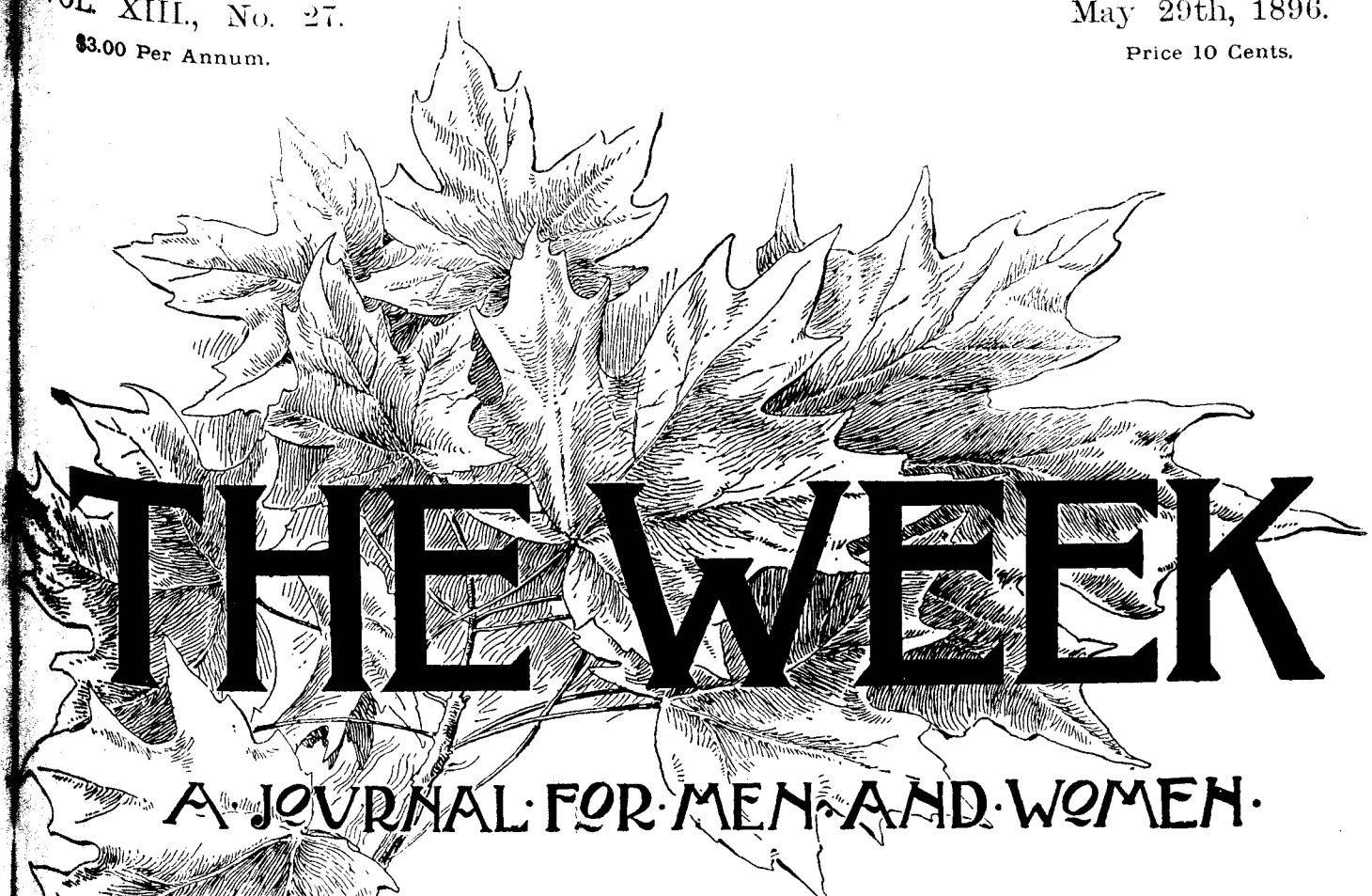


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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, May 29th, 1896.

No. 27

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## Current Topics.

### The Political Situation.

Politics remain unchanged. In Ontario the "No Coercion" cry, which is our old friend "No Popery" in another guise, is still being shouted. Toronto is a good stout Orange centre and the stalwarts are making it very uncomfortable for their candidates. Messrs. Cockburn, Osler, Clarke and Robertson are all pledged to oppose Separate schools in Manitoba. The Hamilton candidates are not so pronounced. The Liberals are curiously silent. They dare not, in strong Protestant constituencies, advocate Separate schools, and their leader and *confères* in Quebec dare not oppose them. Throughout the rural districts of Ontario the people are doggedly opposed to Separate schools, but they are not like the city shouters. There will probably be returned however an Ontario contingent of Government supporters pledged to oppose the granting of Separate schools. The curious point of the situation appears to be that in Manitoba itself the people take it much more quietly than in Ontario. When the elections are over and Conservatives are returned from Manitoba as well as the other Provinces, the people in Ontario, who have been so distressed by the come-over-into-Macedonia-and-help-us-cry, will be surprised to see how unnecessarily their feelings have been wrought up all about nothing. Mr. Laurier has had the good sense and patriotism to see this truth, and all he has found fault with is the mode the Government has adopted to remedy a grievance he himself does not deny. He only goes as far as saying that it should be demonstrated more plainly that there is a grievance and then it can be dealt with. Some of Mr. McCarthy's followers, like Colonel O'Brien, are personally so honest and sincere that we can attribute their attitude only to inherited North of Ireland tendencies which prevent the exercise of their usual fair-mindedness. Their leader seems inclined to play the part of a demagogue, a descent we are sorry to witness.

### Mr. McCarthy and the Privy Council.

Mr. McCarthy, in his desperate attempt to set his fellow-countrymen fighting with one another, is apparently ready to go very far. He is in the unfortunate position of being counsel in the case on which he is now stirring up as much bad blood as he can. Not being satisfied with the decision of the Privy Council, he wants that Court wiped out as far as Canada is concerned. That any counsel with Mr. McCarthy's

practice and experience should make such a demand is surprising, and is so surprising that it must be considered as clap-trap. Nobody knows better than Mr. McCarthy the utter failure of the Supreme Court of Canada to command respect. It has been an unmitigated failure. Its composition is radically wrong. Quebec Judges have to decide questions of English law of which they are entirely ignorant. English-speaking judges have to deal with points of civil law of which they know nothing. There never has been any discipline in the conduct of the Court that counsel could observe. Finally, the requirement that the Judges of that Court must live in Ottawa or within five miles of it is a fatal obstacle to getting the best men to go there. What really eminent man, who has his associations, his interests, his life-long friends and acquaintances, say, in Halifax, or Montreal, or Toronto, or Winnipeg, will abandon them all and go to Ottawa to live? It means rooting up every interest a man has. Without any disrespect to Ottawa it is too much to ask. If, then, the Supreme Court of Canada is unsatisfactory, is it not a satisfaction to have a tribunal to appeal to whose decisions *pace* Mr. McCarthy are recognized as satisfactory the world over.

### Late Disasters

America is nature on a large scale. If there is a lake, it is an ocean—a range of mountains extends for thousands of miles—it is possible to travel in deserts or in prairies which would alone be the size of small continents. The rivers are as wide as the seas of other continents. Everything is immense. Over these enormous regions nature has a sway which she has not in regions more confined. The western cyclone is something beyond belief. A swathe of destruction three hundred and fifty miles long and forty miles wide has just been cut. Everything in the course of this tornado has disappeared. Human life has been sacrificed and the efforts of human labour have perished in the twinkling of an eye. Canada has been free from these terrific onslaughts of the power of the storm. But, sad to say, in British Columbia, the uncertainty of human happiness and the dangers of human existence have been fearfully exemplified. Some years ago the wreck of the steamer on the river Thames near our Canadian London carried grief to many a heart. This year the fatal accident at Victoria, which has hurried many a happy holiday seeker to an untimely grave, must equally be deplored. These disasters bring up a dreadful total of loss of life. But that actual loss of life is only one element in the tragedy. Those who are left behind to grieve in many cases are in more lamentable condition than those who are gone. These are the things must give us pause and even the most heartless and the most unreflecting must feel that their turn may be next. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die," and "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," go side by side.

