

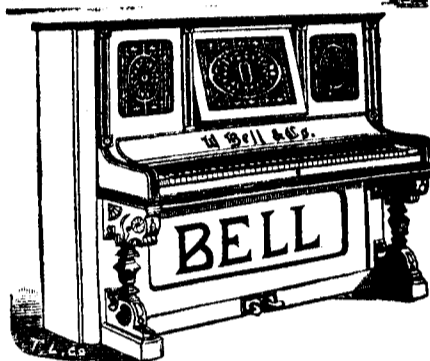
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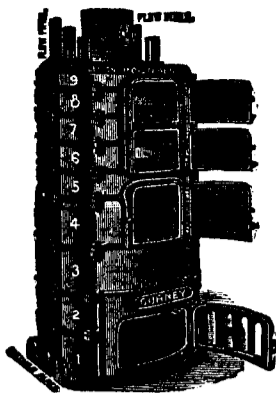
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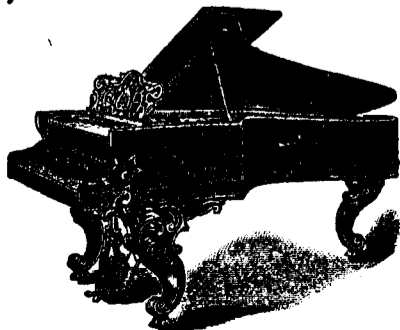


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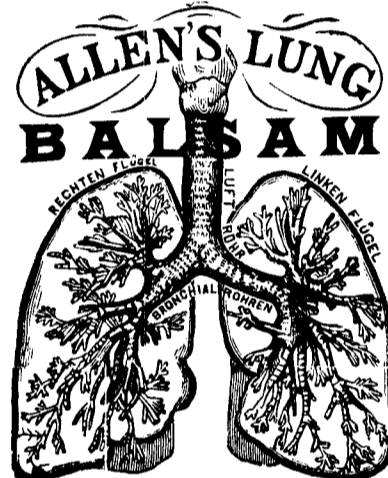
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All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

WHETHER agreeing or otherwise with the specific changes proposed by Dr. Grant, everyone who takes an intelligent interest in the progress of higher education in Ontario must feel that the Principal of Queen's is doing good service in bringing the important educational questions with which he deals in his recent address, into the arena of public discussion. No one can doubt that "the union and harmony of all our educational forces," for which he pleads, is necessary in order to secure the best possible results for the whole country. That such union and harmony do not at present exist is but too evident. The independent universities, having adopted the standard of matriculation prescribed by the Provincial University, are as Dr. Grant says, and as we pointed out in the article in our last number, "at its mercy." Does not then the simplest courtesy, to say nothing of other and higher considerations, suggest that the representatives of these institutions should be consulted in regard to both subjects and methods of examination? Nor is there any reason to doubt that this co-operation would be helpful in every respect. However able and distinguished, the members of the Senate and Faculty of the University of Toronto can scarcely claim a monopoly of the educational wisdom of the Province. We venture to say that very few competent educators anywhere can be found to approve so low a minimum as twenty-five per cent. for admission to a University, no matter what the range of subjects or the severity of examiners. Some sapient and courteous critic has counselled Principal Grant and his supporters to "mind their own business." His rejoinder that that is just what they are doing in looking after the interests of their own University is effective. Principal Grant might, indeed, have gone further. Seeing that the University of Toronto belongs to the whole people, every tax-paying citizen has a right to some ample guarantee that its courses and methods of instruction shall be the best possible. Those who choose, in addition to bearing their share of the Provincial burden, to contribute voluntarily for the support

of other institutions, forfeit thereby none of their rights in connection with that which is the property of all. They have, it might almost be said, acquired a double interest in its proceedings. We are glad to learn that the Council of Queen's is to appeal directly to the Minister of Education. His response will be anxiously awaited.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, despairing of any concerted action on the part of the universities to improve the standard of matriculation, has come to the conclusion that the plan advocated by Professor Dupuis and others should be pressed. That plan is to substitute for the present July matriculation examinations a "leaving" or final examination for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. Without committing ourselves to unqualified approval of an innovation which needs fuller discussion, we can see much to be said in its favour. There could be no serious difficulty in making such an examination at least as reliable a test of the fitness of the candidate to enter the classes of a University, as the method now in vogue affords. In the hands of such a Board of representative educators as Dr. Grant suggests, it should easily be made a much more efficient test. From the point of view of the High Schools themselves, there is a good deal to be said in favour of a proposal which would add so materially to the inducements held out to pupils to complete the course in those institutions. So far as it would conduce to this end the method would accord with a sound educational principle. The Minister of Education has on several occasions dwelt on the careful dovetailing of the different parts of the school system into each other,—public school into high school, and high school into university,—as an exceptional merit of the system. It certainly has its advantage for the student who wishes to go forward to a degree, or even to the end of the high school course. But the arrangement has also its danger. It may be doubted whether such an adjustment of courses is possible without grave detriment to the value of each course, in itself considered. Probably the larger number of pupils in the public schools are obliged to content themselves with the training therein acquired, without proceeding to the high school. It is obvious, on reflection, that the regime which is best fitted to prepare a pupil for the entrance examination is not the one best fitted to prepare for the duties of active life the boy or girl who is to have no further educational opportunity. The same remark holds touching the relation of High School or Collegiate Institute to University. But if this be admitted, it follows that it might be made greatly to the advantage of the larger number, were the work of each class of schools shaped more with reference to the fulness and symmetry of its own course, and less with reference to the requirements of the next higher institution. It does not follow that the work must necessarily be less efficient as a preparation for the higher course.

THE brief press reports of the course of lectures delivered by Dr. Bourinot before Trinity University must have whetted the public appetite for more. Discussions of Canadian constitutional questions by competent and dispassionate authorities are just now greatly needed, and it may be hoped that either the learned author or the University may give these to the public in some easily procurable form. The temptation is great in a young community to be impatient of constitutional methods and restraints, and, upon exciting occasions, to make considerations of expediency and even of abstract political right yield to the impulses of the majority. But all history shows that the fullest liberty and the completest self-rule in a community are possible only on condition of the subjection of popular impulse to broad political principles, and self-imposed constitutional restraints. It is pretty certain that the strain of a twenty-one-years' trial has revealed defects in the Canadian constitution. It is quite possible that one of these defects may be the want of a more specific and practical method of revision, with a view to the removal of such defects. But that constitution is, nevertheless, the outcome of the best political wisdom of the country at the time of its adoption, and the Anglo-Saxon genius for self-government forbids that it should be hastily set aside, or even strained for the accomplishment of any temporary end, however desirable that end may

appear in the eyes of a majority whose views and convictions may have been outraged. Revision may be desirable and necessary but it should be made deliberately and independently of temporary excitements.

IN illustration of our meaning we may refer to a point made in Dr. Bourinot's last lecture. Touching on the question of provincial autonomy he is reported as follows:

"The weight of authority now seems to rest with those who have always contended that in entering into the federal compact the Provinces never renounced their distinct existence as 'political entities.' This separate existence was expressly reserved for all that concerns their internal Government; and in forming themselves into a federation, under political and legislative aspects, they established a central Government for inter-provincial objects only. Far from the federal authority having created the Provincial powers, it is from these powers that there has actually arisen the federal Government to which the Provinces ceded a portion of their rights, property and revenues for general purposes."

This is precisely the view we have hitherto maintained. And it is one which cannot be too strongly pressed upon the attention of the people, at the present crisis, if they think the Confederation worth preserving. In one of a series of very able articles upon the Jesuits' Estates question the *Mail*, following Senator Trudel, contends that Quebec rejected legislative union and insisted on a federal union of the Provinces "because she had a world of social, religious and national interests peculiarly her own which she could not think of entrusting to a majority differing from her in race, creed, language, customs, manners, and ideals," and represents the English delegates as yielding to her pressure. Now the position of Quebec was undoubtedly as stated, but the *Mail* must know, if it will cudgel its memory, or look up the history of the matter, that every other of the Provinces originally federating took the same position, not under Quebec's pressure, but for reasons of its own. Sir John Macdonald and possibly a few others had no doubt individual preferences for a legislative union. But they quickly found it out of the question. The Maritime Provinces would have been not a whit less inexorably opposed to such a surrender of provincial autonomy than Quebec. And the same may be said of Ontario. So, too, the *Mail's* argument drawn from the theory that the Provinces derive in part their revenues from Dominion subsidies fails in view of the fact, which the Provinces will not soon forget, that the Dominion's Exchequer was and is supplied only by the surrender on the part of the Provinces of their individual sources of revenue. In receiving subsidies they but receive back a part of their own. It seems impossible, then, to deny that the principle of Provincial autonomy is too firmly embedded in the Canadian constitution to be removed without such a disruption of the whole fabric as would almost certainly leave no possibility of reconstruction.

HAS the Post-Office Department of the Dominion Government a legalized monopoly of the business of letter delivery in the cities and towns of the Dominion? And, if so, is the enforcement of such a monopoly compatible with the rights of the subject and the spirit of the times? The Post-Office authorities have, it is understood, taken it upon themselves to give an affirmative answer to the first question, and that answer seems to have been generally accepted as final, several parties who were disposed to organize companies for purposes of delivery in different cities having abandoned the enterprise in consequence. It is now stated, however, that a Hamilton firm, supported by a legal opinion, proposes to test the question, notwithstanding the pronounced view of the Minister of Justice in favour of the monopoly. Should the Government contention be maintained on this point, the second question will be in order: Can the Government of a free people rightly prevent any body of citizens from organizing to perform for themselves a purely business service, because the Government happens to be engaged in the same business? In other words, can the Government rightfully require the people of any city or community to pay for the performance of a certain service belonging necessarily and legitimately to their business, more than the *minimum* price for which a private company is willing

to perform it? If so, why should not the same principle be extended, say to parcels, seeing that the Postal Service has a parcels delivery branch? It is obvious that the postal business is in some respects peculiar, since the Government is in a manner obliged, in the interests of the public, to maintain the service as a public work. The question resolves itself into one of the justice or otherwise of compelling the residents of cities to pay a special tax toward making up the deficiency in the revenues of the Postal Department.

IT is, perhaps, just as well that the hollow pretence of the neutrality of Dominion statesmen in Provincial politics has been long since abandoned, so that we can now view the spectacle of the Premier of the Dominion attending a banquet to a Quebec party leader, and urging the gentlemen present to organize for the overthrow of the Local Government, without any sensation of surprise or incongruity. The recent gathering of Quebec Conservatives to do honour to Mr. Taillon, and to marshal their forces for the coming battle, seems to have been large and enthusiastic, and will, no doubt, have considerable effect upon the fortunes of the party in the coming struggle. The time was well chosen, if, at least, reliance may be placed on the confident assurances from Conservative sources, that the star of Mercier has passed the zenith and is hastening downwards to its setting. It may be hard for the dispassionate onlooker to determine whether a change from a spurious Liberalism, strongly tinctured with Ultramontanism, to a Conservatism of the old-fashioned and not too savoury Quebec type, would be for the better or the worse. But it can hardly be otherwise than matter for regret to such an one that Sir John A. Macdonald should have thought it in good taste, on such an occasion, to utter his ominous jest in respect to the principle on which the next re-distribution of seats in the Commons will be made. Many who may be unable to appreciate a joke, coming from such a quarter, based on such a record, and deriving its point from the supposition of such a betrayal of trust on the part of the real ruler of the Dominion, would have been delighted had the venerable Premier taken advantage of the occasion to say that, in view of the serious charges levelled against the Government in regard to the last re-distribution, they had resolved henceforth to follow British precedent, and entrust this delicate piece of business to the hands of a committee so constituted that no one could impugn its competency or fairness. Such a declaration would have been worthy of a British statesman. Is it too lofty for a Canadian?

WERE it not for the seriousness of the issues involved, there would be something almost comical in the wranglings of the opponents of the Jesuits' Estates Bill in regard to the best method of compassing its destruction. The late meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge brought out the differences of opinion and policy in sharp relief. At least three courses were before the body, which was, of course, bound to put itself on record in opposition to the Act. It might petition the Dominion Government to disallow the Act; it might memorialize the Queen to the same effect; or it might seek to have the constitutionality of the Act tested in the courts, and, if necessary, before the British Privy Council. The *Globe* counselled the first; that would embarrass the Government. The Orange friends of the Government urged, we believe, the second; it would remove the onus from the shoulders of Ottawa statesmen. The Lodge adopted the third, which is probably the most hopeful, though that is, perhaps, saying little for it. It augurs ill for the success of a great popular movement when so many of its leaders have conflicting political interests to serve or safeguard.

THE Prisoners' Aid Association is very properly asking the sympathy and co-operation of the religious organizations of the Province in securing the reforms in prison management on behalf of which it has memorialized the Ontario Government. It is to be hoped that the response from the churches may be as hearty and sincere as the merits of the case demand. Judges, wardens of prisons, governors of gaols, and inspectors of prisons are, we are told, agreed that the county gaols "instead of being reformatories—as they should be—are, in most cases, actually schools of vice." This is a most serious arraignment. It impugns our intelligence, our political sagacity and our Christian civilization. If the good people addressed really believe that such evil methods and influences are actually working out such results in our midst, under forms of law, they will surely give themselves and the public no

rest until a change has been effected. Amongst the reforms sought by the Association is that boys under fourteen, not previously vicious, shall be restored to their parents, upon the latter giving a guarantee of the future good conduct of the culprit. The *Mail* mentions a singular case in which a county judge let a young culprit go free, under suspended sentence, on condition of his father undertaking to give the boy a sound whipping under the supervision of an officer of the court. The *Mail* thinks that some punishment of the kind should be inflicted in each case, as a preliminary to the sending of a boy of confirmed evil propensities to the Industrial School or reformatory. Whether such a discipline would be likely to promote or retard the work of reform, which is the sole object of these institutions, is a question worth considering. But that all such offenders should be put under the best possible training with a view to reformation, instead of being sent to herd with hardened prisoners in the gaols, admits of no question.

WHILE the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been attempting, so far unsuccessfully, to put a stop to pigeon shooting from traps, a similar society in England has succeeded in bringing a much more detestable practice under the ban of the courts. A Norfolk farmer was summoned by the agents of the Society for having unlawfully and cruelly tortured thirty-two bullocks by dishorning them. The accused admitted the fact. He did not deny that the act was productive of the most excruciating pain. He merely pleaded that it was necessary as increasing the value of the animals, diminishing the amount of space required for them, and lessening the danger of their injuring each other. The local magistrates dismissed the case, but the Queen's Bench Judges, on appeal, declared that the practice of dishorning is absolutely illegal and ought to be suppressed. The two Judges, Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Hawkins, vied with each other in their expressions of horror and detestation. The former pronounced it "detestably brutal," and the latter shuddered to think that men could be found to perform an operation so revolting and torturing. We hope the horrible practice has not found its way into our North-West ranches; but it is not long since we saw it elaborately defended in an American journal, and the tone of the discussion seemed to indicate that the operation was not an unusual one. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind, in reference to all such acts involving the infliction of unnecessary pain upon the lower animals, that however strongly the mute agony of the poor brutes appeals to every heart not absolutely callous, the degradation of the human soul which results inevitably from cruel practices is a still stronger argument for their prohibition. A humane society, well conducted, is one of the best agencies for the education of human nature on its nobler side.

CANADIANS who love "peace with honour" will regret the occasion which has again compelled the seizure of an American fishing craft for trespass, but they will clearly see that, if the case be as represented, the cruiser and the authorities had no alternative. The Dominion Government, with the approval of all parties, has, in continuing the *modus vivendi* so long after the failure of the negotiations which it was designed to aid, carried conciliation to the farthest point consistent with Canadian self-respect and a due regard to national rights. If the evidence of intention to fish within the prohibited bounds be as clear as it seems to be, even Mr. Blaine can hardly have a word to say on behalf of a poacher so insensible to all considerations of honesty and generosity. But whether the uncertain Secretary of State approves or disapproves, there is nothing for Canada to do in the meantime but to pursue the even tenor of her way. Her present attitude is one which must commend itself to every unprejudiced mind. She has conceded to the United States fishermen every privilege and courtesy in her power, without surrender of the territorial rights which are hers by the universal law and custom of nations. Having, pursuant to this policy, put it in the power of every American vessel to obtain a license under the *modus vivendi*, on payment of a small fee as a recognition of sovereignty, the Government is bound, in defence of Canadian interest and dignity, to visit the full rigours of the law upon all transgressors.

