half century by the realists (as they are called), they nevertheless cannot hope to have established a permanent manner in fiction or a permanent method. They have made palpable falsity and childish exaggeration forever impossible; and, in future, whatever fashion of novel may come into vogue, its style must bear the impress of truth and conscientiousness given it under the tutorship of realism. All our careful studies in dialect and local colour will come to be valued as contributions to the faithful history of our own time, as pieces of accurate self-portraiture; but they will in the main cease to be valued as literature. Only a few masterpieces of realism, and these, touched by imagination, will find an abiding place in English letters. Realism has given us a careful and studious manner in art, which renders it delightful to the quiet and curious reader; but for the incurious and active man it is somewhat lacking in interest. The fault, perhaps, has been not so much in the theory of the realists as in their practice. They have not dared. They have been lacking in sincerity and manhood. They have too often allowed themselves to choose vapid and maudlin subjects, forgetting that while a charming manner is an inestimable aid to a story-teller, it can avail him nothing if he have, after all, no story to tell. A scrap of real life, says the realist, is always interesting, however humble or tame. But it is not. The commonplace in life does not interest us as much as the dramatic. Common people do not interest us as much as the uncommon, whether they be uncommon for virtue or beauty or daring or vice. We demand in art something better than we can find in ourselves.

Realism, like evolution, is good as a means to an end; of itself it proves nothing. And the one or two masters of realism in this country, while inculcating a doctrine of art neither final nor altogether sound, have been themselves such finished artists, that we have come, until very lately, to set too much store by their creed. At least, so it seems to me. But one must not be too insistent; for the great thing at last is to secure the spread of the beautiful and the right by whatever means. And if a man can get through "The Heavenly Twins" or "Marcella" or "Ships That Pass in the Night," and feel the better of it, in Heaven's name let him.

As a piece of literature, however,—as a piece of art really valuable,—any one of half a dozen stories in "Pierre and His People" will outlast anything ever written by the authors of these three monstrosities of letters.

"God's Garrison," "Three Outlaws," "The Stone," "Antoine and Angelique,"—these short stories, along with a few by Mr. Quiller-Couch, in "Noughts and Crosses," cannot be overmatched anywhere short of the English Bible. And it is, for the present, a sufficient estimate of their author to say that he is one of the half dozen English novelists to whom the opening of the twentieth century is likely to belong.

BLISS CARMAN in the *Chap Book*.

* * *

As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye.

History for Ready Reference.*

THIS valuable addition to every library, large or small, continues to show the great industry and excellent judgment of the learned librarian of Buffalo, who is editor and compiler. The most interesting compilation, in the opinion of most of our readers, will be Ireland, to which are devoted about fifty pages. The editor has also given to this series of extracts a feature not usual in the majority of cases; and that is, "A logical outline of Irish History in which the dominant conditions and influences are distinguished by colours." As one can see, the editor has had before him a delicate task when he attempts to condense into a quarto page of ordinary type, the influences that dominate the Irish people. However, in his decidedly ingenious generalization he has skimmed most discreetly over the most dangerous places, and does not appear to have fallen in. For instance, he explains the difficulties between the English and Irish by telling us that "the Celtic *warmth* (!) prevailing on one side of St. George's Channel has worked ill in politics as against the Teutonic *coolness* on the other; and it is probable that no change of circumstances or conditions would have altered greatly the relations of the two peoples." It is not encouraging, however, to be told that, "while oppression in Ireland, whether religious or political, is wholly and forever extinct, the bitterness which stays in Anglo-Irish politics is the lingering rancor of a hateful past, not quickly to be extinguished." The utterances of Mr. Healy, and the reception given to Mr. Blake in New York are certainly evidences of the bitterness that still exists among a faction of the people. We are afraid, however, that though Mr. Larned has obviously weighed every word in this "logical outline"—and it is important to find that one can be *logical* on the Irish question—he will hardly find his Irish contemporaries agree with him that the English race have more "masterful qualities," and that the political genius of the Irishman is "tribal and provincial in its range, and wanting in a national comprehensiveness." Yet Burke was an Irishman, and foremost among great thinkers; indeed, for breadth of philosophic thought no Englishman of his day can equal him. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, certainly had those "masterful" qualities which the editor denies to his race. The names of many men, famous in war, statesmanship, literature and science will occur to our readers as showing that, in his attempt to be logical, Mr. Larned has been a little forgetful of the achievements of the Irish. Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Blake would probably tell him that, if the Irish have become "tribal or provincial" in their political conflicts, it is chiefly on account of those "crushing conditions" of their political existence to which the editor refers. Passing away from the Irish problem, we come to a series of extracts relating to the libraries of the world, and here one can be logical without incurring the danger of wounding national susceptibilities. One is here astonished at the amazing growth in the libraries of the United States. In 1876 there were 3,649 libraries of over 300 volumes each, with an aggregate of 12,276,964 volumes. In 1891, there were 3,804 libraries with over 1,000 volumes in each; of these, there were 16,605,286 volumes in the North Atlantic division; 4,276,894 in the South Atlantic division; 1,345,708 in the South Central; 7,320,045 in the North Central; 1,593,974 in the Western. In Massachusetts alone, there were, in 1891, 175 towns and cities having free public libraries under municipal control—and the number has considerably increased by 1894—and 248 of the 351 towns and cities contained libraries in which the people have rights or free privileges. There were over 2,500,000 volumes in these libraries, available for the use of 2,104,224 of the 2,238,943 inhabitants which the State contained according to the census of 1890. The gifts of individuals in money, not including gifts of books, for libraries and library buildings, exceed five and a half million dollars. In many of the small towns, with a slender valuation, the State has taken the initiative in aiding the formation of free public libraries. The statistics relating to Canada are not very full in this volume, but it is obvious that even Ontario, with its wealth and intelligent population, and its facilities for the establishment of free public libraries, is far behind the great states of the American Federal Republic.

*HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE. From the best Historians, Biographers and Specialists. Their own words in a complete system of history for all uses, extending to all countries and subjects, and representing for both readers and students the better and newer literature of history in the English language. By J. N. Larned, with numerous historical maps from original sources and drawings by Allan C. Reiley. Vol. III. Greece to Nibelungen Lied. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co. Toronto: Canniff Haight. 1894. Large, 8 vo., pp. 1565-2358.

lic. Mr. Larned does not give us any insight into the operation of the Free Libraries' Act, but we all know that it has come into force only in Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, and a few other places. Yet, Massachusetts, with the same population as Ontario, has over 200 free libraries with an aggregate of over two millions and a half of books. But Ontario still holds its own as a premier Province, even in this respect, since the other Provinces have not adopted legislation of the same useful character. Many other compilations in this fine volume merit the study of the publicist, statesman and historian.

* * * J. G. BOURINOT.

The New English Dictionary.*

ALMOST every year brings to us a new dictionary of our language, very often with a great flourish of trumpets. But the one to which we refer is not yet complete, nor does it depend for its success upon the push of its publishers alone. The new dictionary, now in course of publication by the Clarendon Press, does, however, merit our attention and deserves our heartiest support.

The great French Dictionary of Littré is a credit to the genius of that famous lexicographer, and is the largest complete work of its kind. The great German dictionary, begun by the Grimm brothers, is being pushed steadily on by their successors, Prof. Heyne and others, but, although numbering some eight volumes, is not yet complete.

The thought of publishing an historical dictionary of the English language was first entertained by members of the Philological Society in the year 1857. Workers volunteered, and an immense amount of preliminary reading and "quotation gathering" was gradually done. In 1878 the delegates of the Clarendon Press agreed to undertake the publication, and in 1879 the work of printing was begun. Up to the present, vols. I and II, comprising the letters A. B. and C., and part of vol. III, the letter E., are completed. Altogether there have been some 1,300 workers engaged under the direction of Dr. J. A. H. Murray as editor. Latterly Henry Bradley has also become an editor. Over 5,000 works, from the various periods of our literature, have been read, and over 3½ millions of quotations have been made, alphabetically arranged, and all are stored up in the "Scriptorium" in Dr. Murray's garden. But the editors are still asking for more quotations and sending out lists of words in respect to which they are still in need of light.