### The Races.

The efforts of the Ontario Jockey Club to promote honest racing have had a satisfactory result. The horse is not an extinct quadruped yet in spite of the bicycle. Electricity may super-

sede him eventually just as flying may supersede walking and bicycling. But while we have the horse with us let us take good care of him and make good use of him. It is difficult to believe in hard times when a man throws care to the winds and mixes among crowds of people all well dressed, all apparently quite willing and able to drop a dollar or two in every pool offered, and anxious to bet on the favourite or the field or to give or take odds. The weather has been on the whole propitious for the Jockey Club and the attendance has been satisfactory. The world will have its amusements. It is far better for those amusements to be in the hands of the respectable classes where there is a reasonable guarantee of fair play. The Jockey Club has among its supporters some of the most eminent of the professional and commercial men of the Province. It deserves public recognition of its efforts to secure honest sport and the more firmly it enforces reasonable rules and penalties requisite to keep the black-leg and the tough off the course the better it will deserve of society. "Because thou art virtuous, dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?" In reason, this question may be fairly asked of those men who demand that the world shall think of nothing but its latter end—whatever that may be. Racing, properly conducted, is a legitimate amusement and has a practical value to the country in the encouragement of the breeding of horses just as much as a prize for fat pigs or big bulls at a County Fair induces Hodge to do his best to win the prize by tons of fat or mountains of flesh.

The Hudson  
Bay Railway.

The territory between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains may, before long, make itself felt commercially and politically. The advocates of the Hudson Bay Railway, among whom we must now class Sir Charles Tupper, cannot too soon inform the Canadian people of the facts on which they base their claim to public support. If the scheme is feasible, if the road can be made to pay during four or five months of the year enough to provide for the idleness of the rest of the seven or eight months, if there is any local traffic to be carried now or in the immediate or even reasonably near future, all these "ifs" being removed, the subject would be open for consideration. The project has not hitherto been confined to parties in whom the public has unlimited confidence. If the Government takes it up we may expect enlightenment. The railway, if built, might expect to secure a trans-continental or through traffic similar to that of the C.P.R. Where its local traffic is to come from is very difficult to see. The proper route of the road is another difficult problem. Should it run south to Winnipeg or south-west via Calgary? The shores of Hudson Bay are shallow and there is apparently only one possible terminus for the road, namely, the mouth of the Nelson River. We invite our Western correspondents to furnish us with information on the questions we have raised above, as it is evident that in the near future accurate information will be eagerly sought after.

The Czar's  
Coronation.

The new Czar Nicholas and the Czarina are now crowned. They have succeeded to a mighty Empire, great responsibilities, great chances of doing both harm and good, and also, which concerns them individually, great personal danger. The concessions made by the Czar's proclamation do not seem to us of a nature to conciliate Nihilism in the least. Between it and Czardom there is a great gulf fixed which cannot be bridged but which will be filled by the ruins of the present system before it can be crossed. Russia has been staying

its march until these coronation ceremonies were completed. We may now look for an advance all along the line. There is cause enough in Turkey for Russian interference every day of the year, and the struggles in Crete may be the prelude to another Russian invasion. Despite the fact that England is a Mohammedan power interested in keeping the Sultan at Constantinople, it is impossible not to feel for the Cretans and other European nationalities kept down by the Turk. The fact is, he is an anachronism, and Russian intervention to turn him out of Europe ought to have English support and not English opposition. As an ally, the Turk is valueless, and it is an opprobrium to Christianity that these unbelievers should not have been driven out centuries ago. In the Eastern Seas, Russia is always moving, and in the break-up of the Chinese Empire she looks to gain territory which will assist her to dominate the whole of Asia. If internal reform could accompany foreign conquest, Russia's power would be quite overwhelming. The Nihilists are never so dangerous as when they are quiet, and the unfortunate young Czar may meet his fate any hour. We know of no human being who can realize the situation of Damocles more than Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias and autocrat of half of Europe and Asia.

\* \* \*

### Imperial Customs Union.\*

I.—MR. J. G. COLMER'S ESSAY.

MR. COLMER'S scheme on the Commercial Federation of the Empire may be divided into four parts:—

1. The granting of preferential treatment to Colonial and Indian products in the United Kingdom.
2. Preferential treatment of British products in the Colonies and India.
3. The additional revenue so derived to form a fund, if the Mother Country and the Colonies and India agree, with a view to improve and supplement the defences of the Empire outside the United Kingdom.
4. The formation of a Colonial Council to give the Colonies a greater voice in Imperial affairs, and to provide for the administration of the fund.

It is suggested that in the United Kingdom specific duties amounting to about three per cent *ad valorem* should be placed on certain enumerated articles, eighteen in number when imported from foreign countries—similar imports from the Colonies and India to remain duty free, as at present, and to reduce by one-half the existing duties on cocoa, coffee, and tea when imported from the colonies.

It is estimated that the above changes in the British tariff would realize an increase of about £700,000.

In exchange for this the Colonies and India are to give preferential advantages to British goods; but inasmuch as the fiscal systems in the Colonies and India are so varied, and the nature of their trade exchanges so different, Mr. Colmer is unable to make any definite proposal for giving preferential treatment of a uniform character to British imports in those markets in return for the concessions suggested on the part of the United Kingdom. The conclusion seems to him to be inevitable, that the only way out of the difficulty will be for the Colonies to take their local revenues as the basis on which to formulate a preferential arrangement.

\* In accordance with our promise in last issue we furnish our readers with a synopsis and criticism of the proposals made in the two prize essays sent in to the *Statist*. The judges, dividing the prize evidently went on the principle laid down by Sir Roger de Coverley, that there was much to be said on both sides.

He therefore proposes that the Colonies, after deducting from their revenues the amounts realized by railway and land revenues, and the amounts required for their militia or defence, contribute two per cent. of their remaining revenue to the Imperial Defence Fund.

It is estimated that by this means the Colonies and India would raise another £700,000, applicable to Imperial Defence.

Finally Mr. Colmer proposes the creation of a Colonial Council, consisting of the Secretaries of State for the Colonies, Foreign Affairs, India, and War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the High Commissioner for Canada, and the Agents-General of the other self-governing colonies, for consultative purposes and for the administration of the Defence Fund.

So far as Mr. Colmer's first proposal is concerned Great Britain's treaties with Belgium and Germany form no obstacle. "They do not prevent differential treatment by the United Kingdom in favour of British Colonies." But, as regards the second proposal, it is equally certain that "they do prevent differential treatment by British Colonies in favour of the United Kingdom." (See official statement made by the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons, on July 30th, 1894.)

The first proposal, however, is open to a much more serious objection, in asking Great Britain to give up her Free Trade principles, and shackle herself with customs duties, which are opposed to those principles.

It is quite true that Englishmen are beginning to realize that Free Trade was made for man, and not man for Free Trade. But they also realize that Free Trade has been tested by an experience of half a century, and has been found, so far as Great Britain is concerned, eminently satisfactory. They know full well that any duties which they may impose on foreign goods must be paid by themselves.

The object to be gained or expected by the imposition of the proposed duties must needs be very great before Englishmen will consent to such a change. It is at this point that the weakness of Mr. Colmer's scheme becomes most apparent.

What is the object? At present the tax-payers of Great Britain defray almost the entire cost of maintaining the Navy, amounting this current year to over £22,000,000.

The Colonies are reproached, and most justly, because they rely upon the Navy for their defence, and yet contribute little or nothing towards its maintenance.

Mr. Colmer, by way of removing this reproach, proposes that British tax-payers should make a further contribution of £700,000 in order to assist in forming a Colonial Defence Fund, to which the Colonies and India should contribute another £700,000.

An English statesman would require amazing "nerve" to make any such suggestion as this to any intelligent audience. But the unreasonableness of the proposal is even greater than we have above indicated. For while it is clear that the British tax-payers would have to contribute the whole of the £700,000 anticipated from the proposed new customs duties, it is by no means clear that Canadians, for instance, would have to contribute anything at all. At present we have a protective tariff against Great Britain, and Mr. Colmer suggests, in his second proposal, that the Colonies should extend preferential treatment to Great Britain, presumably by lowering the duties which are now exacted against Great Britain, and maintaining them against the rest of the world. What does that mean? That instead of paying the present tariff rates for English goods, we should, in the future, pay a lesser rate, and keep the differ-

ence in our pockets. Is this a proposal which is likely to find acceptance in Great Britain?

The Colonial Council suggestion has a more attractive appearance, but why it should be entrusted with the administration of the fund which, after all, forms but a small proportion of the annual Navy estimates, we are quite unable to perceive. Such an arrangement would be a species of "divided control" which is the very thing to be avoided in relation to the Navy.