THE denial of Sir James Ferguson, in the British House of Commons, disposes of the sensational rumour that Canadian sealers in Behring's Sea are to be protected by British warships. Beyond that all is darkness. In the multiplicity of contradictory rumours it is uncertain

whether the British Government is even continuing to press the matter upon the attention of the American Cabinet. It seems incredible, however, that such pressure can be relaxed until the rights of British subjects on the high seas are recognized, and compensation made for the losses inflicted upon Canadian subjects while in pursuit of a lawful calling. It is still harder to accept the statements upon which the newspapers of the United States seem now almost agreed, namely, that Secretary Blaine, supported by the President, is determined to assert the jurisdiction of the United States over the waters on the Alaskan side of Behring's Sea, regardless of the three-mile limit which bounds the territorial domain of every other nation. One thing is brought out very clearly by this and other disputes with the United States which some Canadians might do well to ponder. The powers of an American Administration in international matters seem practically as absolute as those of Germany or, we might almost say, Russia. The change of President every four years, and the complete reconstruction of the Cabinet which political exigencies then demand, may result in filling the Cabinet offices with men unversed in the art, and untrained in the principles of statesmanship. And yet such a Cabinet may commit the nation to almost any position, no matter how untenable or outrageous, with practical impunity. The apathy of the people, too, is astonishing in a Republic which boasts so loudly of freedom and self-government. While in England the Prime Minister and his Cabinet can make no important movement affecting the relations of the country with another nation, without being at once made to feel the force of public opinion, and to know that to do violence to that opinion means sudden overthrow, the Government of the greatest Republic under the sun has *carte blanche* for four years to work any international injustice or mischief which the wrong-headedness of its members may dictate. In the present case, for instance, it is clear that though the sound common sense of the majority of press and people condemns the alleged attitude of the Government, the possibility of compelling a change in the interests of international peace and morality seems hardly to be taken into the account. What the Government may do, the people are supposed to sanction, irrespective of their views as to the right or wrong of it.

DEFENDING President Harrison against the charge of having repudiated the pledges of his party and himself concerning Civil Service Reform, the *New York Independent* says:

"We are told as a further proof of his violation of his own pledges that he has appointed Republican partisans, men who helped his party to win, to high positions. Suppose he has. No sensible man could expect him to appoint Democrats. Civil Service Reform does not require a Republican President to make his appointments from the Democratic Party, nor a Democratic President to make his appointments from the Republican Party. This is not reform at all but simple silliness. Reformers must be reasonable in their demands."

The *Independent* puts the matter in the most favourable light. It ignores the fact that officials of equal, in many cases no doubt of superior, ability are being displaced in order to make room for these partisan appointments. But, taking its apology as it stands, to how low an ebb must American politics have fallen when even a religious, or politico-religious, paper of the high standing and calibre of the *Independent* can seriously write thus! The idea that there is no necessary connection between a man's political opinions and his fitness to perform the duties of office in the Republic, that the sole qualifications for the public service should be personal integrity and ability, seems not to have dawned upon the editorial mind. While a system of appointments in which party considerations should be ignored and merit only considered would be "simple silliness" in the eyes of such a paper, the prospects for any Civil Service Reform worthy of the name must be small indeed.

THE appalling calamity which has so suddenly swept away whole towns and villages in Western Pennsylvania, and hurried their inhabitants by thousands into eternity, is probably without a parallel in the annals of destruction by flood on this continent. Had it belonged unmistakably to the class of disasters that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, there would be nothing left but to alleviate as far as possible the condition of the suffering survivors, and to learn one more impressive lesson in regard to the uncertainty of human life. But, as far as can be gathered from the meagre facts yet furnished, it is pretty evident that the event was not one of that class. It appears to

have been one of those cases in which enterprise and negligence have combined, first to confine and then to let loose, one of the tremendous forces of nature, for human destruction. It is stated that the unhappy residents in the track of the deluge were repeatedly warned of the coming danger, and had time and opportunity to make good their escape. But, unhappily, familiarity breeds contempt of dangers, as well as of dignities. Those who live in constant peril become gradually so used to it that they fail to recognise its presence. This terrible visitation will, no doubt, lead to an investigation with a view to discover to whose negligence, if to that of any one, the catastrophe is due. It will also cause many, and very likely much needed, investigations in other localities in which vast bodies of water are suspended by frail embankments over the heads of the people in towns and villages, with a view to ascertaining what can be done to render such artificial reservoirs perfectly safe. Very likely there are dozens of places in the mountainous districts of the United States and Canada in which the people are exposed to similar dangers, though usually on a smaller scale. The necessity for frequent and rigid Government inspections of all dams and embankments which hold in check large bodies of water, will, it may be hoped, now force itself upon public attention. In the present case, the distress and destitution of survivors must be very great, and the demands upon public liberality will be in proportion. Canadians, we feel sure, will not be wanting in their accustomed generosity.

THE Strasbourg incident the other day must have been startlingly suggestive to the nations of Europe of the thinness of the crust which separates them from the sleeping volcano beneath their feet. The fact that an event so apparently trivial and harmless as the proposed visit of King Humbert to a frontier city should have thrown the whole French nation into a transport of rage shows clearly that the old wound is as sensitive and as far from being healed as ever. The occasion, too, must have given rise to many an uneasy speculation as to what may be expected when the elder Bismarck shall have left the stage, and the restraint of his overmastering presence is no longer felt by the dashing Kaiser. There is, nevertheless, some reason to question whether the bolder action of the young Emperor might not, after all, have been wiser than the temporizing policy of the aged and astute diplomatist. It is wise, sometimes, to take the bull by the horns. If Germany has made up her mind, which no one doubts, to retain permanently the conquered provinces, why should she hesitate to deal with them as with any other of her possessions? Enraged as France would have been had the visit been made, she would scarcely have ventured, in her present unstable state, to throw herself at the throat of either Germany or Italy, for an offence largely or wholly sentimental. However the affair might have galled Gallic susceptibilities, it could hardly have brought war nearer, or if it did, even that might well be thought preferable to longer delay of an event which it would have proved to be inevitable. It is very likely, however, that the real drawing-back was on the part, not of Emperor William, but of King Humbert, who certainly would have nothing to gain, and possibly much to lose, by arousing the fierce resentment of the French people.

A NEW CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY.*

IT has been with anticipations of pleasure that we have looked for some time back for the coming to hand of Mr. Lighthall's collection of Canadian verse, which was being prepared by a London publisher for the markets of this and the Motherland. The book has just been received, and if we had any misgivings whatever as to the character of the work to be submitted to a critical audience in England, or to be accepted in Canada as a representative volume of native poetry, its appearance, and the examination we have been able to give it, dispel our anxiety and enable us to assure readers of THE WEEK that, within the space at the editor's disposal and having regard to the limitations of his aims in making the selection, the work, in our humble judgment, must meet with well-nigh unqualified approval. Mr. Lighthall has not only given Canadians the most important volume yet published representing the native Muse, but he has compiled a work which fitly and worthily represents the poetic gifts of our young nation, and which may confidently be pointed to as evidence of a mental growth and a degree of literary culture far beyond what has been thought the intellectual possibilities of a mere colony. If objection be taken at all to the book, it will be on the score of omission of what

well-read students of Canadian verse expect to find in a work such as this, not on the score of what has the honour to be included in the volume. Naturally enough, there were limitations imposed upon Mr. Lighthall by his publisher, in the matter of space, and there were also limitations in the editor's design in making the compilation. These could not well be exceeded, as has indeed been pointed out, within the compass of a moderate-priced and popular volume. Hence the omissions, both of verse of a subjective and introspective character, and of not a little that we naturally look for within the scope of the editor's design in the preparation of the present work. In compilations of the kind, it is, of course, difficult to meet diversity of tastes; and more difficult still where, in addition to diversity of tastes, the editor is expected to meet the demands of the poets themselves, or of friends in their name, who would monopolize the volume to gratify personal predilection. Fortunately the duties of an editor are real and are not to be thrown over at anyone's expectation or bidding; hence proportion is observed and that neutrality which is among the first essentials in such undertakings. The book, however, has passed the stage of preparation and must now be judged for what it is, not for what it is not. If the reader does not find in it all he would like to find there, he will perhaps reflect that this is a vain expectation; and, we hope, may agree with the dictum, that in this, as in other experiments of the kind, "the half is better than the whole."

Whatever judgment time and a more critical examination may pass upon the book, there will be few readers, we imagine, who will withhold credit from the editor for his share in its preparation. Not to speak of the taste and discretion exercised, the task even of making the collection was no light one. It is culled not only from a large number of writers representing almost every section of the Dominion, but from poets of a widely varied class, whose moods are as diverse as are their themes. "Through them," writes the editor, "you may catch something of great Niagara falling, of brown rivers rushing with foam, of the crack of the rifle in the haunts of the moose and caribou, the lament of vanishing races singing their death-song as they are swept on to the cataract of oblivion, the rural sounds of Arcadias just rescued from surrounding wildernesses by the axe, shrill war-whoops of Iroquois battle, proud traditions of contests with the French and the Americans, stern and sorrowful cries of valour rising to curb rebellion." From this quotation from the introductory preface the reader will discover the scope of the volume, and note, as we already hinted, that it is confined, in the main, to objective verse, dealing with the many and rich phases of Canadian life and scenery. The editor's classification will make this more clear, and at the same time help to guard against disappointment in the search through the volume for what Mr. Lighthall calls "a purely literary anthology," which is not to be found here. The poems are grouped, first under what the editor terms "the Imperial Spirit," and, secondly, under "the New Nationality," embracing subjects (1) common to the Empire, and (2) those of a patriotic character common to the Dominion. Then follow, in succession, the poems dealing with Indian life and legend; with the *voyageur* and *habitant*; with settlement life; with sports, including hunting, camping, canoeing, skating, and snowshoeing songs; with "the Spirit of Canadian History," embracing the battle-songs of the War of 1812 and those dealing with heroic incidents in our early annals. Finally come those delicious bits of verse, the flower of Canadian poetic thought and utterance, grouped under poems of places and of seasons in our great wide Dominion. In this rich array of subjects the revilers of native literature will find enough poetic beauty to disturb their complaisant doubt that any lyric good can come out of the Canadian Nazareth. Despite the causes which tend to narrow the field of poetic expression in Canada, it will amaze these "incredulous Thomases" to see how much the volume contains of genuine verse, kindling no common emotions in the breast of the Canadian who loves his native land, and calculated to fan into fresh flame the torch of literary art in every intellectual centre throughout our fair Dominion.

Of course, it is easy to fall into exaggeration in speaking of such a compilation as this, though it would be a churlish spirit that would refuse to award it high praise. We do not say that all the verse in the volume is unimpeachable, in regard either to subject matter or literary form; nor can we regard Mr. Lighthall's selection, in all departments of his work, as the most happy that could have been made. Its most serious defect is its incompleteness—the omission of names from the volume which had an undoubted right to be there. The character of the volume itself explains many of the omissions, but only in part; and the limits of space, while inexorable, will not wholly relieve the editor from blame. A volume of Canadian verse which includes nothing from such writers, among men, as F. A. Dixon, Philips Stewart, Hereward Cockin, Carroll Ryan, T. O'Hagan, "Sarepta," A. Stevenson, the late Francis Rye, and the late Dr. Mulvany; or, among women, from such writers as Mrs. Seymour McLean, "Esperance," Louisa Murray, Mrs. Traill, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss Wetherald, Miss Morgan, and Miss Duncan, will scarcely give satisfaction to a wide and catholic taste. The melody and tenderness of Miss Wetherald's verse, as well as its fine thought and felicity of form, should have won it a place in any Canadian collection, and we are surprised not to find it here. Much the same remark applies to the work of other writers omitted from the volume. But, as we have said, it was not the plan of the editor to make a complete anthology—subjective verse and the large

class of poems of an introspective character being excluded from the selection—hence the omission, no doubt, of the many writers we have noted. To the selection of the authors represented in the volume little exception can be taken; while the specimens given us of their work are such as happily exemplify their wide range of cultivation and ready power of expression. Naturally enough, Mr. Lighthall, though he has by no means ignored the older singers, has drawn largely from the younger poets of the Dominion, who have grown up under the influence of the later culture, and whose work shows a higher quality of song. Of the product of the younger men—Roberts, Lampman, Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Arthur Weir, W. McLennan, and the editor himself—we have large representations, and what we have is, we feel sure, but a prelude to higher and richer notes which we may yet hear struck from their lyre. The influence of the modern spirit is not so noticeable among the women represented as among the men. The women, indeed, have hardly had the justice done them to which they were entitled, the chief singers being limited to "Fidelis," "Seranus," E. Pauline Johnson, and the late Isabel Valancy Crawford. What we have from their pens is all good, though the selection might have been ampler, and we should have had a more generous representation of the sex. Of the older male poets, the reader will be glad to meet with some of the best verse of Reade, Sangster, Kirby, Duvar, Heavyside, George Murray, and Charles Mair. Though the product of Canada in its adolescent stage, and when our writers were less self-conscious than they have now become, the work of these older writers bids fair to hold its own, even in competition with the verbal beauty and verse harmony of latter-day song. There runs through it all a stream of fresh and healthy feeling, while it is rich in patriotic ardour and strong in its flavour of the soil.

He would be an evil prophet who would declare that the future will bring us no accessions to our store of verse more worthy than that enshrined in the volume before us. Canada is no decrepit and decaying State, but a young, lusty and promising Commonwealth, whose sons inherit, with the divine faculty of genius,—the best heritage we derive from our forefathers—the health, mental as well as physical, of a hale and hearty old sire. Set down upon this wide and fair Dominion, with the great stream of Old World culture still flowing in upon us, who shall set limits to the intellectual attainments of our people, or make thin the blood in the strong brood of our poets? No Canadian patriot will regard Mr. Lighthall's volume as a poetic totality, but will see in it the promise of better things yet to come. For what is in it all will at present be thankful, and we trust that the work will meet with such a reception as to make it but the forerunner of still weightier and more generous volumes of Canadian song.

G. MERCER ADAM.

TARO SAN: OUR OFFICIAL FRIEND.

A SKETCH OF A MODERN JAPANESE.

NOTHING has helped us more to understand Japan and the Japanese than our acquaintance with Taro San. It has given us the much-desired glimpse of the inner life of the people which no sojourn in a native family would ever have done. For a sojourn in a native family, we soon learnt, would simply mean a lesson in holding chopsticks and another in squatting on the floor; the opportunity to solve the problem of the domestic relations of a Japanese household, even though a month should suffice, never being afforded a foreigner. But behind society's bows and *arigatos*, which protect its members' feelings and sentiments from intrusion as gracefully, as artistically, and as effectually as screens or paper walls protect their persons, half unconsciously, half because he could not help it, our official friend has allowed us to see more than once what really interests and pleases the Japanese, and what they say only interests and pleases them; what their ambitions are, and their real attitude towards foreigners. The character and the aims of a typical modern Japanese gentleman we have found in the person of Taro San.

Taro San, however, has been by no means an easy subject to study. Even his most intimate foreign friend, the Frenchman who introduced him to us, and who has known him ever since he was a guide, waiting about the hotels in Yokohama, acknowledges, with some irritation, that he puzzles him at times as only a Japanese can. But it is our official friend's capacity to puzzle, to mystify people utterly every now and again, which makes him most attractive.

When we first met Taro San he seemed to us only a nervous creature with a Japanese laugh that shook him all over as if he were sitting on springs. He was at once shy and oddly brusque, though one could easily see that his shyness and his brusquerie came from a chronic state of trepidation lest he should transgress some of the laws of the foreign society in which he found himself. Upon further acquaintance, when he was less embarrassed, and when the Frenchman was not near, we discovered that he possessed a cleverness, a receptiveness, a quick appreciation, which would astonish and charm even in a European. Taro San was a person to know. So it came to pass that we invited him and his sister, Miss Cherry-Blossom, to our Saturday afternoons in our house at Kudan. And he has come not only on Saturday afternoons, but on many other afternoons, to talk and to argue about matters Japanese, and to have an occasional friendly chat about his personal affairs.

* "Songs of the Great Dominion: Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada." Selected and Edited by Wm. D. Lighthall, M.A. (Montreal). London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co., and Williamson & Co. 1889.

Our official friend has been invaluable. He has told us a great many things, he has shown us a great many places, and, *à la Japonaise*, he has promised so often to show us others that we are now under the impression that we must have seen them too. But, more than all, he has given us an opportunity of studying Taro San, the Japanese official, with his semi-foreign manners and his semi-foreign education, his self-satisfaction and his self-distrust, his shrewdness and his blindness, his boyishness and his incomprehensible reticence, his illimitable ambitions and his scintillating hopes. What from the conversations we have had with the Frenchman concerning our friend, what from some remarks made to us by the Frenchman's daughter, with whom Taro San was once in love, what from the gentleman's own accounts of himself, I have been able to make a rough sketch of a man who, it is very probable, may be thought some day worthy a volume.

