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Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1894.

No. 30.

THE WEEK:

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

CURRENT TOPICS.

The latest news from Newfoundland makes it probable that the strain of the situation may soon be relieved, and constitutional rule restored. In some respects the course of events there is, perhaps, unique in British colonial history. The spectacle of a Government which had not a constitutional majority, holding office by virtue of the Lieutenant-Governor's appointment, and by dint of refusing to give the people's representatives an opportunity to pronounce against it, and waiting for deliverance to come to it through the action of the courts in pronouncing one Government seat after another vacant in consequence of corruption, is a singular one indeed. And, to add to the embarrassment, the *de facto* Government has no money at its disposal, and is carrying on the business of the country by means of public funds, which it has no right to touch without sanction of Parliament, trusting to a favourable House one

day to pass a bill of indemnity. The whole course is rather high-handed on the part of both Governor and Government, but probably defensible on sound principles. But recent cables report that one after another of the fraudulently-elected representatives is falling before the courts, so that the men in power may soon be able to meet the purified House, with a comfortable majority.

When some erratic silver-advocate in the Republican ranks, in the United States, proposed to bring England to terms on the silver question by scourging her with a hostile tariff, most members of the party declined to take so absurd a proposal seriously. But now no less a person than ex-Speaker Reed, the Republican leader in Congress, and one of the ablest, and, to use a favourite word with our American exchanges, most level-headed men in Congress, has declared in favour of the same policy. Some Republican journals refuse to believe that their famous leader could have uttered such nonsense, and say there must be some mistake in the record. Others disregard party trammels so far as to denounce the proposal, regardless of its source. On the other hand, the *Nation* deems it not improbable that this scheme, or "some similar piece of demagoguery, may find a good deal of support among the politicians who run Republican conventions and make the party platforms." The United States Congress will cut a strange figure indeed when it comes before the civilized world in belligerent attitude to declare that it will not permit its people to buy British goods, which they want, until Britain has consented to do what Congress tells her to do in regard to the silver question. The protectionist's faith in what can be done by means of the tariff is sublime.

We have never been able to sympathize with the kind of patriotism which binds its possessor to uphold his country, "right or wrong," and deems it a crime to speak an unpleasant truth lest it be turned to account by a foreign critic. But we know no law of truth or honour which makes it the duty of a Canadian patriot and member of Parliament to seek to promote Canadian interests "by placing in the hands of the legislators of another country a knowledge of the means by which Canada can be coerced for her own good," to borrow the *Montreal Witness'* accurate description of the policy which Mr. Charlton claims to have been pursuing in his correspondence with certain influential Americans in the matter of the proposed export duty on logs. We do not believe

that the best interests of the Canadian lumber trade, as a whole, would be promoted by the imposition of such a duty, but very much the reverse. But should the dominant party in the House of Commons be so blind as to be about to repeat the log-taxing experiment, of which there seems to be no immediate danger, we cannot think that even that fact could justify the extraordinary course of Mr. Charlton in advising the Washington law-makers how they could most effectively retaliate. Mr. Charlton's weak defence, in which he studiously avoided reference to the main point, that which constituted the head and front of his offending, will not avail to save him from the loss of reputation and confidence which is the reward of his unpatriotic, and as most persons will believe, intensely selfish conduct. It is not surprising that no one of his party friends seemed willing to undertake to apologize for him, much less to defend his conduct.

Toronto is to be congratulated on the fact that the disgraceful attempt to prevent certain speakers from obtaining a hearing at the Liberal political meeting in the Massey Music Hall, on Monday evening, was unsuccessful. The disturbance itself was a disgrace to the city, so far as the act of a boorish and intolerant few can disgrace the great majority who love order and free speech. As the meeting was in the interests of the Government, the Conservative Opposition will have to bear the brunt of the affair; though no fair-minded person can doubt that all representative Conservatives deprecate such rowdiness just as strongly as their opponents can possibly do. Some of the speakers and papers do not hesitate to ascribe the organized effort to break up the meeting to a body representing the P. P. A., and the indications certainly seem to point in that direction. As that society is the only political organization which shuns the light of open discussion and works under cover of the darkness of secrecy, the imputation is the more readily believed. It is unfortunate that such a thing should have occurred on the first occasion on which the new hall has been open to the public. But it would be very unwise and illogical for the trustees of that building to act on the suggestion which has been made by closing the hall to political meetings. They might rather reason that the fact of so rare an occurrence having taken place in this building, the doctrine of chances is altogether against a repetition of the occurrence.

Mother England, it seems, declines to meet her colonies on equal terms in the approaching Conference. She sends the Earl of Jersey simply to listen to what her children have to say to each other and to report. This must be rather disappointing, though it is perhaps all that could reasonably be expected at this stage of the proceedings. We certainly should not have expected more had anyone other than Lord Rosebery been Premier. Meanwhile, one is curious to know whence Mr. James F. Hogan, M.P., derived his information, if he is correctly reported as implying, if not directly asserting, the willingness of the colonies "to contribute their share of the expenses of the defence of the Empire." It is possible that the question was put in the form of a hypothesis. Certainly no one has as yet been empowered to give assurance of any such willingness on the part of Canada. We have not hesitated to express the opinion that the continued acceptance of and reliance on the protection of the Imperial navy involve the moral obligation to bear a share of its cost, under just conditions of management and control. Yet such an agreement involves possibilities so great and so far-reaching that it is doubtful whether even any Parliament, not elected with that as one of the chief issues, would be justified or safe in committing the Dominion to it. It is pre-eminently a people's question. The fact of such a question being thus put in the British Parliament goes far to confirm our surmise that the appearance of the Defence Committee's pamphlet at this particular juncture may be more than a mere chance coincidence, and that the question of colonial contributions to the support of the navy is one which will have to be answered at no distant day.

Very many Canadians in other Provinces as well as in Ontario will, we believe, be sorry that the Dominion Government persists in its resolve to sell the greater number of the Thousand Islands at public auction. Future owners, it is true, no matter who they may be, cannot remove the Islands, or greatly mar the picturesque beauty which has made this part of the St. Lawrence so deservedly famous. But they can, and in most cases no doubt will, effectually bar the public, whether Canadians or foreign travellers, from free access to these charming places of resort. The short debate over the question in the Commons furnishes another illustration of the injury done to the interests of the country by the intensity of party feeling. It can scarcely be doubted that had the Governments of the Dominion and of Ontario been of the same political stripe, the request made on behalf of the latter for delay to give opportunity to obtain a vote for the purchase of the Islands for the Provincial Park, would have been granted. There may be force in the objection of the Federal Government to

the proposal that the Islands should be purchased jointly by the two Governments, for the purpose of being made a national park; that if the Dominion provided a park for one Province, it would be expected to do so for others, though there is but one such spot in the Dominion, and it is as central as could be desired. But no great interest could have suffered from granting the delay asked. It is still to be hoped that the Ontario Government will find some way of meeting the difficulty and making the purchase, which would surely be a very safe one at the upset price named, and thus save the people of the country from the humiliation of seeing themselves shut out from the greater number of these beautiful Islands, and a foreign flag flying over many of them.

Sir William Harcourt's statement in reply to a question in the Commons that the imposition of death or estate dues has nothing to do with the receipt of money from the Colonies for national defence is so obvious that one wonders that a supposed willingness to pay the one could be thought of as a reason for asking exemption from the other. The question of exacting dues for property in the Colonies must clearly stand by itself. It is one of those questions in regard to which so much can be said upon both sides that one would like to hear an argument by competent jurists upon the abstract right and wrong of the thing before forming his own conclusion. It is easy to understand what is, we suppose, the view of the British Chancellor. Property is property, whether it is held in the form of landed estates at home, or in that of title-deeds of landed property abroad. To admit that a capitalist may escape taxation, or some special form of taxation, of his capital, by simply investing it in one of the colonies, carries with it the possibility that England's wealthiest men might relieve themselves from the necessity of making any contribution to the national treasury by investing in the colonies, while enjoying their full share of the benefits resulting from the taxation of those investing in property at home. On the other hand, nothing seems clearer than that property of all kinds, and especially landed estate, should bear its burden of taxation for public purposes in the country in which it is situated. No colony could afford to exempt a given estate from its share of taxation because it was owned in England, and subject to a similar tax there. It is easy to see, though that does not, we suppose, affect the principle of the thing, that the tax proposed by Sir William Harcourt will tend directly to discourage the investment of British capital in the Colonies, where it is so much needed. The subject is a delicate one and will need to be carefully handled.

The calendar of the School of Mining and Agriculture at Kingston, Ont., is now

before us. This institution has not yet been long enough in operation to have made a record for itself. It must therefore for the present be judged by what it proposes to do, and by the equipment which it has for doing that work. On this ground there seems little to be desired, for a vigorous commencement, at least. The Board of Governors is made up of gentlemen representing both political parties—pity 'tis that it should be necessary to mention that fact—most or all of whom are widely and favourably known, not only locally but throughout the Province. The faculty, too, contains names which will be generally accepted as a guarantee for the quality of the work that is to be done in the institution, while the four years' course laid out covers all the ground necessary to equip the student who follows it faithfully for the degree of Mining Engineer, which is the goal set before him. From whatever point of view the location is regarded, it is difficult to see how one more suitable could have been chosen. The place is central for the Eastern half of the Province, for whose benefit the school is, we suppose, intended. The situation in relation to the mineral deposits and the facilities they afford for practical work is good, while touching political, or rather party considerations, the fact, for such it is if memory serves us, that it was approved in the Provincial Legislature without a division sufficiently attests the propriety of the choice. Of course the school is now challenged in some of these respects, but the same objections which are now being urged would have been available, and would no doubt have been made during the heat of a political contest, had it been placed at any other imaginable point in the Province. As to the principle involved in the aid granted to supplement local contributions, suffice it to say that if Provincial aid should ever be given in aid of any institution whose chief aim is to prepare men for a learned profession, such a school as this should have it. If successful it can hardly fail to repay the Province a hundred fold in the future for its moderate annual outlay.

POLITICAL AMENITIES AND ARTIFICES.

The electoral contest now raging—we do not suppose that is too strong a word to characterize many of its phases—seems to be developing even more than the usual amount of regrettable incidents and revelations. To confine attention for the moment to this city; there seemed good reason to hope at the outset, from the high standing and characters of the candidates on both sides, that the appeal made by one of the party journals at the outset for "a decent campaign" would be responded to by all concerned. The expectation, it should be said, has been fully realized so far as the candidates themselves are concerned. Their references to their opponents, so far as we

have observed, have been uniformly gentlemanly and dignified, and in some cases even warm and generous, to a degree which is as pleasing as it is unusual. But unhappily, the candidates have failed to control some of their too enthusiastic supporters. There is good reason to believe, however, that the words used by one gentleman of high standing and too ready elquence, in reference to the Opposition candidate in South Toronto, which has been resented as insulting by the friends of that gentleman—a gentleman whose character and attainments entitle him to the highest respect—were the result merely of attempted facetiousness, and were not at all spoken with an intention to be offensive. But by far the most remarkable and we must add, the most objectionable utterances of the campaign, so far, have been those of Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, and, strange to say, have been directed not only against the leader of the Opposition, but even more violently against the *Globe*, whose offence was a gentle criticism which did it honour, of an offensive epithet applied by the Archbishop to the leader of the Opposition. Perhaps it is not too much to say that rarely, if ever, have the readers of the political papers in Ontario been regaled with an article so full of arrogant assumptions, abusive epithets, and ecclesiastical bitterness as the four-column letter addressed by this high dignitary to the *Globe*. Its language and its spirit are simply astounding, as coming from one occupying the position of a Christian teacher, and should be rebuked by every independent journal.

But worse by far than any violence of satirical language by a facetious orator, or of epithet by an irate ecclesiastic, are some of the hidden doings and correspondence which have been brought to light. We have no excuses to offer for those who, whether through premeditated treachery, or personal pique, betray the secrets of which they may have been the custodians. As these were generally partakers in the sins they reveal, their disclosures are usually no less damaging to themselves than to those whom their publication is meant to injure. Nevertheless the public profits, or should profit, by their revelations. No sympathy need be wasted on those whose political and personal reputations suffer from such disclosures. Their security should have been in doing nothing of which they need be ashamed, or which they need fear to have brought to the light.

We have already referred to the Muldoon affidavit, which can hardly fail to do harm to the Government party, unless disproved. A less glaring offence is that brought out in the correspondence between the present Minister of Agriculture, in his former capacity as a private but influential supporter of the Government, and the late Professor Shaw, of Guelph Agricultural College. While Mr. Dryden's letters contain nothing which he

is not prepared to defend as proper in the case of a member seeking to promote the business interests of a supporter, they cannot fail to be more or less damaging to the Government, as throwing light on a kind of pressure brought to bear upon a Government officer to influence his course in a business transaction, which it will be hard to defend on the highest grounds. But by far the most astonishing revelation which has yet been made is that contained in the series of letters published in the *Mail* of Saturday last, between the Premier himself, and a former supporter from the city. The many friends and admirers of Sir Oliver Mowat will most earnestly hope that he may be able to meet with indignant denial and disproof the charge therein made and, unless the correspondence has been garbled, tacitly admitted, that the proposal to appoint his son to the vacant sheriffalty was first made by the Premier himself, and that the alleged initiative by the friends and supporters of the Government, who waited upon him to urge the appointment and overcome his reluctance, was an organized sham. We have always regarded the appointment as politically indefensible. If Mr. Ley's allegation be true, it, or rather the mode of bringing it about, was morally despicable.

Sir Oliver's defence against the damaging statements made in the Leys' correspondence is, no doubt, embodied in the article in Monday's *Globe*. The most telling point in that article is the denial that Sir Oliver's interview with Mr. Leys, on April 27th, was the beginning of the movement in favour of the appointment of Sir Oliver's son. It is said that during the interval of eleven days which had passed between the death of Sheriff Jarvis and the said interview, the desirability of making this appointment as a means of rewarding the aged Premier indirectly for his sacrifices on behalf of the Party or Province—the two words seem to have been pretty nearly synonymous in the minds of the party leaders—had been freely canvassed by certain leaders of the party. Giving the Premier, as we gladly do, the full benefit of this explanation, and even admitting, though this is not proved, that he did not initiate the movement, the damaging truth remains that Mr. Leys undertook to engineer the sham not only with Sir Oliver's full knowledge but at his personal request. And yet everybody who has any recollection of the affair knows that the business was made to take on the appearance of a spontaneous movement of the party leaders, with Sir Oliver taken by surprise, more or less sturdily objecting for a time, and finally giving a reluctant consent under pressure. On this ground the appointment has always been defended, and Sir Oliver, by acting his part in the farce, or even tacitly assenting to it, has placed himself on the low level of the political schemer and wire-puller, and left a lasting blot upon his record for straightforward and above-

board dealing. Men of generous instincts, whether supporters or opponents, will be sincerely sorry that he has thus delivered himself into the hands of his enemies.

It is an ungrateful task to gather up these specimens of the frailties of individual politicians and set them in array. The subject is an unsavoury one. Yet it is the duty of the public journalist to do what he can, in the interests of political truth and purity, to sift them and assign their true values. To ignore them would not do away with the ugly facts themselves, while to bring them to the light in all their petty deformity may possibly help to impress upon the minds of younger politicians the truth of the threadbare yet too much forgotten maxim that honesty is the best policy.

But some of the incidents seem to teach a much fresher lesson. The system of Government patronage is, happily, fast falling into disrepute. These incidents can but intensify the popular disgust. Sir Oliver has sometimes complained that the distribution of Government patronage was a very embarrassing duty of the Government. In the light of these incidents, who can doubt it? Take, for instance, the Middlesex registrarship, the bone of contention which gave rise to the quarrel with the Leys brothers, and led to the publication of this correspondence by way of revenge. What a suggestive picture of the uses and abuses of Government patronage have we in the fact that this registrarship has been kept open for four or five years simply in consequence of the inability of the Government to summon courage to make an appointment. If the office could be left vacant so long without detriment to the public interests, why not for an indefinite period, or perpetually? If we remember aright, too, while the interests of individuals and of "the party" are freely referred to in the Leys correspondence, the word public scarcely occurs. The cursory reader would hardly get the idea that the filling of either of the offices was regarded as a public trust, a duty to be discharged with an eye to nothing but the public interests. We have before spoken of the possession of the power of filling such appointments as a serious temptation to any Government. In the light of what has now been revealed, the undesirability of permitting any party government to have the power of appointment to positions so attractive must be evident to the most thoughtless. Surely there must be a better way.

If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your soul.—*Clayton*.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—*Confucius*.

Hard are life's early steps; and but that youth is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope, men would behold its threshold and despair.—*L. E. Landon*.

OTTAWA LETTER.

In consequence of the delay the Australian delegates met with through the flooding of the Fraser, the opening of the Intercolonial Conference here has been postponed from the 22nd to the 28th. As the time approaches the interest in the meeting of the representatives of the Colonial Governments increases. The fact that the Earl of Jersey has been instructed to look on and report may be taken as an indication that the Imperial Government regards it as a meeting of the younger members of the Imperial family, and as such, it does not wish to interfere with the development of their ideas, but to take advantage of them in the future working out of an Imperial policy.

The subject of mail communication between Australia and the United Kingdom will no doubt receive due consideration, and in advance of the action of the Conference, any discussion on the fast Atlantic subsidy might be premature.

The question of a fast Atlantic subsidy is as much a consideration of the Australian Governments as the Canadian, and the question of subsidies to develop the Atlantic-Pacific mail route should be dealt with as a whole scheme, by the joint action of the British Government with the Canadian and Australian Governments.

At the present moment, the Australian mails are carried by the Red Sea route under a subsidy of £185,000, or \$900,000 a year, paid about equally by the British Government and the Australian Provinces, and divided between the two lines of steamers, the Peninsular & Oriental and the Orient. After leaving Australia, they touch at Colombo in Ceylon, Aden and Brindisi, the southern port of Italy, where the mails are transferred and carried by rail to London, and delivered in 31 days from Sydney; the passengers who stick to the steamer, call in at Malta and Gibraltar and are landed in England in 42 days.

Now the Atlantic-Pacific route can offer better facilities both as to speed, coolness of temperature, and importance of connections with the American Continent. An 18 knot service could deliver the mails at Vancouver in about 13 days, C.P.R. across the Continent in 5 days, and the Atlantic voyage 6 days, or a total of 29 days for both mails and passengers as against 31 days by the Red Sea for mails and 42 days for passengers.