The appendices to Mr. Colmer's essay may doubtless be relied upon as containing the latest information on the trade and commerce of the Empire, and he has shown great judgment in their compilation.

But to any such proposals as he has suggested, even if tendered by all the colonies of the Empire, the only response to be expected from Great Britain is "Gentlemen, you must better your offer."

## II.—MR. RALPH S. ASHTON'S ESSAY.

The key note to the scheme, submitted by Mr. Ashton is struck in the first words of his essay:

"Free Trade, the only sound basis of a Customs Union, measured by the results in this country of half a century."

Those who worship the fetish of Free Trade will find immense comfort in this admirable defence of their faith.

More than this, they will find the foundations of their belief supported in a very substantial manner by an array of facts regarding the progress of Great Britain, under the Free Trade banner, which speak louder than any mere theories.

They will not find, however, that there is any necessary similitude between those facts, which arose in Great Britain, and Colonial facts (so to speak) with which we are mainly concerned.

We may as well admit at the outset that Free Trade has been found by almost universal experience to be altogether the best policy for Great Britain.

Her manufactures of all kinds have attained the highest degree of perfection, and therefore no good object could be attained by any form of protection.

But this cannot decide the matter from a Colonial point of view. The circumstances of Colonies like Canada or Australia, with their sparse populations, render it difficult, if not impossible, to raise revenue by any such direct taxation as they have in England. So that quite apart from protection, a fairly high tariff is to us an absolute necessity.

But is Protection—open and avowed—an unjustifiable policy for a Colony to pursue?

We cannot point to an experience of half a century, but we have had eighteen years of it. And with what result? Let us first examine Mr. Ashton's answer to the question.

He says, on page 27: "Now, however, comes the question, How is the immediate loss of revenue to be met, and how are the Colonies to be convinced of the wisdom of a free trade policy? Reference has already been made to the step being taken by New South Wales in this direction, which must ultimately have an effect on neighbouring Colonies, but there are no signs of any such tendency in Canada, where a high protective tariff exists, in my opinion to the great injury of the country."

Mr. Ashton then proceeds to establish this by an examination of the duties on cotton, wool, iron and steel. Having proved this to his own satisfaction, so far as figures are concerned (which only an expert could hope to follow), he sums up the result in words which anybody can follow: "Whilst Canada wants a population to take up vacant land, it seems strange to foster industries at great cost to attract working people where their labour is not re-

munerative, except under high protective duties, which duties make the cost of living high in the country, and really lessen the inducement to immigrants to settle. Clothing is dear, and the implements of the farmer, too, are raised in price."

Is that a fair statement of things in Canada to day? If Mr. Ashton had taken the pains to enquire what the cost of living was in Canada eighteen years ago, and contrasted it with the cost to-day, he would have found that notwithstanding our protective duties the necessaries of life—and many luxuries too—are, as a matter of fact, much cheaper now than they were then. So well do we all know this, that even many of the Liberal Party, who have consistently opposed the National Policy, declare that our manufacturers need not fear that a change of Government would materially affect the present tariff. It is only another instance of facts upsetting theories.

In attempting to shew how we are to make up our revenue if we adopt Free Trade Mr. Ashton is forced to admit that there will be a sum amounting to at least £883,523 unprovided for. And how would he provide for it? He says (p. 33) it might be met "by a Property and Income tax, and a resort to a Succession Duty, as in the United Kingdom, which appears to be a rich source of revenue."

He seems to be quite unaware that, apart from any other objections, the Dominion has no power to impose any such duties, which fall within the jurisdiction of Provincial Legislatures.

But perhaps the most shadowy of all Mr. Ashton's proposals is that which relates to the Defence Fund.

No scheme of Imperial Union would be complete without some provision to meet the urgent necessities of national defence. Mr. Ashton proposes a contribution by the Colonies of £2,000,000 a year; but he does not, like Mr. Colmer, suggest that British taxpayers find half the amount.

The means by which it is to be raised are put thus:

"It may be asked where the funds are to come from to pay the £2,000,000 towards the fleet. *The answer is clear. From the increasing prosperity that will inevitably follow on the fiscal policy, explained in the former part of this essay.*"

We feel ourselves totally unable to follow this flight of imagination.

Mr. Ashton's scheme concludes with a suggestion, somewhat similar to Mr. Colmer's, only much more definite, for the formation of an Imperial Fiscal Union Council, consisting of members representing the United Kingdom and its self-governing Colonies, to administer the Defence Fund and to advise on Imperial Defence and matters concerning Trade.

Such, in outline, are the proposals of the two Prize Essays.

Mr. Colmer's will be warmly applauded by such of the Colonies as desire to take everything and give little or nothing. Mr. Ashton's will only suit Englishmen. But each of the essays is replete with information, and will amply repay perusal.

\* \* \*  
Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, announce for publication early in June a story whose title is "The Boy Called Checkers. A Hard-luck-Story." The author's name is Henry M. Blossom, Jr. Mr. Blossom, who is a St. Louis man, is known as the author of "The Documents in Evidence," that clever little skit which was printed with such ingenuity of plan. This new story is said to be both of the city and the country. In the former case it is a careful study in dialect, and it is said to be the first faithful presentation of the real speech of the sidewalks. In the latter case it is a simple pathetic story. Through the whole runs a constant under current of satire.

## A Colloquy on Browning.

On "First Looking Into" the One-Volume Cambridge Edition.

And this, sir, you say is "complete,"—Robert Browning from cover to cover,  
Some fair pound or so of his poems, all tool-turned, embossed,  
and gilt-burnished;  
His thousand and one odd pages of women and men, love and lover,  
With all that a thousand, or one, ever hoped, thought, or acted,  
there furnished;  
Well, I take it; with payment, my thanks, for 'tis reason  
my thanks I should proffer;  
You are right, sir; we bookworms are 'ware when a good  
yet a new thing you offer.

"A great bard," did you say? (thanks, the change is correct) but I  
surely shall call him  
Not bard, which is fit for mere singers, but more than a singer,  
a seer;  
For who, with mere eye and soul-sense, ever saw, or did dream that  
he saw, dim,  
The all of life's tragedy hopeless, the whole of its ecstasy, fear;  
And traced it in letters enduring, life breathing and full  
at his portals,  
And left man wide-orbed with wonder, we purblind and  
soulless, dull mortals.

So call him not seer nor bard, such names fit the green laurel-  
wearer;  
No laureate he, yet a greater scarce glowed with the Spirit's  
soft unction;  
I venture—the Sole One, our Author, saw gloom o'er the earth, He  
a bearer  
Of light to its tingling soul-facets, sent Browning fulfilling His  
function.  
Stars of magnitude now are agleam, whose light reached  
us after much waiting;  
High and calm ranged the sixteen odd volumes, few were  
sold; one the public's now baiting.

To the bookman, "Good-day;" and I wander, a conflict beginning  
within me  
(For once let the soul see or grasp all it's longed for to have or to  
cherish,  
Straight the struggle of old doth revive, for a Something beyond  
and above fee;)  
With Ben Ezra I wait, trust my Evelyn, with Childe Roland the  
brave could I perish,  
Feel life's hope and despair in one song, and tune life to a  
song with its fellow;  
These are mine—Browning's soul's mine when clear—but  
what shall I say of Sordello!

REUBEN BUTCHART.