The aim of the editors and many sub-editors is to give a history of the English vocabulary from the middle of the twelfth century down to the present time. The old English vocabulary before that time is not included because of the almost total disuse of inflections after the twelfth century, and because of the great number of Old English words which had become obsolete in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The treatment of the individual words is taken up under the following heads: (1) *Main* words which include single, radical or derivative words, and all compounds and phrases treated in separate articles; (2) *Subordinate* words, or variant or obsolete forms of main words, words of bad formation, and those of doubtful existence or of alleged use; (3) *Combinations* of main words, viz., compounds in which the first part is a main word, such as *burnfire* for *bonfire*.

Each individual word passes under a very strict examination, in which English scholars are assisted by the best authorities of other lands, such as, for instance, Prof. Sievers, of Leipzig; Prof. Kluge, of Freiburg; Prof. Noreen, of Upsala; Prof. Meyer, of Paris, and Prof. March, of Lafayette College. According to the result of this examination, the words are classified into (1) *Naturals*, which include all *native* words like *father*, and all *fully naturalized* words like *street*, *wine*, *church*; (2) *Denizens*, or words *fully naturalized in use* but not in *form*, *inflection* or *pronunciation*, such as *aide-de-camp* or *locus*; (3) *Aliens*, such as *shah*, *cicerone*, and (4) *Casuals* or foreign words in occasional use only. To this department of identification "also belongs pronunciation, grammatical designation, specification (music, botany and the like), spelling and status." This last is a very interesting feature in which this dictionary excels all other English lexicons.

In the historical sense we have no right to refuse to regard a word because it is not in some supposed or generally accepted classical author. Were we to listen to the purists of our day, our language would rapidly lose its robust life, pine away

* A new English Dictionary on historical principles: founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society; edited by James A. H. Murray and Henry Bradley. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

and die as did the classic tongue which Cicero strove so hard to preserve from corruption. The English language in its entirety (and when followed back to its Indo-germanic parentage) might be likened to a wonderful mine from which may be taken innumerable specimens, each with a history as delightful as an eastern tale, and as instructive in thought, in religion, or in philosophy as any lecture ever given, or any book ever written. The Irish ditch-digger, by his pronunciation, carries us away back to the days of Henry II, and the newsboy's slang is a telescope through which we look into the far future of our language and are surprised to see the words we now scorn placed among the best and brightest jewels. We often talk of the *origins* of our mother tongue as if they were to be found in some remote past. Like the sailors, who were reported dying with thirst while the fresh waters of the Amazon were all about them, so we fail to recognize that we might find evidence of healthy life in our language all around us, were we not oftentimes wilfully blind. No language can show a more unbroken history than our own; no language is more replete with lessons on language growth, both in forms and in meaning. Words die out, become obsolete, and words are born or are not traceable to any of the ancient "roots" which have been the *bête noir* of so many students. Of the 60,549 words cited under A. B. and C., 10,497, or 24 per cent., of the main words have become obsolete. New words or former slang words and the like which have won their spurs are, under B alone, *ham*, *bamboo-ze*, *blabber*, *blurt*, *box* (a blow), *brunt* and a host of others.

After the words have been properly identified, their *morphology*, or form history, is touched upon under the heads of derivation, phonetic descent and miscellaneous facts of history.

Next in order is the tracing of the signification or meaning of the word, what new meanings have been taken on, what older meanings lost, in short, the evolution of the significance is fully treated, and in the logical, historical order. What could be more interesting or better reflect the life of a people than the evolution in meanings of *corn*, *craft*, *cross*, *critic*? Words to be treated in parts of the work yet unpublished, and which have interesting histories, are *dizzy*, *giddy* (in Old English *gid* means *song*) and *silly* (in Old English *selig*—*fortunate*, *lucky*). Quotations in all cases are full and well arranged.

It is needless to say that the letterpress is excellent. The Clarendon Press is a model in that respect.

The work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, consistent with thoroughness, under the combined editorship of Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley, but of course no time can be set for completion. Safe it is to say that when completed, it will be an inexhaustible mine on the history of our language, and it is to be hoped that a copy will be found in every public library of whatever kind throughout the country. The day for a thorough study of the history of our mother tongue is rapidly approaching. Such a study is replete with information, is of the highest order as mental discipline and very fruitful in its results.

Such being the nature of the work, there is little possibility of comparisons being made between this work, and such as the Standard, the Century or the International. The purpose is entirely different. The latter have their place, of course, as popular works, but none of them can claim to be strictly historical.

* * * L. E. HORNING.

Correspondence.

ONTARIAN FAMILIES.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—While thanking you for your complimentary notice of "Ontarian Families," I hope you will allow me an opportunity of correcting a false impression which seems to exist, and which you echo in your article. The list of families proposed to be included in the work cannot be regarded as by any means exhaustive of those who should be in it. It may easily be doubled or trebled, so far at least as the mere enumeration of names goes. The present work is being issued as Vol. I., and if sufficient encouragement is offered, it will, I hope, be followed by at least a second volume.

It is a surprise to me to find that any of the names in the list referred to can be regarded as "dubious," or in any way unworthy of being recorded in family history.

As for snobbishness, nothing of that sort will find encouragement at my hands. But what is snobbishness? People sometimes appear to others to be affected with that moral disease without being themselves conscious of it.

Toronto, 12th Nov., 1894.

E. M. CHADWICK.

Art Notes.

The thirteenth annual fall exhibition of the Academy of Design, New York, will be opened on December 10th, and continue open about a month.

The house of Sir Frederick Leighton, in Holland Park Road, is described as a dainty example of Persian architecture and tile work. It resembles the summer palace of an Oriental prince. Some of the floors are marble, others mosaic; the walls and hanging ceilings of ancient Persian tiles—white and many tones of blue.

Before this appears the exhibition of the Palette Club will be open at the rooms of Mr. Roberts, 79 King street west. The lighting of the room by electricity has been much improved and promises to give satisfaction. The aim of this group of artists, which includes many of the best in the profession in our city, is to give small exhibitions of high-class work, excluding much that must necessarily find a place in a larger collection, and giving a place to some examples of the more modern phases of art.

M. Muntz has read the before the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres an interesting work on the illustration of the Old Testament in the works of art of the first ages of the Church. He demonstrates that the Fifth Century may be regarded as the golden age of Biblical painting. The mosaics of the St. Mary Basilica at Rome, executed in 432 to 440, were, despite contrary opinion, independent of the celebrated poem of Prudence, the "Dittochaon." The authors were inspired directly by the Bible. Several of the miniatures of the celebrated Cotton Bible were textually reproduced in the mosaics of the Basilica of St. Mark, of Venice, in the Thirteenth Century.

The first painting of Napoleon was made under peculiar circumstances. He was a mere youth, a second lieutenant, and utterly unknown to fame and wretchedly poor. The famous painter Greuze happened to be passing through Valence, where Napoleon was stationed, and Madame du Colombier, a lady of prominence, into whose circle Napoleon had been admitted, ordered the painter to make his portrait, saying that, if no misfortune befell him, he would play a great role. The portrait passed from Madame du Colombier to her daughter, Madame de Bressieux, and at the death of the latter it was acquired by the uncle of the present owner, who is the Marquis de Las Cases. A reproduction of this now famous painting is the frontispiece to *McClure's Magazine* for November, and is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the fifteen early portraits of Napoleon in that magazine.

Utrecht has an exhibition of works painted in the seventeenth century, the Augustan Age of Dutch Art. It contains a fine portrait of a lady by Rembrandt, dated 1639; two excellent portraits by Paulus Moreels, two by Wybrand de Geest, three by Cornelis Janssens, one of Admiral de Ruyter, by K. du Jardin, and others by these and other artists, which have elicited much surprised admiration. There is an important picture by Teniers, of one of his favorite subjects, "The Alchemist;" Van Dyck's "St. Francis of Assisi," "The Appearance of Christ to the Disciples at Emmaus," by Jan Steen, and "Tobit and His Wife Visited by the Angel," by Nicholas Knupper. The collection, which was loaned by people of the city, consists of five hundred pictures, at least two hundred of which were painted by men who were born or worked for some time at Utrecht.