At sixteen Taro San left school, not from choice, but simply because he had his father and sister to support. It is a fortunate thing that laughter and playing are not confined to any age in Japan, and that men of thirty can still enjoy the jokes of the conjurers, and a game of battle-dore and shuttlecock, for there is practically no childhood in the life of the Japanese, no ignorant, thoughtless, boisterous, awkward period of existence. Babies of seven come to serve you in the shops, and the little girls in long dresses and elaborate *chignons* bow to each other with all the grace and gravity of ladies dancing a minuet. When European boys are still indulging in Scott, the Japanese youth is pondering over John Stuart Mill, and if you ask this prodigy what he intends to be when he grows up, he will very probably answer, "A diplomatist." I don't know whether Taro San found his position a particularly hard one, I don't think it occurred to him to question it then, but the other day, when a lady enthusiastically said, "It was just lovely, the way the Japanese took care of their forefathers," he replied that the obligation should soon cease if he had any authority. Knowing that they could call upon their children to support them in their old age encouraged people to marry thoughtlessly, and live improvidently; while the necessity which young men were under to support, not their parents alone, but very often a family of sisters also, was an inestimable drag upon their own and the nation's progress. With his aims Taro San saw only one road to follow. He would go to Yokohama and he would be a guide. As his object was less to facilitate the foreigner's progress through Japan than to increase his own knowledge of the foreigner's language, and all in furthering his own ends, to fulfil his duty towards his family, a guide seemed the best thing to be. So Taro San left Tokyo, the school where he had worked, and the quiet walks where he had dreamed, his boyish love for sweet O Kiku San, and his boyish ambition to enter the University, and went to Yokohama to be the foreigner's servant. What he really thought, and what he really felt, what his pride suffered, or if it suffered at all, during the time he spent in that vulgar, roystering city, was difficult to see then, and, to a casual observer, it is not easy to discover now. The Frenchman has told us that Taro at that time (and I believe he tacitly thinks him so still) was a spiritless youth in whom all personal dignity and patriotic pride were absolutely wanting. He abandoned his native manners and his native dress. He sought the society of Europeans in preference to that of Japanese, though the former might belong to a much inferior class; he met insults with smiles; and even after the people whom he served had ridiculed both his country and himself over and over again, he remained in their employ. "Why," continued the Frenchman, "when Taro was ridiculous enough to fall in love with my daughter, and I told him to his face I would as soon see her marry a Zulu, did he spring at me as I should have done? Did he offer to fight? No, he simple grinned and said, *So desuka*, So you say. But when Taro himself has spoken of those days in Yokohama, I think I have detected a faintly sardonic smile flitting over his face which has set me thinking.

Unaided by any teacher, Taro succeeded in two years in gaining a very thorough knowledge of English, a fair understanding of French, and a smattering of German. He then looked about for a position more worthy of him than that of guide to insolent foreigners. He became student interpreter in one of the Japanese consulates in America. His quick perceptions and his admirable preparation from his Yokohama experiences made this glimpse of the Western world of infinite benefit to him. He returned with a clear comprehension of Western civilization, but he returned too, like many other Japanese, in the most unfortunate ignorance concerning the proper time and places for the introduction of the reforms he found so necessary to the progress of his country. His first step was to start a newspaper. The next step was that taken by the authorities who seized it and put poor Taro San in prison. Now, if Taro San had been a European, especially a Frenchman, whom the Japanese, wrongly I think, is said to resemble, so arbitrary a proceeding might have raised seditious feelings in his young breast, but it didn't. Upon his release he promptly gave up all idea of newspaper work, settled down into an honest school-master and student of European literature and philosophy, only murmuring every now and again to himself, "*Sukoshi mate*—Wait a little," which might be taken as a motto by the whole Japanese nation. Time went on; the authorities forgot all about the ephemeral *Shimbun*, and marking Taro San's abilities, gave him a very important and responsible official position.

It was at one of our Saturday afternoons. Taro San

remained as usual after the others to have a little friendly chat. We had been talking about literature, and I was more than ever surprised at the delicacy of his perception, and his quick appreciation of our remarks. More than ever anxious that one who realizes infinitely better than any European or Japanese we have met what Japan needs should be placed in authority, suddenly Garth said, half in joke, half in earnest:

"Do you know, Taro San, I think you would make an excellent diplomatist?"

Taro San instantly blushed up to the roots of his shock of black hair.

"I should like much to enter the diplomatic career," he said with boyish frankness.

Now every Japanese is a diplomatist by nature, and if, added to his natural bent, he has received an education in the ways of foreigners and the ways of the world, there is, or he thinks there is, no other field in Japan besides the diplomatic one in which his talent can be employed as it deserves. It is true that Taro San's attempts to hoodwink us have often been amusingly naive, and that he has fibbed in a way which would not have deceived a child; that he has spoken with far too much openness about his intentions and hopes, and has appeared to throw himself into the power of certain people with hazardous imprudence; but beneath it all we have caught a suggestion of aims, and ambitions, and abilities, that have made us very proud indeed to know our official friend.

"Well," continued Garth, "I tremble for the time when you shall enter the diplomatic career."

Taro San laughed.

"Won't you take your revenge?" she said tentatively.

Taro San laughed again.

"You will scatter the foreigners to the four winds of heaven after you have got all you want out of them," I said smiling. "Come, confess."

"Oh no, no, not at all. You are quite mistaken." But Taro San still laughed.

"You will have no mercy upon the people who come here to play with your women, to ridicule your institutions, to treat your nation as a Japanese joke."

Taro San grew grave.

"And when the time comes," I went on, "you will give such men as your friend the Frenchman the choice between *hara-kari*, and a rencontre with his Majesty the Mikado's Lord High Executioner."

But this was growing far too serious for a Japanese discussion, and we all laughed at Monsieur's expense.

Our servant Buddha came in to announce dinner. As Taro San would not join us, we told him to wait.

"Wait," answered Buddha, whose increased knowledge of English is making him simply irrepressible. "Wait, no—America—rude! *Sukoshi mate*—wait a little."

I turned to Taro San who had risen to go:

"Ah! so, that is it! Nippon does not say 'wait,' but *Sukoshi mate*." LOUIS LLOYD.

THE IROQUOIS AT THE STAKE.

ANCIEN REGIME, CIRCA 1680.

BROTHERS! All things have end, as hath this feast—
This farewell feast of sweet sagamity
And fine brown flesh of beaver and of bear.
Your own provision I have thus set forth
After the ancient custom. Whilst you ate
I sat aside, and thought how we are one—
In language, race—in all things one save love.
I sat aside, and pondered in my soul
The severing hate which seals my lingering death,
Yet sweetens still the foretaste of its pangs!

The feast now over—bowls well scraped—but, first,
Confess I ran the gauntlet well! Aha—
No hatchet hit this loftier head than yours!
And, save these mangled hands, all's right with me.
Why not? Since you, the quarry of my chase,
Have ne'er o'ertaxed my speed to run you down.
This galls you! Now let womanish passion rise
When captives of your nation give us feasts;
And break my leave to speak! We let them speak
Yet, truly, they beseech their lives, not death,
With torture, as I do. Another word:
You dotard would not take me for a son—
A substitute worth fifty of his tribe!
Nor would that wench accept my brotherhood,
Though thus she might be sister to a man,
Not to a Yendat dog with soul askew,
That sneaks and snarls. This was your chief's desire:
As far from mine as I am from your power
To make me quail at aught that ye can do.
I lift you up! An Onondaga help
Your craven breed to rise! Nay, were this urged,
Then would your tortures strike!

You bear with this!

Brothers! I see our nations would be one
But for this flood of hate which, turned to love,
(For now my thoughts clear up with coming death)
Might well oppose the flux that threatens all:
Those pale, thin streams which up our inlets pour—
Diverse, yet deadly. Oh! your whites are friends
With whom you trade, as we with ours, you say!
And, true, their tools are better than our stones,
Their kettles than our clay, their arms, but, ah—
"No more!" ye cry. Then lead me to the tree!

Behold me! It is Atotaroho's son
You ambushed yesterday; a goodly prize,
Therefore exhaust yourselves! No moose-wood strings
And scaffolding of flimsy bark for me,
But something which will tie my spirit down!
Aha, ye will not heed! So—I am bound—
Securely bound ye think! But, look! one strain,
And all your linden ropes and lashings snap
Like rotten twigs. Ye must be taught to bind!
Chut! yelping urchins, hence! Ye wizened crones
And screeching hags, stand off! Your wise men know
I am their sacrifice, and not your sport.
Ye warriors, what I would say is this:
Naught holds the Onondaga but his stocks
Of iron-wood and the hard grey willow withe.
Bring these, then tie me to my people's tree—
The foliated elm, leaf-wreathen to the root!

Believe me, chiefs, I have no fear of death—
That lies not in the compass of my soul!
Nay, I rejoice in this your sacrifice
To great Areskoni, who, from the Sun,
Looks down upon us all. Yet there are thoughts
Which, like a storm-cloud beating 'gainst the wind,
An eddy running up against the stream,
Do yet oppose my headlong hate and yours,
And all our tribal currents of revenge.
O, did Yonondio but look on this—
Corlaer! they who, earth-hungering and athirst,
Drink up our waters, and devour our lands!
How would they gloat upon your dance of death,
And whisper from behind their screening palms,
"One foe the less, one fertile tract the more!"
Ah, they would smile askance at us and this,
And laugh to see you dancing round me now;
For they who still beseech will yet demand,
And dance in grinning triumph round you all!

Have we not heard—but wherefore should I speak,
Since ye but mock me with assent? forked words
With which unwittingly ye stab yourselves!
Have we not heard our fathers' tales of yore—
How the destroyers voyaged with the sun
O'er boiling reaches of outlandish foam,
And, anchoring fast by many a torrid isle,
Woke the mild Arrawac from his livelong dream?
Ye have not? Care not! Foes are friends, friends foes
In the dread turmoil which confuses all.
Yet, if your ears have served not, ye have seen—
For, elsewhere, we ourselves know how they came:
The Wamesits and Wampanoags know
The holy exiles from across the wave!
The men who stood with faded, upturned eyes,
And supplicated some outlying fields
For pious use, then straight enlarged themselves!
Who from the gift made title to the whole,
And thrust the red man back upon the ribs
Of spiny mountains, bleak with summer snow,
Till great Metacomet arose and fell!
And, otherwhere, encased in iron they came,
Or in black robes—and won you to their side.
Through you they smote us, tore our castles down,
And sought to lay the mighty Long House low,
Which else had spread—a shelter for us all!
Away all thoughts and feelings save my hate,
Which burns and hisses in my veins like fire!

Hate infinite and fierce, whose sense will dull
The pangs of all your faggots and your flames.
O fools! We were the tempest, you the leaves
Which fled before it! Traitors to our race,
Where *are ye?* Erie, or Andaste, speak!
Ye craven remnant of the Yendats—where?
Your emptied forests tell! Your ruined towns!
O, ye poor creatures of Yonondio, blush!
Your women should deride, your children jeer,
And Atahensic, from her silver home,
Look down, and curse you! Ha! Come back, my soul!
This rage is viler than the fear of death.
O Jouskeha, give calm! that I may feel,
And, so, endure, and, by endurance, please
Areskoni and Thee!

The stocks at last!

My meaning has been reached, and I am bound.
No flimsy setting this, half-fast, half-free,
But the triced frame as stubborn as the elm.
Ah, there is something yet unsaid, but—no—
The darkness falls; now—torches and the fire!
Prince Albert, N. W. T.

C. MAIR.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

DURING the past few weeks and months some very able writers in THE WEEK, notably Mr. Granville C. Cunningham, have been advancing some elaborate theories touching the future of this country, and the conclusion which they seem to reach is that Imperial Federation, or a general citizenship throughout the whole British Empire, is the best and only really practical solution of the interesting question. If I venture to suggest any views on this topic, it is not for the purpose of controversy, for that implies definite opinions, whereas I conceive that a practical politician would be safest not to adopt any fixed conclusions. The question is still in its infancy, and a thousand accidents, which time and events are constantly bringing about, may change the whole situation com-

pletely. My sole aim is to make a few suggestions which seem pertinent now in this connection, for the purpose of eliciting further discussion.

Let me say that I think it not unwise for us to begin to be thinking about the future of Canada. We are not a nation, although possessing national proportions. If Canada had an independent existence our cause would be clearer, because there would be nothing to do but seek a wise government, and go forward in the career of greatness and glory. But we have to fall back upon the reflection that, after all, we are nothing but a colony, and all our affairs are conducted in the name of a Sovereign, who rules over a country which is not Canada, although it includes Canada. Such a condition of affairs cannot last, though it is not necessary to say that it cannot last long. All that is essential to the present argument is to be assured, as we all are, that it cannot last forever. Hence Canada is not settled down to any fixed policy or any definite career. Some change has got to take place sooner or later; we cannot always be a colony.

This fact is recognized by all the writers who have recently offered opinions on this question. The only point to be considered is in what direction the change, which is certainly coming, will take place. In other words, when Canada ceases to be a colony, what will she be? I, for one, cannot think it is too soon to cogitate upon this question, and discuss it, but I do believe it is too early to form definite conclusions.

Mr. Cunningham seems to think that, all things being considered, Imperial Federation is the true and only solution of this problem. I do not deny this. He may be right. But it is not improper to suggest a few things that ought to be taken into consideration, and are bound to weigh in the ultimate decision of the question.

Mr. Cunningham enforces his view by holding up the innate loyalty of the Canadian people to British institutions; the glory of the Empire which kindles our own pride as well as that of those who inhabit the British Islands, and the great destiny which would await such a vast combination as the consolidation of the various British communities scattered over the four quarters of the globe. He then turns to the United States, and points out that we could not accept their institutions and form of government without retrogression and a lowering of our standards. He appears to think that independent national life is out of the question, and far less glorious than citizenship in the Great Empire of which we form a part. I certainly wish to epitomize the reasons advanced fairly, because I have no prejudices, and wish to consider these vital questions in the broadest and most enlightened spirit possible. The Reverend Principal Grant puts forth the same views, only in a more dogmatic fashion, which I do not think strengthens his position, and he has also undertaken to draw comparisons in respect to the fame and reputation of the public men of Nova Scotia, which, while, no doubt, very comforting to him, are scarcely what might have been expected from a broad-minded and generous-hearted thinker.

All that is said in regard to the innate loyalty of the Canadian people I accept, and much that is said in regard to the defects of the American system of government I am not prepared to controvert. From the light I now have, though possibly prejudice has something to do with it, I certainly prefer the British and Canadian forms of government to the American. The idea of being governed by a cabinet which is dependent for its existence every hour upon the support and confidence of the people's representatives, seems to be sounder than to be governed by an executive which is independent of the people's representatives, and, for four years, independent of the people.

Those things all being agreed to, there yet remain several factors which have got to be dealt with, and which have been ignored and kept out of sight by the able gentlemen who have been pushing the Imperial idea.

First. It is impossible for Canada to ignore her geographical position. Whatever may be the position and surroundings of other British Colonies, Canada is part of the continent of North America, and has for a neighbour a vast English-speaking community of people, which, however far we may have drifted apart in national friendship, is yet still nearly allied to us in civilization, laws, aims, institutions, and national aspirations. The doctrines of civil and political liberty which prevail here govern in the United States. The fact that such a body of people exist upon our own borders, and are going to remain there, and that we are daily intermingling with them in business, in social relations, and in various religious, educational and philanthropic understandings, is a factor which no discerning or far-seeing man will ignore. It is not a sufficient answer to say, as does my esteemed friend (Hon. Mr. Mowat), that the United States have become a "hostile nation." In a sense this may be true. Their politicians, their papers, and some of their people do manifest signs of hostility, and such signs are not wanting among the less worthy of our own papers and people. Still, the United States are there, and they exercise a daily and hourly influence over every form of our national and individual life. We feel their influence in every commercial and industrial enterprise in the country.

Second. Is it not well to reflect when holding up this question for general and many-sided observation, what the probable destiny of the British Islands and the United States will be—nay, even go a step farther and consider what the work of one hundred years will effect in the relative position of the continents of Europe and America? I do not think it is unreasonable to ask a people taking thought of their destiny to look forward at least one

hundred years. The present population of the British Islands is about 37,000,000. What will it be at the end of another century? In the nature of things, not over 40,000,000 or 50,000,000. The acme has been pretty nearly reached. What will the population of the United States be? At least 200,000,000, probably 250,000,000, possibly 300,000,000. Is not this fact worth considering? Bear in mind, I am not asking the Canadian people to consider it in the light of a political union with the United States. No such thought is in my mind. But we are asked to make permanent alliances. To throw in our destinies with the British Islands at this juncture would be to turn our backs upon our own continent to form alliances hostile to American aims and policy. Is it not worth while to reflect upon the propriety of mixing ourselves up with European affairs? Is it not practical to say to ourselves seriously that whatever else is done we should be content to found our policy from a North American standpoint, to grow up in sympathy with the ideas of this continent, so that in one hundred years from now we can look forward to being a great power upon the regnant continent of the globe, and permeated with the enlightened views which the atmosphere of North America generates? When North America contains 300,000,000 English-speaking people it will be a greater factor in the affairs of this world than Europe, whatever its population may be.

Third. In spite of our loyalty to the British Crown and our attachment to the British people, and our pride in the Empire, are we quite sure that political alliance with the British Islands at this moment would be a healthy thing for the Canadian nationality? Bear in mind that nation-building is a matter of practical politics, and has to be weighed in a practical spirit. There is sentiment in national growth, and it is a poor business to undertake to get on without it. But the sentiment should burn from within. I would look upon it as a crime to weaken a Canadian's loyalty to Canada when Canada once becomes a nation, but I am not equally clear that it would be a crime to weaken a Canadian's loyalty to Great Britain, if it was clear that Canada's interest demanded it. Great and good as are the institutions of the Mother Country, are we sure it would be a wise thing for Canada to adopt them? In other words would absorption into British methods and ideas suit the tendencies and aspirations of the Canadian mind as moulded in the atmosphere of North America? Let us think about these things.

Great Britain to-day has still an Established Church and an hereditary aristocracy. Would it suit Canadian ideas or interests to accept these? For myself, on this point I give an emphatic negative. Great Britain has still a place in European diplomacy, and has to maintain a standing army and a navy which national interests seem to demand shall be made greater and more costly every year. Is there anything in Canadian life which points to it as a wise policy that we should take a share of those burdens upon us? In North America we can get on very well without those things. Here every man is a breadwinner and a wage-earner, and contributes something to the development of the country. Would it be a mark of wisdom to seek a policy which would involve the conversion of a large percentage of the able-bodied men of the state into a band of hired loafers supported at the public expense? Are there not many considerations which induce one to believe that if Canada is ever to thrive and grow and achieve a great destiny she can do this best in the atmosphere of her own continent rather than stifled with the remains of European feudalism?