\* \* \*

## The United Empire Loyalists.

THE class of Britons called U. E. Loyalists are better known to the present generation than to several previous generations. In fact, after the war of 1812-14, little was heard about them for several decades. Although at the commencement of the American rebellion of 1776 there were in the thirteen revolting colonies more loyalists than rebels, yet from the fortuitous circumstances of the conflict and the final result, the loyalists gradually ceased to be spoken of or thought about. The adherents of the lost cause in a few years sank out of sight; those who returned to England were merged in the general mass of people; those who remained in America were lost sight of in the wilds of the forests while engaged in laying the foundation of the Dominion of Canada. While the successful rebels as a new nation lost no opportunity, nor omitted any means to recount and perpetuate the deeds of the revolutionary heroes and vindictively siezing confiscated property, the unfortunate loyalists had more than enough to do to procure the bare necessaries of life. At the same time they had carried with them to their rude homes few, if any, records of their deeds of daring in fighting to prevent the dismemberment of the British Empire, and of the losses they had sustained. They, as well as the victorious Americans, had taken part in making the old colonies prosperous; but the recognition of the independence of the United States left them aliens to the independent, persecuted and driven from their homes. No wonder that in time the loyalists were forgotten by the world, or only remembered and spoken of by the Americans with derision and scorn, and by many others as an unfor-

tunate class who had unwisely chosen the wrong side. So it came to pass in the course of the first half of the present century that little was heard of the American U. E. Loyalists. By the middle of the century the name was rarely heard and its meaning scarcely understood. But about this time a champion, on behalf of the loyalist, unexpectedly appeared. It is a matter of grateful acknowledgment that this champion was a New England writer, Lorenzo Sabine, who published a work entitled "Royalists of the American Revolution." But the facts brought forth in this work were too unpalatable to the people of the States to obtain many readers among them, and, strange to say, it is scarcely known in England or Canada. The cause and character of the U. E. Loyalists were first revived and brought to the attention of Canadians by the publication of "The Settlement of Upper Canada," in 1869, which has afforded material for magazine and other writers, as well as lecturers, by which an interest in the old U. E. Loyalists has been awakened, and some knowledge of the British founders of Canada has been acquired.

Believing that the readers of THE WEEK will be interested, it is proposed to give some information relating to the loyalists who returned to England. Before the writer is an Act in the form of a pamphlet printed at London, 1783. On the front page appears the following:—ANNO REGNI—GEORGII III.—REGIS—MAGNE BRITANNIE, FRANCIE, ET HIBERNIE—VICESIMO TERTIO. Following on the next page we have—CAP. LXXX, "An Act for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the Losses and Services of all such Persons who have suffered in their Rights, Properties, and Possessions, during the late unhappy Dissentions in America in consequence of their Loyalty to His Majesty and Attachment to the British Government.

"Whereas, during the late unhappy Dissentions in America, many of Your Majesty's faithful Subjects have, in consequence of their Loyalty to Your Majesty, and Attachment to the British Government, and their Obedience to Your Majesty's Proclamations and Manifestoes, issued by Your Majesty's Commissioners, Generals, and Governors, suffered in their Rights, Properties, and Professions, inasmuch that several well-deserving Persons are reduced from Affluence to circumstances so straitened as to require the Aid of a temporary support, which has been allotted to them by the Commissioners of the Treasury, by annual allowances made, and occasional Assistance by sums of Money given to them from the Revenues of Your Majesty's Civil List, the Amount of which has hitherto been made good by Parliament; and Your faithful Commons, not doubting but that Your Majesty's most earnest endeavours will be employed for procuring from the United States of America Restitution of or Recompense for the Estates and Effects of those who have thus unhappily suffered, and intending to give all due Aid and Assistance to those who may return to America for the Recovery of their former Possessions under the Provisional Articles, and to extend such Relief to others who may, by particular circumstances, be deprived of that Advantage, as their respective cases may require, and the Publick afford; to which End, it is necessary that a diligent and impartial Enquiry should be made into the Losses and Services of all such Persons as may, within the Time hereinafter limited for that purpose, claim or request such Aid or Relief as is hereby intended to be given: we pray Your Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That John Wilmot, Esquire, Daniel Parker Coke, Esquire, Colonel Robert Kingston, Colonel Thomas Dundas, and John Marsh, Esquire, shall be, and they are hereby constituted Commissioners for enquiring into the respective Losses and Services of all such Person and Persons who have suffered in their Rights, Properties, and Professions during the late unhappy Dissentions in America, in consequence of their Loyalty to His Majesty, and Attachment to the British Government.

"II. And be it further enacted, that any Three Commissioners in this Act named, before they enter upon the Execution of the same, shall take an Oath before the Master of the Rolls for the time being, of His Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench, Common Pleas, or Barons of the Exchequer." Then follows the form of oath.

"III. And be it further enacted, That it shall and may

be lawful to and for the said Commissioners, or any three or more of them, and they are hereby authorized, empowered, and required to examine upon Oath all Persons whom the said Commissioners shall think fit, to examine touching all such Matters and Things as shall be necessary for the Execution of the Powers vested in the said Commissioners by this Act, and all such Persons are hereby directed and required punctually to attend the said Commissioners at such Time or Place as they shall appoint.

"IV. And be it further enacted, That the said Commissioners are hereby authorized to meet and sit, from Time to Time, at the Office of the late Secretary of State for the American Department, with or without Adjournment, and to send their Precept or Precepts, under their Hands and Seals, for any Person or Persons whatsoever, and for such Books, Papers, Writings, or Records, as they shall judge necessary for their information, and the said Commissioners are authorized to appoint and employ such Clerks, Messengers and Officers they shall think meet.

"V. And be it further enacted, That if it shall appear to the said Commissioners that any Person shall have delivered to them an Account or Claim beyond the real Loss, with an intent to obtain more than a just Compensation, the said Commissioners shall report such Account or Claim, with the Evidence taken thereupon, to the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, who are hereby authorized to make such further Enquiry upon the Case as they shall think proper; and if they shall be of the Opinion that such Account or Claim is fraudulent, then such Person shall be absolutely excluded from any Compensation or Provision whatsoever.

"VI. Provides that any one giving false evidence under Oath shall be prosecuted according to law.

"VII. No Claim or Request for Aid or Relief on Account of the loss of Property shall be received after the Twenty-fifth Day of March, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four.

"VIII. The Commissioners shall from Time to Time give an account of their proceedings in writing to the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, and principal Secretaries of State.

"IX. Provides for the payment of Clerks, et cetera.

"X. In case of Death or Resignation, His Majesty may appoint a person to fill the vacancy.

"XI. This Act shall continue in force for Two Years from the passing and no longer."

The treaty of peace had been signed without any provision for the suffering loyalists, and they had consequently taken steps to petition the King and Parliament for justice. An agency was organized in London, and a committee appointed, composed of one delegate from each of the thirteen States. As a result, the King in his Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament, alluded to the "American sufferers," and requested that generous attention be shown to them. The response to this request by Parliament was the passing of the Act above given. The Board of Commissioners divided the claimants into six classes:

First class.—Those who had rendered service to Great Britain.

Second class.—Those who had borne arms for Great Britain.

Third class.—Uniform Loyalists.

Fourth class.—Loyal British subjects residents in Great Britain.

Fifth class.—Loyalists who had taken oath to the American States, but afterward joined the British.

Sixth class.—Loyalists who had borne arms for the American States, and afterwards joined the British navy or army.

The rigid rules enforced by the Board begot the name of "inquisition." Years passed before all the claims had been adjusted. Bitter complaints were made by the claimants. The public was appealed to through the press and by pamphlets. One of those pamphlets, published in 1788, says: "This delay of justice has produced the most melancholy and shocking events. A number of the sufferers have been driven by it into insanity, and become their own destroyers, leaving behind them their helpless widows and orphans to subsist upon the cold charity of strangers. Others have been sent to cultivate a wilderness for their subsistence, without having the means, and compelled, through want, to throw themselves on the mercy of the American States and the charity of their former friends, to

support the life which might have been made comfortable by the money long since due from the British Government."

The total number of claimants was 5,072. Of these 924 failed to make good their claims. The total amount allowed was £3,294,452; besides, between 20,000 and 30,000 pounds given to widows and orphans.

It must be admitted that the lot of U. E. Loyalists was a very hard one, whether cast in England or the backwoods of America. Some consideration might have been expected from the victorious Americans to their own kindred; but there was little, indeed South Carolina alone, we believe, restored anything to the Loyalists. The other States, on the contrary, were swift in their procedure to attain, confiscate, and banish.

WM. CANNIFF.

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### A History-Hunt in Montreal.

EARLY one summer morning the inhospitable mosquitoes of Pisa drove me from my room at an hour when the sun was just looking, with a bright red eye, over the Appenines towards the sea. For a time I had the old city to myself until a rustle in a balcony, the opening of a shutter and the appearance of a Pisan maid told me there were two of us who were drinking in the delicious morning air. Framed in a sky of blue, the sun made a pretty picture, but framed in a net-work of vines, the lady in the bower made, may I say it, a prettier one. Near a gateway adjoining the house a tablet caught the eye which informed the passerby that here was the home of old Galilei Galileo when he attended the University of Pisa. I had good cause, therefore, to thank the disturbers of sleep for the double pleasure of the early walk.