M. Munkacsy, whose great picture of the "Crucifixion" gave him such a world-wide reputation as an historical artist, has come to grief through an error which has been noticed in his new painting designed for the Chamber of the Diet at Budapest. In the new painting, which is called "Arpad," M. Munkacsy has depicted in the "Arpad" the figure of a noble warrior, with a shaven face, astride a sixteen-hands charger. At the period represented in the picture, Hungarian nobles invariably wore beards, and rode the small, wiry horses of the country. The artist's fellow countrymen criticized the picture as "a serf on a French horse," and refused to allow it in the Chamber. Commenting on this action, an authority, says that M. Munkacsy deserves his punishment, as an error so gross can only mean carelessness, and an inattention to history

cannot be permitted in a great artist. The picture has been placed on exhibition in an art museum.

* * *

Music and the Drama.

Mrs. Von Finkelstein Mountford has just closed a most successful series of Oriental Entertainments in Montreal under the auspices of the Homeopathic Hospital, whose treasury is \$600 richer as the result of four of Mrs. Mountford's interesting lectures. The famous orientalist was entertained by the Montreal Woman's Club, and also addressed the students of the Congregational College while in that city.

The fall and winter months are the time for study. To profitably employ this time, so as to make the best of it, to get the very best results, should be the aim of every music student, no matter what particular branch of music study he may be pursuing. The best of the mind and strength must be given to study, patience and perseverance must be cultivated. There is no particularly short cut in art, it is a very long, but interesting, road to travel, before that acme of finished excellence is reached, which enables one to be classed with the often misapplied epithet, artist. Another thing, one to be really successful must love, absolutely love, their work, and the beautiful in art. Wherever art has flourished best the people have become known for their appreciation, and for the production of works—perhaps we could call them thought-works—because they have recognized art as worthy of the attention and study, not only of themselves as individuals, but as a whole nation. We then as individuals, whether students or masters (we should, however, always be the closest of students, no matter what knowledge we may possess), must give our labour the most devoted care, that nothing is so hurried as to be slipshod, or uncertain, for art is comparatively of slow growth, and one thing must be thoroughly well done and properly assimilated before entering upon the next. People have said to us, "Oh! I would give anything to play like that," or like so and so, when they wont even give three or four hours a day to conscientious study on recognized artistic principles, whereby to attain to such proficiency, even when, as in many cases, they may have an abundance of time to devote to such an object. Work is the needful thing, plenty of careful, conscientious work, and if this is patiently adhered to artistic results must inevitably follow, or the work has been misapplied, or talent is wholly wanting. The best teaching cannot make a brilliant, musical performer, without the earnest co-operation of the pupil. As someone has said, the teacher shows pupils what to do, but the doing depends entirely upon themselves. If the teacher has directed correctly, we may naturally expect steady improvement until maturity is reached. Otherwise not. There are certain fundamental, natural rules which govern the technic of all arts as well as musical art. Unless these natural laws are understood and logically worked out until all effort for effect is unconscious natural effort, the highest, most beautiful and finished performance is utterly and positively impossible. Music is an elevating noble study, but unhappily many talents are ruined, because their work is so often misdirected and conducted on wrong principles of study, and those who only reach mediocrity might, under other and different methods—which have been proven over and over again by great virtuosos—have developed into performers of sterling and artistic merit. Much depends on the master. He must have special natural talent for teaching, in fact it must almost be with him a passion. He must love his work, must have patience and great knowledge of his subject, and on other subjects bearing directly or indirectly upon it have the power to stimulate his pupil to do his utmost that nothing short of perfection must be aimed at. He should make his pupil feel at ease when in his presence, and that he is friend as well as master. Sympathy must exist between them, the pupil must have perfect confidence in his master or else that master is not suited to him. The pupil must also *feel* and *know* that his teacher has a personal interest in him, interest in his artistic success and in his musical life, and then a great teacher will get great and painstaking work from his pupil, and thus lead him forward and onward to that goal which must be reached before he can be

called rightly an artist and a cultivated musician. Ye students who intend making music your life work ponder over these things and give the best of your strength and intellect to your study, which requires to be systematic and regular, and then, only then all things being equal—will you achieve that degree of artistic excellence which is possible, and which may be yours.

The playing of Eugene Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, who is said to be an inspired genius, and the most gifted of all players, is to be heard in our city on the evening of December 7th. He is said to have the largest and grandest repertoire of any instrumentalist who has ever visited this country. His tone is magnificent, full of vitality and emotion, and audiences hearing him play are excited to wildest enthusiasm. His style is noble and grand, and his technic remarkable for accuracy and brilliance. He will be assisted by Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, who will play two or three selections, and the Beethoven Trio, as intimated last week. Subscribers may have first choice of seats and they can order their tickets in advance by signing their names in a book for that purpose which can be seen at Messrs. Nordheimers, 15 King St. East.

We have received a group of piano pieces in one volume, from the pen of Mr. J. Lewis Browne, of this city, and published by Messrs. Whaley Royce & Co., also of Toronto. There are eleven pieces in all, which bear the general title of "Sketches," Op. 12, although each individual piece has a separate title of its own quite in character with its musical contents. Had we time or space at our disposal, we should be strongly tempted to make an analysis of each one, and to speak of each separately, for they are all different in style and character. In fact, these pieces abundantly prove Mr. Browne's versatility, and his thorough, artistic musicianship. How suggestive is the whirling "Spinning Song," which opens the volume, and how fascinating the "Minnetto," with which the volume closes? Were we, however, to choose from among this collection of beautiful pieces, we would select No. 4, the graceful "Mazurka," No. 5, "Two Thoughts" (gay and grave), No. 7, "Melody" (dedicated to his mother), No. 3, "A Dream," and No. 8, "Moment Musical." How beautifully undulating and tender is the period of sixteen measures in G major, on page 17, which serves as a digression from the mazurka proper, with its careless, though sprightly rhythms? And again, how plaintively gay—if we can use such words to express our meaning—are the first eight bars of "Two Thoughts"? This period seems so innocent, so simple, yet so unconstrained and charming, that when heard, it hovers around one like the delicate fragrance of a perfume. The "Melody," No. 7, is very expressive and slightly reminiscent of Schuman's Chopin in the "Carnival," but this resemblance is only fragmentary and by no means can be considered, in any sense, a plagiarism. "A Dream" is likewise a clever bit of expressive writing. The sentiment is manly, the harmonies rich and warm, and the melody expansive and noble. The "Moment Musical" is simply delightful and sunny, particularly the first theme, with its effective syncopated accompaniment. The episode in E minor, which immediately follows, does not please us from a musical standpoint so well, although the mood is entirely different. Perhaps just for this reason the beauty and freshness of the first theme is so particularly striking when it appears again at the close. Several of these pieces are dedicated to Toronto musicians, the honored ones being Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mr. John Bailey, Sig. F. LyAuria, Mr. H. M. Field, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. Mr. Browne has a refined musical temperament and imagination, as expressed in these thoroughly grateful and poetic pieces, and it is a pleasure for us to refer to them. The volume should find ready sale amongst musicians and talented amateurs, for there will certainly be something to please all tastes, no matter how varied. The work is most beautifully gotten up, is printed on the finest paper, and elegantly engraved. In this respect also it is a work of art.

We regret exceedingly that owing to the indisposition of Mme. Melba, she and her concert company were unable to appear here last Tuesday evening as announced. In consequence of her illness a great many have been disappointed. Everyone expected a delight-

ful treat, and we can only hope that perhaps later on in the season a visit from the famous artist can once more be arranged.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, the talented organist of Bond St. Congregational Church, gave an organ recital on Friday evening, November 9th, in Napanee, to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Browne's numbers were by Bach, Wagner, Chopin, Bird, Van Eyken, Cellier and Brown, truly a delightful and varied programme. He may be considered as one of the best and most brilliant solo organists in Canada. This reminds us, also, that Mr. Browne has been appointed to the position of critic, reviser and adviser to the publishing department of Whaley, Royce & Co. He has also accepted the position as editor of the *Canadian Musician*, the only exclusively musical paper, we believe, published in the Dominion. Mr. Browne will, no doubt, make the paper bright, brainy and interesting, and a power in the cause of music in our country. We wish him good luck.