That it is the interest of the Australian Governments to develop the competition between the two routes to their own advantage, is beyond a question. At present, England and Australia pay £185,000 for competition between two lines on the same route, which subsidy remains in force till 1896.

The Australian Governments pay, at present, £15,000 to the Canadian Pacific line, and the Canadian Government pays £25,000. There is, therefore, £225,000 available, or will be available in 1896 for redistribution; if that was supplemented by an additional subsidy for the Atlantic service, the Canadian route would become a powerful competitor; and it seems that a useful duty for the Intercolonial Conference to perform is to recommend an apportionment of these subsidies to attain the highest results.

It is as well, *en parenthese*, to draw public attention to the fact that the revenue of the Australias is one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, while the revenue of Canada is thirty-five million dollars a year.

In the revenue of the Australias, however, is included their revenue from railways and telegraphs, but if we were to include the revenue of the C.P.R., G.T.R., and I.C.R., and all our telegraphs we should still fall far short of one hundred and fifty million dollars a year, therefore the available public resources of both countries, with the comparative and respective advantages to be derived by the development of the Pacific and Atlantic mail route are fair subjects for consideration by the Conference.

That the subsidies should be sufficiently liberal to effect a first-class service may be taken for granted; their amount and their apportionment are inter-Imperial in their consideration, towards which the suggestions of the Intercolonial Conference would carry great weight.

The trade question must of necessity form part of the discussion. Where there is such a diversity of tariffs, difficulties naturally present themselves, but as difficulties are created only to be overcome where enterprise and intelligence reign, the discussion is not likely to be shirked. It might be laid down that the broad and beneficent principle of free trade should be the guiding star of the commercial interests of the British Empire.

The report of the Chamber of Commerce of Great Britain for the year shows that the export and import trade of Great Britain stands at the head of the list of the leading nations of the world. She is supreme in her commercial ascendancy and maintains it against every condition of opposition. What is the secret? It is the economic power of free trade. That same principle applied throughout the Empire will distribute the same elements of commercial prosperity over all its component parts. When we see the disastrous effects of protection in the United States, a country in which all the conditions are favorable to protection: the wealthiest zone, diversity of production, sixty-five million of an enterprising people with free institutions, what is the actual condition? Wealth accumulating in fewer hands year by year, industrial employment uncertain, and a lower standard of foreign trade. These are evidences of protection to place in contrast with the commercial activity of the British Isles.

The argument is often used: What can there be in free trade when England is the only nation in the world to adopt it? The answer is, that other nations being in the grasp of protected interests cannot shake them off. These are all reasons why a conference gathered to deliberate upon the wide and diverse interests appertaining to the welfare of the British Empire in its unity, should be careful not to set out on false, economic commercial conditions, and lay a foundation that will engulf its interests in the whirlpool of commercial protection, which, in the long run, means atrophy.

Contributions from the colonies to the naval defence of the Empire may be made from a safer source than that typified in the childlike and bland system of drawing your teeth without making you feel the pain, or as the French statesman put it, plucking as many feathers from your geese as you can without making them squak.

The House is thin—which is the proper Parliamentary expression to use—the members for Ontario having gone west to take a hand in the elections; like old war horses, when the bugle sounds, they cannot be held back.

Ottawa, June 18th, 1894.

VIVANDIER.

OUR ORIGINALS. — III.

[From the French of Benjamin Sulte, F.R.S.C.]

Thus it was that on the dissolution of the India Company (1675), the Canadian authorities became displeased at the turn things were taking, and took umbrage at the large numbers of *coureurs de bois* who did not return and settle, despite the orders to that effect.

On the one hand, the King, by abolishing all monopolies in trade (1675), freed all those under bond or contract with the India Company: on the other, the Supreme Council of Quebec, making itself the exponent of the edict for Lower Canada, required the instant return of all sons of colonists gone on distant journeys.

The position thus rendered strait, worked a sorting-out among the *coureurs de bois*. Some of them resumed their agricultural labour in their native parishes. Others considered themselves their own masters, at liberty to choose their own destiny, and returned no more to the home-fold. These latter proved no light weight in the scale of those events which happened between 1675 and 1760, for they assured to us the friendship of the savage tribes far away. The implanting of French ideas among the diverse tribes which peopled the interior of the continent resulted in rendering us formidable in the eyes of the English colonies. From Quebec, we could keep up a correspondence with the regions about the head-waters of the Ohio, the great lakes, the Mississippi, the North-West, and that chiefly, thanks to the *coureurs de bois*. Strangely enough, the Supreme Council reiterated persistently the order to these indocile men to return to their own country while constantly taking advantage of their journeys, and their influence among the savages, to consolidate the prestige of the French name.

About 1680 there were eight hundred men of this class dispersed through the State of New York, in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, and one must admit the roll was very large. At that time we were no more than six thousand souls, French, in Canada.

Ought not these *coureurs de bois* to have sufficiently indicated to the mother-land what course to pursue in the future. With such an advance-guard all was possible if the body of the nation bestirred itself and marched. It never moved. It was at this moment, so propitious to our interests, that the despatch of colonists from France ceased: one may say for ever.

Overcoming all obstacles, our *coureurs de bois* had reached the bounds of the English settlements and pushed them close, having, in a way, become possessors of the vast territory, which secured their rear, and united us still to them. This invasion, similar to that we now see in the entry of our compatriots into the manufactures of New England, but of more importance in the sense that we were taking a new country, ought to have been sustained. Both in Versailles and Quebec they endeavoured to restrain it. It was perhaps a blunder; unfortunately a still graver one was committed when they left Canada to herself at the moment when, already prosperous, she called for more settlers from France. We were entering into the path of sacrifices. The restrictions launched against the *coureurs de bois* attained its apogee of meanness towards 1690. They declared these men deserters; they were nothing of the sort,

and to prove it they strengthened themselves more and more in the invaded regions against all who were not French. The English could hardly believe their eyes. The natives preferred to go to the French posts to trade. The English carried themselves haughtily. Louis XIV. struck with anathema the brave men who would willingly have conquered the whole of America for him.

From the severe penalties launched against the *coureurs de bois* has proceeded, in the language of our neighbours, the designation *outlaw*; beyond law, contumacious. Observing that the French King laid fines, and other and graver risks upon those of his subjects who trafficked without his permission beyond Canadian territory, they believe themselves justified at the present time in inflicting upon these men an insult, an epithet, by comparing them to convicts, to criminals, who by breaking bounds had evaded the law. Correct history is always against these assertions, but once an epithet is bestowed we know its vitality. "*Outlaw*" will, we fear, live long.

One remark before we close this part of our subject. Let us reverse the roles. Suppose that the French colonists had settled themselves in Lower Canada and had never gone beyond it; that the English had been the first to penetrate to the heart of the continent, or that by degrees they had arrived at our very thresholds. We should have become alarmed at their audacity, and the preponderance they had attained in the savage regions and even up to our own doors. The genius of the English *coureurs de bois* would have astounded and probably disquieted us; but I doubt whether to-day a French journalist could be found who would deal them an insult.

More than one event in history has been but lightly handled. It is time for us to open afresh the old archives and put matters right. Let us do it so that, opening at the day when the French-Canadians began to make themselves felt by their number and courage in the affairs of America, there is to be met with but a single and just opinion relative to their origin and their ancient influence. Not a single point of honour shall fall to the ground.

It is another assault: Who has not heard it said "French-Canadians have Indian (sauvage) blood in their veins?" This assertion appears to be grounded on the following: 1st, the small number of white women at the beginning of the colony. 2nd, our frequent intercourse with the natives. 3rd, the colour of the hair, the skin, and the eyes in certain Canadian families.

During the period from 1608 to 1663, when the number of French women was less than that of the men, each of the members of our families left traces clearly indicating his career. All the unions of this period are known to us. Not an individual in any way could escape the oversight of history. Moreover, we know the care taken by the governors to prevent mixed marriages because of the facility which Frenchmen became "wild" (*sauvages*) once they became "habitues" with the brothers of the forest. The Indians called the French their brothers ("*freres*") and the French said ("*mon parent*") "relation."

In the interval in question there were seven intermarriages of Frenchmen with Huron and Algonquin women, by special permission. Of five of these marriages there were children. The white population of the colony was 2,500 souls in 1663.

The numerous arrivals of colonists, men

and women, from 1663 to 1673, established a fair proportion between the sexes. Five mixed marriages are authenticated in the course of ten years, and four others between 1674 and 1700. These are all that the most painstaking research informs us of. It is understood that we have here the sum total of these unions, during the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, we will double it, so as to satisfy the most exacting, and we arrive in the year 1700 at thirty marriages of this nature, if you will, in a population of sixteen thousand souls. It is scarcely worth while considering.

The furthest back of these marriages is in 1644, the epoch of the great concentration of the Algonquins around Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec, in consequence of the ravages of the Iroquois in the Ottawa districts. The Algonquin race, already in decadence, was all but annihilated three or four years after. Shortly after, the Hurons, driven from Upper Canada, arrived in small bands, and took refuge under the walls of Quebec. These sad remainders of two nations once so powerful formed scattered villages, under the direction of the clergy who, one may be sure, for proofs abound, no more than the civil authorities favoured mixed unions.

Towards 1680, we see the Abenakis and the Sokokis, other refugees coming from the west, grouping themselves around Sillery, Biancourt and St. Francois-du-Lac. The Iroquois post at the Saint St. Louis, and that (more mixed) at the Lake of Two Mountains date from that period also.

The management of these settlements was conducted with a solicitude such that the meanest individual was under superintendence.

On the one hand, the nomad encampments of Lower Canada, existed no longer, their own doing; on the other side, those who survived of the peoples sheltered under our walls lived in community in well-organized villages. The ruin of the natives of Upper and Lower Canada was complete before 1660; the families remaining formed a mere handful of individuals protected by our forts or wandering in search of adventure far away from us.

It was at this time the French colony arose. French she was, French she remains, for there never were enough Indian women to marry an eighth part of our young men, even supposing the thing were permitted, which cannot be sustained, seeing that we know how it was objected to.

I am liberal, consequently, in allowing thirty mixed marriages in the seventeenth century. It is not permitted me to accept but a much smaller proportion for the eighteenth, seeing that the savages diminished rapidly and we augmented in an astonishing proportion.

But, it will be said, apart from these alliances recognized by the church and the state, there would be many entered into Indian fashion. I grant it; it is probable, nay, almost certain for Lower Canada, and very certain in the North West Territories.

The children born of these unions could not be called French-Canadians; they would be sure to follow their mothers into the wilds, for otherwise we should find them among ourselves, seeing that the registers relate all that passed regarding marriages. These were our Metis, of whom the descendants are to-day among the Indians. Instead of having in this way borrowed of native blood, we have with theirs mingled our own, without any advantage.

We may say a little of the Metis, seeing we are on the subject.

Two hundred years ago now, the savages of Lower Canada were scarcely of more importance than a mere cipher, but there still remained tribes of them in the south, the west, and the north-west. Our *coureurs de bois* began to intermarry freely. There were no white women in those vast regions. French gallantry sparkles at all points there. A new race saw the light holding the midway between barbarism and civilization. Such is the origin of the Metis, or *Bois-Brules*—French father, Indian mother. This mixed blood did not come and join itself to us. They occupy still the land of their ancestors. It is therefore impossible to confound them with the French-Canadians.

If I am not deceived, the Bois-Brules date barely from 1675; the principal period of their creation lies between 1700 and 1740, and their development ranges from about the cession of Canada (1760) until that, left to themselves, the Canadians of the west made common cause more than ever with the tribes of the prairies.

Have I laid down clearly enough the lines of demarcation that separated us from the natives? Historically speaking, can I be contradicted thereupon. I shall wait a reply with some curiosity. Facts, not conjectures.

S. A. CURZON.

OUT OF THE STORM.

The huge winds gather on the midnight lake,
Shaggy with rain and loud with foam-white feet,

Then bound through miles of darkness till they meet

The harboured ships and city's squares, and wake
From steeples, domes and houses sounds that take

A human speech the storm's mad course to greet;

And nightmare voices through the rain and sleet

Pass shrieking till the town's rock-sinews shake.

Howl winds around us in this gas-lit room!
Wild Lake with thunders beat thy prison bars!

A brother's life is ebbing fast away,
And mounting on your music through the gloom,

A pure soul mingles with the morning stars,
And with them melts into the blaze of day.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

S. Lake's Hospital, Duluth, May 17th, 1894.

THE LIEUTENANT'S WATCH.

CHAPTER II.

"For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

At breakfast time James, in the kitchen, waxed eloquent over the strange disappearance of the Lieutenant's watch, as it was called, intimating that he could if he wished, lay his hand on the thief, and it would not surprise him in the least if the master's suspicions did not point in the same direction. But James was discreet and "named no names" in public, only mentioning to Maria, the housemaid, when he happened to find her alone in the drying-ground, that though he had not chosen to tell the "common herd" at meal-times, the truth would out when she was by—which compliment Maria rewarded as she saw fit—and that the master had called him to ask his

opinion last night, when the theft was first discovered, as to whether "young Duff" was or was not the one.

"Him as is learning doctoring at old Finch's?" Maria asked. "Oh, not him surely, James; he's such a proper young man and they do say he's sweethearting Miss Esther Reed, you know, and—I'm sure he couldn't go and do it at all."

James frowned majestically. "If you wish to go casting your eyes about, Maria, and defending them as is not honest, to place it mildly, so to speak, and all because of their looks and all, I've no desire to hurt your feelings, Maria; but there's other places as good as this, and I'd be sorry to meet one so fickle at table every day."

"Oh, James!" said poor Maria, who was really very fond of the worthless fellow; "how can you go on like that, an' me so faithful to you, for all it's a long waiting, an' Joe Doward at me every week, when I could be at the hill, an' keep my own girl and have my own house as grand an' not go out to service no more."

"If you think a constant dropping of tears is going to wear my heart, which it isn't made of stone but flesh, and isn't going to give in to the wrong. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, an' if you play me wrong there's worse misfortunes at sea, and I can bear up, you'll see," and James left her in high dudgeon, while Maria shed a few tears, but cheered up at the thought of the news she should have to tell her sister at the grocer's shop in town, and at the remembrance that it was her afternoon out. Mrs. Green, too, was all taken aback at the secret and promised to keep it with all her might, "Maria, unless, you see, it might be Green," for who should keep secrets from her man, not she, "but he was safe as the grave." Then who spread the little tale of scandal who could tell—with three sources which started the rivulet. And whence came the tributaries no one knew. By night-fall the lower circles of the little town were full of it, with many additions. Mr. Hartley was keeping it quiet, because he was getting a search warrant and detectives ready. The poor lad ought to be warned, some said; others that he was a deep one; why not make an example of him; if it had been one of them they'd have been in gaol before that. It reached the ears of Jack's fellow-apprentice in the noble trade of physic by the second day. This was a fellow some years Jack's senior, a dour-looking young man of an ashen-grey appearance, with scowling eyes and a mouth for ever trying and failing to belie them. He was among those who wanted to warn him. He did tell Jack eventually and narrowly escaped being knocked down for his pains. It took long enough to get into Jack's head, and then it seemed to go to it rather than get into it. "How dare you come here with your cock-and-bull stories, you scum you. I'm suspected of stealing watches? By Jove, I wish I'd knocked you down first go-off when you opened your tattling mouth to call me a thief."

"My dear Jack," said the other, "it was out of pure friendliness."

"Pure fiddlesticks!" interrupted Jack. "Ye gods! A fellow calls you a thief and tells you it's out of pure friendliness. How often I've told you I will not listen to your gossip. By thunder, though, this is a trifle too much! Where did you get it from, eh? Answer, you dog, you, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences!"

"I tell you it's the talk of the town,

you fool," said the other, beginning to let his anger get above his discretion. "Talk of consequences! It's fine you talking of them. If you take my advice you'll clear out of this, watch and all, or leave the watch in the pool if you prefer it. Now you're warned. Take care it is not brought before you more openly. Talk of believing it," he went on, as Jack sat still, literally choking with rage and making him think that he was listening quietly at last; "you're lucky if you don't believe it yourself. How do you think Esther Reed will like it. I can tell you she did not look as if she was as fond of you when—" Thompson said no more, but took his leave rather hastily, and Jack himself did not know or remember anything till he found himself away out in the fields. He had been kept busy long after hours the night before and had not been able to see Essie. That afternoon, however, he was to have had to himself to enjoy—and now—He felt as if years had gone over his head. What could it all mean? At first it had seemed to him but a fantastical bit of gossip that Thompson had half fashioned himself. The bare idea of his name being played such tricks with had made him passionately angry, but the after result he had not bothered his head about. Then there began to appear a semblance of reality in the garbled story Thompson had related, and then—he had dared to bring Essie's name in. The poor lad raised himself from the grass by the pool-side, where he had flung himself. What was it he had said of Essie? The effort to remember brought some ugly, distorted fancy like a half-remembered dream into his head. Had it been something against Essie? He sprang to his feet. Of course, he remembered, the brute had asked how she would be likely to receive the news. He had doubted her reception of it. Had he not seemed to say that she had heard it already? Jack laughed a little in his wretchedness. He knew Essie, but he would go to her now. She would know what to say and do. Quickly he was making his way across fields and through by-lanes. After all it was only a little shadow, such as that cloud threw as it passed over him now, making all round him appear deep and dark and cool. Now already he was on its outer edge and the sun was shining with its mellow light on him and all round him. It would go over quickly. Anything with such an utter absence of foundation must be easily put away. But his name had been spoken ill of. That fact would remain. And a great anger rose up in Jack's breast again. There would be many who would believe this, he could not doubt, some that had always been unfriendly. Thank God, he knew Essie to be true. There was the low white cottage, with its chestnuts and its roses hanging their heads round the long windows. Essie was not on the lawn watching for him.

Vain fellow that he should expect it. Essie was not at the window with her book. Jack stepped through it into the dining room as he had done many a time and oft. Essie was not there. No one was there. Jack hesitated. He could not go looking for her all over the house. Perhaps—ah! perhaps she was out. He decided on a retreat, and made his way over the lawn to the door and rang the bell.

"Is Miss Esther in, Jane?" he asked as the maid answered it.

"I'll see, sir, I think so," was the reply; and Jack went into the little flowery drawing-room to wait what seemed a long time.