A historic spot is doubly interesting when thus accidentally found. Walking one day along the tortuous route of streets lying between the Strand and Holborn in old London, a sign read: "Ye Nell Gwynne Inne." Here was another discovery—the identical tavern, near Drury Lane Theatre, which the famous actress patronized. Inside, her portrait was hedged in by the bottles in the bar, and on the shelves were many relics—the snuff-box made from the hoof of her favourite horse, little gifts from the King to his mistress, and other reminders of the popular orange girl.

A recent history expedition in Montreal yielded equally entertaining results. Never before had I been able to locate the convent home of Marguerite Bourgeois who came to New France with Maisonneuve in 1653. Certainly I had never dreamed that you had only to pass under an old archway and explore an uninviting alley running off Notre Dame Street to be transported in an instant from the 19th to the 17th century. What a strange old-world scene with new-world surroundings: Ecclesiasticism living its life within sight and sound of modern commercialism—the organ of Notre Dame de Pitie peeling forth the anthems of Holy Church to an accompanying roar of street and mart—the dull monotone of the great city. On the right stands what is said to be the oldest building in Montreal—a miniature church built in 1711 to commemorate a famous victory. It is now deserted save for the ghosts of generations of dead worshippers. The grey walls of the convent of the Congregational nuns, bordering the rather down-at-the-heel garden, with the silent moving occupants in black, is but another of the series of strange contrasts one receives by simply passing under the old archway.

Thus encouraged, I ventured farther afield and made a discovery of the old Chateau de Ramezay, facing the City Hall, just beyond the Nelson monument. Passing through the old gateway with the object of stealing a glance through the windows, by good luck I found the door open and entering saw that the interior had been turned into a historical museum. Thanks to the foresight and energy of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, the Chateau has been saved from impending destruction, and has entered upon a new lease of life as the Museum Chateau de Ramezay.

The history connected with the Chateau, during the nearly two hundred years of its existence, has been of the most varied character, and, like many of its occupants, it can boast of a "checkered career." It was in 1703 that Claude de Ramezay, Sieur de Lagesse, having been transferred from the governorship of Three Rivers to that of Montreal, erected the Chateau as it stands to-day on a parcel of land the deed of which dates from near the time when Ville Marie was founded. For two decades the Governor and his family made their palatial residence a social as well as an official centre—the Rideau Hall of that day. From the De Ramezay family it passed into the possession of the great French fur trade company—the Compagnie des Indes—and thus became the *entrepot* of the fur trade of Canada. That the Governor's castle should be turned into a warehouse was regarded as a degradation, even as the banquetting hall in Bishopsgate Street Within, where the hunched-back king,

"Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before his time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,"

was wont to dine, became in after years a warehouse for the storing of goods in London brought from the Indies.

After the Conquest, the Chateau de Ramezay was bought by the Baron de Longueuil, and in 1770 it was again made the official residence of the Governors. Sir Guy Carleton was in occupation when the Continental Army captured Montreal and made the old building their headquarters for the winter. Franklin, Chase and Carroll were the American commissioners in charge, the Philadelphia printer setting up a printing press in the spacious kitchen where "the power of the press" was vainly used to woo the inhabitants to the invaders' cause. The Montreal Gazette is said to be the successor to-day of this first paper published in the cellar of the old Chateau.

After Montgomery's defeat at Quebec, Haldimand, Metcalfe, Durham and the Earl of Elgin were in turn the official occupants of the Chateau. In one of its rooms lay in state the body of the unfortunate Duke of Richmond who was bitten by a mad fox while hunting near Ottawa and whose terrible death is a lamentable historical episode.

From 1841 to 1849 it was the headquarters of the Government of Upper and Lower Canada, and the Cabinet meetings of those eventful days were held in the Council Room of the Chateau. A room is also shown in which Lord Elgin signed the famous Rebellion Losses Bill while the mob was howling outside—the mob which afterward proceeded to compass the destruction of the Parliament buildings. With the removal of the seat of Government to Toronto and Quebec respectively, the glory of Montreal's Government House in large degree departed and it was afterward put to a succession of less important uses.

A brief reference to some of the contents of the Museum may be of interest. Among the miscellaneous articles, the most valuable is the Louisbourg bell which hung in the Louisbourg Church shortly after the completion of the fortifications in 1720 and which was transported to Halifax after the capture of the town in 1758. It was recently purchased by citizens of Montreal. The inscription on the bell reads "Bazin m'a fait" (Bazin has made me). An iron casting bearing a crown with the initials "G. III. R." and the date 1763, said to have been inserted in the wall of the Chateau Vaudreuil to commemorate the signing of the treaty by which Canada was ceded to Great Britain; a pair of scales of 1682 used by the Jesuits for weighing iron at the Three Rivers forges; a hand organ presented by George III. to Tecumseth; the cross of the old Recollet Church erected in 1692; a collection of Indian relics found on the site of old Hochelega where Jacques Cartier landed in 1535, are other interesting possessions. The portraits (nearly one hundred in number) of the early French-Canadian explorers, governors and missionaries, and the British commanders and governors are perhaps the most valuable feature of the Museum, together with the series of thirty coats of arms of the governors and the scores of prints of early Canadian scenes. Other rooms contain over 8,000 books, pamphlets and manuscripts; several hundred coins, and many ancient deeds and documents, some of them bearing the signature of Napoleon.

A visit to the cellar reveals the arched kitchens with the capacious fireplaces and ovens; the cool wine vaults, and the servants' quarters; it also shows the massiveness of the



structure in the great foundation and the stone partition walls, of a castle-like thickness. One can easily see that in its early and troublous days the whole establishment could be changed into a fortress, the windows being loop-holed or double-barred ready for a siege. So substantially was it built that it is good for many a year of life yet.

This same Antiquarian Society has set other Canadian cities a further example in placing scores of historical tablets throughout the city—one on the walls of the old seminary of St. Sulpice; one to Dollard, the hero of the "battle of the Ottawa"; another on Fortification Lane; still another, the site of ancient Hochelega, and at many similar spots of great historic interest.

When will Toronto have a historical centre similar to the Museum Chateau de Ramezay? FRANK YEIGH.

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### Concerning Shingles.

MANY years ago, a young man who had spent four years at a Canadian university with credit, graduated with honours in classics and modern languages. Soon after, two brother graduates met, and their conversation fell upon the successful Smithson. "What is he doing now?" asked one. The other replied, "Running a shingle-mill." "What! Is that all the use he can put his learning to?" was the indignant interrogation. "Yes," answered the other calmly, "he is probably the only shingle-miller extant who can pronounce the name of his wares in six languages beside his own, calling them *schigglaï*, *singelte*, *chingles*, *schingeln*, *cingeli*, and *zingalas*." The second graduate was badly up in etymology; his imaginary Greek and Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish names for shingles are ridiculous. So is the English *shingle*, which confounds things that differ. It properly applies to the cutaneous disease so called, which takes its name from the Latin *cingulum* that translates the Greek *zoster*, a belt. But the German *schindel*, which our English tongue has miscalled, is the *scindulum* of the Romans, and originally denoted "a split thing." The Spider may take the writer to task for obtruding the knowledge of a schoolboy upon the learned readers of THE WEEK, and charge him with inconsistency for ranking shingles among the implements with which so far he has been concerned. Should he do so it will only be an evidence that his youthful days were not spent in a lumbering town or village. Had they been thus spent, he would have made personal experience of shingles in place of slipper-soles, and the backs of hair-brushes. The shingle not an implement! Who ever heard of such scepticism?

Cornelius Nepos is a Latin author whose "Lives of Eminent Commanders" have procured canings for many past generations of school-boys. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he is an authority on shingles. He says that, until the war with Pyrrhus, 280 B.C., shingles constituted the sole material of the roofs of all Roman buildings. Vitruvius also, the architect of Augustus, states that, in his day, the shingled roof disputed the palm with that of thatch in Gaul and Spain. The remarks of the erudite Pliny on shingles are probably known to Smithson, the linguistic miller, since he is a great reader of the classics, but they must have astonished him. To be told that shingles made of resinous woods, pine only excepted, are not durable, and that the best are made of oak and beech, is to meet with a trial of faith. The splitting of birch and hard-oak shingles must have given steady muscular employment to the hand-makers of ancient Europe, until the fire-proof tile and slate arose to take their place. Then the Roman matron, deprived of her ligneous implement of discipline, had to polish her bronze mirror or *speculum* on the offending persons of Caius and Balbus.