Mr. Klingensfeld, the violinist, has resigned his position at the College of Music.

Library Table.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. By Anthony Hope. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Ltd. 1894.

Mr. Anthony Hope's clever story with the above title was most favorably noticed in our columns not long ago. We are glad to find that delightful romance has been placed within the reach of a wide circle of readers by inclusion in Macmillan's Colonial Library, an honor which it well deserves.

THE BROWNIES AROUND THE WORLD. By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century. \$1.50.

The Brownies are old friends of ours and always receive a hearty welcome. They are quite indispensable to the nursery library and thousands of wee ones follow their diverting travels and adventures with absorbing interest. Mr. Palmer Cox has found ready access to the juvenile heart through his graphic pencil and facile pen. How the mischievous, fun loving Brownies fared in their voyage round the world, and all the ordinary and extraordinary events that befel them are here pictured and told in Mr. Cox's sprightliest fashion.

THE SILVER CHRIST AND A LEMON TREE. By Onida. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co. 1894.

The pretty little volume of 235 pages which contains the above tales is beautifully printed and prettily bound. The morbid taste which gives the volume a name repugnant to a large and respectable class of readers may be traced throughout its cleverly written pages. There are pretty bits of description here and there as well as strength, vigor and realism in the sketches of a character. True to nature they may be, and racy of the soil of sunny Italy, *the locus in quo*, but there is a lack of gentleness and refinement in these stories which is not compensated for by skill in writing and strength of expression.

POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY. By W. J. Gordon. London: The Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.

A well named book is this. Natural History at the hand of Mr. Gordon cannot fail to interest and instruct boy and girl readers without number. In these attractive pages they will find adequate classifications of mammals, Birds, Reptiles, Amphibians and Fishes. Numerous illustrations will here and there be found, of which a list is given, and a useful and satisfactory feature is the alphabetical list of scientific terms and the clear and concise explanation given of them. Abundant anecdotes descriptive of the habits of the various species mentioned are also provided and the young readers will grow familiar with the names of many men of scientific note in the bright pages of this instructive book.

RAVENSHOE. By Henry Kingsley, 2 vols New York: Charles Scribner's Sons-Toronto: William Briggs. 1894. \$2.00.

It is with much pleasure we welcome a new and handy edition of the novels of that fine English writer, Henry Kingsley. Who has not read that powerful, graphic story of Australian life, "The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn?" A name of note in English fiction is Henry Kingsley, not second in the estimation of many to that of his renowned brother, Charles. "Ravenshoe," the first novel published of the new edition, is prettily bound and daintily printed. Here some of our readers may again renew their acquaintance with the wily and scheming "Mackworth" and others perchance may, for the first time, discover how well Henry Kingsley could write.

MAD SIR UCHTRED OF THE HILLS. By S. R. Crockett. New York and London: MacMillan & Company. 1894. \$1.25.

In the above volume Mr. Crockett treats us to a story in some respects unlike the "Raiders" and the "Sticket Minister" already noticed in *THE WEEK* though of the same distinguished group. This rich romantic tale vividly recalls the strong, stern, intense devotion to his faith, which made the grim covenanter ready at all times to hold it dearer than life, and the fierce remorseless spirit with which his pains and penalties were exacted. The story opens with Randolph, Sir Uchtred's half brother, paying court to his brother's fair wife, Philippa, beneath Sir Uchtred's own roof tree. "Randolph, being but a boy, had ruffled it with the best among the press at St. Germain, and won the King's shoulder knot. But Sir Uchtred had dipped his sword red at a time when the King found small comfort in shoulder knots." Soon after Sir Uchtred rides forth with his troopers "to turn out of his kirk and manse Alexander Renfield, the minister of Kirkechrist, whom the people loved." Then comes a tragic scene—Sir Uchtred is smitten of the Lord and rushes forth like a wild beast to live alone on the mountains. Meanwhile Randolph cares for his family, none the less subtly and constantly nourishing his lawless passion for Philippa. True as steel to her wild, mad, mountain roving spouse she yearns for him as only true wife can. The issue of this wierd, strong, romantic story cannot fail to be followed by our readers with interest as absorbing as led us all too quickly to the end.

MAPLE LEAVES—CANADIAN HISTORY—LITERATURE—ORNITHOLOGY. By J. M. Le Moine. Quebec. 1894.

The President of the Royal Society of Canada has here furnished us with a fifth volume of "Maple Leaves," which, like its predecessors, is rich in information on Canadian subjects but especially interesting to the citizens of Quebec. Our author is indefatigable in his researches, and unwearied in his efforts to arouse interest in the subjects he loves so well. Writing with easy grace, he puts everything before us in such a bright light that we become, like himself, absorbed in the subject whether it be Quebec society in the days of the Intendant Bigot or in the novels of Marmette, or De Gaspe, or in the ornithology of Quebec. Some of the subjects treated in this volume, are Phipps before Quebec, 1690; The war of 1759; Social Life in Canada of Old; Quebec Society as it was; Our Historians; Canadian Historical Novels; General Montgomery and his detractors; New Year's Day in Olden Time; Folk Lore; The Tomb of Champlain and a Lecture on Canadian Birds delivered at Montreal in 1891. This is but a meagre synopsis of the fullness of interesting matter to be found in this volume which worthily holds its place in the series.

Amid so very much general excellence one thing which strikes the reviewer unfavorably is the frequent recurrence of mistakes due to lack of careful proof reading. For instances see pp. 181 (near the top of the page) and 187 (near the foot). It is also a pity that the paper is not of a better quality. Nor do business advertisements at the back of the volume appeal to the aesthetic sense of the lover of good books. These are all mere blemishes of dress but the work is worthy of a better garb.

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BEFORE HE IS TWENTY. Toronto and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell & Co.

The sub-title of this little book—"Five Perplexing Phases of the Boy Question"—will commend it at once to all who are interested in the development of boys. Five short, pithy essays, by writers selected because of their experience, go to make up a useful, readable book. The first essay, entitled "The Father and the Boy," is by Robert J. Burdette who reminds us that to the child in early years the father occupies the position of God. Among many wise and good things we read "Be honest with the Boy above all things; don't be too dignified with him." "Its terrible to be pelted with a fusilade of 'don'ts' all day." "You need not frighten him into religion; it is better not, because then you will have to keep him scared all the time to keep him in it; lead him into it." "Boys must be punished sometimes . . . but God doesn't beat us. Every time we lie He doesn't strike us with lightning." "Scolding does absolutely no good whatever."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett writes on the boy choosing his career. We wish that all parents would read and remember what she writes:—"What are you going to make of this remarkable Boy?" some one asked a literary parent. "What am I going to make of him?" was the answer. "Nothing. I hope to be able to form an intelligent character for him, and then see what he will make of himself." The other essays on the boy in the office, his evenings and amusements, looking toward a wife are equally good. We only hope this book may fall into the hands of thousands of parents and that these essays may be as eagerly read in book form as they were when they first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE WINGS OF ICARUS. By Lawrence Alma Tadema. New York and London: Macmillan & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd. 1894.

As the title page informs us, this book is "the life of one Emilia Fletcher as revealed by herself in: (1) Thirty-five letters written to Constance Norris between July 18th, 188—, and March 26th of the following year; (2) A fragmentary Journal; and (3) A Postscript. Emilia Fletcher is a young English woman possessed of ample means and a charming home. As to birth there is a tinge of foreign blood in her veins. As to religion she deems herself agnostic. In wandering about her lovely grounds she meets a stranger, Gabriel Norton, young, erratic, impractical yet a genius in his way, and a scholar. A mere chance acquaintanceship—by the growing force of aroused curiosity, kindred tastes, and a joyous disregard

for conventionality—ripen into mutual regard and the ultimate inevitable. The bosom friend of Emilia, Constance, is the recipient of the letters which contain the bulk of the story. When Constance herself appears on the scene the journal keeps the reader in touch with the course of events which find their consummation in the postscript. Such a revelation of the play of passion on the human heart, and the joy and havoc wrought in turn by pure, and misguided love on life—as is here recorded—is but rarely read. This book has the dramatic power which truth alone can give. The life revealing which flow through its absorbing pages are startlingly real, so much so, that the simple grace and beauty of diction and style are almost lost upon the reader in the larger issues which hold his attention. The main features of the narrative are as old as the world, but here they are again unfolded with unwonted freshness, force and pathos. This should not by any means be the last book from Lawrence Alma Tadema.

SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Designs by Tom B. Meteyard. Boston: Cope-land & Day. 1894.

This booklet is of interest to Canadians because containing work by one of our most gifted young poets. "Songs from Vagabondia" is full of the vigor of youth, of youth rather inclined to rebel at some of the everyday restraints. This storm and stress element is well reflected by this stanza taken from the opening poem "Vagabondia":

Here we are free
To be good or bad,
Sane or mad,
Merry or grim
As the mood may be,—
Free as the whim
Of a Spook on a spree—
Free to be oddities,
Not mere commodities,
Stupid and salable,
Wholly available,
Ranged upon shelves;
Each with his puny form
In the same uniform,
Cramped and disabled,
We are not labelled,
We are ourselves.

This is, as every one knows, an old cry from enthusiastic youth, but if such freedom as is longed for goes beyond bounds then wreck is the result; at least it has always been as history informs us. As Goethe learned that there was a "Statute of Limitation" so must we all. But we like to see vigor and life and buoyancy and such is displayed in a very marked degree by these poets. The opening poem already mentioned, "The Joys of the Road, A More Ancient Mariner, (The Humble Bee), among many others have a music which we have heard before and which is most like Swinburne's. "The Fawn, a Fragment," is the song of a hearty lover of Nature and more of the same character are scattered through the dainty volume. In fact the contents of the little work might be summed up in "Wein, Weib and Gesang."

It is a joy to the eye and a delight to the booklover's hand to take up the booklet for letter press and designs are exquisite. The publishers are to be congratulated on their work and the musical poems will be welcome to all lovers of song.

Periodicals.

Dinah Maria Craik, Walter Savage Landor and some lesser lights are made to pay tribute to the *Magazine of Poetry* for this month.

Among the excellent articles in *Electrical Engineering* for November will be found one by George Isles on "Electricity: Its Political and Social Influence," abstracted from the *New York Sun*. Many other subjects of interest to electricians are well considered in this number.

Andrew F. West discusses "The Spirit and Ideals of Princeton" in the *Educational Review* for the present month. James L. Hughes has something to say on the educational value of play, and he says it opportunely and well. This *Review* is of exceptional interest to all friends and students of education.

To-Day is the title of a crisp little monthly published by F. A. Bisbee, of Philadelphia. The articles are short, timely and pithy. Mr. F. W. Betts says truly in writing of "Colonel Ingersoll on Suicide" in the November number: "Colonel Ingersoll by his latest utterance concerning suicide has done more to discredit himself with thoughtful men than has been accomplished in a generation by all his clerical critics."

The editor of the *Methodist Magazine* conducts the reader from Damascus to Baalbec in his "Pent Life in Palestine" series with which the November number begins. Among the readable papers in this number may be mentioned the following: "Madagascar," by Mrs. E. S. Strachan; "The New Psychology," by F. Trazy, B.A., Ph.D.; "Pestalozzi and Froebel," by J. L. Hughes, and "Palimpsest Literature," by the Rev. W. Harrison.

In the *Archaeologist* for November Professor Henry Montgomery concludes his able and scholarly series of scientific studies of Prehistoric Man in Utah. The learned professor, after a careful personal inspection of the remains of the remote and extinct race which once peopled the valleys, peaks and cliffs of the Mormon Territory, arrives at the conclusion that "They were one and the same people, occupying the valleys and mountains of Utah, Arizona and Colorado during the same period of time."

Another American periodical, *Poet Lore*, has in its November number some good articles of a literary character. Miss Sarah J. McNary has the place of honour with her study of "Beowulf and Arthur as English Ideals." Professor Hiram Corson gives his views on "The Aims of Literary Study," and Miss Estelle M. Hurl hers on the study of poetry from the standpoint of aesthetics. C. A. Wurtzburg considers the dramatic passion in Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing," and Professor William Kingsland examines the authorship of Forster's "Life of Stratford."

"The Herons," the new serial story in the November number of *Marmillan's*, begins propitiously with a wedding in the second chapter. Dr. W. W. Ireland contributes a timely paper on "The Japanese Invasion of Corea in 1592," three hundred years ago. Major Holden, F.S.A., shows that the author of the "Decline and Fall" was no mean soldier. "Traced Homewards" is the title of a bright and most readable article of research into the origin of some popular phrases. "The Year's Golf" is a pleasant summary of important events in what has become a sport of unusual interest to many. Mr. M. J. Farelly has a paper on our new treaty with Japan.

"Tador Intrigues in Scotland" is the caption of the first article in the *Scottish Review* for October. Many interesting anecdotes are told, and sidelights from state papers and other historical sources are thrown upon the relations of the royal persons discussed. Lord Wolseley's "Life of Marlborough" is reviewed in the subsequent article, which begins in the following fashion: "We shall sharply criticize parts of this book, but parts of it are of undoubted merit." Dr. R. M. Wenley writes of "The Logic of History," in reviewing Professor Flint's work on "History of the Philosophy of History." Major Conder has a learned paper on "Jerusalem," and F. Legge a general review article entitled "The Origin of our Civilization."

The *Art Amateur* for November is the best number we have seen for some time. Among the colored plates is one of a Street Arab, by J. G. Brown, R.A., the flesh color of which has lost considerably in the transfer. The article on this artist and his work is exceedingly good, but the chief interest of the number lies in the amount of information in a number of articles on pen and ink work, in illustration principally, and under this head is a most delightful lecture by Du Maurier. The "National Gallery, London," and "The Art Institute of Chicago" each receive attention, while the department of "The House" is plentifully illustrated from cuts of the house of Mr. George Inness, Jr., and charming glimpses they are into an artistic home. Every corner of the magazine is filled with useful hints and valuable information, not the least of which is a column of "Practical Hints to Art Students" collected by a pupil of Mr. W. M. Chase.

"Ontario's Big Game" is the title of the leading contribution to the *Canadian Magazine* for November, by James Dickson, O.L.S. Mr. Dickson takes issue with the statement of Mr. Madison Grant, in the *Century*, that the moose is a vanishing factor in many parts of Canada. Mr. McEvoy contributes the entertaining story, "A Collector of Materials." Mr. David Boyle examines the knotty problem "Where was Vineland?" Mr. Castell Hopkins, in his paper on the position of the Established Church, tells us that "The Englishman is a natural Conservative, even when, in many cases, he votes the other way." Mr. F. T. Hodgson has an interesting article on "The Round Towers and Irish Art." There are other contributions of interest in this number by Messrs. A. H. Morrison, Walter Townsend, Attorney-General Longley, T. P. Bedard, Erastus Wiman, and Miss H. S. Grant Macdonald's illustrated paper, entitled, "Glimpses of Mexican Life," is well worthy of note.

Literary and Personal.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are publishing beautiful holiday editions of Byron's *Childe Harold*, Geraldine, Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, Scott's *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Tennyson's Princess*. Each of these editions has an engraved title-page and frontispiece.

"In the days of Jeanne d'Arc" is the name of Mrs. Catherwood's story now nearly completed for the *Century Magazine*. Mrs. Catherwood has just returned from France, where she has spent months studying the literature of the subject, visiting the scenes of the heroine's life, and working upon the manuscript of her book.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood's article in the October number of the *Canadian Magazine*, has been, in part, reproduced by the *Literary Digest*. It is always a pleasure to us to find Canadian work and Canadian opinion noticed abroad. Mr. Sherwood has already achieved some success as an artist; he seems determined, also, to tempt his fate in the sister field of literature.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, having completed a post graduate course in English Literature at Cornell University, has made his first appearance as a reader of his own and other works before the Canadian Club of Hamilton. The *Hamilton Spectator* speaks in terms of warm praise of Dr. O'Hagan's elocutionary ability, and says it is highly probable he will prove a popular public reader.