I must beg it to be understood I am not dogmatizing. I am only seeking to present several sides of this question for calm examination. Perhaps a titled and hereditary aristocracy is just the thing we need. Possibly a standing army is just the tonic we require, and a dash at some wars in Europe, Asia and Africa the very exercise that would build up our Constitution. But there are some amongst us who have imbibed opposite ideas, and want the matter more fully threshed out. Many other inquiries suggest themselves, such as the apparent impracticability of holding together in a common policy of mutual advantage so many distant and diversely-situated communities; the absence of any necessity on the part of Canada, for purposes of defence or prosperity, to seek for alliances in Europe or Asia, and the manifest difficulty of getting any scheme which would bear promulgation. But I have said, perhaps, enough for the present. Criticism is the hand-maid of creation, and I trust that no enthusiastic friend of Federation will regard these suggestions as being offered in a hostile or captious spirit.

Halifax, May 24, 1889.

J. W. LONGLEY.

MONTREAL LETTER.

AFTER all that is being said and done now-a-days in regard to education, we appear to be but picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean. We are very far from considering that every faculty with which we are endowed, physical and mental as well as moral, must be educated, and that each should receive neither more nor less than its full attention, which requires to be regulated by an intelligent consideration of the claims of every other, the whole constituting a distinct and specific preparation for the sphere the individual is intended to occupy. It is an admitted fact that the physical is the basis upon which the character of the mental and moral development depends, and yet not one of us in a thousand pays the slightest heed to the motive power of the work of life. We all hob-

ble through our existence, at the best in a very maimed and lame condition. We walk, and move, and breathe; we eat, and sleep, and dress, but which of us performs either, with a regard for the best and most effective method? And what we know of the vital organs, the supreme governor of the whole, is the most pitifully neglected part of all. Nature has endowed us with a vocal apparatus for example, an organism by which we are intended primarily to speak, possibly to sing. The proportion of mankind who shall sing is evidently but a very small fraction of the whole who shall merely speak, and the curious fact meets us that it is only in the case of the singer that any systematic development of the vocal apparatus is dreamt of:—only for the *pleasure*, and not for the *work* of life that we resort to scientific preparation. Every child is taught to speak and to read; but merely as a means of acquiring the medium of interchange of thought, and not as a precious physical delight, not as a training, development, and strengthening of the foundation of all strength, but as a hap-hazard and despised indifference which must prove the foundation of all weakness. Few know and enjoy the exquisite delight, the physical ecstasy of having read aloud, of having sung. Few can be great orators or vocalists. All may read and speak and sing with *physical* correctness, with *physical* pleasure, and, most important of all, with immense *physical* advantage. Much may be done in the middle age to redeem early neglect, but, like everything else, childhood is the season which has nature on its side. Every child, on entering school, should have its vocal apparatus placed under intelligent and scientific guidance. It is really a musical instrument, and holds untold wealth for our use if we shall but claim it. Mr. Charles G. Geddes, in his Studio for Vocal Gymnastic Exercises, deserves the patronage and support of every responsible being in Montreal, as the first interpreter among us of the infinite beauty and value, and the consequent rarity of even good speaking. We all know the paramount importance of spooling thread and packing matches, paring apples and whipping eggs, and the assiduity with which we seek to antiquate the improvement almost as soon as it is created, its very dawn bearing the shadow of its own eclipse. But we have still to awaken to the fact that we treat with the most Bohemian incivility and contempt the machine with which nature provides every one of us,—a machine more perfect in its adaptability and more infinite in its application, than the greatest triumph of mechanical production.

An illustration of its wonderful adaptability was presented to all who took the trouble of visiting the Mackay Institute for the Blind and Deaf a few days ago, on the occasion of the annual examination of the pupils. In this Institute there are about fifty pupils, whose ages vary from six years to twenty-three, and whose terms of instruction vary from two weeks to eight years. The everyday blessings of sight and hearing are so *every-day* that we seldom pause to realize all we owe to them. But to any one who has had an experience of trying to convey to the deaf our thoughts through some other medium than speech, or to the blind the impressions of the outer world through some other medium than sight, the exhibition must have been pathetically suggestive. Pupils who had been less than a year under tuition wrote on a blackboard words and sentences, and even worked out arithmetical calculations, all of which were communicated to them through signs. One pupil, after a couple of weeks' training, was a simple wonder to all present; whilst the advanced classes displayed a knowledge, not only of language but of grammar, history, geography, drawing and penmanship, which would have done credit to any of our public schools. Perhaps the most touching achievement of all was the *reading*,—the actual lip-speech, acquired under scientific methods by those natural machines, even against the odds of never having heard the sound.

The Normal School, too, has just held a successful meeting to confer the diplomas of the year. Since the inauguration of the school in 1857 the results of the labours of the staff of efficient teachers which it employs, are 2,101 diplomas in all—1,205 elementary, 696 Model School, and 200 academy. In his address the Principal, Dr. Robins, referred to the necessity of raising the study of the French language to its proper place, to make it a living power in the curriculum; and Mr. Ouimet, Provincial Superintendent of Education, argued that English and French should be made compulsory in every school in the Province.

An enthusiastic assemblage gathered in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall to listen to the annual reports of the year's work. The association is entering on its thirtieth year, and has just purchased a lot of very valuable land with an area of 8,448 feet, for their new building. Naturally enough this important step occupied a prominent position in the Secretary's Report, and the prospect of having accommodation suited to the growing requirements of the work in a city like Montreal has encouraged the association to lay its plans for attacking new fields of labour. The site, which is on Dominion Square, facing the Windsor Hotel, was secured at a cost of \$23,000, and a canvass of the city which was commenced last September has resulted so far in \$55,000. In order that the new building be opened free of debt \$40,000 must be realized, and special subscription books for this purpose have been started. The membership of the association now amounts to 1,065, and a junior associate membership, recently inaugurated, adds 229 to the total. In addition to the attendance on meetings in the building, 320 young men on an average, avail themselves of the advantages of the association every day, and the report

claims that the attendance at the religious meetings is twenty per cent. higher than in other associations of a similar size. The work is divided into four great branches:—social, physical, educational, and religious, and is distributed over numerous committees; and whilst the definite aim of the entire organization is, of course, more purely limited to the last of the four branches, I believe, from what I know of the Secretaries, that the other three branches are regarded as equally important in their aid towards the fourth, and that in their opinion, a religious life may be acquired and expressed less through an attendance upon what are called religious meetings, than through a daily personal contact with, and engagement in, higher evangelical work. One most important department of the operation of such an association lies among railway men, and in a country with rapidly growing railway enterprise it is matter for congratulation that, although the Montreal Young Men's Association has not hitherto been able to undertake much in this direction, the urgency of the field is under pressing consideration for the future.

Few more lovely spots exist in the vicinity of Montreal than the grounds of the Athletic Club on the Cote des Neiges slope of the mountain. But, alas! as usual, the house is in debt. The aid of the ladies has been called in, and several minor schemes have been set on foot to increase the income. An annual subscription of one dollar entitles a lady to take her family and friends to the grounds for a basket picnic, and a swarm of fair damsels have made a supply of cushions which they rent for a consideration for use in the pavilions of the lacrosse club, etc. The grounds are also rapidly rising in favour for Sunday school picnics, among whom something like a generous scramble has originated. The cushions of the fair damsels were in high favour on the first of June, at the Spring Games of the Amateur Athletic Association, in their beautiful new quarters at Cote St. Antoine.

Another little exhibition of feminine tact and invention is the Flower Mission, which meets every Saturday morning to receive spare flowers from citizens as they pass in to business, to make them up into bouquets, and to send them to the hospitals. For fifteen years have our young maidens maintained this labour of love.

An influential committee has been appointed to carry out the proposal to have an oil portrait of the late Dr. Howard, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in McGill College, placed in the Governor's Hall of the General Hospital, with which institution the respected Dean had been actively connected for thirty years.

Another new religion has opened up on its own account, and meets in unpretentious quarters with the pretentious name of the Religio-Philosophical Temple. In these sacred precincts we are to have a series of inspirational and trance discourses at the rate of two a week during the month of June. At these, on Sundays at 11 a.m., and on Thursdays at 8 p.m., Mr. Thos. G. W. Kates, of Philadelphia, will give *clairvoyant clairaudient*, and *psychometric tests*, and will entertain the audience with impromptu spiritual songs upon such subjects as any individual present may suggest.

VILLE MARIE.

THE VIOLET.

BORN in the night and christen'd with the dew,
The violet lifts its face for morning's kiss;
And each fair petal, fill'd with Nature's bliss,
Weaves from the sunshine a sweet robe of blue;
The birds look down and wonder how it grew,
For yesterday the leaves where now it is
Lay green i' the grass, and nought was like to this,
Earth's earliest counterfeit of Heaven's hue.
The shy hepatica; the snowdrop white;
The trebly mounted trillium; the blaze
Of golden daffodil with sunny rays—
Have all arisen in their beauty bright:
But none of Flora's first-born can compare
With this blue-blossom'd darling of the air.

SAREPTA.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

LAND, embracing an area of some eight millions of square miles and a population of not less than 100,000,000, containing enormous forests, vast fertile plains, spacious valleys, immense mountains, grand plateaux, wonderful lake chains, rivers several thousands of miles long, magnificent flora and fauna, and through which the foot of the white man had scarcely left a permanent print—such a land is Central Africa, which is glibly spoken of as though it were merely an overlooked province of the Dark Continent.

Twenty years ago this vast territory was absolutely an unknown land. It is true that Burton, Butler, Speke and Grant among others had made occasional journeys, and Dr. Livingstone had carefully explored certain regions; but these early attempts were confined to specific objects, as the discovery of the source of the Nile, the great inland lakes, etc. An African Association had been started in 1788 in London for the purpose of internal exploration, but repeated failures and disasters disheartened the members, and it was afterwards merged into the Royal Geographical Society, which during the last fifty years has done much in the continuation of African discovery. Yet twenty years ago the bulk of Central Africa was a sealed book. The sources of the Nile had not been determined; the courses of the Congo, Niger and Zambesi had not been

defined; the wealth of nature was not dreamed of; the great variety of tribes among the black race were only generally known as negroes; the trade with Africa was confined to the seaboard; no attempts had been made to deal with the slave trade, and the efforts at converting the heathen to Christianity were up to that time chiefly individual and spasmodic. Central Africa was a blank space on the map of the world. Many believed it was a counterpart, or rather a continuation of the Great Sahara Desert; others thought it was a vast stretch of marsh and jungle; on all hands it was regarded as a huge pest-house and totally unfit for European occupation.

It is a strange fact, carrying its own commentary, that whilst the New World had developed in a manner truly marvellous since its discovery, the greater part of an Old World continent, always known to history, had not even been discovered. When the early Phœnician colonies were first established in Africa is one of the lost dates of history; but it is positively certain that Cambyses conquered Egypt in the sixth century before the Christian era. It is still a matter of scholarly dispute whether Africa was or was not circumnavigated before that time by order of King Neku II., who tried to connect the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by means of the Nile and canals; but it is a fact that evidences of ancient occupation are being discovered in parts of the continent now being opened up by the boasted enterprise of to-day.

But whatever may have been known of or accomplished in Africa in the olden times, it was not until the end of the eighteenth century, for Portuguese colonies were only coast settlements always—that modern Europe began to realize that a large continent lay undeveloped at its feet, and that it might be worth while to find out what it contained.

At first it was regarded as an empty shell. The mere contour had been measured, but as everyone agreed that there was nothing worth having inside, nobody took the trouble to look. Some few ventured to peep here and there, and gave strange reports of what they saw; but they were regarded as travellers' tales. Suddenly Africa became magnetic ground to explorer, scientist, philanthropist and missionary, and it has continued to attract for about a century; but, in looking over the records of African enterprise, one fact stands out clear and bold above all others—a fact so startling and sad that, however great and prosperous the future of the great Unknown Land may become, the material and civilizing progress gained for future generations will never erase the long and ghastly list of deaths and disasters connected with early attempts at exploration. It has been a subject of mournful comment for all African travellers that the milestones marked by their brave predecessors were mostly their gravestones. The loss of life has been appalling, and many of the lives lost were irreplaceable. Among the heroes who died in the service of humanity were Mungo Park, Lacerda, Hornemann, Oudney, Clapperton, Laing, Duncan, Van der Decken, Richardson, Keith-Johnston, Livingstone, Gordon, and other famous pioneers. Of the followers—the rank and file—whose labours are not individually remembered, but are none the less worthy of honour, no guess or approximation can be made. They have been slain in their thousands by the fatal climate of certain localities, by the accidents of adventure, and by the treacherous antipathy or open hostility of disturbed natives.

Although they are gone the result of their great work remains, and the army of civilization is now marching along the roads opened up by those brave beginners.

Central Africa is approachable by three great riverways, the Nile on the north, the Congo from the west, and the Zambesi from the east. At the present time the Nile route is practically closed. Since the death of Gordon and the abandonment of the Soudan the hope of moulding Christian order out of native chaos has been deferred. Various rebel forces are engaged in internecine feuds, the Arabs are harassing the Egyptian outposts, and the slave traders are again in the active pursuit of their old nefarious traffic. The Congo district is at present the scene of international rivalry, and British enterprises and interests have been largely swept away and superseded by the recent efforts of Belgium, France, Germany and Portugal. Of these colonizing forces, the last-named power, though the oldest by far, is the least efficient and most retarding in civilizing effect. The history of Portugal in Africa is not a record of progress. Beyond holding trading stations and kidnapping or buying negroes to send to the Brazilian mines the Portuguese never did much on the West Coast; nor has their influence been healthy for the natives. True enough, the Jesuits, in their usual missionary manner, had long ago established the Christian religion, nominally, and tried hard to implant it as far as they could extend their influence inland; but that influence never extended many miles from the fort and the factory. It is over 400 years since the Portuguese proclaimed their sovereignty on the West Coast of Africa, but the blue and white flag has never been far from the sight of the sea.

Beyond a few exploring invasions by the Dutch and the French in the eighteenth century, nothing was really done to examine the unknown land to which the great River Zaire or Congo led until Captain Tuckey, in 1816, an expedition led which was soon broken up by sickness and the death of the leader. The record of the travels, well known as "Tuckey's Last," contained the only knowledge of that district for the next fifty years. Owen, Grandy, Bastian and others tried to penetrate the country, but were more or less unsuccessful. In 1867 Livingstone found a great river-source from the Zambesi country in

the east, and, believing it to be the spring of the Nile, followed it for about 1,500 miles. After that explorer's death, Stanley, in 1876, followed this river for 1660 miles more, and found it to be the Congo. The result of Stanley's expedition "Across the Dark Continent" opened the eyes of the world to the immense possibilities of commercial aggrandizement in the Congo District and indeed all Central Africa.

The International Association, founded by King Leopold, of Belgium, in 1876, aimed at acquiring as much African territory as possible for trade purposes, and sent out several expeditions to the West Coast to further its designs. Portugal, the old occupier of certain seaboard lands, not liking this aggression of European powers in what it foolishly considered its privileged domain, sought the alliance of England, and in 1884 Earl Granville committed Great Britain in a treaty with that country to recognize its rights on the Congo. This was a most unwise and unnecessary step, and provoked great opposition both in and out of England. It was certainly strange that free-trade England, with her traditional policy of just government, should ally herself with a country that had always maintained a policy of utter hostility to other traders than its own, and was as arbitrary with the natives as it was exclusive of foreigners. The International Association had by this time acquired considerable territorial and trading rights on the Congo, and regarded the Anglo-Portuguese treaty with aversion and suspicion.

It is unfortunate that the spirit of retaliation overcame the international spirit professed by the association, and led it to make an agreement with France, appointing that country heir to all its privileges and possessions should it cease to exist. In the meantime Germany had developed a colonizing policy, which is still on trial and not unlikely to fail. Prince Bismarck created the German Empire; but the unification of the states did not altogether assure the unity of the people. The rather iron-glove policy of the Chancellor placed many restrictions on individual liberty and progress that were not compatible with the German spirit. Love of the Fatherland could not induce many children of the empire to forego the manifest advantages to be gained by living outside of it. Emigration resulted, and grew to large proportions. The great Chancellor therefore planned a colonization scheme, whereby the Germans, though going abroad, would not altogether leave the Empire.

West Africa was one of the localities looked to, and in 1875 Von Homeyer explored certain regions near the Congo, as a preliminary. Later on, Luderitz made treaties with the native chiefs around Angra Pequena, which led to a serious correspondence between Prince Bismarck and Earl Granville, with the result that the German claims were allowed, and Germany was from that time an interested and recognized power in West African affairs. The rupture between the Anglo-Portuguese party and the International Association gave an opportunity for the diplomatic skill of the great German minister, and at the end of 1884 he arranged a conference at Berlin, where representatives of all the powers met. Its results were chiefly the formal recognition of the Congo Free State and the delimitation of the territory belonging to it, as well as of that claimed by France and Portugal on the West African Coast. The present extent of the Congo Free State includes some 1,056,200 square miles and over twenty-seven millions of inhabitants. Up to the present the growth has not been as rapid as was expected. The decrees of all the greater and lesser powers, issued from the Berlin conclave, have not as yet produced any appreciable effect upon the slave-traders, and the Congo Free State is not at all the International Arcadia it was intended to become. The country is rich and productive, the climate is such, excepting certain malarious belts, as Europeans can endure, and the inducements to settlers are advantageous; but the natives are thoroughly indolent, and the facilities for inland trade are not yet numerous or secure. The employment of Tippoo Tibb, an influential trader, is not likely to produce the effect on the slave trade intended, unless that old slaver proves very different from other chiefs, who have ever been ready to take prepayment for services not to be rendered.