He felt a little hurt. Why should he be received like this. Then he heard a step and looked up to see Essie. She had never looked so lovely. Her dark hair was tumbled together in some wonderful way and half held back from the broad forehead and half fell in little tendrils on it. The blue eyes were like the cool fields when that cloud had passed over them deep and dark and cool. The delicate crimson lips were a little pressed together. She had stopped and was looking at him with those wonderful eyes, not offering to come forward, but simply looking at him, rather as if she had not seen him before. Jack had jumped to his feet ready to take her dear hands and go out to the lawn or somewhere and tell all his trouble and talk it over in that sweet semi-practical way they used in their discussions. Now he, too, stood still with a troubled look full in his eyes. What did it mean. Esther moved forward herself and put out her hand with a curious little stranger smile, but Jack drew back suddenly he could not shake hands with her like that.

"Why did you come at all?" she said after a moment, enunciating her words rather delicately. "Won't you sit down?" Jack made a gesture full of pain and looked at her with the perplexed, troubled look deepening, but he did not seat himself; instead he went nearer to her as she sank into a chair, her two hands pressing and crushing a dainty handkerchief in her lap.

"Essie, Essie, what do you mean dear? I do not—understand."

"You thought I would not know?" she said again with a little sigh. But I know, and it does not please me as you must know. Please sit down, it is so hard to talk to any one when they are so high above you.

"Who told you Essie? You surely do not believe—Essie! Oh! My darling I thought you would be true to me, and not believe all you had heard of rude and idle gossip, and such a thing. If I were a criminal, do you think I would do anything that would hurt me in your eyes; I love you so, dear."

Jack's voice was pleading very hard, but Essie was not prepared to give in at once. She was rather astonished at the way in which he took his punishment. She had thought he would get on his high horse at once. But, it was delicious to have him so meek and suing for pardon in such terms. She would prove her power now and not give in so soon. It was good for him to be a little humble.

"Oh! does it matter where I heard it?" she said dropping her eyes coldly. "However, I daresay you think I ought to be more particular and look at your—your act, from a monetary point of view. Certainly it would be worth some pounds to you. Possibly more if you go on as skilfully as you have begun. I am glad, however, that I met Mr. Thompson and heard the rights of it before I saw you, or I might have been imposed upon again as I have no doubt I have been before."

Even Essie was surprised at herself for the cold cruelty of her speech; but an evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of her, and she felt a wicked pleasure in the little stabs she was giving. She did not dream what an edged tool she was playing with. Jack's silence frightened her, however, and she glanced up quickly. His face was almost as white as her dress, and his eyes had a wide open, horrified look, as they rested on her face, that made her almost afraid. She put out her hand as if to ward off his gaze, and the movement seemed to rouse Jack.

"My God!" he cried in a low tone that Essie had never heard before; all the old, boyish ring was gone out of it.

Then with a sudden gesture he turned, and before Esther could move he was out of the house. She sprang to her feet, hesitated one moment which way to go, then ran to the door. It was too late. Jack laid his hand on the low stone wall as she reached it and sprang over, turned the corner and was out of sight. Esther stood there with blanched face and wide eyes, minute after minute. What had she done? What had happened? Then she saw round that corner her grandmother coming and she fled to her own room and flung herself, face downwards, on the bed. Could she do nothing now? Ah! what had she done? No, it was too late, she had taken her girl's revenge and she must now abide by the consequences. All that day she stayed there, and, pleading a headache, refused to come down. But it could not last. The night came and she tossed and turned, crying out in her heart for Jack. Then with the morning light she formed a resolution. She came down to breakfast, but grandmother's eyes were old, and though she thought the girl looked pale, a headache would account for that, and the look of musing in the deep blue eyes she did not see.

"How very odd that Jack did not come yesterday," Mrs. Reed said once. "My dear, how nervous you are this morning; you have knocked your egg-cup over. Are you feeling well, dear?"

"Not very, grandmamma. I think a walk will do me good. You said you wanted some methylated spirits yesterday night. May I call for them?"

Mrs. Reed hesitated. "I have a particular reason for wanting to see Jack, grandmamma dear." Essie went on: "If I might get it I should perhaps see him. Please let me."

There was something in the girl's half eager, wistful tone that made Mrs. Reed say, "Go then, dear. It was very wrong of Jack not to come yesterday."

"Don't say that, grandmother, don't," Esther cried, yet something stopped her from explaining. Esther did not go, however. She was putting her hat on in her own room when she heard voices floating up to her and caught Jack's name. And standing there heard what was said. It was the butcher's voice and he was telling the story to Jane whose devoted admirer he was.

"And nobody would 'ave taken a notice of it, but for 'is goin' so queer-like. Last night 'e went hin, so Mrs. Butt says, an' took a few things in a bag, an' said 'e shouldn't be back that night. An' she thinks, thinks she, it's to Reed Fen 'e'll be goin' then (for she'd not seen nothing,) an' that's the last she seen of 'im. Howsumd-ever 'e left 'is money h'on the table, an' 'e never 'owed a penny beyond 'is board. 'An there,' says Mrs. Butt to me 'er own self, 'An there goes as honest a young gentleman as you'll meet in a month of Sundays, an' let 'em talk as they may.' But, thinks I, hits mighty queer."

"Lord, ha' mercy, Jane's voice broke in. 'What will Miss Esther do now. Honest! It's myself would lay my life for 'is honesty, the poor young gentleman, an' 'im without a friend, unless it's here. An' they believe it, some of 'em; the blackguards! Ay, an' you, too, Mr. Downs, you're not just clear in your mind, an' him just the kindest-hearted young gentleman that ever was. Ugh! go away, I cannot look you in the face, and that's the fact. Who was it carried the

draughts and medicines to your own sister's husband when he was down with the fever. That poor young fellow. Who was it, when 'e mentioned it to 'er, as went to see your own wife w'en she got sick, Miss Esther! an' you'd say 'er own sweetheart was a common thief, that 'ud take things out of other gentlemen's 'ouses. I can't stand such creatures."

Apparently she had pointed her moral, and adorned her tale by shutting the door in his face, for as Esther stood there still with her two hands up to her hat and her eyes fixed on the looking-glass, she dimly heard steps crunching down the gravelled road. What a white, horror-stricken face that glass reflected! What a strained, fixed look in the blue eyes! Then suddenly she dropped her hands with a little shuddering cry, and she knelt down in front of the dressing-room table and buried the poor little face deep, deep in her hands. But she did not cry.

ELLEN. M. BOULTON.

Shellmouth, Manitoaba.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS ON HERALDRY.—II.

In another point of detail English heraldry differs from Continental, and the latter is the better of the two, namely: the disposition of the helmet, which in England is regulated by a strict rule which makes the position of the helmet a distinction of rank; this occasions an incongruity where the helmet is in profile, and the crest affrontè (or looking toward the spectator) or the helmet is affrontè and the crest facing the dexter. The Continental heralds allow the helmet to be placed indifferently facing in any direction, and it can therefore be disposed to conform with the attitude of the crest. The manner of placing the helmet is not really a necessity for distinction of rank, for such distinction could be made to a number greater than English heraldry requires, by the material of the helmet, steel, silver or gold, and the arrangement of the visor or bars.

A slight difference between English and Continental heraldry may be noted, as English writers are not agreed in opinion regarding it, namely: the tinctures of mantlings (scroll-like adornments to the helmet) which Continental heralds require to be (as the crest wreath) of the principal metal and colours of the arms, a rule which is not admitted by the best English authorities.

The most important difference between English (including Scottish and Irish) and Continental heraldry, is in the marshalling of personal arms, which is confined in England to the impalement of his wife's paternal arms by a husband, or their assumption in pretence, and subsequent quartering, if she is an heiress. The Continental heralds, however, quarter the arms of maternal ancestors, to a seemingly unlimited extent, and also introduce quarters to represent persons who have no family arms. The writer has seen an engraved seal (Belgian) containing many quarters, one being engraved with a monogram of the initials of a non-armorial person, to whom it referred. He has also seen a drawing of a French achievement, *temp.* Louis XVI, of the arms of an ecclesiastical body, containing forty quarterings, one for each member of the body, and of these two or three were tinctured, but without charge; but it is possible that these may have represented arms actually borne. In English heraldry no

arms can be thus borne where none exist; it will not, however, be inconsistent with the spirit of English heraldry for a husband to impale a plain half shield, argent, to indicate the fact of his marriage, his wife being a person not bearing arms. If this were admitted, however, it would not be proper for a husband to assume a plain escutcheon of pretence, for a woman not entitled to arms could not be an heiress in a heraldic sense, but if it should be desired to record the inheritance armorially, a new bearing for that purpose should be acquired.

During the Queen's reign European heraldry has been extended to India, several grants of arms, devised according to European forms, but with a strong local colouring, having been made to native gentlemen.

The Japanese, being a people of high social cultivation, and having until recently a feudal system closely resembling that of medieval Europe, possess a scientific heraldic system widely different from European in form and yet presenting many close analogies. Heraldry was, prior to the late revolution, so essential a part of social life that skilled heralds were a *sine qua non* in the household of every nobleman, without whose assistance social intercourse, or indeed existence itself, would have been an impossibility. For example: when a nobleman went abroad he was customarily attended by a retinue, large or small according to his rank, and when two such processions met, unless each one had at hand a professional adviser to determine on the instant the proper status of the central figure of the approaching procession and the proper deference to be rendered or exacted, any error which might occur in such respects would have certainly resulted in bloodshed. At this period every nobleman and gentleman necessarily had books of armory in his house, for ready reference, and these books were printed by the thousand and purchasable anywhere. Since the revolution, however, although the heraldic system continues, the compulsory observance of its canons and of social etiquette has become obsolete, and the changes in social life caused by the sudden reduction to poverty of the Samurai class have been so complete that vast numbers of the books of armory have been thrown away, and destroyed, so that when the writer not long ago desired to procure a set it was only with difficulty that one could be found to purchase, second-hand, in Tokyo. The Japanese heraldic system is the use of hereditary family badges, representing objects animate or inanimate, in styles highly conventional, more commonly blazoned in a disc, but also in other forms, and often simply the object itself, in a manner similar to the crests, or rather badges, of European use. The favorite objects adopted are flowers, leaves, birds and insects. Occasionally the object is used in natural form, as the Kiri-mon, or second badge of the Mikado, which consists of three leaves, from each of which arises a spray of flowers, all in natural form. The badges are borne in standards either as flags or in a manner similar to the military standards of ancient Rome, and at night on lanterns, which are used as standards; also on the dress of the bearer, the members of his family and his retainers; also on domestic appointments. No colour is necessary, the simple rule being that a badge displayed on a dark ground must be of a light colour, and vice versa. Thus the same badge may be white or yellow or pink, if shown on

blue or black, and the latter or any other dark color if shown on the former or some other light tint. A special colour is however, sometimes adopted, at least for the flag, when the badge is charged upon one; and there are instances of this followed, as in European methods, by a change of colour, to mark cadency. Intercourse with other nations, especially at sea, in modern times, has made it necessary that specific colour should be used for the national ensign (arg. a disc representing the sun gu.) and distinguishing flags. There seems to be no system of marshalling by combination, but two or more badges may be used, which are more to represent feudal connection than family relationship. It is the custom for the lord to confer upon his vassal the right to use his (the lord's) badge, as a mark of some especial service, or exploit; thus a number of families are permitted to use the Mikado's badges.

A form of heraldry is in use among the Indians of the Canadian Pacific and Alaskan coasts, consisting of totem poles set up in front of their dwellings, these being carved with grotesque human faces and painted in a peculiar manner. The latter part of the work, which is also applied to their canoes, sometimes displays artistic taste and a considerable degree of skill. Little has been ascertained regarding the system of which these insignia are the visible part, as the Indians seem to be uncommunicative on the subject, which also has not apparently as yet been studied by anyone possessing a knowledge of heraldry.

The Indians of Eastern Canada have a heraldic system, in the use of badges or totems, both family and personal. The personal badge, as was the seal in Europe when writing was a rare accomplishment, is (or rather was, for Indians now write their names, or make their mark in the same way as uneducated white men) the mode by which an Indian signed or verified his name; it also had certain religious or superstitious bearing which it is beyond the scope of the present paper to consider. The family totem is hereditary. Among the Six Nations, the Chippewas and some others, and perhaps generally, each family is known by the name of its totem, which thus serves to some extent as a surname, though not so used colloquially, but only genealogically. Totem families, however, do not branch off into new ones as ordinary families do, but each tribe consists of certain families always the same, never increasing, except in the number of individuals, and subject only to the one possibility of change, viz: by dying out, as has occurred in some instances. Totems are representations of natural objects, nearly always animals, being those of the woods and waters of the country. These are represented in any attitude, and of natural form and colour—being indeed the primitive form of heraldry, and being also capable of easy development into higher forms; for if a totem is charged upon a shield, and conventionally tintured, the result is immediately the same development reached in some archaic forms of European heraldry. Nothing but a wreath is required to convert a totem into a crest.

E. M. CHADWICK.

(To be continued.)

I have always said that the greatest object in education is to accustom a young man gradually to be his own master.—*Sydney Smith.*

FROM THE WINDOW OF THE WESTERN OVERLAND.

Where sweep the prairies to those mountains pale

That raise their shining helms in vapours blue,
June with a lariat drenched in clinging dew
Has called the round-up of my violets frail.

And camping in disorder by the trail,
My prairie-roses are unlacing too
Corsages green, with rosy looks anew
Drawing from bosoms virginal the veil.

But down the coulee where Columbia clear
Whips lazily his herd of currents on
The tepées of the Yakimas appear;

Their columned smoke twists upwards at the dawn

And on the butte-edge droves of brown cayouse,

Vexed by the snarling dogs, are grazing loose.
EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.B.

PARIS LETTER.

On the 4th of September, 1870, the Third, that is the present, Republic was proclaimed. Since that date it has used up thirty-two Cabinets, including that of M. Perier, just knocked over for a reason the country does not understand, say, the accident of an accident. With that rolling-stone system of government, of course, no moss can ever be gathered. The humour of the situation is, that the French cling to the belief that they practise the parliamentary *regime*. It is instructive to flash the search-light on that anomaly. When the party in power is put into a minority, it follows, as a matter of course, that the leader of the victory or the Opposition should be "sent for" by M. Carnot, and requested to form a new Cabinet. No such thing is done. M. Carnot sends for the presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies to take, as it were, stock of the political situation. Then he seeks some likely Senator or Deputy, to form a minority, no matter from what party; from among deputies who have taken no part in the discussion, as well as from those who have; from among the conquered as well as the victorious.

In sending for a new broom, the Executive makes no difference between a Radical, an Opportunist, a "new spirit," a Freemason, a rabid Protectionist, a notorious Free-trader, a Socialist, or perhaps a tinged Panamaist. M. Carnot has no choice and concludes that parliament can have none either; his selection is not dictated by a political situation, so he makes the same offer to all, with a philosophical impartiality. The only qualification, apparently, sought is, that the offer be given to those who have already often acted as Minister, to be well known, tried, *use*, next to played out. The best title the new batch of Ministers can present to the Chamber is, that the latter has five or six times already expelled them, and wishes no more to see them. Thus, in the making of French Cabinets, the more one changes, the more things remain the same. This system of collecting Ministers on the highways and by-ways, with or without the wedding garment, explains that the political expression of France upon home, as well as upon foreign questions is devoid of continuity and a defined end; or perhaps common-sense, some will say. The primary element of a policy of a party, be it good or bad, is to have cohesion. The latter cannot be ex-

pected, where 25 out of 32 Cabinets that have vegetated since 1870 have expired within less than a year. The Radical leaders have funked at the responsibilities of office—so are dead men.

The extraordinary fact remains none the less evident, that despite the moving sands of the governing classes, France has never become involved in any serious complications with a foreign power. She frequently frets and fumes, when other nations succeed in a good bit of diplomacy, often the consequence of her own blunders—Egypt, to wit; or when she cannot have matters all her own way, as in Siam and the Belgian Congo. Her journals speak loud, and the writing is high falutin often; but the journals only too often represent the individual writer, a financial ring, or a clique, with an axe to grind or a crank to work. Hence the difficulty of ascertaining what is public opinion in France. And the guides of public opinion being too often not up-to-date, it is a case of the blind leading the blind. The recent Anglo-Belgian treaty is a case in point. France wants to squat on the Upper Nile; England being there already has no desire for her proximity, and sub-leases, as it were, the head landlords being the Sultan and his vassal, the Khedive, a portion of her sphere of influence—the latter having been accepted already by Italy and Germany—to Belgium, in exchange for a right of way leased by Belgium, so as to enable England to connect Alexandria to the Cape. France protests—but what can she do? She has the first right to buy in the Belgian Congo, if King Leopold and his successors desire to sell out; but cannot prevent the king to lease, exchange or give away Congo territory any more than she can control England in doing what she likes with territory within her sphere of influence. France has no case to go before a congress, especially where the judges have already decided; then England takes no territory from France, and recognizes the platonic proprietorship of the Sultan. The Anglo-Egyptian army having advanced to Wadelai, they will soon be able to shake hands with the northern advance of the Anglo-Soudanese contingent. Then British Soudan will be a reality, Q. E. D.

Exporters would do well to visit the Lyons Exhibition, which is a beautiful success, and well worthy of the second capital of France. But the colonial section is the part that business men ought to study. Putting aside the exhibits of local colonial art, manners, and customs, the main object to examine will be the progress of the colonies, their industrial exports and imports. Specimens of the raw products of each colony are shown, with the prices at which they are sold; also specimens of the articles imported from foreign nations and the prices at which they are sold in these countries. That contrast will afford wrinkles to many intelligent foreigners; as to how the invaluable object lessons will tell on French manufacturers and shippers, that remains to be seen.

There are endless maps and tableaux, showing the progress of the colonies, especially in Algeria, Tunisia and Indo-China. Now, what is the progress, progressists desire to have demonstrated? Not that France, in the general grabbing for distant possessions, has succeeded very well, but how far she has developed the "takes," by her own energies and capital. Here statistics are at fault, to indicate the exact sum of effort expended by France alone, and so have a standard to horoscope her

future. The statistics do not set forth, in the number of Europeans inhabiting the French possessions, how many are continental French, but, more important still, how many are truly colonists, of importers of goods other than drinkables and comestibles. The next stand-and-deliver information ought to set forth the carrying trade in French bottoms; oceanic as well as coasting, alongside the same trade in foreign vessels; stating also the bounties each country may give to its exporters; rates of freight, import duties levied on articles of French origin, and the different and higher rates struck upon the imports by foreigners. These figures would bring out some startling facts, and might shame French patriots to "make an effort," as Mrs. Chick would say, not to allow, as at present, the general and coasting trade of their colonies, to be a monopoly in the hands of English, Germans, Americans, Japs and Chinese, and cause them to ponder how it is that despite shipping bounties and protective colonial tariffs, the foreigner is able to cut out the Frenchman, as manufacturer, trader, and shipper, on his own native heath? That is the lesson the colonial section of the Lyons Exhibition ought to drive home. As for the show generally, it has no special *elan*; Chicago had her big wheel, but Lyons has no wonder, save the spectacle of Orientals paddling their own canoes, and diving into the lake to pick up franc and half-franc pieces of money—not a novelty for globe-trotters.