Rudyard Kipling will contribute to the *Christmas Scribner* a long poem entitled "McAndrews' Hymn," in which he adds an entirely new type of character to the remarkable list which he has already created. Those who think that he is only successful with Indian types will be surprised at the wonderful figure of his creation of an old Scotch engineer. Howard Pyle will illustrate the poem.

Toronto is to be favoured with early visits from two Englishmen who have respectively attained distinction in the literary world. The Rev. Canon Hole, whose memoirs proved one of the most popular books of the year of its publication, and Dr. Conan Doyle, whose tales of romance and adventure have made him an almost universal favorite. Dr. Hole is said to be an extempore speaker of exceptional ability. He will deliver an address on the Church of England. Dr. Doyle will read selections from his own writings. The Enterprise of the Massey Hall Management in bringing these gentlemen to Toronto is most praiseworthy.

As the large volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada cannot appear for some months, the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Bourinot, has issued, in advance, in a pamphlet of some eighty quarto pages, the official record of the proceedings of the last general meeting, with the object of giving members full information on the various subjects which were then discussed. It contains the address to the Governor-General, and his reply, the elaborate report of the council, the presidential address, and the reports of the numerous asso-

ciated literary and scientific societies on the work of the year previous to May, 1894. The report of the council, which appeared for the most part in THE WEEK some months ago, is a very interesting and valuable contribution to our historical and literary repertoire. Historical societies would do well to consider the suggestion that Canada should have a celebration in 1897 in honor of the famous voyages of John Cabot, to whom must be ascribed the first discovery, under English auspices, of British North America. Englishmen and Canadians owe much to the famous navigator and should do something to perpetuate his memory. The reports of the associated societies from all over the Dominion give a very complete survey of the literary and scientific development of Canada for twelve months. Dr. G. M. Dawson's presidential address is distinguished by his usual clearness and accuracy, and will be read with deep attention by all who wish to make themselves acquainted with the progress and trend of scientific investigation in Canada. Among other things we have a valuable summary of the most important scientific work done on our Experimental Farms, by the Geological Survey, and by the Fishery Department of the Dominion Government, with respect to the Meteorological Service and Magnetic Observatory, the Georgian Bay Survey, Tidal Observation, and other matters connected with scientific research. The report by Dr. A. H. Mackay, the able Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia, on the work of the Botanical Club of Canada, is very full and valuable to botanists everywhere. The Royal Society, it is clear, is doing important work for Canada.

Publications Received.

- George Frederick Scott: My Lattice, and Other Poems. Toronto: Wm. Briggs; Montreal: C. W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis.
- Stanley Weyman: My Lady Rotha. London: Longmans Green & Co.
- John Trowbridge: Three Boys on an Electrical Boat. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- Laura E. Richards: Marie. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 50c.
- James H. West: In Love with Love. Boston: Jas. H. West, 174 High St. 50c.
- Chas. E. Ames: As Natural as Life. Boston: Jas. H. West.
- Mrs. Burton Harrison: A Bachelor Maid. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.
- L. B. Walford: The Matchmaker. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- John Mackie: The Devil's Playground. London: F. Fisher Unwin.
- Christine Terhune Herrick: The Chafing Dish Supper. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 75c.
- Alice Morse Earl: Costumes of Colonial Times. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Henry Kingsley: Ravenshoe. 2 vols. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- Samuel Adams Drake: Making of the Ohio Valley States. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.50.
- Archibald Forbes: Czar and Sultan. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.
- Barrett Wendell: William Shakspeare. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.75.
- H. H. Boyeson: Norseland Tales. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.25.
- Rachel Sherman Thorndyke: The Sherman Letters. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$3.00.
- J. A. Froude: Life and Letters of Erasmus. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2.00.

Readings from Current Literature.

PROFESSOR HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ.

The chief achievements in science, and especially in optics, acoustics, physiology and therapeutics of Professor Helmholtz, date from his accession to the chair of physiology at Koenigsberg. His first great discovery, for the benefit of innumerable sufferers from diseases of the eye, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, was made in 1851. Reflecting one day upon the circumstance that, while it is impossible in daylight to see clearly into a room on the opposite side of the street, it is easy to do so at night when the room is artificially illuminated, and also in daytime, by reflecting into the room strong rays of light from a mirror, he was led to the invention of an eye-mirror, or ophthalmoscope, by which the interior of the eye is readily examined. He describes this invaluable device in a volume published in the same year. The results of his further investigations of the eye appeared in a work entitled "Manual of Physiological Optics," which was published in 1856 and has ever since ranked as one of the most important works extant on that subject. In this treatise Helmholtz gives not only the results of his own investigations, important as they are, but also one of the most complete histories of optics ever written. He also discusses the doctrine of sight perception and the analysis and appreciation of colors. This was followed by him with a second volume on the transmission of nervous impressions, a highly valuable addition to the literature of physiological science.

The university of Bonn was the scene of Helmholtz's chief investigations in acoustic physiology, in which he laid the foundation of the work which has made his name most famous in the scientific annals of the world. He here invented a method of analyzing sound by the use of hollow bodies, called resonators, in which the air vibrates in the presence of previously determined sounds. He thus discovered that the difference of quality in the tones of different musical instruments resides in the different compositions of the tones. He also discovered the acoustic origin of the vowel sounds of human speech, and not only analyzed them but also produced them artificially with tuning-forks. He demonstrated that there are but few primary sounds, as there are few primary colors, and that as the colors of most objects in nature and art are formed by combinations and modifications of the primary hues, so most sounds are complex in character. He showed that the painful effect upon the eye, caused by a faint or unsteady light, is identical in nature with the unpleasant impression produced upon the ear by a succession of shocks of sound. Indeed, it was he who first established a relationship and correspondence between sound and light by demonstrating the existence of a series of "sound colors," arranged in accordance with the laws of the solar spectrum. To him, also, are to be attributed the invention of the ophthalmometer, which measures accurately the images on the retina of the eye; the table of compound colors, produced by mixing other colors, and much of our knowledge of atmospheric vibration, of the movement of electricity in various conductors and of the motion of light and its refraction in different mediums.

It is by no means the least of Helmholtz's glory that he succeeded in popularizing the branches of sciences in which he labored, so that the masses of humanity should reap the fruit of his labors, both in knowledge and in applied results. To this end he frequently appeared before the public as a lecturer in many cities, and he was for many years in intimate co-operation with that other illustrious popular scientist, the late John Tyndall. Many of his lectures were published in English and other languages, as well as German. Among the subjects of which they treat are the conservation of force, the nature of human perception, natural philosophy, animal electricity, physiological effects of musical harmony, progress in the theories of sight, optical vision and painting, and ice and glaciers.—*Springfield Republican*.

We all laugh at pursuing a shadow, though the lives of the multitude are devoted to the chase.—*Walsworth*.

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Elizabeth, Harrison Co., Ind.



At the age of eight years I became afflicted with "Hip-joint Disease." For a year I suffered as much as it was possible for a human being to suffer. My physicians told me I would have to wait patiently, but my father procured me some of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I found my failing health restored. I can cheerfully say that I believe I owe my life to the use of that valuable medicine.

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Public Opinion.

Hamilton Herald: An Englishman named C. J. Johnstone has written a book called "Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada," in which he makes the remarkable statement, that of the five millions of people in Canada, about three are of pure or mixed Indian blood. Oddly enough, the London *Spectator* accepts this as a statement of fact, and gravely comments on it. Mr. Johnstone neglected to add that the other two millions of us are Chinese and Hottentots.

Quebec Chronicle: According to the New York *Tribune*, the Republicans will have a majority of over a hundred in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate their majority will be one. Nothing will be done with tariff tinkering, however, until after the Presidential and other elections of 1896. It is not at all probable that the country will restore McKinleyism. It had enough of that policy to last it many years. Changes, of course, there will be, should the Republicans get back to power, but nothing so extreme as the McKinley Bill will be accepted.