Cornelius Nepos, Vitruvius, and Pliny were never in Halifax; let us hope they are not in that region for which Halifax is a euphemism after "Go to," a region that John Kendrick Bangs shews familiarity with in his "House-boat on the Styx." You travel through the streets of Halifax, and run against shingles on every side, until you come to the conclusion that the roofs of the houses have slid to the

sidewalk. They have not. The roofs are in their right place, but the shingling of brick and stone walls is a way the Haligonians have. Stone and brick are so valuable there, that they have to be shielded from the damp sea air, and shingles are their mackintoshes, rigby garments, gum-coats, or whatever else profane persons may choose to call them. This peculiar use of shingles may have inspired the Irish sailor with his description of Quebec, as the place where they copper-bottom the roofs of the houses with tin. Yet Halifax teaches a very useful lesson as regards shingles; to employ the language of a Partingtonian acquaintance, "they are *imprevious* to moisture." Unfortunately, they have not the same antipathy to fire. Few, if any, householders are impervious to their combination in *skotewabo* or fire-water, even in Halifax. When the effects of it are patent to the ordinary observer, the sufferer is said to have "a shingle off."

Dictionaries give a very imperfect idea of the verb "to shingle," when they define it as "to cover with shingles." The main thing in shingling is to distinguish the thick from the thin end of the wooden lamina, and so arrange the shingles that the thick everywhere overlaps the thin, on a given pitch sufficient to make the falling rain run harmlessly off. The truly shingled roof, no doubt, gave the Romans their notion of the *fastigata testudo*, or sloping tortoise, made by the interlaced shields of besieging ranks, the first standing upright with arms well extended, the next with them not so fully extended, and so graduating to the rear rank on the knee. Off this firm structure even enormous stones rolled to the ground without damage to the human supports below. To pitch stones up upon a shingled roof, and listen to their bump and roll, according to size, is the joy of many a small boy, but the act evokes a different kind of feeling in the heart of the woman who works her sewing machine and the studious man who writes a comic article under that roof. It is strange that the poet has neglected shingles, or has only applied the name, in the singular number, to water-worn stones on the beaches of seas and lakes and rivers. A river is a splitter, and Pliny pretended to know that ancient shingles were made of beech, and the man with a shingle off is half-seas over. Perhaps the spider can define the relation of shingles to lake-fronts.

A learned Glengarrrian divine recently translated an ancient Celtic letter found in Tel el Amarna, and his translation was read before the Canadian Institute. The letter was written by a Babylonian King before Moses was born, and among other things or *inter alia*, it stated that the Babylonian had sent to his Pharaonic father-in-law *100 cis sior teallach ase*, or as the divine has translated it, "100 cases of long earthen shingles." Now *ase*, the Irish *ais*, and the Welsh *asdel* do denote a shingle, but the pity of it is that the Babylonian consignment was earthen: in other words, tiles. Clay in Babylonia was more plentiful than trees. As King Tarkhundara's letter was a clay tile inscribed in wedge-shaped characters and then baked, it was virtually an engraved shingle. The writer, being temporarily absent from his summer home, once missed certain distinguished visitors who had left their card-cases behind. A glance at the living-room table showed that they had supplied the deficiency, for clean shingles, inscribed with charcoal from the camp-fire, bore their names and titles. So, in the far north and west, the Canadian *ais* of pine may be found near the door of a log or clap-boarded shanty, bearing the device: "HOTLE: meels at all howres: Komidashun for mann and beeste: lisenad to sel liker." This is what is meant by "hanging out your shingle."

The gardener, whether flowers or vegetables be his care, dearly loves the shingle. He has planted his young plants of balsam and Indian pink, stock, heliotrope dear to Stevenson's Will of the Mill, verbena, salpiglossis, calendula and Browallia, after sundown, knowing that, in spite of the water he has given them, they will find it hard to resist the wilting influence of the next morning's sun. Therefore he calculates the direction in which the orient beams will strike his forced nurslings, and plants good broad shingles at an angle sloping upwards to the west between the two. He does the same kindly office for his cabbages and cauliflowers, tomatoes, peppers and egg plants, and goes to bed with a *mens conscia recti*. He will have to shift his flowers' and vegetables' parasols or sunshades more than once on the morrow, but, if, like the writer's gardener, he is a military man or has been such, he will take a pleasure in each successive

change of front, from the diagonal to the square alignment, and thence to the diagonal again. Of course, if the morrow be cloudy with light rain, the shingles will be rather in the way than otherwise, but that is not the gardener's fault; not even a field marshal can control the weather.

There are many illegitimate uses of shingles. Everything in this world, even the best and holiest can be abused; why then should shingles be above the common lot? Are there to be no more cakes and ale, because Hodge overeats himself or gets drunk? Then, why should shingles be abolished, because Melinder Ann saturates them with coal oil and uses them for kindling? Your little son or daughter takes them down to the garden or to the beach, and "diggles" with them in the flower beds or in the sand, with much delight. Sometimes their hardihood is so great that they appropriate the gardener's sunshades for this unhallowed work, and then there is a rumpus. And you have been known, you big sensible man, to carry off the youngsters, and a batch of new shingles, and a jack-knife, and the gaudy advertising sheets of Pears' Soap, and Monkey Stove Polish, and Carter's Pills, fetched from the ends of magazines, down to the bank or shore of running or still water: to do what? To sharpen the thick end of the shingle into a pointed bow such as never was seen on ship, to set up a slither in the centre thereof or a little abaft, and on that slither to doubly pierce the coloured advertising sheet, adding, perhaps, an inserted chip at the stern for a rudder. Thereupon the youngsters cry, "Give me a boat," and sail the flat-bottomed craft in keen emulation upon the tide, with the certainty that one or all will soon come to grief, and win for the juvenile racers a temporary heritage of woe. Yet, sad is the lot of the child who has never known the festive shingle! He has missed one of the joys of life.

There is an extravagantly exaggerated use of the venerable name that one is almost ashamed to mention. It occurs in the definition of an Australian sandwich, which is said to consist of two shingles and a piece of sole-leather. If the editor thinks this statement is calculated to peril the federation of the Empire, he is at liberty to leave it out. The epicure who remarked or rather expostulated, "What's the use of talking about anything you can't eat?" will sneer at this whole dissertation, and the Australian sandwich will not, at least for him, constitute a saving clause. Yet it would be easy to find a worse makeshift for a plate than a clean shingle, unless it were one with turpentine streaks such as shed a roseate light when placed in the roof. Syrup of spruce gum and similar turpentine mixtures have their uses, but they are not the sauce the cultivated *gourmand* desiderates with his hot courses, even in the open air. It is not fair to judge anyone by the way he looks out of his true sphere; and the shingle is the gander to that goose.

Shingles keep off objectionable weather, of which there is plenty all over the world. The wise man of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and the apocryphal author of "The Wisdom of Solomon," and the "Son of Sirach" who wrote Ecclesiasticus, all tell us that good shelters are made by money and power, favour and friends, but they also look to a higher dome of protection who was Abraham's shield. Leaving divinity and the divines, not that one need have aught but respect for either, there appear three excellent sorts of metaphorical shingles for the making of life-roofs. One is a good conscience. It is hard to make, but it is a splendid shelter. Torrents of abuse may fall, hail stones of calumnies may smite, spiteful grown up children may heave boulders of blame upon it; and all will roll off into the gutter and the drain, and down the hill, without leaving a crack behind them. Another sort of shingles goes by the name of work, and they make a *testudo fastigata*. With plenty of work to do, you can climb up to your enemy's wall, whence arrows, darts, and sling-stones are flying beneath this friendly tortoise, and pick his bricks and mortar to pieces, until his line of offensive defence or of defensive offense crumbles into dust, and, meeting you face to face, he sees, with mingled disgust and dismay, that you don't care a rap for him. Most excellent shingles!

And, last but not least, there is altruism. I don't care what you say about me or do about me, because I am not concerned about myself. My life is so much for others that I am glad you select my house-roof to batter, because in doing so you leave their's alone. If my roof were like some people's skins, thin and sensitive, afraid of a rude jog or the suspicion of a passing shower, I would, in a measure, deserve

to tremble beneath it. But it is thick and large and strong as friends, and society, and Christendom, and all humanity; the enemy can only get at my vulnerable self through these, and that is hard work for anything but a full-grown devil. Those of this world, bad as they are, are only in embryo. Other-worldliness makes a fine roof even now, and when, at last, the rains shall descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, he who sits beneath its shingles shall wait patiently for the clouds to roll by, knowing that for him there shall be bright shining in the morning. Thus endeth the homily on shingles.