"Bloody Week," as the Communists style the anniversary of the 26th of May, 1871, when they were crushed by Thiers and MacMahon, passed off as quietly as a May Day labour demonstration. And why? The authorities had resolved to permit of no playing at Communism by speeches and red flag unfurlings over the Sergeant Kite's big grave, where the Communists who made the last stand sleep in peace. A delegation of the Socialist deputies has gone to Marseilles, to deposit a wreath on the tomb of Hector Crémieux, shot for proclaiming the Commune in that city and holding out for seven months. Crémieux was a poor barrister, whose head was turned by the ambition to spring from nothing to the summit, like the great men of the convention.

The weather could not be more disagreeable, which tells not only on health and temperaments, but upon business, and now it appears in the state of the crops. It is wild, wintry, rainy, the rain being melted snow, and every drop a veritable icicle. And to think, that in three weeks more, the days will commence to shorten. Doubtless 24 hours are 24 hours, to-day, as when Adam and Eve were ejected from Eden; but people somehow feel they do not get the same sensation of lengthiness, or working facility out of the daily 1,440 minutes as in olden times. Perhaps it is the spread of pessimism that creates that impression. The College of France, which founds a chair for every new science, art, and philosophy, might do worse than nominate a professor of "gaiety," having Democritus for ideal; drawing upon Offenbach for musical accompaniment, and borrowing from chemistry a little laughing gas.

Compelled by hunger, the wolves quit the forest; this may explain why the rogues and rapparees quit their haunts round the fortifications, for the interior of the city. A few centuries ago, the wolves prowled, as a matter of course, along the banks of the Seine, as far even as to the

Louvre, and often picked up a citizen in a "won't-go-home-till-morning" mood, as he was *en route* for the city gates. The Rue de Rocher begins at the St. Lazare railway station and stretches through a popular neighbourhood up to the Boulevard Rochechouart. Now, this street has been selected as the happy hunting ground of late for the cut-purses from the fortifications. The police, good work as they are doing, must not give all their time to the anarchists. There can be no doubt that a great deal of black misery exists in Paris; the number of young men at nightfall who solicit alms in the shady spots of the Boulevards and streets is painfully large. They are not vagrants, but people willing to work and unable to find employment.

The miser who died in a garret in the Rue de Buci lived the most sordid of lives; he passed under the name of "Lefebvre." No one knew who he was or his history. He was interred as a pauper, but his garret room was sealed by the magistrate till his room had been explored, for such people connect with many surprises. On searching the flooring, the holes in the wall and some broken crockery, values in scrip, bank-note, and gold to the amount of 1,109,000 fr. were discovered. He was a nobleman, and the uncle of a marquis who becomes his heir. The treasure will be a godsend for his stud.

Coventry appears to be inundating Paris, at least with bicycles; railway waggons continually arrive freighted with English cycles, all bought up like hot cakes.

The most up-to-date advertising catch is that of a certain manufacturer, who delivers all his goods by vans propelled by electricity. And they do spin along, while not frightening horses, old women, nurses or costermongers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A GRAMMAR OF GRAMMARS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—In one of those exquisitely humorous conceits by the late James Russell Lowell, whose wit and wisdom render even dialect-verse supportable, occur—we quote from memory—the following lines :

"Ef yew take a sword and dror it,
And go stick a fellah threw,
Guv'ment aint ter answer fur it,
God'll send the bill in ter yew."

Was the inimitable humorist, littérateur, and diplomatist, when he penned these lines, simply poking fun at the Yankees over their little bit of Mexican jingoism; or, was he, with prophetic eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," directing that eagle orb *in prospectu*, towards Canadian borders, and anticipating the time when an alien pen should parody his merry muse, and present it to a humor-loving posterity in a new guise :

"Ef yew take a book and botch it,
And go cram a fellah threw,
Is the guv'ment ter answer fur it,
Or will folk send the b'll in ter yew?"

(Dedicated without permission to the maker of the Canadian Public School Grammar, and Elements of Composition. Ed. 1886.)

Deponent stateth not. We leave the question to the Education Department. Possibly some of its satellites may decide the knotty point. If they cannot solve the conundrum, perhaps the "statutes," (*sic*), in the Art

Gallery (!) overhead, may make Delphic response to the vexed question, and satisfy our enquiring souls.

At various periods of the world's history from Aristophanes onwards, and before him; for Ham must have been a humorist, and, certainly Kristna, as is proved by his pranks with the *gopis* or cow-girls—we have had intermittent bursts of national laughter. That old set that made the windows of the *Mermaid* shake with its Falstaffian jollity was but a national phase of the ludicrous, represented in other climes by Boccaccio and Cervantes, and, later on, in the New Atlantis by Mark Twain and Josh Billings; Dickens and Lamb in England were but the echoes of Rabelais and Hudibras, and the prototypes of the great author, or builder, of the Canadian Public School Grammar already alluded to.

It is a marvellous work, whether considered as a dead whole—we had almost split it *hote*, so great is the vacuum—or in living portions, as the Kaffir prefers his beefsteak.

So great is it, so original is the genius displayed in its construction, so unsophisticatedly artless are the propositions contained within its perspicuous pages, so guileless are its teachings, as regards anything like grammatical accuracy and conservatism in the rules of right, that it merits more than a passing notice. It is, *par excellence*, a work that should live—as a specimen of inimitable humor; the first, we believe, in the Canadian national literary repertory—and ever occupy the library shelf by the side of such jokes, as, "Gulliver," "Munchausen," "The Innocents Abroad," "Mr. Punch," and "The Pickwick Papers;" perhaps, we should add, but for a different reason, "Young's Night Thoughts," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Let us begin at the beginning, and analyse this "English as she is spoke," and, presumably taught by Canadian experts in Canadian training institutions.

We will not cavil. Let the little fish live; they may grow apace. We will attack only the gudgeons, the main aberrations of a too much, or little, exercised brain.

On p. 19 we read: "5. When words are put into separate classes according to their uses, as we now see that nouns and verbs may be put, the classes are called *parts of speech*; and every word, as belonging to one or another class, and as having a certain kind of use of its own, is called a *part of speech*."

"This name, 'part of speech,' given to a word, plainly shows that it is only a 'part,' and not the whole of speech, and that it must be joined to other 'parts,' that is, to words of other classes in order to make a whole, or in order to be speech."

"The whole which those parts make up is the sentence."

A little before para. 5, in para. 4, p. 18, we are informed that "all the words of a sentence can, in like manner, be put into one or another of *eight classes*," these classes being the *parts of speech* of para. 5.

Now turn to page 45 of our exquisite little joker and read parts of para. 1 and para. 2, lesson xv.

"1. We have now learned the names of seven (!) classes of words or *parts of speech*."

"2. There yet remains another *class* of words, which, for the sake of convenience, are called a *part* of speech, though they really form no part of the sentence"—notice the grammatical form of the italicized words

as an example to aspiring literary youth. . . . "These words, and others like them, are thrown in among the words of the sentence," a sort of verbal Daniel in the lion's den, "and for this reason are called *interjections*."

"The name given to these words implies what is really the case, that they are not parts of the sentence itself; they are not put together with other parts to make up sentences. Hence, though it is proper enough, because convenient, to call *interjections a part of speech*," and, we presume, to pronounce across, *acrost*; and calm, *cam*; because convenient—"they are not so in the same sense as the others."

Shades of Johnson and Porson! What shall we do with words? Are they then like our politicians, or have they any stable value?

But did not our sapient humorist know that an interjection is not a part, never was a part, and never can be a part of speech; that whether natural or historical, that is, simple or derived, it is a whole speech, and as such is considered by all who pretend to any accurate knowledge of their mother tongue?

As regards one class: Does not "Pshaw!" mean "I am disgusted, or incredulous;" "Hurrah!" "I am pleased, or elated;" "Oh!" "I am surprised, hurt, pleased, etc., etc., etc." And as regards the other, are not many of them, like "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" imperatives of Hebrew verbs, and others, like "Hear! Hear!" imperatives or optatives of English verbs, and therefore, as including both subject and verb, complete expressions of thought; that is, wholes, not parts?

To proceed. Turn we to p. 24.

"Definition.—An adjective is a word used to modify a noun."

Fancy this from a teacher and compiler of an English grammar!

"An adjective modifies a noun." Very well, let us take a noun, "man;" attach an adjective, "green." The noun, according to our compiler, is now a "green noun." What inimitable humor, O Figaro, thus to thrust the adjectival function from the real object upon an irresponsible *locum tenens*! Why, an adjective cannot modify a noun, it modifies the thing itself, for which the noun, or name, is a mere representative. Mistaken Irax, they were but fooling thee!

"On, Stanley, on!" If a grammar is to be anything, it should be grammatical. On p. 29 we read:

"Caution.—Several adjectives modifying the same word must be separated from each other by commas."

The italicized words are ours. *One another*. O Grammaticus! *each* goes with "two," not "several."

"This is pedantic, we know; so is "I saw" for "I seen;" "I came" for "I have come," and "I did" for "I done," or "I have did." All pedantry, pedantry, pedantry; "*tonjours* pedanterie, *encore* pedanterie!" But what of the example, O Grammaticus!

We shoulder the responsibility, and like the immortal ploughman, onward "plod" our "weary way," till p. 51 brings us up with a round turn, and bids us rub our eyes.

"Since the speaker can only (*sic*) give a command to the person he is speaking to (*sic*). . . ."

Again what incomparable taste in the selection and arrangement of words for the delectation of the neophyte, the young twigs to be bent so that the tree may be inclined!

A little below we read in exercise 56, "Blessed are the merciful." Is this grim humor, mischance, or the prophetic appeal of diffident genius to prospective critics of harsh tendencies; critics perhaps unborn?

Well, we are very much born, and very hard-hearted.

We will in mercy, however, pass p. 53 and its opening lines: "In Part I. we learned, etc., etc., etc.," with the simple statement that interjections are never found as parts of a sentence by sane people; but much is allowed, of course, to genius—especially local genius—and lunacy.

P. 56 demands all our attention and all our philosophy. "Child, bird, dog, fish, neighbor"—without the *u*, as though from the Latin, like labor, honor, valor—"parent, are often called neuter nouns, or nouns of the neuter gender."

Spook of the Eunuch of Candace! By whom are they called neuter nouns? Ghost of Hermaphroditus! By the inmates of Bedlam, or by colonial specialists?

This is too bad! O Rabelais, Rabelais, the priest will surely detect thee! Pull on thy skin a little closer, O mellifluous and beloved of Silenus and Titania, or thy long ears must surely out, and then what will become of the lion?

But to better the joke, to drive it in, as it were, as though all were Scotchmen, our authority goes on: "(i.e., of neither one sex nor the other.)"

Surely the very nouns themselves are laughing; the covers crack their sides—perhaps 'tis the fault of the Departmental binder,—and the lines dance with merriment. Impudent rogue! Audacious jester! How canst thou? How canst thou? Oh! Oh! Thine arm, "and prithee lead me in!"

Unlaid spirit of a neuter parent! Appear, and lend us thy support. Yea, in the language of the *elite*, hold us up, and we will larf!

Indefinite, common—by such definitives have we heard thee apostrophized, O dog! O parent! but—neuter!

We can no more. We do implore thee, stay thy hand. 'Tis too absurd.

O Laughing Philosopher of Eld! Seek once more thy quiet mould, and revisit not again these glimpses of the moon; for we are weak, frail. Look you, philosopher! We have suffered at the hands of Albert Smith, Trinculo, Artemus Ward, Mrs. Bedone-by-as-you-did, and the little Tomtod-dies, and are sore, very sore.

Page 72 is open before us.

Regard this, O Sapient! as a specimen (or is it *specimint*) of style placed before our young in our bevaunted institutions of learning: Exercise 77, No. 13, "I never before saw such (*sic*) bad writing."

Transpose a little: "I never before saw writing such bad."

Oh, *merveille*! Moliere, thou art not dead; thy avatars are perennial! What is *Le Médecin* to *Le Grammarien malgré lui*? Thou did'st but quit thy native soil for awhile, to do the greater West, and, strutting now in the domino of a first-class certificate or some other disguise of Momus, thou biddest us hold our sides again and fraternize with motley as of yore.

And to add yet another straw to the floundering camel's burden; farther down, in exercise 78, we read: "If you act in such (*sic*) an insolent manner you must take the consequences."

Yea, verily, thy punishment shall be most awful, and meted out to thy temerity in exposing an educational fraud.

But, thank Providence, there be some in Israel neither creatures nor cravens!

We must not deal too harshly with "told," in the model on p. 98, in the parsing of the pronoun "you," though its *raison d'être* in a carefully revised educational work is not very clear to the logical mind; but will pass on to p. 103, whereon we are informed with the assumed gravity of particular colour, that in the phrase "of all my hundred pupils," hundred is "a quantifying adjective," "modifying pupils."

No wonder ghosts walk the earth! O Mason, Mason! the Lord deliver us from (Sir) C. P. Mason! Could Stead himself rest when dead in presence of phantoms of the truth, so appalling, so ever abiding! Why, "hundred" is a collective noun, and can be nothing else, in the objective case, governed by "of" understood; but we presume our pundit would parse "hundred" in "one hundred pupils," in the same way.

Hundred, a quantifying adjective, modifying pupils.

One, another quantifying adjective, modifying pupils.

One pupils! Tableau!

Yes, and two *deers* and half-a-dozen *sheeps!* Moreover *all* is not an adjective but an indefinite pronoun.

Once upon a time, as the fairy-tale books say, but not a very long time ago, a fair candidate of some thirty summers, a new-comer, at a trial examination for certificates, thus compared the adjective "ill":

Positive, *ill*.

Comparative, *sick (sic)*.

Superlative, *not known*.

We, sympathetic, suggested a befitting superlative, *dead!*

This is not a figment, it is the unvarnished, unadulterated truth. But what can be expected from the patients, when the doctors are so ill?

On p. 110 we are told in the "Model" that *were* (actually *were*, part of *to be*, and no mistake) is a *transitive verb*!

No wonder angels weep!

All of Lesson XXXIII is inaccurate, and therefore misleading. Words in *ing*, from verbal roots, are differentiated as infinitives and participles, an arbitrary, confusing and useless innovation, proving that the inventive bungler at the root of all the evil knows as little of Saxon as of modern English—(We advise him to look up terminations in *an, ian; anne, enne; ende, d, ed od* in any good Anglo-Saxon grammar). No notice is taken of the adverbial (gerundial) use of the infinitive, and yet sentences like the following are given to the pupils to parse: "Most people eat *to live*; but some live *to eat*."

Perhaps, however, our Grammaticus would parse the italicized words as nouns or adjectives. The whole lesson is a tissue of incompleteness and error, and is practically worthless. As an instance of inaccuracy regarding the position of words, take the following, on p. 116, exercise 114, No. 9: "When I entered the cemetery, I observed a grave which had newly been dug."

Let us pass on to the end; for time and space are precious. On p. 177, we are told that *c, g, and x*, are redundant, *i.e.*, unnecessary letters in our alphabet.

We presume, *c, g, and x* are meant. How would our oracle deal with "goose" without a *g*? Probably he would classify it as a neuter Christmas turkey, and present it to a charitable Institution!

"Niagara Falls are a wonderful sight," p. 181 informs us in cold blood.

Yes, very—and some landslips as well!

ART NOTES.

A remarkable absence of Chauvinistic spirit, says the *Literary Digest*, is shown in the new curtain of the Renaissance Theatre in Paris, which contains a portrait of Goethe, besides those of Moliere, Hugo, Musset, Racine and Shakespeare.

The old Salon of Paris received this year it is said, 3,200 pictures, and the jury rejected nearly one-half, accepting 1,864. In the year 1883, when there was no rival Salon, the limit was 500. This year the two Salons show 2957 paintings! There are fewer works by United States artists in the old Salon than usual, owing to the number who are affiliated with the more advanced band on the Champs de Mars, where they were welcomed from the first, not merely as exhibitors but as members.

In the midst of its feverish business excitement, Toronto still finds the means not to forget those matters that belong to the mind. The great city considers itself, and rightly so, sufficiently prosperous and powerful to promote decentralization on its own behalf. Leaving aside recent improvements and endowments that have benefited our city we will refer only to the latest enterprise, because it embodies in itself the most commendable tendencies of modern aspirations. A group of patriotic Canadians decided to give a vigorous and wise impulse to the taste for art that lies latent in the Canadian people. Individual efforts not being sufficient, those men of progress combined together and founded the Society of Arts of Canada, with a view to disseminate artistic culture and to encourage artists. To operate this it became necessary, in the first place, to strike the eye and make the public see the difference between a good painting and a coloured print. With this end in view, the society has inaugurated a permanent, public and free exhibition, where visitors are permitted to admire the works of masters of the contemporaneous French school. There are grouped together, landscapes, sea-pieces, historical and country scenes, the whole forming a panorama upon which the eye can feast with delight. Those of our readers visiting Toronto should not fail to pay a visit to this exhibition, Nos. 108 and 110 King st. west. The exhibition, however, is but one of the means adopted by the society to attain its end. Independently of the exhibition, it has opened a school of drawing and painting where pupils of both sexes are admitted free. Able teachers have charge of this school. It is an academy of painting now on a small scale, but calculated to become in the near future a most valuable school of fine arts. The society has realized that the training of young people having ambition and natural talent must be perfected by sending them to complete their studies in the best European schools, and with that end in view it has decided to grant travelling purses proportionately to its financial means so that such pupils may learn the traditions of art from its very source. To supply the capital needed to keep on the work and carry out its programme, besides selling its paintings which are constantly renewed, the society furnishes the public with *scrips* at \$1.00 each, the holders of which are entitled to take part in periodical distributions. By this mode the holder of a single scrip may become the owner of a valuable painting, while he contributes at the same time to the useful and patriotic work of the Society of Arts of Canada.

region treated, for, had he done so, he would have avoided one of the worst faults into which he has fallen—a fault which deprives the work of much of its scientific value; it is this, his note on distribution rarely gives the reader any clue to the habitat of the species *within* the Province, beyond the fact that it occurs here; so that the relations of that habitat to the well marked zoographical areas of the region are entirely ignored. Another error which some may be disposed to criticize hardly is, that, while all his technical descriptions are taken *verbatim*, or nearly so from Dr. Coues's writings, there is no acknowledgment of this beyond a prefatory allusion to "his having had to refer to the writings of Dr. Coues" and others. It is, however, only fair to say that the acknowledgment was duly made in the first edition.