Ottawa Free Press: The act bearing upon the wild animals and birds of the province has been wisely framed for the purpose of preventing the extinction of the game. During the last session of Legislature the law was amended so as to provide that no partridge shall be sold before September, 1897. It is now shown that the law is being violated in a very open manner, and it is to be hoped the people responsible for its enforcement will see to it. It would be well if an interprovincial conference on the game laws was called together for the discussion of this very important subject, harmonizing, as far as possible, the laws, and the establishment of mutual co-operation in the direction of preservation.

Montreal Witness: Lord Rosebery's effort to end the war between China and Japan, by the mediation of all the powers, though jeered at and condemned simply because it was not immediately effectual, has at last apparently borne fruit. . . . England particularly desires peace, inasmuch as the foreign trade of China, which is suffering greatly, and is threatened with temporary destruction is for the most part with the British Empire. Why, in view of this fact, Lord Rosebery should have been hooted by Englishmen for even an unsuccessful attempt to end the war is inconceivable. But peace in the East is desirable for its own sake, even were there no danger of western nations being drawn into the quarrel.

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Scientific and Sanitary.

The Prussian Government expends over \$50,000 a year in support of the laboratories connected with the medical department of the University of Berlin. This is exclusive of the salaries paid to professors.

Two adventurous aeronauts, M. Mallet and M. de Fonvielle, have undertaken to make a sky trip around France, keeping their balloon as near the earth as possible, so as to be able to descend with ease occasionally. They want to prove that agreeable and economical journeys can be made by balloons as well as by rail or water.

By a new continuous-record seismometer-graph at the Collegio Romano, a considerable number of distant earthquakes of 1893 and 1894 have been mechanically registered in Rome. The most interesting record is that of the Japanese earthquake, of March 22nd, 1894, which shows slow undulations some 25 miles long, propagated across nearly a fourth of the earth's circumference.—*Invention* (London).

A late invention, brought out in response to an imperative demand, is a trolley-chair to run above a race-track. In this sit two judges, who follow the horses, and are thus enabled the better to obtain their movements and keep track of the race at all points. The chair is suspended from a roller that runs on a heavy wire. Above this is another wire carrying the electric current. The motor is under the chair seat, and a brake is operated by the foot.

When strong acids or liquid chemicals are carried about in glass-stoppered reagent bottles, there is a constant danger of the stoppers coming out, and the contents escaping. For such bottles India rubber finger caps, such as are sold in the rubber stores, form admirable covers. These are sprung on over the stopper and flange of the neck. They not only secure the stopper from coming out, but even if a stopper loosens or leaks, nothing can escape.—*Scientific American*.

Dr. Franz Stuhlman, who accompanied Emin Pasha into the heart of Africa, saw much of the people called Pygmies. He looks upon them as the remnant of a primeval race which at one time occupied the whole of tropical Africa and Southern Asia. They have lost their original language, and have been encroached upon by surrounding tribes, even within the dense forest to which they retired, until they are met with only in scattered remnants. No trace of degeneracy is to be found among them.

A curious circumstance connected with a recent storm at New York was that in the general drenching the trolley ropes became so wet as to form good conductors. The motormen received severe shocks in handling them, and in one instance the whole car became so charged with electricity that the conductor could not take change from the passengers or give it without both parties receiving a shock. This difficulty was met by dropping the coins from hand to hand, instead of passing them.—*Hartford Courant*.

The signalling apparatus, invented by Captain Prince Louis, of Battenberg, and Captain Percy Scott, consists of a collapsible drum, attached to the masthead, the code used being the Morse alphabet. One advantage of the new invention lies, it is said, in the fact that protection is afforded to the signalman, so that it will be possible to transmit signals in action. Some doubts have, we learn, been expressed as to whether the drum will stand the pressure to which it will necessarily be exposed when steaming head to wind.

Cellulose has just been obtained by some London chemists in a dense form, having the appearance of ebonite, and capable of taking a high polish. The material contains carbon bisulfid and sodic hydrate, which are gradually given up when it is dissolved in water, cellulose being precipitated. If some of the solution is spread on glass, a transparent film of cellulose can be obtained. Cellulose can also be deposited from the same solution on woven materials or paper, producing a permanent stiffening or sizing. The solution forms a substitute for glue, of great strength, and insoluble in water when set. The material can also be obtained in continuous sheets or films.

For Law-makers.

HERE IS A SUBJECT WORTH THEIR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

It Affects the Public Health, and Whatever Affects Health Should be Investigated—Cold Facts Bluntly and Truthfully Stated—Let the Truth be Known no Matter Whom It Hits.

To the close observer it often seems as though the days of the secret and worthless compounds are numbered. Every time the worthlessness of a secret mixture is exposed by the medical profession there is a public reaction in favor of the legitimate preparations which really have merit. The public is also gradually awakening to the possibilities, not only of fraud, but of actual harm in many preparations whose proprietors hide behind the inability of the chemist to trace the elements in their nostrums. The result is that people are becoming more cautious about buying new preparations, or old ones, that are enshrouded in mystery.

If the truth were known, there are surprisingly few remedies in the market that would stand legislative investigation. This is made apparent, even to a layman, whenever it is proposed to require all proprietors to give information about their preparations before they will be allowed to offer them for sale. This suggestion, although prompted by public welfare, is as a bomb thrown in the midst of many remedies. This fact shows only one thing, which anybody can understand.

The public has a right to demand thorough investigation of everything sold to benefit health. If there is any reason whatever why any preparation should be taken only on a doctor's prescription, for the sake of public health, this fact should be made known. If, on the other hand, a preparation is utterly worthless, and will not do what is claimed for it, the public should not be allowed to be deceived.

One fact will surely stand. The proprietors who are afraid to have a public investigation of their preparations by a national health board, created for the purpose, have some reason which makes it all the more imperative for such an investigation.

When the time comes for the public to demand action in this matter on the part of national legislators there is one preparation which will come out with flying colors. This preparation is Scott's Emulsion. For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has had the highest endorsement of the medical world. The formula for making it has been published for years in the medical journals, and, as for there being anything secret about its ingredients, that is impossible, for any expert chemist can find out by an analysis everything that is in it.

Scott's Emulsion is both nourishment and medicine. It presents the medicinal properties of Cod Liver Oil in a form that is easy on the most delicate stomach and sweet to the taste. Scott's Emulsion is good for a dyspeptic person, for it aids the digestion of other foods, and to all persons who suffer from any wasting condition Scott's Emulsion offers the most effective cure.

For all affections of Throat and Lungs, like Coughs, Colds, Sore, Throat, Bronchitis and Consumption, Scott's Emulsion is invaluable. It soothes the Throat, cures Coughs and Colds, relieves inflammation and possesses the power to overcome the wasting of Consumption up to the last stage of the disease. Persons who have been so far gone with Consumption that they have raised quantities of blood have been entirely cured by this great remedy.

For weak babies and children with wasting tendencies Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians until it is a household word in hundreds of thousands of families.

Scott's Emulsion gives strength. It enriches the blood, makes healthy tissue, restores a healthy action of the vital organs and nourishes a weakened system back to health and strength. All druggists sell Scott's Emulsion at 50 cents and one dollar. The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrapper and has our trade mark of a man carrying a fish on his back. Refuse inferior substitutes.

Rheumatism and Dyspepsia.

A COMBINATION OF TROUBLES WHICH MADE LIFE MISERABLE.

Mr. Eli Joyce Relates His Experience With These Troubles—Could Not Retain Food And Was Thought To Be Beyond Hope Of Cure—But Relief Came And He Is Now A Well Man.

From the Coaticook, Que., Observer.