Another mournful chapter to the history of African expeditions has recently been added by the deaths of Barttelot and Jameson in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief. The Arab slave-dealers are hostile to all civilizing agencies; the natives are averse to compulsory labour, and the Mahomedans are opposed to the spread of Christianity. Trouble must therefore be expected from all these quarters for a long period. It can only be by a very careful and thoroughly slow progress that a firm hold is to be had and held. It is useless marching into the interior and establishing small stations, under the delusion that either native or Arab will be over-awed by a handful of settlers and a flag. In that case history will repeat itself, and the settlers will be settled in the same certain and painful fashion as in the past. The country must be treated as in war. The invading army of civilization must not push its front too far before its line of communication with the supplies at the rear is fully and thoroughly protected. Already many stations have been destroyed, and the work that was done too soon has to be again commenced.

The third route to Central Africa is by way of the river Shire, an affluent of the Zambesi, which flows from Lake Nyassa. Until late years Zanzibar was the central point on the East African coast from which the interior was to be reached; but the great Zambesi water route is rapidly displacing it, and Quilimane is the port that should naturally take its place, but unfortunately Quilimane is claimed

by the Portuguese, and is therefore a closed port to free trade and free travel. The question, however, of obtaining easy access to the Zambesi-Shire route to Central Africa is so absolutely important that it will soon be solved, with or without the help of a power that has forfeited its claim of priority through its utter incapacity and shiftlessness. The fate of African progress cannot be sealed by an effete power that nominally professes to be able to close the natural entrance gate.

To the north of the Zambesi lies Mozambique territory, which has belonged to Portugal more or less—and principally less—since 1497. But as on the Western—so on the Eastern—coast of Africa the Portuguese have effected nothing for good. They have levied taxes on trade, they have cooperated with the Arab slave dealers, and they have made themselves thoroughly hated by the natives; their official system is debased and rotten to the core; their missionary efforts have proved failures, and their civilizing influences have never been felt. In point of fact, after claiming the major part of coast and inland country from Zanzibar to Zululand for several centuries, they really hold a few isolated trading stations for the benefit of certain plundering officials. What Portugal has not done in the many decades during which she has possessed the country, has been actually accomplished on a small scale by independent Britishers. The Nyassa Lake districts were altogether unknown to the world until Dr. Livingstone proclaimed their discovery. Since that time the Scotch and English have succeeded in planting missionary and trading settlements in the interior. The African Lakes Company and the British East African Association have been principally active in this work. The Church of Scotland has done great things also, and such settlements as Livingstonia, Blantyre and Bandawe testify that with real earnestness of purpose and determined energy the British have been able to accomplish in less than a score of years more real good in East Central Africa than the Portuguese have ever done. The other day the Portuguese claimed Blantyre, an independent colony of Scotchmen founded in 1876, and it is high time that England awoke to the serious necessity of settling the recurring question of Portuguese claims. Blantyre and the other Nyassa settlements are growing and prospering. The settlers have turned the wilderness of wild waste to good account, and already wheat, coffee, sugar, potatoes and other food products are raised. The natives are being taught by example that honest productive labour is far nobler than idleness and war. Christianity hand in hand with peaceful labour has had wonderful effects on the heathen, and already slavery, witchcraft and tribe feuds are being driven away before the smoke of the settlers' homes and the bells of the mission church. This work has been done by private persons, without the aid of Government money or protection. It was an independent attempt to realize the teachings of the great Livingstone; an effort to prove that his life and life-long appeal to his fellow-countrymen were not thrown away. The result so far has been successful; the germ of East African civilization has been implanted, and, if this policy of peaceful labour and Christian example be pursued, the growth of that civilization will rapidly spread. Portugal foresees this, and is endeavouring by claiming the land to repress an influence that will be fatal, and properly fatal, to her own life in East Africa. As a matter of honour England is bound to prevent Blantyre falling into the hands of a robber; in the interests of Christianity and civilization England is bound to prevent the natives, who wish to exchange war for peace, slavery for freedom and heathenism for the true religion of Jesus Christ, from falling into the hands of men who have helped the slave-trade, fostered tribe warfare and prevented the spread of the Gospel. The duty of England is clear and unmistakable, and every man who is interested in the British stations in East Africa, whether by actual possession or admiring sympathy, expects England this day will do her duty.

Another factor in East Africa is the German East African Association which, in 1886, took possession of about 600,000 square miles of territory by a treaty effected with the Sultan of Zanzibar, who modestly retained some fifteen miles of coast land as a pillow for his crown.

Regarding the competing forces in East and West African colonization, the Portuguese are not likely to increase their influence, or to extend their territory. A country that has failed for 400 years to carry out anything but slaves, ivory, and a most sordid policy, and which has never exercised a good influence over the natives is not likely to succeed against more active and spirited nations.

The Germans, in spite of rapid and pretentious movements and the acquisition of certain valuable coast-points and vast territories are not likely to long remain a permanent power in Africa. Although possessing administrative and executive ability, to which it would be impertinent to compare the official sloth and disease of the Portuguese; German colonization is distinctly an effort of the home government to prevent the loss of Germans to the Empire and to increase the foreign trade of Germany. It is artificial, and therefore likely to fail in arriving at either result. The German colonist would still be amenable to all the laws of the Empire, and the odious military system would certainly follow any Bismarckian policy. In America the German citizen is more free than in the Fatherland, and can more easily make a livelihood. The chances of his making more than a livelihood are also much greater. Socialism is more at home in Chicago, at least theoretically, than in Berlin or Somali-land. It is not likely, therefore, the German emigrant will select the imperial colonies in Africa in

preference to a land where the Kaiser's master has no authority. Moreover, the German method of colonization is semi-military and semi-bureaucratic. The type and its results were seen in the Samoan fiasco; it is reproduced in East and West Africa. This kind of colonization is not likely to produce good results, either from a point of commerce or of civilization. The German East African Company, with its 600,000 square miles, has had to be subsidized by the Government; at present it cannot pay its current expenses. It is a matter of speculation whether Germany will continue to pay for working unremunerative colonies, to which Germans will not go. The total trade of Germany with Africa is about one-half per cent. of its entire foreign commerce. In case of trouble with the natives on a large scale (it has already been developed in several minor degrees), the German army could not spare troops from Europe, and the experiment of organizing native troops is not likely to find favour among the desired recruits. Nevertheless, Krupp guns and the most modern breechloaders are being sent in large quantities from the Fatherland, and the military character of the modern German Empire is being grafted on the colonies. Experience, however, has proved that it is dangerous to trust weapons that may explode in the hands of those who may direct them against you. German colonization has started with startling rapidity, and is liable and likely to end in as sudden a manner.

Of the aptitude of the British for colonizing it would be idle to speak at length at this day. If figures and facts are good witnesses the possession of some 9,000,000 square miles, with a population of over 316,000,000, testify that success follows the footsteps of the Celt and Anglo-Saxon when they are turned abroad. There is every reason to believe that the British would be as successful in Central Africa as elsewhere, and it is to be hoped that the British Government will afford at least protection to those of her children who may seek a home in the Dark Continent. It would be better perhaps for Africa if the British Government did more.

Montreal.

SAREPTA.

ODE TO BEN LOMOND.

BEN LOMOND, once more
I have sought Scotia's shore,
Through the track of the desolate sea,
(Before I pass on
To the awful unknown)
To take my last farewell of thee;
With a heart running o'er
I behold thee once more
Stand forth in thy garments of blue;
Unchanged thou'rt by time,
Every feature sublime
That so well in my boyhood I knew.

Over land, over sea,
Thou hast haunted me—
Yea, hung o'er my head like a spell;
When I heard some old air
Lo! behold, thou wert there,
Of the haunts of my boyhood to tell;
The sunlight and air
Of life's morning were there,
And the tale and the ballad that thrills—
Once more o'er the main,
A young rover again
'Mid the glory that dwells in the hills.

Yes, back thou didst bring
All the joy of life's spring!
I breathed in youth's passionate air!
Inhaled the perfume
Of the bud and the bloom,
And knew naught of sorrow and care.
Oh, joy of all joy!
When a happy schoolboy
Aloft on thy bosom to climb,
Among the fresh bloom
Of the rich golden broom,
The wild myrtle, heather and thyme.

At morn how I'd shout
When I saw thee start out
Of the great, rolling, vapouring sea;
Thy head in the blue,
While the purple dawn threw
Such garments of glory round thee;
Well-remembered that dawn
As I gazed from the lawn,
Such purples thy bosom hung o'er!
The delight of my heart
To such rapture did start
That a song leapt to life from its core.

Then, in gloaming, how weird
Unto me you appeared
In thy mystical mantle of grey!
While the moon, with her train,
Through the magic domain
Came forth their mute homage to pay;
And how thou didst shout
When the tempests were out,
And the lightnings around thee did leap!
I still hear thy voice
With the thunders rejoice,
While around thee their revels they keep.

Then, as with a shock,
In my spirit awoke
Great thoughts that lay there all asleep—
In a moment of time
Inner regions sublime
Athwart my roused vision did sweep;
And how thou didst draw
Admiration and awe
As a garment my spirit around,
Till I felt we are here
In a magical sphere,
Floating, mist-like, above the profound.

The green earth supernal
With beauty is vernal;
Encompassed with glory are we!
Tho' strangers in time,
Our whole being's sublime,
And awful as death and the sea—
Yea, in travail through time,
All I've felt of sublime
In the firmament, earth or the sea,
Ev'ry colour and sound,
Ev'ry heart-leap and bound
Were somehow related to thee.

Amaranth.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. RYERSON AND OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In THE WEEK of the 31st ult., you mention "a number of minor educational evils" which have grown up from the same root, viz., "the transfer of public education into the arena of party politics," and you very properly observe that the unveiling of the Ryerson Monument "offers a fit and tempting occasion" for comparing the educational system of the Province as it is now administered with the same system under the administration of Dr. Ryerson.

I hope that a number of the leading educational authorities will embrace the occasion to discuss these evils and come to an agreement in regard to the remedies that ought to be applied. We seem at present fast approaching a time when the ukase of the Minister of Education will have all the force of an Act of Parliament, when every changing whim of his fickle mind must be at once obeyed by the thousands of trustees and teachers who are placed under his autocratic power. Sometimes the venerable Doctor was accused of exercising despotic authority; but let it be carefully remembered that he always had behind him a representative Council of Public Instruction, whose sanction was necessary to all radical measures. This Council became towards the close of its history a thoroughly representative body, and initiated a number of the best reforms ever introduced into our system. Let it also be kept in mind that Dr. Ryerson was the lifelong friend of the teachers, and with all his faults and failings, never deserted their interests on a single occasion. He laboured through sunshine and storm to elevate the status of teachers and to educate public opinion out of the European and into the American conception of the dignity and importance of the teacher's work for the nation. He never ceased to his latest hours to agitate for the most ample provision for the training of teachers on a generous scale, and he established a superannuation fund for worn-out members of the profession which is still doing a work of philanthropy, notwithstanding the ruthless hands that have since been laid upon it. He established and for many years edited an educational journal which reached the remotest log schoolhouse in the Province, and spread his own contagious enthusiasm. He built up a Normal School system that commanded the respect of the country in its time, being the result of his own careful study of the systems of Prussia and New England, and he laid plans for the extension and improvement of that system commensurate with the growing wealth and importance of Ontario. He faithfully collected and reflected the best light then obtainable on methods of teaching, construction of schools, organization, discipline, etc., and he provided that a lecture on education should be given every year by every local superintendent in every school section in the country. He was an educationist first and last, and served with efficiency under both political parties, whatever his own personal predilections might have been. Dr. Ryerson educated the people of this Province to take a deep interest in educational matters and to take pride in spending money for the improvement of schools to the utmost extent of their resources. His influence was felt in the House, and the powerful representations of his reports were answered by increased grants to the schools of all kinds.

Quite true it is that in his old age his wonderful vigour was somewhat abated, and his judgment somewhat impaired. He wrote two or three text-books, and the conspicuous failure of them ought to have been a beacon to his successors in office, to warn them against stepping out of their proper sphere and intermeddling with matters beyond their special qualifications. As senility crept over him he grew more and more conservative; he resisted necessary reforms proposed by the Council, and vainly attempted to restrict the grammar schools to an inflexible list of text-books. The total collapse of that cast-iron system might have served as a warning to his successors not to perpetuate the increased folly of personally attempting to edit a series of school books. He sanctioned a

general time table for schools, which undertook to prescribe the work for each particular hour in every public school. The utter failure of this might have shown, once for all, the futility of the paternal and bureaucratic system, which Dr. Ryerson in his prime would have scouted as absurd.

It is not necessary to develop the comparison. We all know the irritation and disgust that prevail under the present "one-man and one-book" policy of the Department. This policy is apparently growing more and more dogmatic and inelastic. By and by the present silence will be broken; the pendulum will be compelled to reverse its oscillation; we shall then enter on another era of progress.

Yours truly, EX-TEACHER.

CHAUCER AND ANACREON ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Reading in "The Court of Love" Chaucer's description of his ideal Fair, I wished to compare with it Anacreon's type of beauty, but finding no translation faithful enough, I had to make my own. At the request of my neighbour, Dr. Meredith, whose exquisite rendering of another of Anacreon's odes, which I asked him to admire, appears in your last number, I send it to you. That you may handily see the contrast between the tastes of the English and the Greek bards, I send you Chaucer's sweet verses also:

CHAUCER'S DESCRIPTION OF PHILOGENET.

For, if I shall all fully her describe,
Her head was round, by compass of nature;
Her hair as gold, she passed all alive,
And lily forehead had this creature—
With lively browes flaw (yellowish), of colour pure,
Between the which was mean disceverance
From every brow, to shew a due distance.

Her nose directed straight, even as line,
With form and shape thereto convenient,
In which the goddess' milk white path doth shine,
And eke her eyne be bright and orient
As is the smaragd, unto my judgment;
Or yet these starres, heavenly, small, and bright.
Her visage is of lovely red and white.

Her mouth is short, and shut in little space,
Flaming some deal, not over-red, I mean;
With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss, percase.
(For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bean.)
For, if the bass (baiser) be full, there is delight,
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

But to my purpose: I say, white as snow
Be all her teeth, and in order they stand
Of one stature; and eke her breath, I trow,
Surmounteth all odours that e'er I fand
In sweetness; and her body, face and hand
Be sharply slender, so that, from the head
Unto the foot, all is but womanhead.

I hold my peace of other things hid;
Here shall my soul, and not my tongue, bewray.
But how she was array'd, if ye me bid,
That shall I well discover you and say,
A band of gold and silk, full fresh and gay,
With hair in tress, y-broidered full well,
Right smoothly kempt, and shining every deal.

About her neck a flower of fresh device,
With rubies set, that lusty were to see'n;
And she in gown was, light and summerwise,
Shapen full well, the color was of green;
With aureate seint (ceinture) about her sides clean,
With divers stones, precious and rich:
Thus was she ray'd, yet saw I ne'er her lich.

Chaucer, you see, a Northern poet, affects blondes; he dresses his beauty in green (a trying colour); his verse is graceful and measured, without a trace of hurry or impatience. Now for Anacreon, who, a Southerner, madly admires dark-haired brunettes, and clothes his love in purple; his verse as full of grace, more rapid in movement, his ideas crowding each other to his abrupt termination. The eyes of the two types are peculiar—Chaucer's green like the emerald; Anacreon's

Blue as Athene's own her eyes,
Moist and blue like Cythera's skies.

ANACREON TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Come, my gifted portrait-painter,
Best of figure painters, paint her;
Shew your skill in graphic art,
Sketch the face of my sweetheart.

Smooth and shining paint her hair,
Dark as night—and, if you dare
Put the canvas to the trial,
Perfume take from golden phial.

Following up thy brave beginning,
Draw her features, bright and winning;
Round her brow, as ivory fine,
Crimson fillet softly twine;
Arch the brows with cunning art,
Black, neither joined nor far apart.

Drooping lashes, long and dark,
Defly on the picture mark;
And, her glances now to match,
Sparks from glowing furnace catch.
Purest sapphire be her eyes,
Blue and moist like summer skies.
Milk with roses duly mix,
On her cheek its blush to fix;
Red her lips—Love's own delight;
Chin and throat, as marble white,
In their curves all graces hovering,
Charms at every move discovering.
Give her robes of purple glowing,
Hints of gleaming softness shewing—
Stop! Her very self I see!
Speak, fair picture, speak to me!

FATHER DAMIEN.*

O MARTYR-PRIEST, death-smitten in the prime
Of thy fair life; no human words suffice
To tell the horrors of those haunts of vice
And leprosy: thy name all future time
Can but recall heroic deeds, sublime—
Valued, above, far beyond any price
The world could give for such high sacrifice:
Ring, ring, ye bells; for him a requiem chime
Brave, tender heart, blest love and mercy thou
Gav'st to that far isle amid tropic seas;
Thy name's large writ in the eternal scroll:
A crown immortal surely waits thee now,
Strook down, in body, by that dire disease
That could not touch or stain thy sainted soul.
Dorchester, N.B. A. H. CHANDLER.