I notice only one form that appears in the first edition and not in the second, viz., the Greater Redpoll (*Acanthis linaria rostrata*). It is unfortunate that this was removed, as I have in my own collection several specimens taken near Toronto and have also sent a number of others to the Smithsonian Institution from this vicinity.

These defects, however, cannot be said to detract from the value of the work, to the young ornithologists of the Province, and this, after all, is the principal consideration. Provided with Mr. McIlwraith's book, the young naturalist may safely count on learning the name and something of the habits of every bird which he can procure within the region treated. The descriptive matter is, for reasons above indicated, the best that can be found anywhere, and the biographical part from Mr. McIlwraith's own hand is replete with information which could only come from the pen of an enthusiastic and accurate naturalist. The articles on the Wild Pigeon, the Loons and the Gamebirds may be cited as examples of good natural history expressed in an easy and simple way which makes it a pleasure to read them.

The discovery of Cory's Bittern at Toronto, is very remarkable. The bird was supposed to be a native of Florida, and quite rare there. The interest of the capture is, however, materially lessened by the growing conviction in scientific circles that Cory's Bittern is nothing but the melanotic phase of the Little Bittern. (*Botaurus exilis*.)

Among the species added to the list since the first edition are: Black Capped Petrel, Caracara, Purple Gallinule, Scissortail Flycatcher, and Richardson's Grouse, the last, by the way, on wholly unsatisfactory evidence. The fact that these natives of remote regions and other climes are now discovered within our Province is proof, not that they are extending their habitat, but that the subject is receiving more general attention, and, consequently, that the present field is more thoroughly worked, that is, observed, than ever it was before.

The mechanical execution of the volume is excellent, the printer's errors are few and unimportant, and the printing of the matter, as well as of the very illustrative cuts, is very satisfactory. As a whole, the volume is a credit to the publisher, and to Ontario, as well as to the veteran naturalist himself, and there can be no doubt of its sale being a complete success, for it is undoubtedly the best work extant on the birds of Ontario.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

Men make laws; women make manners.

Exercise 154, p. 182, assures us without a qualm that: "I indeed scarcely (*sic*) ever see him now."

Softly! softly! Spirit of sweetness and light! He did but mean "seldom," 'twas but a slip, a *lapsus linguae*, Matthew ours! as is "fly" for "flee" lower down in "Fly mailed monarch, fly!" and on p. 183, exercise 155, No. 15, "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done," is but another way of saying, that the plural *objective* "deeds" is also *nomi-native* to the verb "make," and that the word sight, like some Derby and Departmental favorites, is nowhere "in it."

Comment is scarcely (notice the true use of the word, Grammaticus!) needed on the remarkable P.S. to the paradigm letter on p. 187: "My father has just told me that business will call (*sic*) him to Toronto the day after to-morrow, and he has promised to call and (*sic*) see you."

It is too utterly too-too, or to-to? We in charity presume—we are always presuming—that our exemplar meant *take him to Toronto and call to see, etc., etc., etc.* But why go on?

These be thy grammars, O Canadian youth! O Canadian parents!

How long? How long? When will ye rise in your righteous indignation, and, like the iconoclasts of old, hurl these effigies of tutorial charlatanism, these images of book-mongering partisanship and parasitism, "headlong, in hideous ruin," to the outer void?

Yet a question remains. Who is the criminal that has perpetrated this gigantic hoax on an unsuspecting, gullible public? Who are the criminals that have allowed it to pass muster and take its place as an authorized, and, therefore, reputable exponent of the English tongue?

Ignorance is the mother of many crimes. Let us suppose that ignorance, and not lucre, is at the root of the present evil. If not, the law of murder should have its way. The murderer of a British subject is hanged. What should be the fate of the murderer of the British language?

What should be the fate of the one, whether ignorant or not, who deliberately authorizes a meretricious and dangerous parody on the genuine article, and foists it upon an ignorant and unsuspecting public?

Again, we seem to hear the refrain: "Blessed are the merciful!"

Well, we are averse to the death penalty. Let the sentence be commuted to banishment for life! Yours, etc.

Toronto.

A. H. MORRISON.

BIRDS OF ONTARIO.*

The Ornithological fraternity of Ontario have been looking for the appearance of this new edition with much interest. Mr. McIlwraith has long been known as the leader of ornithology in Ontario, and the opinion which the public has formed of his attainments is sufficiently shown by the fact that the first edition was exhausted within a very short time after its appearance. The present edition is a great improvement on the first in all respects. The number of species treated is larger by 15 and the biographical matter has been extended and improved in all directions. But it is greatly to be regretted that the author did not further amend it by giving, in the introduction, a brief biogeographical description of

*The Birds of Ontario. By Thomas McIlwraith. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1894. \$2.

Here are a few notes on the new Salon from the Paris correspondent of the *Argonaut*: "Have you seen the Besnards?" was a question every one asked every one else on Varnishing Day at the Champ de Mars. In point of fact, you were not likely to miss them. A woman of more than common height in an orange gown, leaning against what—after a little careful study—you found to be a high chimney-piece, painted in green onyx tones. And on a bigger canvas, two horses frolicking together. At first you are rather sore put to it to find out which is the head and which was the tail of each, but things right themselves after a bit, and you separate the legs and body of the chestnut horse from those of his companion, the crimson horse. Hitherto crimson has not been reckoned a common tint for horseflesh, but science makes such wonderful strides nowadays, and, after all, the color of the beasts is as near to nature as that of the ground they tread, which is bright violet. Whistler is more Whistler-like than ever. He has painted that curious *fin-de-siecle* specimen, the Comte Robert de Montesquieu Fezensac, not on the lofty throne on which it pleases him to seat himself at home, leaving his visitors to squat on low stools, but standing on *terra firma*, and attired in such an ill-fitting suit of clothes that no one is likely to ask him the address of his tailor. Millinery is not his forte either. Worth and Felix never put together the green and violet toilette of Mme. S., nor the brown and gold costume of Lady E. Whistler has many disciples, but his countryman, John W. Alexander, is the chief among them. His portrait of the Swedish artist, Thaulow, is an admirable bit of work, and the tall woman tying her bonnet on before a glass is excellent, too. There are much fewer full-dress, representation portraits—so to speak—this year than usual. Carolus Duran, who always deserved so well at the hands of the fashionable *couturier*, only contributes two ladies' portraits, and cuts their finery off at the waist. He has come out in another character. Imagine the clever manipulator of silks and satins brushing on a crucifixion!—the less said about which, the better. Still, I must say, I prefer it to the cast-iron "Chemin de la Croix" of Beraud. I said there were few full-dress portraits. Sargent's is an exception, and a superb exception to boot. Mrs. H. H. wears a dazzling velvet robe of fuchsia velvet, and she is a handsome *brune* and can carry it off. From Sargent to Dannat seems a natural transition, but the two artists who began very much on the same lines have floated apart. Dannat paints impressions only; but his impressions are suggestive. "Entre Femmes" shows three women in a group, two in pale green and one in mauve, colors that accentuate the bistre under the eyes.

In the June *Century* Mr. Theodore Stanton writes of the sacred pictures of Tissot at the new Salon. The following are a few paragraphs from this most interesting paper: "One of the most interesting features of this year's Champ de Mars Salon is the special exhibition, which fills two tastefully decorated rooms on the ground floor, of M. James Tissot's pictures illustrating the life of Jesus. It consists of 280 water colors, either entirely finished or in an advanced state, and 100 pen-and-ink drawings, which are to be used for a future illustrated edition of the four gospels; or rather, to be more exact, only those portions of the Scriptures which explain the pictures, and, in fact, gave birth to them, will form the text of the volume, accompanied by

notes by the artist. Seven or eight years ago artistic Paris talked for a day of the departure of Tissot for the Holy Land, in order to seek new inspirations. Tissot was then fresh in the public mind as the author of a series of etchings depicting the passions, charms and seductions of feminine life at the French capital, and many an artist smiled skeptically at this apparent contradiction. In the autumn of 1886 Tissot started for the Holy Sepulchre with all the enthusiasm of the Crusaders of old. He saw, questioned and meditated. He made scores of vivid sketches, and wrote reams of thoughtful notes. The first visit was repeated. During this second sojourn he utilized instantaneous photography, which was then first becoming known in France, and was thus able to bring back with him quantities of characteristic types, scenes and landscapes. Almost all of the striking pen-and-ink drawings made during the first visit can be seen at the Champ de Mars, while the details furnished by the photographs have been reproduced in many of the water-colors. The farther he wandered in Palestine, the more he saw there, and the deeper he studied his object, the stronger grew Tissot's conviction that his precursors in the field of biblical illustration had not caught the true spirit of their theme, had not struck the right note. He returned to France determined to catch the true spirit and to strike the right note. Once within the walls of Paris again, he buried himself in his handsome, secluded home and gave himself up entirely to his thoughts, his books, his collections and his art. He pored over musty old commentaries on the Bible, studied archæology, mastered the Talmud, devoured books of Eastern travel, read the history of the Jews and Arabs, and went over the Scriptures again and again in the Vulgate and in the French and English translations. Nor did he neglect the Apocrypha. In a word, before taking up his brush, Tissot saturated his mind with his subject, and gave full rein to an imagination now thirsting for the occult and mysterious. Society lost its charms for him. He who had been a *mondain* now became almost a recluse. He has been wholly absorbed by his new work, to which he has devoted all his time and strength. Tissot's work is, in a measure, a return, in spirit at least, to the methods and aspirations of the early masters in their treatment of religious subjects, and is in direct disaccord with the present tendency of French art, which is either to ignore sacred history and sacred themes altogether, or to treat them in an irreverent and sensational manner.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

We exceedingly regret that our review of the musical festival concerts has been unavoidably held over until next issue, when a full report will appear.

A noteworthy opinion of Wagner is that of Zola, which we take from the *Literary Digest*. Emile Zola has written an essay on Wagner, in which he says:—"A genius like Wagner, despotic and all-powerful, is sure to exercise enormous influence on future generations. Thus, in music, the Wagnerian formula, so full, so complete, lords it over with paramount power to such a point that outside of it, for a long time to come, it will be impossible to create better works or more original ones." Arguing that the popularity of Wagner is sure to increase, and that he will soon become both the favorite and the tyrant of the lyric stage, to

the destruction of the French art, Zola claims that the only way out of the difficulty is for French musicians to go further than Wagner has. He suggests lyric dramas, in which the orchestra would unfold the situations and the voices of the singers express only their feelings. He predicts works altogether human, not mistily mythological, full of the realism of our sorrows and our joys. He ends with the words: "I dream of a lyric drama, human without being severed from imagination, mystery or caprice. All our race is in this passionate burst of humanity, of which music should unfold the different passions. Musicians! if you would search into our hearts for the sources of laughter and of tears, even Wagner, the modern giant, would be dwarfed. Life, life everywhere, even in the world of song!"

The *Revue de Deux Mondes* has the following interesting remarks on the German theatre: "The tendency of the German to reason about everything leads him to put emphasis on the point that the theatre should be a school of manners. In Germany there are more dramatic critics who regard a play from a moral point of view. Without insisting that the drama should teach a direct lesson, the German critic realizes that in any interpretation of life by art there always will be something taught, salutary or harmful, and that it is a matter of the first importance that this lesson should be salutary. An interesting evidence of this is the establishment of two theatres in Berlin, by Herr Bruno Wille, where representations are given to subscribers who form a society. The oldest of these, which is nearly four years old, is now directly controlled by the Socialist party. This party ousted Herr Wille from this theatre because he was considered too much of an Anarchist; so he founded the other theatre. Herr Wille is, it is true, an Anarchist, but one who is an enemy of all violence. Both these theatres are prosperous, and number their adherents by thousands. Their object is not any political or social propaganda; but simply, as the laws of the societies declare, to offer their members, in return for a very small monthly contribution, the opportunity of seeing fine works of art, dramatic or musical, or of hearing lectures at which these works are commented on and explained. Of various matters of detail concerning German theatres I will mention one only. There is in Germany no quarrel, as in France, between the dinner and the theatre. In Germany they take a bite before the play and sup afterward. Thus the head is clear, and one is better disposed for continuous attention. As a general thing the curtain goes up at seven o'clock. The punctuality is exact. Everything is regulated so as to avoid, as much as possible, the least loss of time. The waits are short, and their duration is mentioned in the programme, which also announces at what hour the representation will close. This never lasts more than two and a half or three hours. The public also is punctual. It must be there when the curtain goes up in order to understand everything, and it wishes to understand everything. The spectators lose no time in dressing before coming. In Germany a theatre is not a drawing-room. You find your place without difficulty, and in German theatres there are bad places as well as good places. No place, however, is so bad that your view can be intercepted by a woman's hat, for women are not allowed to wear hats in a German theatre.

LIBRARY TABLE.

THE COPPERHEAD. By Harold Frederick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

We have thoroughly enjoyed reading this novel. Old Abner Beeck with his sternly prejudiced honesty, his submissively heroic wife, and son of broader sympathies but of equal firmness, remind one of Cromwellian days, with its rugged faith in Old Testament faithfulness. The stirring times of the great American war are vividly set forth, with their passionate excesses, and the entire story refreshes one like a fresh breeze from the mountain.

THE STORY OF DAN. By M. E. Francis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1894. \$1.25.

Brimful of the humour and pathos of humble Irish life is the story of Dan. A true-hearted, single-minded Irish lad, with a happy home and fond, old, widowed mother, chooses from among the girls of the country side, Esther Daly to be his future wife. Beautiful in face and form, but proud, ambitious, ignorant and untidy, Esther is the sole support of her wild and helpless idiot brother, Peter. Shortly after Esther's betrothal to Dan, Lawrence Cassidy, a new squireen, appears upon the scene and then the web of Esther's life takes on new colour, and the simple story becomes varied with the old time complications and involved in a most tragic ending. This book is charmingly written. Irish life and scenery appear as freshly in its pages as if depicted on the canvas of a skilful artist, and though humble life is the prevailing topic the motives, the sentiments and the passions of its subjects are such as never fail to interest the human mind and heart.

ON THE OFFENSIVE. By George J. Putnam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. \$1.25.

Somewhat less than a year ago we noticed Mr. Putnam's earlier work "In Blue Uniform," and we are pleased to find the promise of better work foreshadowed by the former is realized in the present volume. Mr. Putnam was an officer in the United States army from which he resigned and in these two books he has used to good advantage the knowledge and experience of the broad and narrow features of such army life. We cannot help thinking that in the strong and well drawn sketch of Spurbidge in "On the Offensive," our author has told quite cleverly his own story. Mr. Putnam's method reminds one of the old racing maxim of not starting at too fast a pace. One has to get well into the book before interest is well roused and then the pace is hot to the finish. We have here what must be a real, and is certainly a striking picture of life at a remote army post. "The daily round the common task" seem sufficiently well outlined. The mental, as well as the moral and physical life of rank and file is, so far as an outsider can say, seemingly faithfully portrayed. There is some good character drawing. The sterling old veteran Colonel Gerrish; that able and efficient officer Lieutenant Ralph, whose moral lapses every reader will regret; Father Bragan, the masterful and exemplary priest, and the heroine of the story, Lydia Gerrish, and Spurbidge himself all appear to us very real portraits. There are stirring episodes too which intensify the interest of the narrative, and though the story ends just short of 300 pages, we feel confident that the author has much more material in reserve which we shall hope to see revealed in later volumes. Mr. Putnam's pictures of army life are none the less striking because they strip it of much of the customary tinsel and glamour. His honest purpose and candid, yet temperate statement, founded as they are on special knowledge and presented with commendable clearness, give to his military tales an attractive freshness and an intrinsic merit which cannot fail to win for them a large measure of success.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. PERIOD V. EUROPE, 1598-1715. By Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1894. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 12mo., pp. vii+392.

This volume illustrates the efforts of publishers and writers in these days of the diffusion of general knowledge to give the public accounts of all phases of the world's progress. Series after series appear with remarkable regularity to prove the desire of busy people in English-speaking communities to make themselves conversant as easily as possible with the great events of history and the important issues of scientific investigation. Such works, which are necessarily compilations and rarely results of original research, have their usefulness in educating the masses, though they have always a tendency to encourage superficiality in reading and study. The volume before us, however, forms part of a series which is entitled to much higher consideration than many others of the same class brought out by English and American presses with far too great haste, to meet a public demand for "a royal road to knowledge." The series is divided into chronological periods, "each of which has been assigned to a specialist," and is intended "to form a continuous and comprehensive account of the general development of European history from the fall of the Roman empire to the present time." In writing the history of Europe in the seventeenth century, which opens with Henry IV and closes with Peter the Great—that century made famous by Richelieu, Louis Quatorze, Turenne, Marlborough, the Great Elector, Colbert and William III—Mr. Wakeman "has endeavoured as far as possible"—we are quoting his preface—"to fix attention upon those events only which had permanent results, and upon those persons only whose life and character profoundly influenced these results." This object, it must be admitted, he has conscientiously kept in view in a work which is accurately compiled, though often wanting in those graces of style and powers of graphic narrative which keep a reader rivetted to the pages of history. The fact is clear that the task was too great for an ordinary writer, to enter thoroughly into the spirit and movement of a century in which momentous events followed in rapid and even bewildering sequence. History written to the hurried order of publishers will necessarily lack the fervor and brilliancy of history, which appears as a studied effort of deep enthusiasm for the subject. Mr. Wakeman, however, has discharged his commission with fidelity, and the reader who wishes information on this very interesting century can profitably study his book.

MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. In two vols. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Toronto News Co. 1894.