The readers of the Observer have become familiar with the remarkable cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through their recital in these columns, as taken from other reputable newspapers. It is now our purpose to tell them of a cure, hardly short of miraculous, which was effected on a person with whom many of our readers are acquainted. We refer to Mr. Eli Joyce, formerly of Dixville, but now living at Averil, Vt. A few days ago we saw Mr. Joyce and asked him about his recovery. He stated that for four or five years he had been afflicted with rheumatism and dyspepsia. He was laid up and unable to do anything on an average four months in a year, and was constantly growing worse, although treated by good physicians and trying numerous remedies recommended. A year ago last August he was taken seriously ill while at his sister's, Mrs. Dolloff, of Dixville. He could not retain anything on his stomach and the physicians who attended him were powerless in improving his condition. One of them stated that he had cancer of the stomach and could not live long. It was while in this precarious condition that he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long was able to retain food on his stomach. His pain gradually became less and in six weeks time he was back to his home in Averil, feeling that he had obtained a new lease of life. He continued taking the Pink Pills for some time longer and gained so much in health and strength that he is now able to do the hardest kind of a day's work, and he frankly gives Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit for his rejuvenated condition, and says he believes their timely use saved his life. The Observer has verified his story through several of his neighbors, who say that it was thought that he was at the point of death when he began the use of Pink Pills; in fact when we mentioned his case to one of the doctors who had attended him he said he supposed he was dead long ago. When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merit of Pink Pills it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, praxial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

I was cured of painful Goutre by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT.
Chatham, Ont. BYARD McMULLIN.

I was cured of inflammation by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT.
Walsh, Ont. MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MIN-ARD'S LINIMENT.
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

May 2nd, 1894.

My Dear Sirs,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints.

I am yours truly,
J. A. HENDERSON, M.A.,
Principal of Collegiate Institute,
St. Catharines.

Countts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Mr. P. W. Newton, Toronto's popular instructor of the banjo, guitar and mandolin, has resumed his classes for the winter season. He may be found at Messrs. Nordheimer's from 10 to 5, or in the evening at his residence, No. 6 Irwin Avenue. Besides composing music for the above instruments he keeps in

stock the latest and best music for the banjo, guitar and mandolin. Those wishing lessons should make early application. Reception hour 2, to 3, Wednesdays.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20th, 1894.

Gentleman,—I wish to certify for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers of the great relief and cure I have experienced through your wonderful remedy. Three weeks after exhausting every known remedy, and feeling completely discouraged, I commenced using your Acetocura and now I am another man and I have no pain whatever. Very Truly,

G. H. REEVES,
(Reeves & Beebe).

169 State Street, Chicago.
To Countts & Sons, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto.

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON

Magnificently Illustrated,

will be the chief feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in 1895. It is written by

PROFESSOR WILLIAM M. SLOANE,

who has spent many years in preparation for the work. The interest in Napoleon has had recently a revival that is phenomenal in its intensity. Thus far no biography of the "man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is both free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. THE CENTURY has secured it—a complete and interesting history of the life of one of the most marvelous of men. Every one will want to read this, no matter how much he may already know of Napoleon;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. In preparing it the author has had access to original sources of information, and his work has the advantage of coming after the numerous volumes of memoirs. It begins in



The November Number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Now Ready.

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Every resource of THE CENTURY has been brought to bear to enrich the narrative with pictorial illustrations not unworthy of the subject. European and American collections have been ransacked for portraits of the period, and for the most trustworthy pictures by contemporaries of the events described. To these have been added many of the greatest modern masterpieces of French art—the works of Meissonier, Detaille, Gérôme, Vernet, Delaroche, Lefevre, etc. In addition, many original pictures have been made by French and American artists. The theme creates an opportunity for the most interesting and most brilliant pictorial series of a historical character yet presented in the pages of a magazine.

A New Novel by Marion Crawford, A Romance of Italy, Illustrated by Castaigne,

"Casa Braccio," begins in the November CENTURY. It is considered by Mr. Crawford his best work—setting forth, in a striking and original manner, the tragedy of human passion.

"Washington in Lincoln's Time," A Series of Papers by Noah Brooks,

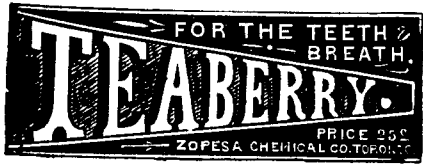
begins also in the November CENTURY, with chapters on "The Capital as a Camp," "Conversations with Lincoln," "Some Famous Men of the Period." "THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE" is the title of a valuable series of articles by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, which begins in the November CENTURY, following the brilliant papers on English Cathedrals, by the same writer and artist. "THE MAKING OF THIEVES IN NEW YORK," by Jacob A. Riis, interesting REMINISCENCES OF HAWTHORNE, by his daughter, "IN THE CITY OF CANTON" (richly illustrated), complete stories by Hezekiah Butterworth, and others, are in the November CENTURY.

This number begins a new volume. The next issue of THE CENTURY—a superb Christmas number—will contain

RUDYARD KIPLING'S FIRST AMERICAN STORY, "A WALKING DELEGATE."

If you are not already a reader of THE CENTURY, begin with the November number, now on every news-stand; price, 35 cents. Price, \$4.00 a year. All dealers take subscriptions, or remittance may be made by check, draft, money-order, or express-order to the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO.
UNION SQUARE · NEW YORK



“Great is Acetocura.”

185 Madison street,
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, “achey” all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, “Great is Acetocura.” It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

Respectfully yours,
P. O. BAUER.
(P. O. Bauer & Co.)

TC COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria street,
Toronto.

Quips and Cranks.

Boston is the place for high art, after all. A sunny son of Italy has been selling door mats there with “The Angelus” worked on them in saffron, yellow and seal brown.

Visitor: Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar. Tommy: Yes, sir. If I give you the sentence, “The pupil loves his teacher,” what is that? Tommy: Sarcasm.

She: Your society refreshes me greatly. He: Thank you; then you won't mind if I stay another hour? She: Oh, dear, no; you have such a country air about you, it's a perfect picnic to be in your presence.

Father: I am inexpressibly shocked. Your mother tells me that you are engaged to three young men. Daughter: It's all right, papa. They are all football players, and when the season closes, I can marry the survivor.

“Did Miss Flyppe receive many proposals while at the seashore?” “Many! Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she could not even hear a soda-water bottle pop without exclaiming: ‘This is so sudden!’”

Mr. Justjoined: What on earth are you trying to do? Mrs. Justjoined: I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work.

Little Benny: Are you going in the drawing room? Herr Knitshez (with wild, untamable, artistic hair): Yaas, I was goin' der piano to blay, mein leedle vrent. Benny: I'd get sent to bed if I went in there with my hair looking like that.

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes:—“I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain had entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue.”

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Parent: You wish to marry my daughter? Suitor: Yes, sir, that is the object of my visit. “What means of support have you?” “I have no actual cash, but I have something very profitable in view.” “Then what you need is not a wife so much as a spy-glass.”

Washington Lady: The feet of the ladies of your country are compressed, I believe. Japanese Attache: Oh, no, madam, that is a Chinese custom. We in Japan allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size (politely)—not that they can ever hope to rival yours, madam.

“Won't you play something, Miss Rattleton,” asked Mrs. De Porque. “Certainly,” said that young woman, amiably. “What style of music do you prefer?” “Oh, play an Op. I haven't heard one since Herr Schlachtentviel played for us in Germany, and I do like Ops. so much.”

An Englishman at Chicago for the Exhibition was presented to a showy and elegantly dressed lady. Knowing that Chicago ladies go in extensively for divorce, he asked, quite innocently: “Is she well connected?” “Well, I should say so,” replied the native. “She's been the wife of six of our first citizens, and four of 'em are still alive.”

YOU'RE AN EASY PREY,

with your flesh reduced below a healthy standard, for Consumption and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases. And it's for just this condition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is especially valuable.

If you're thinner than you ought to be, whether from wasting diseases, defective nutrition, or whatever cause, the “Discovery” will surely bring you up to the healthy standard. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it arouses every natural source and means of nourishment. As a strength-restorer and flesh-builder, nothing like this medicine is known to medical science. Filthy Cod liver oil and all its disguised compounds cannot compare with it.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS cure constipation indigestion or dyspepsia, biliousness and headaches.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable,
Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

Sick Headache,

Female Complaints,

Biliousness,

Indigestion,

Dyspepsia,

Constipation.

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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NOVEMBER, 1894.

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DRAMATIC PASSION IN SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." *C. A. Wurtzburg.*

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