\* \* \*

"He bent back my head with kind power,  
All my face back intent to peruse it, as men do a flower."  
BROWNING'S "SAUL."

What read'st thou, O King fallen low from thy kingly estate.  
In that bright face upturned to thine own, with sweet triumph elate,  
As he saw in the depths of those wild troubled eyes long forlorn,  
The first dawn of a new spirit-life, a grave purpose new-born,  
A dim vision of strength to draw back the fixed bolts of despair,  
And escape from the dungeons of gloom into sunlight and air?  
As thy fingers pushed slowly their way through those clustering locks,  
Lying thick on the brow as the fleece on the far-away flocks,  
Did'st thou read as on tablet of marble with deep sad amaze,  
The first lines of thy young manhood's story as through the tear-haze  
Shone clear-writ the fair promise and purpose of consecrate life,  
Unfulfilled in the long troublous years of inglorious strife?  
Did the solemn blue depths of those eyes with the love-light aglow  
Reflect the lost power of thine own? Did their brightness fade slow  
Into jealousy's twilight till lost in the midnight of hate  
Thy lone soul was left wandering in blackness fierce, hopeless ingrate?  
Did the sadness lift cloud-like, one moment, that shaded the smile,  
That was wont with its shy lurking sweetness all grief to beguile,  
Till thy being did thrill with the magic that erstwhile was thine  
To win men and hold men? Did a spark from that soul-fire divine  
Set aglow all thy life's blackened embers, enkindle again  
The flame on hope's light tower, till the doubt, and the madness, and pain,  
Rolled away like a scroll of night-mist from some morning-kissed hill,  
And once more left thee free all the Spirit's behest to fulfil?  
"ERIE."

\* \* \*

## The King's Pardon.

### I.

ON the evening of a July day in the year of our Lord 1311, the walls of the Tower garden, overgrown with dense ivy, formed the background of a scene of much gaiety and brilliance. Its stately walks were thronged with courtiers clad in the gorgeous dress which characterized every Plantagenet Court.

The heat which had since noon been oppressive, was now tempered by cool breezes, wafted from the "silver Thames," and which now rendered fragrant, with the perfume of a thousand flowers, the small court in which sat Edward the Second himself.

He was clothed in sumptuous robes; tight-fitting hosen revealed his shapely limbs; a doublet of crimson satin, thickly sown with seed pearls, displayed to advantage his broad and massive chest. His golden hair, cut squarely across the brow, fell in profusion on his shoulders. The haughty fire in his deep blue eyes almost belied the uncertain lines of the one weak feature in the handsome face—the quivering, irresolute mouth.

By his side, as he reclined on a cushioned seat, stood a young man of remarkable beauty: his attire, if less gorgeous than the king's, yet bespoke one who laughed at the sumptuary laws.

His attitude was humble enough, but the glance of his dark eye denoted little reverence—rather the tyrannous power of the nature which loves not over the weak soul who loves.

"No, Piers, no," said the king, in a troubled voice. "Urge me no more. Soresly it frets me to part from thee, but I may not—nay, hear me, *bon ami*—I dare not bid thee stay."

"Dare not, my liege," repeated Gaveston, "Does the king of this fair realm, and a Plantagenet to boot, say 'dare not?'"

"It is not I who reign," said the king, bitterly, "but Warwick and Lancaster. While they live Edward hath no power in England."

The young man's dark face grew lividly pale: his firm lip trembled. "Alas! alas! my liege," he said, in tones that quivered as if with deep feeling. "Then let mine enemies take my life. It is naught to me, if it be spent elsewhere than at thy side."

"Nay, by God," said the King, rising. "Have I not sent thee from me once—only to recall thee? Have but patience, ere long I will be king in mine own realm. I will yet curb the power of these proud barons. Think'st thou," he went on, laying his hand affectionately on his favourite's shoulder, "that thy lot is more hard than mine? Thou knowest well how dark to thy king are the days in which he sees thee not. Aha! who comes?" he broke off, as steps were heard at the open entrance to the court.

The intruders, who stood respectfully at the postern-door, were the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Lancaster—at that moment the two most powerful nobles in the realm. They were both much older than the king or his young favourite, and had the appearance rather of warriors than of courtiers; Warwick, indeed, was almost slovenly in aspect, while his harsh features and scowling brow justified the term of "Black Dog," by which Gaveston's caustic wit had designated him.

"My liege," said he, advancing, and slightly bending his knee; "myself and the Earl of Lancaster have been appointed the escort to the frontier lands of England and Wales, of Monsier Piers Gaveston."

"Of the Earl of Cornwall, by your leave, my lord," interrupted Edward, haughtily. "By my troth, methinks the titles we bestow are valid yet." Warwick bowed. The Earl of Lancaster, a more subtle courtier, now came forward.

"Good, my liege," he said, in smooth, insinuating tones. "It were well that our journey were delayed no longer. The populace is now quiet." The king signed to them to withdraw, and turned to Gaveston, who now knelt before him; Edward laid his right hand on the dark, bowed head, and murmured in a low tone, words of passionate tenderness. And, as he felt the tears from his favourite's eyes fall upon his hand, he said, aloud:

"Rise, *mon ami*, and depart. But, go withersoever thou wilt, thou takest thy king's heart with thee, as thou takest the sun from his sky; and, be well assured, the day will come when thy foes shall lie in the dust before me."

He strode from the court, covering his eyes with his hand. Pausing amid a group of ladies about the queen, he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and knew that Gaveston was gone. Never did he see his favourite more.

## II.

Ten weary months had rolled away. Edward, sick at heart at being surrounded by almost open foes, had written to recall Gaveston. The unfortunate young Gascon, on his way to the court, had been seized by the "Black Dog," and made to feel his fangs.

Terrible as had been the burst of anger with which Edward had received the news of his favourite's death, it had alarmed those about him less than the brooding silence and reserve by which it was succeeded. He spoke for days to no one, save an old retainer—Sir Hubert de Brenville.

Meantime, the nobles had taken the administration into their own hands. The "Lord's ordainers" had been busy. Edward opposed them no longer, and all that was needed to complete the triumph of the barons was that Edward's sanction should be given, or seem to be given, to the official murder of Gaveston.

The king sat in the vast library of the Tower alone. His hand rested upon, and ever and anon convulsively clasped, his sword hilt. His blue eyes, fixed on vacancy, were wild and fierce. And truly, Edward might have searched his own fair realm in vain to find a heart more sad and bitter than his own. His nobles all but openly defied him. He—the son of that Edward, whose anger had been so terrible that at the mere glance of his eyes one who

had sought to resist his will had fallen dead at his feet from sheer terror—commanded neither respect nor love in his own court. Already had he begun to realize that the haughty Isabella despised him; already had he cause to suspect her faith.

Starting from his sad reverie, Edward looked up, to see that the queen, unattended, was beside him. Isabella was then in the flower of her youth, and the bloom of her dark beauty. She wore a close-fitting robe of blue velvet, embroidered with jewels; from her lofty, pointed head-dress of golden tissue, set with pearls, a long veil floated backwards to her feet.

"My liege," said she, in a softer tone than she was wont to employ towards him, "when wilt thou sleek thy looks, and dress thy face to smiles again? Thou art mourning over-much."

"I will cease to mourn, ladye mine, when I cease to be powerless to avenge," replied the King, moodily. Isabella looked at him with searching eyes.

"It ill becomes a woman, good my lord," she went on, "to offer counsel to her King. Yet, is it wisely done to keep from thy court, and anger all thy lords? My ladies prate to me of the gossip they hear—and they tell me that except thou smilest, and that soon, upon the Earls of Lancaster and Warwick, those grim lords will head a rising that may put thee from thy throne."

"Now, by the Tomb of our Lord," cried Edward, "what would they more? Do I rule, or do they? What would they that they have not?"

"They would thy smiles and shew of favour," replied the Queen, who was not without reasons for undertaking this embassy. "They would thy pardon, publicly given, for the death of the Earl of Cornwall."

"No—as I live," thundered the King, rising, his eyes ablaze with fierce light. "What! set the seal to mine own shame! Affirm with mine own lips, I am a King in name only! Say to listening England, 'Behold, how slight a thing is a monarch's love, when a monarch can pardon a crime like theirs!' No, Isabelle! no, my queen; I will not do this thing."