A TOUR IN CAPE BRETON.

IT was a lovely afternoon last autumn when two travellers, having come by rail from Halifax, found themselves at Port Mulgrave, on the Nova Scotia side of the Strait of Canso, waiting for the boat which was to take them into the heart of that curiously-shaped and most fascinating region which forms the eastern boundary of the Dominion of Canada. Cape Breton narrowly avoids being part of the larger Province. The strait is less than a mile across, and as the little steamer lay at the wharf sending forth premonitory tokens of departure, we were attracted by the pretty, white cottages on the other side, perched here and there along the bold headlands. For about fifteen miles the shores keep greeting each other, but as they make no farther advances Cape Breton establishes its right to be called an island. Indeed, having thus preferred a claim to separate consideration, one might imagine that it grew careless of internal unity, for it is pierced from north-east to south-west by the jagged salt-water lake of the Bras d'Or, which leaves only a narrow isthmus at its southern extremity, and with the trifling aid of the St. Peter's Canal at that point, turns one island into two.

Our craft, the *Neptune*, was unpretentious in style or adornment, but the genial captain bore himself with the manners of a host conscious of company, yet feeling quite equal to their entertainment. No one could desire a better supper than the delicious codfish which was served in the cabin downstairs. It was cold on deck, but the fresh breeze was not to be resisted, and muffled in our greatcoats we gathered round the wheel-house, perplexing the Frenchman at the helm with questions indifferently conveyed in his native tongue, or recounting some of the legends of the lake before it passed into the prose epochs of its history, or listening to the adventures of one of our number who had lived for many years in western cities of the United States, where he had accumulated a snug fortune, but who was now revisiting his native land. And while with nasal pathos he spoke tenderly of the scenes of youth, he did not hesitate to anathematize the general slowness of things as compared with the "smart" movements of his adopted country. We were, without doubt, in the midst of primitive splendours. Even the canal, at which we arrived about sunset, though an unpretentious gate letting us into the Eden of the Bras d'Or, seemed glaringly artificial and almost out of place. The inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet came down in full force to inspect the steamer as it was passing through. They had an air of charming simplicity and half satisfied wonder which revealed the quiet sameness of their daily life and their limited apprehension of the ways of the great world.

It would not be easy to conceive of a more beautiful salt-water lake than the Bras d'Or. The rise and fall of the tide in it is but slight, so that the shores are always fresh and clean. One might spend weeks sailing up into the picturesque bays with which it pierces the land in all directions, or camping out upon its richly-wooded islands. If you anchor a little from the shore and drop your line, you will soon find a steady tug at the end of it, and if you pull hard enough the cod or haddock will come floundering into the boat. In nearly every stream which runs into the lake there is good prospect of trout and salmon, especially in the early months of summer.

After a short stoppage at the Grand Narrows, from which gleamed the lights of a good-sized hotel recently built for summer tourists, the *Neptune* landed us at Baddeck before midnight, and the landlord of the hostelry, making us as welcome as though we had been old friends, conducted us to our chamber. Baddeck is a pretty village whose one long street slopes down towards the wharf. It is in the heart of the most enticing district of Cape Breton. There are so many places in the world which claim to be the "paradise for sportsmen" that one does not like to involve the question by rashly adding to their number. It is enough to say that a few hours' journey over the hills will bring you into the haunts of the moose and cariboo and bear and wolf, and that smaller game is found in abundance. Our inclinations being less sanguinary, we spent the day after our arrival in search of trout. Our waggon was driven with the characteristic furiousness which might almost be called a native virtue, contrasting as it does with the general air of human inactivity. The most unpromising quadrupeds are stimulated to a degree of awkward speed which proves a little too much for the nervous system of the uninitiated. The road in parts was bordered with pine and hemlock, and the purple mist

* The Rev. Damien de Veuster, who recently died a martyr among the lepers, on the Hawaiian island of Molokai.

which hung over the hills rather heightened than concealed the picturesque grandeur of the landscape. A farmer, whose homestead we reached after some hours' driving, not only accommodated our eccentric steed but suggested the best pools for our operations. In fishing, as in everything else, there are unaccountable caprices of fortune. We were not without experience, but the trout seemed scarce, or perhaps were not well disposed to artificial methods of capture. Returning with a paltry dozen of small fry, it gave us no small irritation to be informed by one of the urchins who volunteered to be the witness of our exploits that he had been much more successful with his wriggling worms on the previous day. He had such an air of pardonable pride about him, and told his story with such a broad Scotch accent, that we were compelled to believe that he spoke the truth.

Apart from its appearance and surroundings Baddeck could not be called a place of permanent attraction. The chronic repose which envelops it, though soothing enough at first, palls after a time, and one almost feels like offering an apology if he is detected in the act of taking interest in anything. The people, however, are for the most part contented, intelligent and decorously cheerful. There cannot be much crime in that region, or else the pretty-looking cottage which stands a little off the road would soon be filled. A few iron bars round the front windows are the only indication that this is the local jail. The casement being open we looked into one of the rooms, where a woman sat knitting a stocking beside a cheerful fire. Supposing her to be the wife of the keeper, we ventured to make some complimentary reference to the estate, and soon discovered that we were conversing with the only prisoner, who, in consideration of her enterprise in selling ardent spirits without a license, had been admitted to this bower. She did not deny the soft impeachment, but seemed unwilling to dwell upon the melancholy fact that in a few days she must again encounter the scant charity of the world.

The inscrutable laws of the steamboat company ordain that part of the glory of the Bras d'Or shall be veiled until the return trip is taken. You must leave Baddeck for the north at night if you are going to leave it at all. We were not long in finding our way to one of the comfortable state-rooms on board the *Marion*. Waking rather early in the morning, we became conscious of a little more motion than was quite pleasant. The length of the Bras d'Or had been traversed, and we were steaming in the open sea towards the harbour of North Sydney, a stirring little town, nearly all embraced in the long street which fronts the water. Several foreign vessels were lying at the wharves, and a short railway brought coal for export from the adjacent mines, which, in this district, constitutes the most important industry. Sydney is four miles distant across the bay. It is a picturesque place, with a decidedly aristocratic air about it, but lacks the activity of its smaller neighbour. A French man-of-war was anchored in the commodious harbour, and some schooners were unloading at the docks. The inn was unpretentious, but comfortable, and the personal solicitude, which one so often misses in the modern hotel, marked its hospitality. Over the way was the lawn tennis club, where some young Englishmen were playing. The sheriff conducted us through his domain, from which two adventurous captives had escaped the week before by squeezing themselves through the grating of their cell and scaling the high wooden wall. At the head of the harbour are to be seen the slender vestiges of the old fort which once graced it. In Canada a respectable ruin is not to be passed over lightly, for it is rather rare. For this reason, among others, the traveller ought to visit Louisburg, twenty-four miles distant, the ancient capital of the island when the French had possession of it, and the scene of the most interesting events in the earlier chapters of its history. In those times of stormy conflict between France and Britain, Louisburg became the strongest fortress in the New World. Twice it was assaulted and taken. In the second siege Wolfe so distinguished himself that he was appointed to the fatal honour of planting the English flag upon the Plains of Abraham. Louisburg was dismantled and its fortifications blown up; but among the grassy mounds of its deserted site, the traveller can still trace the contour of the old battlements, or, perhaps, unearth some rusty memorial of its sanguinary story. As if in protest against such premature decay, a pretty little village has sprung up on the other side of the harbour, which is the only one in Cape Breton that does not freeze in winter. Louisburg is doubtless destined, therefore, as the country develops, to become again, in more peaceful ways, a place of considerable importance.

Sydney, which is the largest town in Cape Breton, containing a population of about six thousand, may also be regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of its civilization, so that unless the tourist is enthusiastic, it is likely that at this point he will retrace his steps. But a wild, mountainous tract of country, the home of the hardy fishermen, lies still further north, and thither, by means of one of the Newfoundland steamers, we determined to make our way. No one at Sydney seemed able to tell us definitely when the *Harlaw* would arrive. She had started from Halifax at a certain time, and might be there that night. We went to bed with an uncomfortable foreboding, for the shriek of the *Harlaw's* whistle, we were told, was enough to strike terror into anyone. The night passed without disturbance, but early in the morning an unearthly sound broke the stillness, and a loud rap soon after at our door, confirmed our suspicions that the dreaded herald had come. They called the whistle a "siren," but it was an atrocious

CANADIAN SONNET WRITERS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

libel on those classical enchantresses. I have no doubt that it would be useful off the Banks in frightening the fog away. The hurry of preparation for departure was succeeded by a tantalizing delay in starting, but at last we began our journey towards the extreme north of the island. Newfoundland being the goal of the *Harlaw's* ambition, she simply contented herself with a shriek of warning at one or two ports of call, and standing well off in the roadstead, awaited the coming of the little boats which were to bear away such passengers as necessity compelled to land in them. It was midnight when we reached the southern edge of Aspy Bay, and prepared to disembark at White Cave. The inhabitants of the fishing village were evidently sound sleepers, and a bewildering variety of the siren's allurements were called into requisition before the light of an approaching dory could be seen upon the water. Six of us scrambled into this craft, and the long sweep of the oars soon brought us shoreward. The tide was out, and the belated travellers wearily climbed a ladder leading up to the fish-besprinkled wharf. A bluff and hearty Englishman, with whom my friend, happily, had some slight acquaintance, extended to both of us the hospitality of his house. He was the proprietor of the fishing-station, and we gratefully availed ourselves of his kindness, for the village was innocent of any sort of hotel, and there seemed a prospect that we might have to pass the remainder of the night in the shed among the cured fish. The rest of the party, I believe, found shelter somewhere, though I could not bring myself to inquire too curiously as to their fate. Our host preceded us up the hill, and having invoked the grudging aid of a servant roused from her slumbers, made ready a much more comfortable repast than the rude accommodation would have led us to anticipate. He then conducted us to a chamber scantily furnished, where the murmur of the sea soon lulled us to rest.

The morning revealed the grandeur of our surroundings. The white huts of the fishermen lay scattered at the foot of the huge hill up which we climbed, to be greeted by the "innumerable laughter of the sea," and the coastline of rugged headlands stretching away for miles, and breasting with their granite sides the ceaseless rush of the waves, now calm enough, but in a few hours tossing their white arms of surf high up upon the shore. Our host conducted us to a dizzy height, whence looking down we marked how the sea had bored its way among the rocks, hollowing out their foundations, and threatening to hurl down the jutting crag on which we stood from its precarious eminence.

After breakfast we set out in a fishing-smack for the other side of the bay, where a courteous Frenchman, whom we encountered in our travels, had invited us to visit him. The wind had risen, and as the spray was dashing over our vessel we were glad to make a safe landing within the bar which protected the little harbour. Our host was manager of a lobster factory, and resided on the premises. The limited resources of the establishment could not daup his ardour or check his flow of spirits. He was a trader with St. Pierre and Miquelon, a brilliant talker, a linguist, and a scholar. Yet he seemed quite contented in his lonely retreat, solacing himself with the prospect of an occasional visit to *la belle France*. The unwonted presence of company caused a flutter of excitement in the housekeeper's breast, and necessitated an improvised chair in the shape of a herring-box for our accommodation at dinner. But neither the garlic nor the grease nor the leathern pancakes could destroy appetites whetted by healthy exposure to wind and weather. We speedily demolished the viands, and enjoyed the long, thin rolls of tobacco which were produced after the repast as much as if they had been the choicest Havana. But a trout brook was not far off, and waving adieus to our kind host we rowed up the river. It seemed to be a holiday, however, with the fish, and only a few yielded to our enticements. We were fortunate enough to have an introduction to the chief man of the North Bay, a burly Dutchman, trader and exporter of fish and lobsters, who gave us a genial welcome to his fireside, when, after a drive of some miles along the coast, we sought his hospitality for the night. There are social compensations even in such remote regions as those in which we were journeying. One could scarcely have expected to encounter in succession three men of different nationalities, living in such a primitive way, yet intelligent and entertaining, and with that strongly marked individuality which the more machine-like movements of great centres of population seem in part to destroy. The family of our last host had been well educated, and as we sat in the parlour playing chess with the charming daughters of the household the hardships of our recent journey were soon forgotten. Just outside the Dutchman's estate, beautifully situated by the open sea, rose the frowning hill over fifteen hundred feet in height, which, from the shape of its summit, was called the Sugar Loaf. A recent fire, originating probably in some traveller's camp, had broken out among the brush at its base, and a strong wind had carried a wide fire-track up to the top, which showed bare and grim in contrast with the thick pines which elsewhere covered the mountain.

VIATOR.

(To be concluded.)

A NEW disease, called photo-electric ophthalmia, is described as due to the continual action of the electric light on the eyes. The patient is awakened in the night by severe pain around the eye, accompanied with excessive secretion of tears. An oculist of Cronstadt is said to have had thirty patients thus affected under his care in the last ten years.—*Science*.

WRITING on "The Sonnet in America" in the *National Review*, Mr. Wm. Sharp refers in flattering terms to Canadian writers of verse in this form. We make the following extracts:—

"The poet—one almost unread in this country, and very little known in America—who had the potentiality of becoming one of the greatest sonnet-writers on either side of the Atlantic, was among the worst offenders in this respect; for there are several remarkably noteworthy poems in this form by the late Charles Heavysege (a Canadian, however, it should be observed), which are neither more nor less than sets of seven rhymed couplets. Undoubtedly the primary need of a sonnet is adequacy of motive, absolute adequacy, in so far that the reader should feel that the matter could not have been said in less, and would be spoilt by further enlargement of space; in a word, that no other poetic form would be so apt. In this sense, accordingly, a poem which consists of seven rhymed couplets may be much more truly a sonnet than one which is thoroughly orthodox in structure, but is merely an ordinary descriptive poem, which might as well have been expressed in twelve or in fifteen lines. But not the least peculiar charm of this species of verse is the pleasurable anticipation of prescribed harmonies. A glance betrays whether an example be after the Petrarchian or Shakespearian model in what may be termed its general contour, and to the sensitive reader there is a very unpleasant jar when some bastard form confuses the expected with the actual rhyme harmonies. To write, therefore, in a formless sonnet is to defraud the reader of a metrical music, the enjoyment of which had been with him a foregone conclusion. Yet no one could read such a poem as the following, by Heavysege, without realizing that, formless and even inartistic as it is, it is potentially a fine sonnet:—

ANNIHILATION.

Up from the deep Annihilation came
And shook the shore of nature with his frame:
Vulcan, nor Polyphemus of one eye,
For size or strength could with the monster vie;
Who, landed, round his sullen eyeballs rolled,
While dripped the ooze from limbs of mighty mould.
But who the bard that shall in song express
(For he was clad) the more than Anarch's dress?
All round about him hanging were decays
And ever-dropping remnants of the past;
But how shall I recite my great amaze
As down the abyss I saw him coolly cast
Slowly, but constantly, some lofty name
Men thought secure in bright, eternal fame?

"In 'The Dead,' another potentially noble sonnet, there is manifest a kind of blind groping after propriety of form:—

How great unto the living seem the dead!
How sacred, solemn; how heroic grown;
How vast and vague, as they obscurely tread
The shadowy confines of the dim unknown!
For they have met the monster that we dread,
Have learned the secret not to mortal shown.
E'en as gigantic shadows on the wall
The spirit of the daunted child amaze,
So on us thoughts of the departed fall,
And with phantasma fill our gloomy gaze.
Awe and deep wonder lend the living lines,
And hope and ecstasy the borrowed beams,
While fitful fancy the full form divines,
And all is what imagination dreams.

"In his later examples Heavysege actually arrived at the correct Shakespearian form, though even in his powerful 'Night'—the sonnet that contains the lovely quatrain—

Oh, Night, art thou so grim, when black and bare
Of moonbeams, and no cloudlets to adorn,
Like a nude Ethiop 'twixt two hours fair
Thou stand'st between the Evening and the Morn—

he confuses the rhyming terminals of the second and third quatrains.

"There are one or two Canadian poets whose verse has mainly appeared in United States magazines, and who, apart from any accident of birth or place, are distinctively American. Foremost among these northern singers are Charles G. D. Roberts and Archibald Lampman. The former is admittedly at the head of younger Canadian poets, and his 'In Divers Tones' and other volumes have gained attention here as well as over the sea. Among his best sonnets are two which have been widely circulated in this country, 'The Potato Harvest' and 'The Sower,' studies in impressionistic realism, which show that the sonnet can have the simple directness of the ordinary quatrain, or rhymed heroics. Mr. Lampman would seem to be to Canada what Maurice Thompson and Miss Edith Thomas are to the States, the foremost young poet-chronicler of nature. His 'Among the Millet' is a pleasant volume; but that he can convey the human as well as the merely naturalistic sentiment is evident in the following sonnet, which is all the more noteworthy as it deals with a theme that poets have generally shirked, as though the shriek of the steam engine were the direst sound the Muse could hear:—

THE RAILWAY STATION.