When George Eliot died, the English-reading public looked for about some worthy hand to keep the guidance of that magic pen. "Robert Elsmere" gave promise of much; but a measure of disappointment came with the "History of David Grieve." Now we have "Marcella," and we look to Mrs. Ward to one day weave and wear a garment made of strands plucked from the mantle of Maria Evans. We may never see "Silas Marner," quickly and shortly written, equalled; but "Marcella," gives proof of the five years' honest work spent upon it, and it is not for nothing that the fourth revision bears marks of a careful, painstaking hand. This book is a distinct advance upon Mrs. Ward's former work; the story is well connected and the characters are drawn with great clearness, while the writer has taken her critics' advice and spared us much metaphysical monologue and unnecessary digressions which marred some of her former pages. At the same time we doubt if the Squire has yet been equalled. The opening pages which deal with Marcella's childhood, and the description in the third chapter of the occupants of the plain oak seats in the

village church, have a twice-welcome flavour of George Eliot; but Mrs. Ward does not seek to be a follower of her immortal predecessor—rather, she bids fair to be a worthy competitor.

In this book the spirit of the times is well caught up with, and that all-engrossing person, the girl of the period, receives the attention she is now claiming—claiming, alas, with sometimes strident voice. The interest in the social aspect is perhaps heightened in the reader's mind by the fact that the picture is a picture only, not a solution; and Marcella's plunge into the whirlpool of a life which almost drowns her is real, inasmuch as she is a woman, drawn by a woman, such a portrayal as no man's pen could compass. With her work—spelled with a capital W as Thackeray would have it—the living thing it was to her, Marcella could not have done other than go to Minta Hurd in her hour of need; but her subsequent relationship with that poor soul proved the uselessness of sympathy without tact. Marcella herself, always crude, and repellent or obstinate as her mood might determine, does not grow lovable to the reader until after the row in Batton Street; but Mrs. Ward proves her added power of art to her old power of sympathy by the intense interest which the book holds throughout, Marcella's crudities adding the zest of exasperation to the interest which the writer's varied and masterful handling commands from the irritated reader.

Mrs. Ward—a student of men, a lover of nature, of scholarly attainments, and, above all, filled with an infinite yearning over those against whose hearts she presses her own, with its throbbing sympathy for a soul sorrow which she cannot ameliorate—has scored a success, the literary and dramatic merit of which brings her near the first rank of English novelists.

PERIODICALS.

The *Idler* has for June a jolly number. A Conan Doyle has a word to say for "Sweethearts," while Robert Barr tempers our summer heat with "The Woman of Stone." S. J. Duncan, G. B. Burgin, Barry Pain, and others prolong the diversion.

Light in touch, daintily written, philosophic in tone, bearing the impress of scholastic reading and refinement of thinking—and withal a full, ripe knowledge of his subject—Mr. Arnold, Haultain's most enjoyable article on Society, under the apt title of "Mayfair and the Muses," in the June *Blackwood*, will add to his literary reputation. This is an excellent number and contains an able paper on "Recent German Fiction" Sport, music, biography, travel and politics also receive due attention in the number.

A very pretty but discriminating appreciation of Mr. Bliss Carman's poems appears in the *Chap Book* for June 15th at the hand of Professor C. G. D. Roberts. "He is," says the learned Professor, "master of the inevitable phrase, the unforgettable cadence." William Vaughan Moody contributes a weird but forceful poem with the grim title, "A Ballade of Death-beds." William Sharp's short drama, "A Northern Night," is also weird and uncanny, as are Charles S. Rickett's cover designs for Oscar Wild's "Sphinx." There is freshness and beauty, however, in "A Neapolitan Girl," by G. D. Sanctis, which brings us cheer again.

"Halt!" in capital letters, cries the *Contemporary* for June, in its leading article, the burden of which is to promote the peace of Europe. Lord Farrer, writing of Mr. Kidd's remarkable book, says: "Let us thankfully acknowledge that he has touched subjects of the deepest interest, and has touched them in an interesting way." Vernon Bartlet, with painstaking research, seeks grounds for "The Development of the Historic Episcopate." This paper is well worth consideration by all who long for Christian reunion. C. F. Aked has something to say on "The Race Problem in America." Two writers who always interest are Andrew Lang and the Rev. H. R. Haweis.

The former writes of "Marlborough," and the latter of "Frederick Denison Maurice," in this number of the *Contemporary*.

In the June *Fortnightly* the Prince of Monaco points out some of the many, apparently insuperable, obstacles to the proposed channel bridge to connect England and France. Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P., in considering the future of parties holds that "on its own plane, the practical and organizing intellect is too many for a visionary sentimentalism whose main weapons are dialectic activity and emotional appeal." Then follow two papers of artistic interest treating of "The Royal Academy" and "The Two Salons." A pleasant sporting paper is that by G. A. Scott, on "Rype-Shooting without Dogs;" for the uninitiated we may add that Rype stands for grouse, and the venue is laid in Norway. There are other able papers, making a total of 13 in this number, which ends with two pages of gossip on "Silver and the Tariff at Washington."

We have already referred editorially to the leading article in the *Canadian Magazine* for June. The number has two notable papers on Canadian exploration and discovery, a department in which this periodical is doing excellent work: Mr. J. W. Tyrrell begins a series of illustrated articles under the caption, "Three years among the Eskimos." Mr. Tyrrell at once puts himself on good terms with his readers by a simple yet most interesting anecdote in proof of the marvellous eyesight of the Eskimo. Many instructive details are given as to the mode of life, habits and customs of our brethren of the Arctic regions. Mr. Ogilvie ably continues his series of contributions on exploration in the great Mackenzie River basin. The mysteries of our vast northern territories are gradually being revealed by the dauntless courage and scientific ardour and skill of our own explorers. There are papers on Japanese and Chinese subjects, a sketch of Mr. W. R. Meredith and much other interesting matter in this number.

Timely and valuable papers will be found in recent issues of *Littell's Living Age*. Among the best that have appeared in recent English periodical literature we would call particular attention to "Kossuth and the Hungarian War of Liberation," by Sidney J. Low; "A Visit to the Tennysons in 1839," by Bartle Teeling; "Mr. Gladstone," by Richard Holt Hutton; "The Queen and Her Permanent Minister," by Reginald B. Brett; "A Note on Walt Whitman," by Edmund Gosse; "A Russian View of the American Press," by Professor I. I. Yonjoul. The papers on Kossuth, Tennyson and Gladstone are full of interest. The publishers, Messrs. Littell & Co., Boston, offer to send the 13 numbers of the magazine, forming the first quarterly volume of the new series (Jan. to March, 1894) free to any one remitting six dollars in payment for the nine months April to Dec., inclusive, 1894. This offer will be kept open through June. The subscription price is \$8.00 a year. Specimen copies 15c. each.

The *Nineteenth Century* for June is a strong number. The Hon. Reginald Brett writes most readably of "The Queen and Lord Palmerston." The well-known London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, Mr. G. W. Smalley, writes with thought and special knowledge of "Checks on Democracy in America." "In Mr. Goldwin Smith's 'Outline of the Political History of the United States,' there is," says Mr. Smalley, "a brief sketch of the constitution, in which the essence of its political meaning may be found. That book, as a whole, though not the work of a lawyer (the italics are ours) is a masterpiece, and the wayfaring man, . . . will find in it such a lesson on politics as he may seek in vain elsewhere." This is high praise from a competent source. Mr. Smalley will pardon us for a minor correction. Mr. Goldwin Smith was called to the English Bar, and on one occasion held a brief, successfully, for his historic University, Oxford. But we are digressing. The thirteen articles in this number are well varied, and

excellently well written, on such subjects as Politics in India, Art at the Salons, Pedigrees of British and American Horses, noticeable books, etc., etc. The contributors are well known to review readers.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

In the July number of *The Century* Mr. Crawford begins a novelette depicting Bar Harbour Life, "Love in Idleness," which will run through the summer.

Agnes Repplier, the essayist, expresses some very definite views on the woman question in an essay in the July *Scribner*, entitled "Aut Cesar, aut Nihil."

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava is said to be the owner of the smallest book in the world. It is an edition of the sacred book of Sikhs, and is only half the size of a postage stamp.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore's "Perlycross" is spoken well of. The author of "Lorna Doone" has won for himself a host of admirers. No doubt his latest work will be well received.

The Scribners have in press for early publication a new book by Hon. W. E. Gladstone, consisting of metrical translations of the Odes of Horace. A few of these translations have appeared at various times in the magazines.

A new book by John Ruskin, illustrated by drawings of the author, is now being published by Macmillan & Co. It is called "Verona, and other lectures," and includes "The Story of Arachne," "The Tortoise of Ægina," "Candida Cosa," with an appendix on Saxon money; and "Mending the Sieve," with addenda on the foundation of Cluny.

The removal of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons from their old address at 743-745 Broadway, New York, to their new building at 153-155 Fifth Avenue, has finally been effected, and the whole stock, numbering over 300,000 volumes, has been shifted without damage and without any interruption of business. The building they now occupy is a handsome six-story structure of white limestone erected by the firm exclusively for their own use.

In the death of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Montreal, one of the original members of the syndicate which built the Canada Pacific Railway has passed away. It will be remembered that Baron Mount-Stephen, Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. McIntyre, by their exceptional business and financial ability, energy and enterprise, mainly contributed to the successful building of the great Canadian road. Mr. McIntyre has been ill for some time and his death was not unexpected.

Count Leo Tolstoi, in a recent interview with a Russian journalist, is said to have given some information as to a new book which he has in hand. It will treat of, or at least is based on, the late Franco-Russian fetes at Paris and Toulon. Tolstoi will develop in it his well-known views of the incompatibility of Christianity with patriotism, and will point out, not for the first time, how "the people, in spite of frontiers and diversity of manners and intelligence and language, draw towards each other, moved by an instinctive love."

The *Canadian Gazette*, in a recent issue, says that "Lord Aberdeen is fortunate in

the possession of three degrees of LL.D. The first, that of the University of Aberdeen, was conferred upon him in 1883, and the second and third were conferred upon him last month by Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and McGill University, Montreal." We are almost disposed to think that the warmth of esteem in which Lord Aberdeen and the gracious and benevolent Countess of Aberdeen are held by our people will after exhausting the degrees of the old universities lead to the founding of a new one for the especial purpose of conferring yet other degrees upon such worthy recipients.

From the Boston *Home Journal* we learn that W. Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, after having been for many years a bird of passage, has finally found for himself and family a home amid congenial surroundings in the Island of Thanet. The house in which Mr. Russell lives is large and inviting, and from the garden which surrounds it one can see before him the waters known to all sailors as the Downs; to the right the jutting foreland overlooking Deal, a picturesque old town, redolent of the memory of Van Tromp and Nelson and other naval heroes, while to the left pitches and tosses the turbulent North Sea. On a clear summer day half a hundred craft of all sizes and descriptions are always in sight. "A beautiful view," Mr. Russell calls it, and such in truth it is, a constant and moving inspiration to work that will endure.

The London *Literary World* has the following interesting reference to the well-known American writer, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose novel, "The Adventures of a Widow," it may be remembered was the first serial story published in THE WEEK: Mr. Edgar Fawcett, two of whose books we announced in these columns last week, is the son of an Englishman who made a considerable fortune in New York, in business as a tanner, we believe. He has the *entrée* of the most exclusive houses in New York, and is in appearance and costume one of the most English-looking men in American clubland, which is nothing if it is not Anglo-maniac. Mr. Fawcett is a bachelor, and his pleasant rooms just off Madison Square receive quite a little *salon* one night every week. No *salon* in New York is so literary. Mr. Fawcett is a strongly-built man of medium height, with a heavy black moustache, and very remarkable blue eyes. He is even better known as a poet than a novelist.

The following obituary notices of two notable Englishmen—one in letters and the other in law—have recently been published: "The sudden death of Edmund Yates, which occurred while he was attending a play at the Garrick Theatre, in London, . . . removes one of the few literary men who belonged to the era of Dickens and Thackeray. Mr. Yates was one of the principal contributors to Charles Dickens' 'All the Year Round,' and his novel 'Black Sheep,' which was first published as a serial in that magazine, was praised by its illustrious editor as one of the strong works of modern fiction. Mr. Yates was, however, best known to the present generation as the inventor of the society journal. In this domain the London weekly, *The World*, which he founded in 1874, has never had a serious rival, with the exception of Henry Labouchere's *Truth*. The dispute between Edmund Yates and Thack-

eray, which resulted in the resignation of the decedent and of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins from the Garrick Club, was probably one of the most notable quarrels among authors during the recent history of English literature. Mr. Yates was a ready and clever writer; and his intimacy with many social and literary celebrities of his time makes his 'Personal Reminiscence and Experiences,' published some years ago, a rich mine of anecdotal history of modern England.

"The Right Hon. John Duke Coleridge, F.R.S., was born in 1821, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1842. In 1855 he was appointed recorder at Portsmouth, and was created a Queen's Counsel in 1861; soon after he was nominated a bencher of the Little Temple. On the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government in December, 1868, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and received the honour of knighthood. On Sir Robert Collier being appointed to a judgeship in the Judicial Department of the Privy Council in November, 1871, Sir John Coleridge was appointed to succeed him as Attorney-General. Upon the death of Sir William Bovill, Sir John Coleridge was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1873, and soon afterwards he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Coleridge of Ottery, St. Mary, in the County of Devon. On the death of Sir Alexander Cockburn, in November, 1880, Sir John Coleridge was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Chas. Egbert Craddock: His Vanished Star. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cambridge: Riverside Press. \$1.25.
- S. B. Crockett: The Raiders. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Right Hon. G. O. Trevelyan, M.P.: Cawnpore. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.
- Proceedings and Transactions Royal Society of Canada, Vol. XI. Ottawa: Durie & Son. Montreal: Foster, Brown & Co.
- Major-Gen. T. Bland Strange: Gunner Jingo's Jubilee. 2nd Edition. London: Remington & Co., Ltd.
- Florence Trail: Under the second Renaissance. Buffalo: Chas. Wells Moulton.
- Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng.: The Medical Profession in Upper Canada. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

COUSINS FROM THE WORKHOUSE.

Here is an amusing story of Messrs. Toole and Brough, which appeared some years ago, but is worth re-telling. Having appeared conjointly in a drama, "Dearer than Life," in which they wore very ragged, woe-begone costumes, they visited the well-known artists, Fradelle and Marshall, to be photographed in their rags. While waiting "between the plates," Toole, who is very fond of a lark, suggested to his brother comedian to sally out and call upon a certain mutual acquaintance, who would be horribly shocked at receiving visitors in such a garb. Brough at once assented, and

popping on their battered hats, out into the street the pair slipped, and made for the house of their friend. Of course the neat housemaid and the neater buttons were horrified, and declined, even without being asked, to purchase matches or the like.

"I axes your pardon," said Toole, in an assumed tone; you're making a slight mistake. We want to see your master," and he mentioned the gentleman's Christian name and that of his wife.

"We have important business with him," chimed in Brough.

The girl's face wore a dazed aspect, and she said, "Master never sees the likes of you at his house. He's most partickler, ain't he Charles?" appealing to the page.

"You must be making a mistake," "Oh, no, we ain't," responded Toole, with supreme gravity. "But I'm sorry William (the Christian name of the gentleman) is out. I haven't got a card about me (pretended to fumble among his rags); but tell your master that his two cousins from the workhouse called as they were passing through London."

THE METHODS OF ZOLA.

No space at command here would suffice to criticise these books in detail, or to set forth, except in shorthand, the objections which have been taken to them, and the replies which have been made to the objections. We must content ourselves with the "heads" of both. The panegyrists of M. Zola say that convention had reigned long enough in literature; that it was time for an uncompromising and scientific view of human nature to take the place of superficial observation and romantic idealism; and that M. Zola has heralded and led this transformation with extraordinary vigour and skill. The adversary has urged from the beginning (and, while fully admitting the immense industry and remarkable power of the novelist, continues to urge) that his whole conception of art and nature is radically wrong. It is pointed out that M. Zola in the first place seems to confine his attention, by preference and deliberation, to sides of human nature which, though admittedly existent, are intermittent and exceptional; that where he attempts other sides, as in *La Réve*, he is more conventional and unreal than the most *clair-de-lune* sentimentalist; that he has no notion or grasp of human nature as a whole. It is further urged that his attempt to turn the encyclopædia into a novel, and to load his books with technical information, leads occasionally to blunders which do not very much matter, and constantly to a stiff and inartistic presentment which matters very much. It is said (to take two instances out of many) that the horticulture in that very moving and passionate book, *La Faute de l'Abbe Mouret*, is an intolerable bore; and that in its twenty years younger brother, *La Debacle*, the masterly demonstration of the faults of the French army is hindered, not helped, by the over-minuteness of the accounts of marches and bivouacs, while in certain other instances, the superfluous matter is not only dull, but utterly disgusting. M. Zola is undoubtedly a strong man, who has not yet run his full race, and it is perhaps too soon to give or refuse him the crown. But if the opinion of the present writer is asked for, or has any value, it is that he has

hopelessly mistaken the course, has gone on the wrong side of the flags, and must almost certainly be disqualified at the finish. —George Saintsbury, in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*.

COLLEGES AND NOVELISTS.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge is strong in fiction, but Cambridge possesses two names of the first rank, Sterne and Thackeray. The majority of our great novelists graduated in the rougher schools of the world, and probably acquired there a better equipment for their work than any university could give them.

Defoe (1661-1731) received the rudiments of education at an academy at Newington Green, and was successively rebel merchant, manufacturer, satirist in verse, bankrupt, political secretary, pamphleteer, and journalist, before he wrote, at the age of sixty, the immortal "Robinson Crusoe;" Fielding (1707-1754) was at Eton until eighteen, then travelled for a short time and began his literary career as a writer for the stage, living a Bohemian sort of life; and was a magistrate at Bow Street, and a terror to evil-doers, when he wrote "Tom Jones" and "Amelia."

Richardson (1689-1761) was the son of a joiner, whose means were inadequate to carry out his intention of educating his son for the church, who forthwith became a printer, and died one. Smollet (1721-1771) came of a good Scotch family, and, of course, received a sound education; went up to London at eighteen, with a tragedy in his pocket, which was to bring him fame and fortune, but, his hopes being blighted, became surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the Carthage expedition in 1741, a post abandoned in disgust on his return, but one, nevertheless, which proved of inestimable service to him in his new career as author of providing material for those inimitable sketches of naval life and character with which his novels abound.

Scott (1771-1832) was brought up to the law, and during the long vacations went on those expeditions to Liddesdale and elsewhere, which, together with his legal experiences, were to be turned to account for the delight of thousands in the years to come. Dickens (1812-1870) was sent to a school at Chatham, kept by a Baptist minister, until the age of ten, when began that vagrant existence of which no reader of "David Copperfield" needs to be told, and during which, to use Dickens's own words, "but for the mercy of God he might easily have become, for any care that was taken of him, a little robber or a little vagabond." —*Temple Bar*.