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking; ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite;
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain;
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the boundless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes;
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

The *Quiver* for June is a very attractive number. The opening paper is a "Sunday under the shadow of Heligoland," filled with dainty illustrations; and then comes the beginning of a charming story, "Dorothy's Vocation," by the author of "Monica." Prof. Blakie's third instalment of his "A new Book of Martyrs," with its graphic descriptions of the sufferings of pious men in past ages will be read with unflagging interest. The gloom of these pages is relieved by the loveliness of those that follow on "The New Wedding Ring," though that, too, has its sad pages. "A Sunday-School Sixty Years Ago," describes just what its title indicates. A poem by George Weatherly fills the foot of a page. "The Vicar's Daughter" is a pretty story, and so is "Miss Hillary's Suitors," which is rapidly drawing to a close. "The First Question in the Upper Room," by the Rev. J. Telford; and then we have a timely and readable interview with the Rev. Newman Hall. A pretty story and the "Short Arrows," bring the number to a close.—Cassell & Co., New York.

In the June *Century* Mr. Kennan begins his account of the most important investigations made by him into the Exile System, viz., his visit to the Convict Mines of Kara. Two striking pictures are those of "Convicts at Work in one of the Kara Gold Placers," and "Convicts Returning at Night from the Mines." The frontispiece of this number of the *Century* is a portrait of the famous French artist, Corot. An article by an English writer on "The Bloodhound" is accompanied by wood engravings from sketches by an English artist. Mr. DeKay continues his Irish papers with a curiously illustrated article on "Early Heroes of Ireland." In the life of Lincoln several interesting chapters on important political events are published: "The Pomeroy Circular," "The Cleveland Convention," "The Resignation of Chase." The Old Master written about and illustrated by Stillman and Cole in this number is Spinello Aretino. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial story, "The Last Assembly Ball," is concluded in this number. "The Relations of the United States and Canada," is the subject of a paper by Charles H. Lugin. Short stories are published by George A. Hibbard, entitled "The Woman in the Case," and by James Lane Allen, entitled "King Solomon of Kentucky," illustrated by Kemble. An interesting personal chapter is that by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poet, who describes General Lee in his home "After the War." Altogether the publishers furnish an exceptionally strong number.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, in its June Number, pays a graceful compliment to the men who, in recent years, have borne a large share in sustaining the reputation of its pages for artistic excellence. It publishes an essay by Henry James reviewing the work in black and white of F. D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, George H. Boughton, George du Maurier, and C. S. Reinhart. As if to confirm Mr. James's appreciative criticism, this Number contains a full-page drawing by Mr. Du Maurier, one of Wordsworth's sonnets illustrated by Mr. Parsons, and Præd's quaint poem, "Quince," illustrated with nine drawings by Mr. Abbey. Professor George Howard Darwin, son of the late Charles Darwin, explains "The Mystery and the Charm of Saturn's Rings." Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D., gives a clear, scientific estimate of "The Problems of 'Psychic Research.'" In his second paper upon "Social Life in Russia" the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé follows the summer flight of the Russian seigneurs from St. Petersburg to their great estates in the interior. C. H. Farnham is the author of a richly illustrated paper upon "Montreal," sure to prove very interesting reading to Canadians, and the famous war correspondent, Dr. William Howard Russell, of an account of "An Incident in the Irish Rebellion." Installments of "Jupiter Lights," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and "A Little Journey in the World," by Charles Dudley Warner, together with poems by A. B. Ward, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and an anonymous author complete the list of contributions.

THE *North American Review* for June opens with an article on "Wealth," by Andrew Carnegie, in which he deals sensibly with the administration of wealth "so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship." In the paper the great iron king considers the three modes in which surplus wealth may be disposed of: (1) by legacies to the families of the decedents, (2) by bequests for public purposes, or (3) by public spirited administration during the lives of its possessors. The first of these modes Mr. Carnegie considers injudicious; the second has the drawback involved in a man having to wait until he is dead before his wealth becomes of much good to the world; the third he deems the only true and satisfactory way in which men of wealth may serve their generation and solve the problem between the rich and poor. The article is creditable alike to the head and the heart of the writer. Mr. Wiman discusses in an interesting and carefully-prepared paper that problem of our time, "What is the Destiny of Canada?"—in his opinion a Canadian Republic independent alike of the United States and of Britain. The versatile and charming writer, Andrew Lang, deals with "Unhappy Marriages in Fiction," a paper which readers of the *North American* will, we presume, turn to with avidity and read with delight. The theme, though a delicate one, is made happy in its treatment. "The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy" is a paper by the Rev. M. J. Savage, from the point of view of a Unitarian. "The Religious Value of Enthusiasm,"

is an article commending the methods and work of the Salvation Army. The number is prefaced by an appreciative notice of Mr. A. Thorndike Rice, its late editor, whose death followed soon after his appointment as United States Minister to Russia.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE French Academy has awarded to Marion Crawford a prize of \$200 for his novels, "Zoroastre" and "Le Crucifix de Marzio," translated into French by himself.

FRANK DANBY'S (Miss Davis) new book, "Babe in Bohemia," is boycotted by Mudie's and Smith & Son because of its immorality. The alleged author is the clever Jewess who wrote "Dr. Phillips."

JUST before Mr. Lowell sailed for England he put in Mr. Aldrich's hand a long poem, entitled "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfinches." It will appear in an early number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

ANOTHER new book by John Fiske is announced for early publication by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is entitled "The Beginnings of New England."

Dr. CHARLES C. ABBOTT, whose "Naturalist's Rambles About Home" has been so fully appreciated, has in preparation another book, bearing the title of "Days Out of Doors," which will be published early in the summer by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

DR. TITUS M. COAN, in a few sensible words "On Taking Pains in Writing," in the *May Writer*, advises beginners in the paths of authorship to write poetry! But before his readers have time to exclaim at this singular suggestion, he adds, "Do not ask any one to read or to publish the verse you write."

It is proposed to erect a monument to the late E. P. Roe, by placing a natural boulder at some suitable spot near his home at Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., and the *Christian Union* invites subscriptions. A few hundred dollars will cover the cost.

THE *New York Sun* says:—The largest circulation on record is that attained by the volume "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." Twenty million copies have been sold in the eighteen years of its existence.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the Canadian historian, who has been ranked in style by Goldwin Smith with Tacitus, has been in wretched health for some time past. He is now residing at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. Mr. Parkman has won reputation by his books—but nothing else.

MR. KINGLAKE, the historian of the Crimean War, is seriously ill. He recently underwent an important surgical operation.

MESSRS. WHITE AND ALLEN announce that by arrangement with Blackwood and Son, they will publish simultaneously with their appearance on the other side, the new series of "Tales from Blackwood."

SIR HARRY PARKES, Premier of New South Wales, is writing his reminiscences of half a century of public life.

LORD BRASSEY has placed the yacht *Sunbeam* at the disposal of Lord Tennyson, and the Laureate will cruise in it this summer.

THE printing of Dr. Ginsburg's Hebrew text of the Old Testament, according to the Septuagint, has begun.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have in press an English edition, prepared under the author's sanction by Mr. William Smart, of Professor Böhm-Bauerk's treatise on "Capital and Interest."

A NEW story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, with the curiosity-piquing title of "The Wrong Box," will be published by the Scribners in a fortnight, and is likely to create a great deal of interest. The tale is said to be entirely outside the lines along which Mr. Stevenson's genius for story telling has manifested itself, and will illustrate afresh his extraordinary versatility in the field of letters. The story has a most amusing and exciting plot, dealing mainly with the astonishing and funny adventures of a young man in his attempts to secure the fruits of a Tontine life insurance policy.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, author of "The Light of Asia," and other Oriental poems, has received the decoration of a commander of the "Imperial Order of the Lion and the Sun" from the Shah of Persia. Sir Edwin is a small man, with eyes that gleam brightly behind his glasses, and a somewhat prominent nose. His full beard is not very thick, and he wears a skull cap at all times when not in the street, which leads one to believe that the hair on his head is not very thick either.

THE late Allen Thorndike Rice was as handsome as one would expect a man to be who had had such a romantic career as his—a romance beginning at the cradle and ending at the grave. His eyes were large and dark, and his complexion was a rich olive. A pointed beard and flowing moustaches added to the picturesqueness of his face.

LORD LONSDALE, who has just returned from a sledge journey to the far North, sailed from New York on the 22nd of May for England, where he will devote his time for the present to writing a book descriptive of his journey, which occupied eighteen months. Lady Lonsdale came on from England to meet him and accompany him home. His Lordship brought seven Esquimaux dogs and sledge down with him. Just before he and his party sailed for home he received a letter from the proprietor of a New York

dime museum, asking him to name his price for the rent of his dogs, sledge, and native Esquimaux for exhibition purposes. It is needless to say that no price was named, and the dogs went to England with their master.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S great speech before the special Commission will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. as an octavo volume. If the publishers would only add an unvarnished tale of the Irish outrages as told in the testimony before the Commission, there would be a volume that would present two views of a subject as far apart as the poles. The advantage that the testimony would have over the speech would be that it was given under oath, while the speech is only the paid rhetoric of an advocate.

THE Riverside Library for Young People, so auspiciously begun with Mr. Fiske's "War of Independence," and Mr. Scudder's "George Washington," will shortly have two more volumes,— "Birds Through an Opera Glass," by Florence A. Merriam; and "Up and Down the Brooks," by Mary A. Bamford. There is some pleasant natural history in them, very attractively written and illustrated.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE JUCH-PEROTTI CONCERTS.

THESE concerts were hardly as well attended as their excellence merited, and although the audience the first evening was a very fair one those of the two succeeding concerts were very small. The programmes were excellent, and were as excellently carried out. First of all, there was a splendid orchestra, with whose efficiency and playing very little fault could be found. The conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, is well known in the eastern and middle States as a festival conductor, but had never appeared in this capacity in Toronto. He is a painstaking director, and certainly made a success of the orchestra under his care. The overtures played during the concerts were the "Tannhäuser," "Flying Dutchman" and "Lohengrin," besides which the "Jupiter" symphony and the "Ride of the Valkyries" were played. The playing was more than excellent, the intonation was perfect, all attacks were well made, and the balance of tone left nothing to be desired. Miss Emma Juch was in fine voice and sang only too seldom. The brilliant cavatina from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" at the first concert, and "Elsa's Vision" from "Lohengrin," were her contributions, with of course her part in the second act of "Faust." Miss Juch sang, as she always does, most delightfully; her beautiful appearance lending additional charm to her beautiful singing. As an encore she sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" with tender pathos. Her singing of the part of "Marguerite" in the "Faust" selection was similarly pleasing. Sig. Perotti had been so widely heralded as the great exponent of the "high C" that everyone was naturally quite anxious to hear him perform this feat, of which tenors are so proud. He certainly has a most remarkable power on this note, and his lower notes are of good volume as well. He is a splendid actor, and his "Faust" has never been excelled in Toronto. His singing, independent of the *tour de force*, is excellent and ranks him as a great artist. Mme. Herbert-Foerster is the next artiste to claim recognition, and her singing was of the vigorous style that the Wagnerian singers affect. She has a fine large voice, somewhat impaired by the demands made upon it by the heavy *rôles* she has been singing, but all who heard her must have felt that large and broad renditions were a congenial field for her. Her singing of the part of "Senta" in the "Flying Dutchman" duet was admirable. Miss Von Doenhoff has a fine contralto voice, and sings with taste and expression, though she gives one the idea that she might do better if she made greater efforts. The other singers, Mr. Ricketson, Sig. Bologna and Sig. Campanari, were sufficiently good to meet the necessities of these programmes, the latter gentleman being decidedly better than his comrades. Miss Ausder Ohe appeared to much better advantage in her Liszt concerto than she did at the Vocal Society Concert in which she took part last year, and showed herself a perfect artiste.

TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA.

THIS local organization has merits which would be more speedily recognized if it came from a distance than if it had been organized in our midst, and all Torontonians must feel proud that such a band is in our midst. The orchestra, under Mr. Torrington's careful direction, played extremely well, and gave great promise of future excellence, the key to which must, of course, be the constant playing together under so capable a director. The orchestral numbers on the programme on Tuesday evening were rendered with great fidelity to expression and observance of detail, and were a source of pleasure to the large audience. Miss Maud Burdette sang in a manner to make Canadians proud of her efforts. She sang "Ah! S'estinto," by Mercadante, and Wallace's beautiful song, "The Winds that Waft my Sighs to Thee," both with orchestral accompaniment, and unquestionably the success of the evening. Mr. Dent sang most acceptably, his selections being the "Cujus Animam" and "Best of All." Instrumental solos were well rendered by Messrs. Corell, Clark, Smith, and De Lima.

NEXT week brings us the great Gilmore concert, with anvils and cannon. The more subliminary attractions will be the fine array of soloists and the fine chorus of the Philharmonic Society, which will take part in each concert.

THE Gilmore concerts next Thursday and Friday should not be forgotten. A large sale of seats has already taken place; and in the splendid rink building there will be plenty of room for all who wish to attend, with the certainty of good seats for all. The concerts are attractively varied, and will introduce the excellent soloists, the fine band, the Philharmonic Chorus, and the unique attractions of anvils and cannon; and last, but not least, the great Gilmore himself.

AT Ottawa, two weeks ago, the Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Dingley Brown, performed Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron" and Gade's "Erl King's Daughter," with Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, Miss Aumond, Mr. Venables, and Mr. Schuch, as soloists.

WILSON BARRETT has arranged to ship 180 tons of scenery to this country for the use of his company here next season. The contract is with the Cunard Line, and the first instalment of ninety tons leaves Liverpool, Sept. 12, by the *Catalonia* for Boston. The remainder will come in consignments of forty-five tons by the *Scythia* and *Cephalonia*, sailing Sept. 19 and 26. The lot comprises complete scenery and properties for "Claudian," "Hamlet," "Ben Machree" and "Good Old Times."

THE *New York World* says: Tall actresses, like Mrs. Langtry, Kathryn Kidder and Ellen Terry, never hang their arms on the stage. The fair Ellen affects a sleeve puffed at the elbow or shoulder, and has a trick, peculiarly her own, of sweeping curves and taking to her bosom whole armfuls of air. Miss Kidder, the Chicago golden rod, leans to the Greek, and finds comforting shelter in the wing-like sleeves of diaphanous stuff that blow and fold about her snowy arms. She cannot be induced to hug anybody in her parts, for the reason that did she use her forearms in the operation her elbows would actually lap about the neck of the devoted one. Like Rob Roy, the lovely Lily can tie bow-knots in her garters without stooping over. In "Lady Clancarty" and "Lady of Lyons," where she dresses in Recamier gowns, a silk shoulder scarf is invariably worn, which she skilfully knots about her elbows, thus breaking the long lines that a vertical position of an arm would make.

FROM present indications there is reason to believe that that the next dramatic season will bring forth a great crop of juvenile actors and actresses. The success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has started the ball rolling, and youthful prodigies are bobbing up serenely in every city in the Union, and plays with children's parts are cropping up in all directions. Child actors to-day are more numerous than ever before. The public evidently like to see youngsters on the stage, especially if they are natural in their acting. The charm seems to pass away as they mature, and, strange to say, youthful prodigies rarely make good the promise of their earlier days.

JOSEPH MURPHY, the Irish comedian, has long been noted for his great drawing powers. His season just closed was some ten weeks shorter and \$3,000 more profitable than any that preceded it. Drawing often leads to painting, and it certainly has in Mr. Murphy's case, who has lately developed remarkable ability as a landscape painter.

A TOUR of complimentary concerts to Theodore Thomas is being arranged, which will occupy some twelve weeks, to take in all the large cities. B NATURAL.

NOTES

MADAME FURSCH-MADI made her *rentrée* at the Covent Garden Italian opera last night as "Ortrud," in "Lohengrin," and scored a great success.

MR. HENRY E. ABBEY has engaged Mdle. Clementine De Vere, who sings in Toronto with Gilmore's Band, for an operatic season, commencing Dec. 5.

NONE of the previous productions at the Casino have secured so firm a hold on popular favour in so short a time as "The Brigands." There is every reason to believe it will run as long as some of the "record breakers." The opera is full of pretty pictures, and eye and ear are both pleased with music, light and colour. The matinees are liberally patronized by children's birthday parties.

BARRETT and Booth have bed chambers on the top floor of the Players' Club House, on Gramercy Square, New York, and these were open on ladies' day for the inspection of the fair guests, who appeared to be greatly interested. Booth's apartment occupies the front of the house, and looks like the usual bachelor quarters, with that mixture of luxury and comfortlessness so common in the apartments of a man. It is a large, airy apartment, overlooking Gramercy Square, prettily papered with quaint little legends on the frieze taken from the older dramatists and Shakespeare. Some of the furniture is very handsome, and has rather the air of theatrical properties—including the beautiful old Hamlet chair, the sword which he wears as the Danish prince standing in the corner by the chimney piece. There are no frills or daintiness anywhere, only a bookcase in the corner excited the attention and curiosity of the women because of the bit of drapery evidently thrown there in haste to conceal the contents behind the glass door. Most of them found the chance in passing to twitch this drapery aside and get a glimpse of the interior, which revealed that there had been a sudden housecleaning before they came, and a confused mass of old pipes, tobacco jars, boots, and odds and ends of every description had been tumbled in there to be hidden from view.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

HOW CRIME HAS INCREASED IN IRELAND UNDER THE NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.

THE Land League, with Mr. Parnell, M.P., as President, and Mr. Egan, as Treasurer, was founded in August, 1879, though the agitation against rent had continued from the commencement of the year.