LAW AND LAUGHTER.

Perhaps it is because law seems rather alien to laughter, and a law court the last place where one expects to be merry, that a joke goes so far with, and is made so much of by, all who are connected with the legal profession.

The following amiable contest occurred in Westminster Hall between Lord Campbell and an eminent Queen's Counsel. The action was one brought to recover for damages done to a carriage which the Q.C. repeatedly called a brough-ham, pronouncing both syllables of the word *brougham*. Whereupon Lord Campbell pompously observed, "Broom is the more usual pronunciation; a carriage of the kind you

mean is generally and not incorrectly called a *broom*—that pronunciation is open to no grave objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering an extra syllable." Half an hour later in the same trial Lord Campbell, alluding to a decision given in a similar action, said, "In that the carriage which had sustained injury was an omnibus—" "Pardon me, my lord," interposed the Q.C., "a carriage of the kind to which you draw attention is usually termed a 'bus'; that pronunciation is open to no great objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering two extra syllables." The interruption was followed by a roar of laughter, in which Lord Campbell joined more heartily than anyone else.

When in a trial about limestone quarries a barrister called Caldecott had said over and over again with dull verbosity that they "were not rateable, because the limestone could only be reached by boring, which was a matter of science," Ellenborough gravely inquired, "Would you, Mr. Caldecott, have us believe that every kind of *boring* is matter of science?" With finer humour he nipped in the bud one of Randle Jackson's flowery harangues. "My lords," said the orator, with nervous intonation, "in the book of nature it is written—" "Be kind enough, Mr. Jackson," interposed Lord Ellenborough, "to mention the page from which you are about to quote."

One of the best "legal" puns was made by Lord Chelmsford when he was Sir Frederick Thesiger. He had objected to a learned serjeant who, in examining witnesses in a case in which he was engaged, put leading questions. "I have a right," maintained the serjeant, doggedly, "to deal with my witnesses as I please." "To that I offer no objection," retorted Sir Frederick; "you may deal as you like, but you sha'n't lead."

Baron Alderson was an excellent classical scholar, so it made him shudder when a barrister applied in his court for a *nolle prosequi*. "Consider, sir," he said, "that is the last day of term, and don't make things unnecessarily long." It was this judge who, in reply to the juryman's confession that he was deaf in one ear, observed, "Then leave the box before the trial begins, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

A witness eighty years old having given his evidence with remarkable clearness, Lord Mansfield examined him as to his habitual mode of living, and found that he had throughout life been an early riser and a singularly temperate man. "Ay," observed the Chief Justice, in a tone of approval, "I have always found that without temperance and early habits, longevity is never attained." The next witness, the elder brother of this model of temperance, was then called, and he almost surpassed his brother as an intelligent and clear-headed utterer of evidence. "I suppose," observed Lord Mansfield, "that you also are an early riser?" "No, my lord," answered the veteran stoutly: "I like my bed at all hours, and special-*lie* I like it of a morning." "Ah, but, like your brother, you are a very temperate man?" quickly asked the judge, looking out anxiously for the safety of the more important part of his theory. "My lord," responded this ancient Elm, disdainingly to plead guilty to a charge of habitual sobriety, "I am a very old man, and my memory is as clear as a bell, but I can't remember the night when I have gone to bed without having been more or less

drunk." Lord Mansfield was silent. "Ah, my lord," the leading counsel exclaimed, "this old man's case supports a theory upheld by many persons, that habitual intemperance is favourable to longevity." "No, no," replied the Chief Justice with a smile, "this old man and his brother merely teach us what every carpenter knows—that Elm, whether it be wet or dry, is a very tough wood."

Amongst droll anecdotes concerning witnesses may be placed those which exemplify the difficulty which a judge often experiences in understanding the nautical technicalities of seafaring, and the provincialisms of provincial witnesses. Lord Mansfield was presiding at a trial consequent upon a collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor whilst giving testimony said, "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle," whereupon his lordship, with a proper desire to master the facts of the case, observed, "stay, stay a minute, witness; you say that at the time in question you were standing *abaft* the binnacle. Now tell me what is *abaft* the binnacle?" This was too much for the gravity of "the salt," who immediately before climbing into the witness-box had taken a copious draught of neat rum. Removing his eyes from the bench, and turning round upon the crowded court with an expression of intense amusement, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, "He's a pretty fellow for a judge! Bless my jolly old eyes! You have got a pretty sort of a landlubber for a judge! He wants me to tell him where *abaft* the binnacle is?" Not less amused than the witness, Lord Mansfield rejoined, "Well, my friend, you must fit me for my office by telling me where *abaft* the binnacle is. You've already shown me the meaning of *half seas over!*"—*Argosy*.

THE LITERATURE OF DENMARK.

Danish literature has sprung from a double root. The deepest and most original being the romantic song or story of the middle age; the later and most superficial the satirical realism of Holberg, born in Norway. This spirit, full of the sentiment and old romance of the middle age, was revived in the eighteenth century by Johannes Ewald, and at the commencement of the nineteenth century by Adam Ohlenschläger; while all of that social and realistic literature was revived about 1870 by George Brandes in Denmark. The veneration which the actual Danish realists have for "Father Holberg" is a proof of the relationship which exists between them. The Danish realist feels himself under the patronage of his ancient dramatic author, and called to continue his work. The mission of George Brandes was to reveal the new, to announce the intellectual aspirations which, about 1830, were developed in Europe, but without having reached Denmark. He was an opener of mill dams, a breaker of dykes. In the domain of religion he became the revealer of modern thought. In philosophy, he formed himself on Comte and Mill. He claimed for literature a more intimate connection with the times, truth, nature. A real, veridical, naturalistic literature—these were the three articles of the faith. It was a bitter tonic which Brandes offered to his countrymen. In a new literature, as in a truthful mirror, the Danish people, recently fallen so far below their dreams, must learn to see the pain and misery of life face to face. The dream, the false dream, must vanish, and life as it is must take its place.

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This is why pessimism has formed the principal trait of Danish literature since 1870. Modern realistic literature of Denmark stands on the same ground with that of France and Russia. A series of sad, bitter, desperately melancholy writers have emerged. Poets like S. P. Jacobsen, dramatists like Edouard Brandes, romancers like Sophus Shandroph, Herman Bang, Henrik Pontoppidan, Gustave Esmann. The subjects treated by them are empty lives, problematic natures, the pariahs of society. A sensation as of gray skies, sorrow of life and all its days, forms the background of that literature. And when all is gray there is almost always sure to come a revolt of sanguinary hue. Jacobsen took as his theme the extension of freethought; and the great lyricist, Holger Drachmann, took part in the movement by glorifying the bombs of the Commune and the strikes of the English Socialists. This was, at once, a time both strange and grand. A veneration for nature and an enthusiasm for progress, pity for the oppressed and hatred of social falsities, democracy and socialism, adoration of art and glorification of theories—all of these diverse aspirations flooded the country, and, like a tempestuous river, excited and carried away inflammable souls. Since then the quieted waters and tempestuous currents have divided, and the existence of fundamental differences between them has been discovered, more striking than was at first supposed; the contrast between the old and the new.

Then it was that the intellectual life of Denmark made a bound unprecedented during the course of half a century. In ten years the new school held a predominating place in our literature. But simultaneously with the writers of note appeared the imitators. Literature having proclaimed it to be a duty to be in close harmony with the epoch and the real troops of authors, both men and women, most of whom are long since forgotten, swarmed. But about 1885 there was a short period during which nothing appeared in the dramas or the romances but dry dissertations on social questions. They called these literary monstrosities the "Problem-bøger" (book-problems), and the journals discussed with zeal, not the art in the works (for there was none), but the reasons for and against the opinions promulgated by the writers. Holger Drachmann revolted against this with all his strength. At the same time J. P. Jacob-

published his second great work, the modern romance "Niels Lyhne." This is the most characteristic work which has appeared in Denmark for thirty years. Niels Lyhne, the hero of the work, is the typical Dane, descended in a direct line from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. The most genial writer of the young generation, Herman Bang, shows the deep influence of his predecessor, Jacobsen, as does also one of his contemporaries, Karol Gjellerup. Jacobsen is the perfect master of style in modern literature. A number of young artists look upon him in his respect as their dear master, their unapproachable model. All of the younger poets and prose writers, Sophus Claussen, Neils Moeller, Vigo Stuckenburg, Hjalge Rode, Sophus Michaelis, and several others are of the family of "Niels Lyhne," although of a different branch. For them the instincts, physical and psychical, are the manifestations of an unknown power, which they endure with a bad grace, and from which they constantly struggle to free themselves. Stuckenburg, the inaugurator of that movement, is a pronounced decadent. Niels Moeller is the Danish Browning. His tendency is to make profound researches into an individual soul, and, like the great Englishman, he ornaments the gloomy and heavy subjects of his poems with the barbaric splendour of energetic and special terms. An antipathy for reality, a flight from life, is the characteristic of the younger Danes. They are all melancholy; this is their inheritance from naturalism. But some among them feel the joy of living, and, as on the wings of the eagle, carry us beyond the sorrows and miseries of reality. It is the joy of the infinite, of the eternity of life.—M. J. Jorgensen, in the *Revue des Revues*.

THE LITERATURE OF TURKEY.

To speak of Turkish literature to a public whose mind is already made up as to the immobility of mind in the Orient is a very embarrassing task for an Asiatic; and the less easy, as critical works being little known in Turkey, opinions are strongly divided as to the merits of any particular writer. It was at the commencement of the nineteenth century, under the reign of Selim III., that the first attempt was made, by the Ulema Aassem, to free Turkish literature from the influence of Arabian and Persian traditions; but alone and despised by the writers of his time, he remained entirely misunderstood. As soon as Medjid took up the work for which Selim had paid with his life, Chinassi, devoting himself to the plans of his predecessor, succeeded in endowing Turkey with a smooth and flexible national language, capable of yielding itself to progressive ideas and delivered from the bombastic and affected phrases of the Arabians and the effeminate mannerism of the Parisians. Chinassi founded and directed a journal, the *Tasviri-Efkair*, in which his grand talents, as polemist, poet, musician even, established a current of political and artistic ideas which roused the greater part of thinking minds in Turkey. Some years later, following in the steps of this journal, the *Terjuman-i-Hakikat* (Interpreter of the Truth) was established by Ahmed-Midhat Effendi. Besides these, other independent journals existed. During the ten years from 1850 to 1860, Turkish literature reached its full development. The works of Ahmed-Midhat Effendi have been prodigious in number and variety. In the forms of romances, dramas,

comedies, journalistic articles, philosophical dialogues, moral treatises, Ahmed-Midhat Effendi has been connected with all the questions which have excited Turkey. But he is best known in Turkey as a novelist. His romances are never idle tales, but always contain some idea to be promulgated, some cause to be defended, some historical epoch to be popularized. His heroes are robust men of action and intellect. In spite of the enormous amount of work indicated by 130 volumes, Ahmed-Midhat Effendi, but 53 years of age, and blessed with robust health, gives promise of a continued long and brilliant career. He is not a stylist and has never published verses. His prose is of incomparable clearness and simplicity. With Kemal Bey, on the contrary, the form is cultivated, the work limited. In order to know him thoroughly, it would be necessary to speak more than is possible in this short study, of his poems and journalistic articles. With all of their excesses, the works of Kemal Bey, incomplete, since they have never been entirely published, enigmatic and as if veiled, remain the most suggestive productions of the modern Turkish mind.

In comparison with Kemal, Ekrem-Bey is endowed with an exceedingly delicate sensibility, and is an idealist. He makes use of the ancient prosody, in which the strophes, and often the entire pieces of 40 or 50 verses, rhyme on the same syllable. The greater part of the Turkish poets of to-day belong to the new school, which has introduced the rhymes two by two on the cross rhymes. The founder of this school was Nadji, whose first poems have a mystical and religious character. Later, after reading Lamartine and Victor Hugo, he changed the composition of his verse, his style, his ideas, and became an adorer of the Beautiful and the Wise. His romances have for heroes men of letters and are animated by æsthetic discussions. Scarcely 35 years of age, he last year died, mourned by all Turkey.

A collection of old Seljukian, Persian and Turkish poems entitled "The Ruin," have revealed, in Zia Pacha, a grand poet. In the preface to "the Ruins," in certain poems of Nadji and certain romances of Ahmed-Midhat and Kemal, a common sentiment can be traced: the sentiment or rather the connection with the past, the imperious need of reviving the actions of the fathers. This sentiment of the inanity of the times has been written by no one with so much concentrated emotion as by Abdulkhak Hamid-Bey in "Sahara."

At the head of another group stands Djevet Pacha; to which also belong Chemseddine Samia-Bey and Bechir-Fuad. Other writers are Mourad-Bey, especially occupied with labour questions; Sirra Pacha, author of commentaries on the Koran; Hadji Ismael-Effendi; Said-Bey; Abou-Zia Tewfik; Zehni Effendi; the poet Feizi; Ahmed Ihsan-Bey; Hamdi-Bey, writer, architect, painter, musician, archæologist, whose prodigious activity recalls that of Da Vinci.

I must here call attention to the great number of women writers. Women have, from all times, ornamented Turkish letters, but heretofore, almost exclusively in the domain of poetry. To-day they receive an accomplished education, and, in consequence, they have left the lute and plunged into pedagogic questions, those of public instruction, woman's emancipation, etc. Some of these are amusingly pedantic, but others are really remarkable: Fathma Aali Hanoum, romancer; Niguair

Hanoum, poet; Makboule-Leman Hanoum, author of philosophical and moral essays; and the young Selma Hanoum, whose first romances and poems presage an exceptionally brilliant career. In the nineteenth century, Turkish literature has accomplished a great work. It has introduced into the orient the theatre, romance, journals, reviews and critiques; it has created public opinion.—Translated for Public Opinion from the article by Garabed-Bey in the *Paris Revue des Revues*.

TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The Report of the Directors—Splendid Results of the Year's Business—Large Increase in the Deposits—Earning Powers of the Bank Steadily Improving—A Growing Rest Account—Election of the Board of Directors.

The ninth annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Traders Bank of Canada was held at its banking house in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 19th June, 1894.

The President having been requested to take the chair, Messrs. John F. Ellis and H. M. Pellatt were appointed scrutineers, and Mr. Strathy, secretary, when the following statement was read:

Your Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the accompanying statement, showing the position of the Bank as on the 31st May, 1894, together with the result of the year's business.

After making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, crediting interest to date on all interest bearing accounts, and reserving accrued interest on outstanding deposit receipts, the net profits for the year amounted to.....	\$48,251 20
To this is added balance at credit of profit and loss last year.....	4,750 53
Making in all.....	\$53,002 03
Appropriated as follows, viz:	
Dividend No. 16, three per cent. payable December 1st, 1893.....	\$18,222 00
Dividend No. 17, three per cent. payable June 1st, 1894.....	18,222 00
Added to Rest Account.....	\$10,000 00
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	6,558 03
	\$53,002 03

As compared with the figures of a year ago the deposits show an increase of over \$150,000 which, in the face of a reduction in the average rate of interest paid, may be considered satisfactory. The amount of notes of the Bank in circulation, owing to general shrinkage in values, has decreased \$65,000.

The earning powers of the Bank are steadily improving and are now greater than they have hitherto been, but the losses for the past year—a year of exceptional depression—have been above the average. After providing fully for all losses and bad debts \$10,000 has been added to the Rest Account, and a balance of \$6,558.03 carried forward to Profit and Loss new account.

All the branches of the Bank, including the Head Office, have received the usual thorough inspections.

The officers of the Bank have discharged their respective duties to the satisfaction of the Board.

WM. BELL,
President.

General Statement, 31st May, 1894.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid up.....	\$607,400 00
Rest Account.....	85,000 00
Dividend No. 17, payable 1st June.....	18,222 00
Former dividends unpaid.....	170 16
Interest accrued on Deposit Receipts.....	3,981 49
Balance of profits carried forward.....	6,558 03
	\$721,331 65
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$534,755 00

PUBLIC OPINION.

Deposits bearing interest	\$2,940,717 95	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	434,440 94	
Balance due London Agents.....	3,375,158 89	
Balance due to other Banks.....	380,168 54	
	8,597 53	4,278,679 96
		\$5,000,011 64

ASSETS.		
Gold and Silver Coin current....	\$114,904 16	
Dominion Government Demand Notes	258,981 00	
Notes and Cheques on other Banks.....	82,444 49	
Balance due from other Banks.....	74,648 44	
Balance due from New York agents.....	14,963 24	
Dominion and Provincial Government Debentures....	330,562 66	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation.....	29,665 00	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	782,629 69	\$1,688,798 68
Bills discounted current.....	\$3,231,609 76	
Notes discounted overdue (estimated loss provided for)....	23,390 40	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	883 91	
Bank Premises (including safes, office furniture, etc.)	55,338 89	3,511,212 96
		\$5,000,011 64

After the adoption of the Report the usual resolutions were submitted and carried.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. William Bell (Guelph), C. D. Warren, W. J. Gage, Jno. Drynan, J. W. Dowd and Robert Thomson (Hamilton).

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Directors, Mr. William Bell was re-elected President, and Mr C. D. Warren, Vice-President, by a unanimous vote.

H. S. STRATHY,
General Manager.

The atmosphere of the day is chilled with the spirit of unbelief. Need we fear for religion? It is as if we asked, need we fear for eternal truth, for the reign of the Almighty? Unbelief is but a passing wave. The material and scientific progress of the age has begotten an overestimate of nature, and draws a film over eyes which would seek the supernatural. The realities of the supernatural and man's profound need of them endure, and his reason will not lose sight of them. The protest against unbelief will bring religion into bolder relief, and the widening thoughts of men along other lines of progress will prove more clearly that religion is the need of all progress, as God is the need of all being.—*Archbishop John Ireland, in McClure's Magazine.*

The four leading iron-producing countries in the world last year made, in round figures, 21,000,000 tons of pig iron, of which the United States turned out 34; Great Britain, 32.5; Germany, 23.6; and France, 9.9 per cent. Last year was not a normal year, however, and a more correct comparison can be made on the output of 1892, which was 22,600,000 tons, the relative proportions being for the United States 40.5; Great Britain, 29.2; Germany, 21.2; and France, 9.1 per cent. Of the four countries Germany has shown the least marked fluctuations and the steadiest though not the most rapid growth.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

"It is really surprising," said Captain L. W. Tweed, of Gloucester, Mass., "in how high latitudes are to be found animals that live on herbage, thriving as though pasturage were abundant. The musk ox, reindeer and hare belong to this order, and are all found as far north as explorers have yet gone. These creatures have to feed under the snow for a large part of the year. They remove the covering with the hoof or paw, and feed over large patches of ground even when the snow is several inches in depth."