"What is known in Ireland to-day as the National League, is to all intents and purposes precisely the same organization as the Land League, which in 1881 was proclaimed as being a dangerous association."—Mr. Michael Davitt, at Queenstown. *Times*, 27th September, 1887.

Official Returns of Agrarian Crimes and of Persons "Boycotted."

In the year 1879, the agrarian crimes were . . .	870
In the year 1880, they rose to	2,585
In the year 1881, they rose to	4,439
From January to June, 1882, they rose to . .	2,597
On the 12th July, 1882, the Crimes Prevention Act was passed, when agrarian crime fell from July to December, 1882, to . . .	836
In the year 1883, the agrarian crimes were . .	834
In the year 1884, the agrarian crimes were . .	744
From January to June, 1885, the agrarian crimes were	373
Number of persons wholly and partially "boycotted" from April to June, 1885,	299
On the 12th July, 1885, the Crimes Prevention Act expired, and during the following six months agrarian crimes nearly doubled and "boycotting" nearly trebled.	
From July to December, 1885, agrarian crimes rose to	543
Number of persons wholly and partially "boycotted" rose to	891
In the year 1886, the agrarian crimes were . .	1,025
On the 31st August, 1887, the number of persons wholly and partially "boycotted" rose to	4,556
From January to June, 1887, the agrarian crimes were	470
Crimes Act passed, July, 1887.	
From July to December, 1887, the agrarian crimes were	399
On the 31st December, 1887, the number of persons wholly and partially "boycotted" fell to	2,469
In the year 1888, the agrarian crimes were . .	635
On the 31st December, 1888, the number of persons wholly and partially "boycotted" stood at	712
Total number of agrarian crimes, which include murder, manslaughter, firing at the person, conspiracy to murder, assaults on police, bailiffs, and process-servers, cutting or maiming the person, killing, cutting or maiming cattle, firing into dwellings, etc., etc., to the date given, exclusive of "boycotting"	16,350

—Notes from Ireland.

HOW MR. BRIGHT PREPARED HIS SPEECHES.

WHEN Mr. Bright had to make a great speech he brooded over it day after day. But he did not care to do all his preparation at his desk or in solitude. As arguments and illustration occurred to him he liked to try their effect by talking them over with his friends; and when he was at home, if nobody else was within reach, he talked them over with his gardener. The speech took shape in conversation. Then he made the "notes" which he intended to use when the speech was delivered. He gave an account of these "notes" in a letter in which he said, "As to modes of preparation for speaking, it seems to me that every man would readily discover what suits him best. To write speeches and commit them to memory is, as you term it, a double slavery which I could not bear. To speak without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness and cannot be recommended. When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written. This is very nearly all I can say on this question. The advantage of this plan is, that while it leaves a certain and sufficient freedom to the speaker, it keeps him within the main lines of the original plan upon which the speech was framed, and what he says, therefore, is more likely to be compact, and not wandering and diffuse." It was his habit, when he spoke on the platform, to place his notes on the brim of his hat, which stood on the table before him; they were written on half sheets of note-paper. Extracts of more than three or four lines in length which he intended to quote in support of his statements, were usually written on similar half-sheets, separately numbered, and were carefully placed on the table by the side of the hat. His annual speeches to his constituents rarely extended over less than an hour; and they as rarely exceeded an hour and five minutes. But the sheets of notes

varied greatly in number; sometimes he had only four or five; sometimes he had eight or nine; and I think occasionally still more.—*Contemporary Review*.

STEWART, NOT STUART.

THE etymology of this word, which is derived, as everybody knows, from the hereditary office of Great Steward of Scotland, held by Walter Stewart (who by his marriage with Princess Marjory, daughter and heiress of King Robert Bruce, founded the royal line) and, it is said, by the seven generations of his family immediately preceding him; the example of Barbour, Pardon and others of the Scottish chroniclers; the universal custom of the royal house and their subjects for upward of two hundred years after the foundation of the dynasty, all favour "Stewart" as the correct form of the name. It was not until Mary's residence in Paris, as bride-elect, and afterwards as Queen of Francis II., that the French, after their national wont, gallicized the word to suit their own alphabet and accent, in much the same fashion as that in which nearly three centuries later they transformed the patronymic of Napoleon from Buonaparte (the proper Italian form) to Bonaparte, or as the names of our towns appear in such altered guise as "Edinbourg" and "Cantorbéry." Orthographical errors of this kind are intelligible, if not defensible, on the part of the foreigner; but it is certainly strange to find the native endorsing them, and, as in this case, practically banishing the original form of spelling from the language in favour of a corruption of alien source.—*All the Year Round*.

A FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

THE Russians generally marry quite young in the upper classes, and amongst country people even at an earlier age; and to the honour of this society be it said, love marriages are the rule, and marriages for money are very rare exceptions. Dowry-hunting and marriages of interest have not yet made their appearance in Russian manners. Girls of high social position readily marry young officers of the Guard, who furnish the largest contingent of dancers to the balls of Petersburg. During the carnival fêtes the two armies, the army in petticoats and the army that wears epaulets, learn to know each other thoroughly. Friendship springs up, the young man pays court, and one day, without having consulted anybody, two fiancés come to ask of the parents a blessing, which is never refused.

The Church does not marry during Lent, so they have to wait until Easter week. Fashion demands for the celebration of the ceremony the chapel of some private house, if the couple have not sufficient lofty relations to secure the chapel of the palace. A family that respects itself ought to have at its wedding as honorary father and mother, if not the Emperor and the Empress, at least a Grand-Duke and a Grand-Duchess. The honorary father gives the holy image, which some little child related to the families carries in the front of the fiancés. They enter the church followed by all their friends in gala uniform. The ceremony begins; it is very long, and complicated with many symbolic rights; a small table—a sort of moveable altar—is placed in the middle of the oratory; the couple are separated from it by a band of rose-coloured satin; when the priest calls, they must advance, and the first who sets foot on the band, whether husband or wife, will be the one who will impose his or her will in the household. This is an article of faith for all the matrons, who watch them at the moment.

On the table is placed the liturgical formulary, the candles which they must hold, the cross which they will kiss, the rings which they will exchange, the cup of wine in which they will moisten their lips, and which is called in the Slavonic ritual "the cup of bitterness." Pages relieve each other to carry with outstretched arms two heavy crowns, which must be held above the heads of the fiancés while the ceremony continues. At the decisive moment, when the priest is pronouncing the words that bind them together, the couple walk three times around the altar, followed by the crown-bearers; until the third turn is completed there is time to turn back; after that the die is cast, the couple are united for life. Thereupon the singers strike up in their most strident voices the joyous hymn, "Let Isaiah rejoice." The bride and groom then go and prostrate themselves before the Virgin of the Iconostase, and kiss her filigree robe, after which they pass into the neighbouring salon, where they gayly clink glasses of champagne, while the invited guests receive boxes of sweetmeats marked with the monogram of the young couple.—*The Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, in Harper's Magazine for June*.

THE BLOODHOUND.

FROM an illustrated article in the *June Century* we quote the following: "Some few years ago the idea of the use of bloodhounds for detective purposes was mooted in the daily papers, and the howl of horror at the barbarity of such a proceeding that it raised from the uninformed was most amusing to those who know the tractability of the bloodhound. He was associated with the tales of slave-hunting in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'Dred,' and was supposed to be a ferocious monster, endowed with witch-like attributes, and capable of pursuing his victim successfully under any conditions until caught, when he would certainly tear him limb from limb.

"The horrible murders committed in the East End of

London last year and the complete failure of the police to trace the perpetrator of these outrages were the means of calling attention once more to the qualifications of this old-time detective. The daily papers were filled with letters advocating his use; but, from the thoroughly impracticable nature of many of these epistles, I fear that the change in public opinion was due more to a strong desire for vengeance on an exceptionally loathsome miscreant than to increased knowledge of the disposition of the bloodhound. At one time the police received about 1200 letters daily containing various suggestions, and of these some 400 proposed the use of bloodhounds. Some of the newspaper correspondents seemed to believe that the police had only to take a bloodhound of any kind to the place where a murder had been committed weeks or months before, and the animal would at once scent out the trail of the murderer in preference to thousands of others and infallibly run the man down.

"In the beginning of October I was consulted by Sir Charles Warren, then the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, as to the feasibility of employing bloodhounds to track the Whitechapel murderer, and after some correspondence I took two hounds up to London to experiment with. We ran them repeatedly in the parks for the information of police authorities and various representatives of the press, and sufficiently demonstrated the facts that the hounds will run a man who is a complete stranger to them, that when they have come up to their man they will not molest him in any way, and that although the line may be crossed by others they will not change. While in London I never ran them without the line of the hunted man being crossed (often by quite a number of people), but the hounds never once changed. They could carry the line across and for a short way along the gravel paths in the parks, but the experiments made on the London stones could not be considered as satisfactory as we should have wished. Hunting the clean boot on a London pavement is, I believe, the most severe test that any hound can be put to, and will, of course, require special and careful training."

CATCHING A BIG BASS.

"BY George! I've got him," exclaims our friend in the chair, and as we hastily look up, he is seen apparently fighting to keep his rod erect, whilst something at the other end is convulsively dragging it downward, with such jerks as threaten to part the line or break the rod. The reel is whizzing in a threatening way, and our friend has a hard time to keep his thumb on the barrel of the reel, and at the same time avoid having his knuckles rapped and torn by the rapidly revolving handle. His left, as yet, grasps the rod above the reel and forces the socket into his groin.

"Bring out that belt, Tom," he yells, and Tom comes jumping down the rocks, in one hand his gaff-hook and in the other a leather belt with a short round pocket sewed on its centre. This Tom hastily buckles about the waist of the fisherman, when, carefully shifting the pole, he places the butt in this pocket and is thus protected from possible injury, which the great leverage of the fish's pulling on the top of the rod can easily produce. The fish, in the meantime, has succeeded in getting away, say three or four hundred feet now, and shows some hesitation. Our friend has carefully kept a pressure on the reel, whilst indulging his majesty in imaginary freedom of running—but which he begins to realize as "uncanny,"—and as our eyes follow the slender thread of the line in its distant entry into the water, it is seen to rise, and presently with a whirl of his tail, the fish shows himself; looking then to our unskilled eyes a very monster, and as he again disappears we unhesitatingly pronounce him full six feet long.

"Oh, no," says our friend in reply to our exclamation, "he is not over a thirty pounder, but he is a good one—see him fight!" and the victim tugs and tugs, with a desperation born of a foresight of his calamity; but in vain, and in another ten minutes he loses heart, and sheers in toward the shore, when our friend is put to all his skill to check and reel him in before he reaches a huge rock inshore for which he heads—just in time! The next wave moves him bodily this side of that rock and the road is clear to warping him in.—*From "Striped Bass Fishing," by A. Foster Higgins, in June Scribner's*.

REFLECTIONS.

STILTS are no better in conversation than in a footrace. Folly must hold its tongue while wearing the wig of wisdom.

It is the foolish aim of the atheist to scan infinitude with a microscope.

When poverty comes in at the cottage door, true love goes at it with an axe.

A vein of humour should be made visible without the help of a reduction mill.

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

The office should seek the man, but it should inspect him thoroughly before taking him.

Humility is most serviceable as an undergarment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

The Good Samaritan helps the unfortunate wayfarer without asking how he intends to vote.

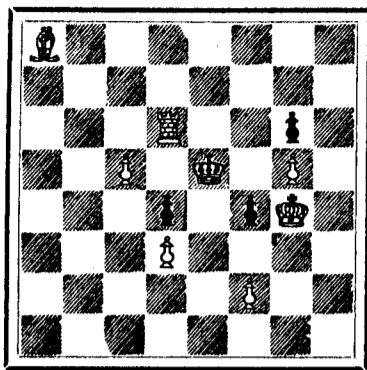
J. A. Macon, in *Century Bric-a-Brac*.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 363.

By H. E. H. EDDIS, Orillia.

BLACK.



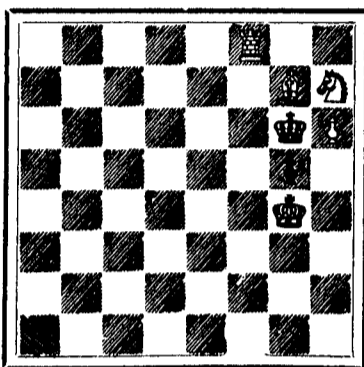
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

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BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 357. K-Kt 5

No. 358.

- White. 1. R-Q R 7 2. R-Q 6 3. R or Kt mates. If 1. P-Q 3 2. R-Q R 3 3. Kt mates. Black. Kt x R moves

NOTE.—In Problem 361 there should be a white King on white King's Bishop's fifth, instead of a Knight.

GAME PLAYED AT HAMILTON ON THE 19TH APRIL, 1889.

Between Dr. J. Ryhall, H. C. C., and Wm. Boulton, T. C. C.

TWO KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

Table showing chess moves for Dr. Ryhall and Wm. Boulton in a Two Knights Defence game.

NOTES.

- (a) A favourite move of Dr. Ryhall, but we do not like it. (b) Bad. (c) P-K R 5 would win a piece.

CHARLES LAMB was possibly not far wrong, says The Horological Journal, when he conjectured that Adam had a sun-dial in Paradise. Dials are probably older even than alchemy. The Babylonians had them; though the Egyptians, that wondrous people who knew most of the things the moderns have rediscovered, seem not to have used them. The Babylonians gave them to the Greeks; the Greeks to the Romans, and the Emperor Trajan is credited with an epigram on the art of dialing. Naturally dials are most frequent in lands where the sun shines, as a matter of course, and not as a rare complacence. French and Italian gardens are full of them. To the walls of sunny chateaux they are fixed in hundreds. In the old days, when there was time for sentiment, and room for it, sun-dials were favourite gifts from great personages to one another, from people to princes, and from princes to people. Cosmo de Medici, whose fitful humours so angered Benvenuto Cellini, gave one to the Florentine students of astronomy; and on the wall of Sta. Maria Novella it still marks the time of day. But even in our own cold land of fibre and complexion there are dials not a few. In Mrs. Gatty's book some eight hundred inscriptions are set down; and, as some favourite legends are common to many dials, the recorded number is probably close upon a thousand.

FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.

FATHER DAMIEN'S little house almost joins the church; he lives upstairs, and his comrade, Father Conradi, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms as a precaution against contagion. Two laymen, Brother Joseph and Brother James assist them in nursing, teaching, visiting, and other ways, and they are often in communication with Kalaupapa, where live and work Father Wondolen and three Franciscan sisters. The church at Kalaupapa was built partly by Father Damien's own hands. He is good at carpentering and building, and apparently able and ready to work at anything as long as it is work. He is especially scrupulous and business-like about accounts and money matters.

After living at Molokai for about ten years, Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. The doctors assured him that this was not the case; but anaesthesia began in his foot and other fatal signs appeared. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination.

"I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you say is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Joseph, "for I have long felt sure of it."

And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness.

He said to me "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

A lady wrote to him, "You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter."

"Tell her," he said, with a quiet smile, "that it is true I do have that joy now."

As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village with its three churches and its white cottages lay at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist.—Nineteenth Century.

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THE STORY OF A WILL.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

To the Editor of the Mail: Having seen a letter in your paper from Mr. John Cooper, of this town, reminded me of an incident which occurred about three years ago. A friend of mine, Mr. A. Seymour, was staying at Vermillion Bay, on the C.P.R., west of here. A legacy was left to him by an uncle in London, England. Mr. Seymour was in such bad health at the time that he thought he would not be alive when the legacy would reach here. He therefore wrote to me asking me to have his will prepared and sent to him for signature, etc., appointing me as the legatee in trust. The will was prepared by John M. Munn, Esq., barrister, of this town, and was sent to Mr. Seymour. It was returned to me duly executed, and is still in my possession.

In the same letter was a request to send him half a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and some pills. I sent them. I received a letter some time after, asking me to send some more, as he was feeling much better. I did so, and the next I knew, Mr. Seymour himself came to town and told me (and looked it) that he was a well man. He got his money through the Ontario Bank here, and is now in British Columbia, and was in good health when I last heard from him.

I may say that I know both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper well, and the facts in Mrs. Cooper's case are as stated in Mr. Cooper's letter.

You can publish this or not, as you think fit, as it is nothing to me either way.

Yours, etc., W. C. DOBIE, J.P.

Port Arthur, Ont., May 23.

[The foregoing letter is bona fide, and not an advertisement.—EDITOR MAIL.]

THINGS one would rather have left unsaid:—Miss Bugge: "Oh, but mine is such a horrid name!" Young Brown: "Ah—a—um—I'm afraid it's too late to alter it now!"—Punch.

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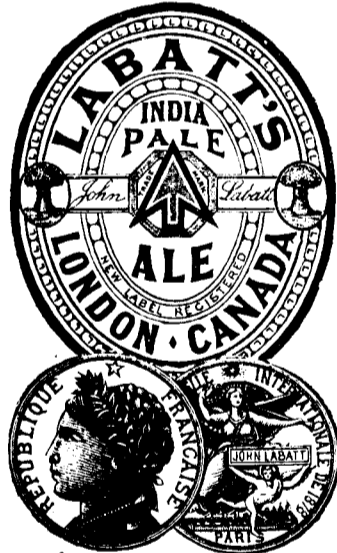
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