Montreal Gazette: There has been few greater falls in the commercial world than that of Erastus Wiman. A few years ago he had pushed himself to the front as a publicist, as a framer of political policies, a millionaire and a successful business man who had the power of turning everything he touched into gold. The events of the past week has shown that his greatly advertised schemes were failures, kept up by the fraudulent use of other people's money, and that he was a failure and a fraud himself. The spectacle is a pitiable one.

Hamilton Spectator: By the death of Senator Billa Flint there is removed a link which connected the progressive and aspiring young Dominion with old Canada. His life, extending over ninety years, covered almost the entire history of this Province, and at a time when most of the statesmen of our day were in their cradles he was using his brain and energy in making the laws of the country. Mr. Flint was in many respects a remarkable man. Although an octogenarian, he was by no means a fossil politician; to the last his mind was in touch with the progressive spirit of the times, and he was not afraid of reforms which to more timid minds appeared too radical.

Ottawa Free Press: There must be a large-sized "colored gentleman" behind the Federal Government's anxiety to sell the Canadian islands in the St. Lawrence river. Last year the Minister of the Interior advertised the islands for sale, but public opinion caused him to abandon, or at least postpone, his scheme; but it has been revived, and the Tory majority in the House of Commons practically gave Mr. Daly authority to go ahead with his proposed sale. It has been asserted in several quarters that contain government favorites have been given valuable islands on very favorable terms, and that a general sale is necessary to cover up the jobbery and favoritism involved in the business.

St. John Telegraph: The latest appearance of the Monroe doctrine is in connection with Nicaragua, and has come to light in some correspondence just submitted to Congress by the President of the United States. Some time ago the Government of Nicaragua notified Great Britain that the English protectorate over the Mosquito Indians could no longer be recognized, and that Nicaragua's long-conceded sovereignty must be given a practical meaning and Nicaragua must assert her rights. In reply the British Government, with great firmness, notified Nicaragua that the English protectorate would be maintained, that Nicaraguan interference would not be permitted, and the Mosquito Government would enact its own laws and enforce them without reference to Nicaragua until, as stipulated by the arbitration following the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, Mosquito consented to complete incorporation into the republic of Nicaragua.

Always wear your thinking cap;
'Twill often save you from mishap.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick, yet, with my nobler reason, against my fury do I take part; the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.—*Shakespeare.*

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To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.—*Roche foucauld.*

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A writer in the *New York Sun* says: "Answering your correspondents as to the habit of ducks, I can say that it is a common thing for ducks to lay their eggs while in the water; and I can relate as a fact coming under my personal observation that a duck once laid an egg on a brick walk that it happened to be crossing, and kept on without concern. But when a duck has an incubation in view it carefully selects a nest for its eggs in some remote and secret corner; and it is very shy while the young are hatching."

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has so perfected the bolometer that it will detect a change in temperature amounting to a millionth of a degree!

Submarine divers now have a telephone attached to their helmets, and thus talk freely with workmen on shipboard. This is a great improvement on the rope-jerking mode of signalling.

An air brake, adapted to elevators, and described by "The Providence Journal," works only when a certain speed is exceeded on the down trip. It is meant, therefore, as a safety device exclusively.

The system of solidifying quicksand around sewers, foundations and other constructions, by injecting cement through pipes has worked so well in certain parts of Providence that it is now to be tried elsewhere in the same city.

Two Connecticut telegraph-linemen recently discovered a cross-circuit of rather an unusual kind. It was found that a spider had spun a strong web between two wires, and that the dew and rain held by the web made an electrical connection of substantial magnitude.

For an electric road between Philadelphia and Harrisburg it is proposed to use the two-phase alternating system for long distance transmission of the current, but transform the latter into a continuous current, at substations every twelve or fifteen miles, for actual use.

A company has been formed to utilize the big water power in Big Cottonwood Canyon, fourteen miles from Salt Lake City, and convey the energy to the latter point as electricity. For two-thirds of the year, it is said, 3,000 horse-power will be available, and for the rest only 2,500.

Recent Swedish reports say that an application of electricity to the smelting of iron is to be tried on a commercial scale at Trollhatten, in Sweden, where a great water-power is available to run the dynamos. The process is the invention of Mr. G. de Laval, whose steam-turbine attracted much attention at Chicago last year.

A garbage destructor, tested in Chicago a few weeks ago, consumed refuse containing about 80 per cent. of house ashes, with the aid of petroleum injected by compressed air. The garbage is slowly fed through a brick drying tunnel, which is heated, and in which run small cars; so that the stuff is readily combustible when it reaches the fire.

A careful record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers at 20 per cent. taller, 25 per cent. heavier, and have 60 per cent. more lung-capacity than smokers. A recent graduating class of Amherst presented a similar difference in favor of non-smokers, who had gained in weight 24 per cent. over the smokers, and in height 37 per cent., and also exceeded them in lung-capacity.

At Great Falls, Mont., the volume of water passing in the upper Missouri is about 4,800 cubic feet a second, and at Fort Benton (twenty-five miles further down stream) United States engineers report it at 4,331; and now the question arises, what becomes of the rest? A belief is entertained that the water drains off through the sand and supplies the great artesian well basin of South Dakota.

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Professor James McLean, of Chicago, is trying to revolutionize traction by using compressed air on engines in the place of steam. This would greatly change the shape of locomotives. He would put his air-tank where the cab now is, do away with the boiler and tender, and employ a rotary device instead of a reciprocating piston, in order to apply his power to the driving wheels. He doesn't say where he would put his engineer.

It is said that the water of the new Manchester Ship Canal is very foul, so much so that it has a bad odor, and Commissioners who recently traveled over the canal to inquire into the advisability of the Queen's taking the same trip were doubtful as to the expediency of such a journey. The trouble is that the canal is fed by the Irwell, Irk, and other small Lancashire rivers, whose purification was not properly enforced before the opening of the great waterway.

A good lubricant, says Mr. Railings, an English engineer, should be thick enough to keep a constant film between the opposing surfaces, but otherwise as thin as possible; it should conduct heat well, contain nothing to act chemically on the lubricated bearing, and be difficult of operation and decomposition. Sperm-oil is one of the best lubricants, but it is dear. For low speed and heavy pressures, graphite, soapstone, and grease are good; for high speeds and light pressures, petroleum, olive, rape and cotton oils are excellent.

Paul Jablochhoff, who died in Russia on April 6, in his forty-seventh year, will be remembered chiefly from the form of arc-light to which he gave his name—the Jablochhoff candle. In this light, now little used, the two carbons were placed parallel, and burned down together, whence the name, the arc forming across the extremities. It lighted, in 1878, the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris, the first street in the world to be illuminated by electricity, and thus ushered in an industrial revolution. None of Jablochhoff's other inventions are now in use, though he died so young, but his name is inseparably linked with the history of electro-technics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

According to a report issued by the Greek Minister of the Interior the recent earthquakes in that country caused the death of 207 persons, the serious injury of 154 more, and the destruction of 952 houses. The chief loss of life was in the churches, where the people were assembled for evening worship.

MR. WM. CALDER, 91 Spadina avenue, Toronto, cured by Acetocura of spinal disease nearly 40 years ago, endorses all we say about our remedy.

The latest development in the milk business in London is to drive the cows around the route and have them milked in the presence of the customers. The customer is thus able to judge for himself of the healthy appearance of the animal, and is sure of the freshness of the milk. The practice is a common and ancient one in Egypt.

The Secretary of the Treasury has fixed the limit of the seal catch of the Pribyloff Islands for the present season under contract with the North American Commercial Company at 7,500, and in the discretion of the United States agent on the inlands to increase the limit not exceeding 20,000 for the season, provided, in the judgment of the agent, such increase would not injure the seal herds.

Sixty-two applications for new railroad concessions are under consideration by the authorities in Japan, the total length of the projected lines being about 1,400 miles. During the next twenty years the Government will build 1,264 miles of road, which, added to the mileage now in operation, will give a total of 1,815 miles. Besides this there are now 1,319 miles of road owned by private capital, the total length of roads now operating being 1,870 miles.

The supply of platinum, owing to its free use in electrical enterprise, is becoming, it is said, unequal to the constantly increasing demand. The principal source of supply is the Ural Mountain deposit. These, some years ago, were said to be inexhaustible, but the statement was made with no cognizance of its future heavy demand in electrical service. These mines are, at present, being worked to their fullest capacity, with orders and contracts two years ahead of delivery.—*Age of Steel.*

Robert Winthrop, who is in his eighty-sixth year, has had a personal acquaintance with every President of the United States except Washington and Jefferson. He is the latest living ex-Speaker of the National House of Representatives, the oldest surviving Massachusetts Senator; and it is seventy-three years since he was a schoolboy at Boston's celebrated Latin School. Few men of sixty are so well preserved and so vigorous mentally and physically as he.—*New York World.*

This is Sunday evening. The streets are far more quiet than the quietest English town on Sunday. The cathedral bells chime old psalm tunes in the delicious pure air. The heat, though quite enough, is bearable. Everyone is well-dressed, and I laugh to myself as I pass the only slum Toronto yet knows, to see well-dressed people standing at their slum doors. Why, the slum is as good as some of our High Streets in many a provincial town.—*Andrew Hamilton in Canadian Gazette.*

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE LIFE OF A COMMERCIAL MAN NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Constant Travel and Roughing it on Trains Weakens the Most Robust—The Experience of a Halifax Merchant While on the Road.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Percy J. A. Lear, junior partner of the firm of Blackadar & Lear, general brokers, 60 Bedford Row, Halifax, N.S., comes from a family of commercial travellers. His father, James Lear, was on the road in Lower Canada with dry goods for twenty three years, and few men were more widely known and esteemed, and the genial Percy himself has just retired from the ranks of the drummer, after a varied experience as knight of the grip, which extended over seventeen years and embraced almost every town and village in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is an extremely popular young man, a leading member of the Oddfellows' fraternity, an officer in the 63rd regiment of militia, and a rising merchant.

"How comes it that you are so fat and juddy after such a term of hustling railroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear?" questioned the reporter.

"Well," was the answer, "it is a long story, but one well worth telling. I weigh 190 pounds to-day, and am in better health than I ever before enjoyed in my life. Two years ago I got down to 155 pounds. Constant travelling, roughing it on trains and in country hotels broke me all up and left me with a nasty case of kidney complaint and indigestion. My head was all wrong, my stomach bad; I was suffering continual pains and dizziness, and my urine was extremely thick and gravelly. I began to get cared. I consulted several physicians in Montreal, Winnipeg and other cities, but their treatment did not give me a particle of relief. One day I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a good trial. They seemed to help me, and I bought a second, third and fourth box, and they cured me. My stomach was all right, the dizziness left my head; no more lassitude, and all traces of my kidney disease disappeared. I was a new man, and gained flesh immediately, and have never been troubled since. I consider my case astonishing, because kidney complaint, especially gall stones, is hereditary in our family. It helped to hurry my father to an early grave, and an uncle on my mother's side, Dr. Whittle, of Sydney, Australia, had been a chronic sufferer from gall stones from boyhood. I was so impressed with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I took the trouble to send Dr. Whittle two boxes all the way to Australia. Since my discovery of the benefits of these wonderful little pink coated exterminators of disease, I have recommended the remedy far and wide, and I could enumerate dozens of cases where they have been efficacious."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, kidney and liver troubles, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

CANADA TO THE FRONT.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES DISTANCED—REMARKABLE CHANGE IN EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Life insurance has become of such universal popularity that only the most careless and non-provident hesitate to avail themselves of it in one way or another. In this year's issue of the insurance blue book, just published, entitled an "Abstract of Statements of Insurance Companies in Canada," the observer cannot fail to note the immense growth of the business of Canadian Companies as compared with British and American concerns. Take for illustration the increase of premium income. The following figures show the result:—

	PREMIUM INCOME, 1875 AND 1893.		
	Canadian.	British.	American.
1875.....	\$ 707,256	\$ 623,296	\$1,551,815
1893.....	5,156,008	1,041,228	3,403,230

The amount of insurance effected is equally suggestive, as given by these figures:—

	INSURANCE EFFECTED 1875 AND 1893.		
	Canadian.	British.	American.
1875.....	\$ 5,077,601	\$1,689,833	\$ 8,306,824
1893.....	167,930,196	2,967,855	14,145,555

It is, however, in the amount of insurance actually in force in 1893 that our Canadian companies are so far ahead. The figures below speak for themselves:—

	TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE 1875 AND 1893.		
	Canadian.	British.	American.
1875.....	\$ 21,957,296	\$19,455,607	\$43,506,361
1893.....	167,483,872	33,572,699	94,502,966

Therefore, in this respect, our Canadian companies now lead the British companies by 500 per cent., and the American companies by about 100 per cent., whereas eighteen years ago they were about equal with the British and only one-half as strong as the American. In the competition for business there are eighteen British and American companies, and only twelve Canadian, clearly demonstrating the fact that in life insurance we are well to the front.

Where insurance is now done so much on the investment principle, and where the results of the various plans are so largely affected by the mortality, and the interest-earning power of the companies, the growth of Canadian business may be in a great degree attributed to the lower rate of mortality, and to the greater interest-earning power of the companies. It would, therefore, seem to be in the interest of insurers, on business principles alone, to patronize Canadian companies.

The would-be insurer having, therefore, made up his mind to insure in a home company will naturally seek to select that company which bears the true test of solidity, viz., the net surplus over all liabilities.

The North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, better than any other home company, stands this test. The Government abstracts already referred to shows that the ratio of assets to liabilities of this company is 121, and percentage of surplus to liabilities 21. It will also be observed that not only does the North American rank first when relatively compared with all other companies, but that with a single exception, it has the largest net surplus of assets over all liabilities. Intending insurers would do well to secure particulars of the various plans of insurance offered by the North American. The head office of the company is at 22 to 28 King street west, Toronto, Ont.—Woodstock, N.B., Dispatch, June 6, 1894.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.—*Bacon.*

I CURED A HORSE of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

St. Peters, C.B. EDWARD LINLIE.

I CURED A HORSE of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bathurst, N.B. THOS. W. PAYNE.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when bluest.

The foundation of domestic happiness is aith in the virtue of woman.

It is surprising how much we will take from a rich uncle—if we can get it.

Farmer: Why don't you fellers do sumthin'? Commonweal General: Lack of a workin' majority.

We do not like to be lied about, but most of us probably lie more about ourselves than anybody else ever does.

Tompkins: Did your new play meet with a warm reception? Van Clive: Well, rather; the critics literaly roasted it.

Miss Beaconhill: Are you interested in psychical matters? Charley Beecker: Oh, yes! I spend half my time on a wheel.

"I hear Bilker lost his job; wonder if he's struck anything since?" "Er—yes; all of his friends and two-thirds of his acquaintances."

Would-be Settler: How is the death-rate about here? Old Citizen: Waal, it's pretty cheap just now since the town doctors got to cuttin' prices.

"Is Miss Fosdick still president of your Society for the Suppression of Slang, Miss Skidds?" "No, she got too fresh and we turned her down."

"You live opposite the Vanasters, I believe, Mrs. Knickerbocker," said Mrs. Cumso. "No," replied Mrs. Knickerbocker stiffly, "the Vanasters live opposite me."

Medical Examiner: Have there ever been any symptoms of insanity in your family? Applicant for Insurance: Yes—er—that is, my sister once refused a man worth half a million.

Wife: I don't believe in women voting; at least I should never want to be a leader in politics. Husband: And why, my dear? Wife: Ugh! I should so hate to go to the penitentiary.

Salesman: Now, this is a book I can highly recommend; I have read it myself. Mrs. Noofah: Oh, then, it would never do; I don't want any second-hand books. Haven't you any that haven't been read?

Clerk: I want my photograph taken; but it must be as unlike me as possible. Photographer: An unusual request! May I ask the reason? Clerk: I'll tell you in confidence. You see the photograph is for my employer's daughter; and if he saw it and recognized me he'd discharge me forthwith.

Mrs. Yerger: Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam? Tommy: Yes, ma. "I was going to give you some to put on your bread; but I've lost the key to the pantry." "You don't need the key, ma; I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside." "That's just what I wanted to know; now just wait until your father comes home."

Charlie Dulltimes recently kept a record of the business transacted by him during one day of the present depression, with the following gratifying results. His callers were:

- A stranger to borrow the directory.
- A man who wanted change for two dollars
- A boy to sell matches or feather dusters.
- An accident insurance agent.
- A man who wanted Charlie to cash a check.
- A girl collecting subscriptions for a woman's home.
- A book-peddler.
- A friend who wanted a small loan.
- Charlie's tailor.
- Another friend who wanted a loan.
- The Most Worthy Begum of the Order of Indian Rajahs, who tried to sell Charlie some tickets for an entertainment to be given "for the benefit of the order."

A woman to ask what floor Room 69 was on.

Another friend who wanted five dollars "until Saturday night."

The tenant from across the hall to use the telephone.

A boy to borrow the railway guide for Mr. Snifflins.

A man looking for a "party named White." The bootblack.

The janitor to clean up the office.

And yet they say that away out in the suburbs a fair maiden sits and sadly wonders "Why Charlie doesn't propose?"

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A MODERN DANISH POET: Einar Christian-sen. *Prof. Daniel Kilham Dodge.*

THE TORTURE BY HOPE. *Villiers de l'Isle Adam.*

A RUSSIAN PIETIST: Feodor Dostoyevski. *Arthur L. Salmon.*

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VAN NESS PLACE, NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY—With me your Relief has worked wonders. For the last three years I have had frequent and severe attacks of sciatica, sometimes extending from the lumbar regions to my ankles, and at times to both lower limbs.

During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulation, outward application of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rub-bing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away. Although I have slight periodi-cal attacks approaching a change of weather, I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise.

Yours truly, GEO. STARR.

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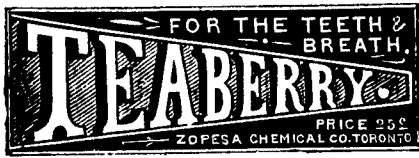
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