"Then, my liege," said the queen, unmoved by his passion, "I have no more to say. Natheless, since our court is, as it hath been for many a week past, a house of gloom and mourning, thou wilt grant me leave to visit my father for a time?"

Edward turned to her in bitter surprise. "What—thou wouldst leave me, too?" His voice faltered.

"Nay, my lord, why not," answered Isabelle, "since my word hath no weight in thy counsel, and my prayer no path to thine ear. Besides, I love not gloom and anger. I pine for laughter and song."

"Go not from me," said the unhappy King. "Say to whoever bid thee come to me to-day, that when Lancaster and Warwick sue to Edward for pardon, he will not withhold it."

"Ah, my liege—there speaks the King who woo'd me," said Isabella, with a radiant smile. "And, my King, thou needs't not pardon in thine heart. Thy day will come."

"Yes, my day will come," said the King, in a hollow voice, as he kissed his queen's fair brow. Then, as she left him, he called to a page who waited without—"Summon me Sir Hubert de Brenville."

The great Hall in Westminster was thronged with nobles. Scarce one of those who had the right to enter was absent. All felt curiosity, if nothing more. Many a cruel triumph in the King's coming humiliation—strange humiliation! in which the conquerors were those who knelt to crave for pardon, and the conquered, he who gave it.

Resplendent in the robes of state he had not worn since Gaveston's death, Edward swept to his throne and glanced keenly around him. Some few State matters were disposed of first, and then two heralds, leaving their places, preceded the Earls of Lancaster and Warwick to the foot of the dais. The Lord Marshal, standing near them, spoke: "Most noble and puissant liege: these thy subjects would kneel before thee, craving thy pardon for the untoward and untimely death of Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, slain in mistaken and over-zealous care for your highness and the kingdom's weal."

"Approach and kneel," said Edward sternly.

"Mark you how haughty a front his Majesty wears to-day?" whispered one courtier to another. "If ever I sue for pardon may he show a lighter brow."

Warwick and Lancaster were now kneeling before the King. Edward rose, came a step forward, and said:

"In all that thou hast done for the good of this our realm, my lords of Lancaster and Warwick, be assured of our pardon and favour. In token whereof we give thee our hand to kiss, and bid thee to our banquet to-night."

As Lancaster rose, his eyes met the King's; he read in them a fury so deadly, a hate so implacable, that his own dropped before them. A strange and shuddering fear—a foretaste of the anguish of that day when he was to pay with his life for this hour's brief triumph—fell upon his soul.

### III.

From the dance and song and revelry, the King had withdrawn himself to a small room, or rather recess, curtained off from the apartment at the end of the suite reserved for the State banquets. Behind the arras a small door communicated with the garden; its existence was known but to few. Beside this door, the King stood, a troubled frown upon his brow, the lifted arras in his hand. At last a step was heard outside. Dropping the arras behind him, Edward whistled softly.

"'Tis I, my liege," uttered a voice from the darkness beyond. "I have a score of stout fellows, armed to the teeth, who will do my bidding unquestioned." "It is well," answered the King. "When thou hearest this signal thrice repeated,"—here he whistled softly—"Conduct thy followers to the main gate. Seize them before their own train can know of their approach. Thou wilt see thyself to their fate. Short shriving and quick penance. But I would speak with them first. Await the signal." Re-entering the recess, he crossed it and looked into the outer room for a messenger to summon the doomed Earls to his presence.

His eye fell at that moment upon a youth, who stood, lute in hand, among the Queen's pages under the minstrel's gallery.

He was not more than sixteen years of age; his dark face, lighted by large, black eyes, and surrounded by raven curls, had a maiden's bloom. His slight and graceful form was displayed to advantage by his page's dress of dark red velvet, and silver lace.

As Edward surveyed him, he turned round, and his dark eye met the King's. Blushing crimson, he came forward at the Monarch's imperious gesture, and followed him into the recess.

Edward flung himself on the couch, and turning to the youth, who was on his knee before him, said:

"Rise, Sir Page. Thy face is new to me. Hast been at my court before?"

"No, my liege," answered the page, in a voice as silver as the notes of his own lute. "My father sent for me from Normandy to win my spurs, if I might, in the service of the Earl of Norfolk."

"From Normandy? And thy father's name?" asked the king, charmed with the frank fearlessness with which the boy's eyes met his own.

"Hugh le Despenser, may it please your grace," said the page.

"And it is in the Earl of Norfolk's train that thou art placed?" said the king, laying one hand on the lad's silky curls. "What if I keep thee a prisoner here, to cheer my sad hours with thy lute and thy songs? Can'st thou be happy in the gilded cage men call a court?"

"Oh, my liege," cried the young Hugh, his vanity kindled by the prospect held out to him, and his heart touched by the gracious charm of Edward's manner. "In thy service, and at thy side, Hugh le Despenser would live and die." Edward smiled, well pleased.

"So be it," he said. "Now play to me upon that lute of thine."

Half an hour later, the queen, passing with one of the nobles the curtained recess, looked within and smiled to see Edward listening with absorbed interest to the strains of the page's lute.

"Certes, his majesty's brow looks smooth again," said her companion laughing. "Yon pretty lad will take my Lord of Cornwall's place ere long. Just so, I remember

me, he smiled on his young Gascon favourite, in his earlier days."

Lord Warwick now approached.

"May it please your Grace," he said to the queen, "I would bid his Majesty farewell, and give thanks for his noble cheer."

"Interrupt him not. I will give him thy thanks," replied the queen. "Look how he smiles now on his new-found toy. Interrupt him not."

Warwick bowed and departed. Lancaster followed—gradually the guests dispersed.

"My Lord," said the queen, "the Earl of Norfolk would that his page should join his suite. The hour grows late."

Edward sprang to his feet and gazed about him—and beyond into the now empty rooms—in bewildered dismay.

He had forgotten to give the signal!

LEE WYNDHAM.

\* \* \*

### Souvenirs of the Past.\*

THE writer had occasion last year to call attention, through the columns of THE WEEK, to the services of Mr. William L. Baby, of Windsor, Ont., the representative (still hale and vigorous at the age of eighty-three) of a French-Canadian family, whose services in times past were of great value to this country. This venerable gentleman, who no whit falls short of his forbears in his ideals of loyalty and duty, has improved, however, upon their literary example by collecting, and recently publishing in book form, perhaps the most interesting series of Canadian reminiscences, incidents, and anecdotes, which has appeared in our time. We have all too few such personal records; and, now that public opinion seems to be dimly awakening to a sense of their importance, one may entertain the hope that this work, which is one of rare interest and merit, will be sought for and extensively read.

But the anchor of the soul sometimes drags. If means are to be spent upon good books where is the money to come from for bad ones? It is the old question of beer and skittles, and, now that flimsy alien newspapers satisfy "a highly educated public," but little popular favour is to be expected for a genuine book. Nevertheless there is still left to us a society which is not childish, and to such Mr. Baby's "Souvenirs of the Past" appeals. Written with spirit, unhackneyed, because out of the well-worn track, the volume begins appropriately with a family tradition concerning the renowned Pontiac. The author's grandfather was one of the French gentlemen settled on the Detroit who loyally accepted the Conquest as final; and it appears that, in consequence, the sanguinary chief unjustly suspected him of a plot to betray him.

In a few vivid touches the author contrasts the savage life with the slender civilization—an oasis in a desert—of that then remote frontier, the latter mainly represented by two or three families of the old *noblesse*, who could make, on occasion, a show of luxury, but who were compelled to be wary and diplomatic amidst the turbulence of their own people and the uncertainties of savage vengeance. In his highly dramatic sketch, intitled "An Old Family Legend," the author relates how his grandfather pacified the wily Pontiac, secretly provisioned the British fort, then invested by his warriors, and subsequently contrived to apprise Major Gladwin of the meditated capture at Turkey Island of a sloop laden with indispensable supplies for the British troops.

Coming down to his own time, this stirring tradition is followed by an interesting account of the method of serving jury summonses in 1829. The secular pluralist was in order in those days, and Mr. Hands, a kinsman of the author, united in himself the offices of collector of customs, postmaster, treasurer, and registrar, and, together with other offices of minor importance, held the shrievalty of the west-

\* "Souvenirs of the Past." With illustrations. Giving a correct account of the customs and habits of the Pioneers of Canada, many anecdotes of its prominent inhabitants, and an absolutely correct historical account of many important political events connected with the early days of Canada and the territory of Michigan. By William Lewis Baby, Windsor, Ont. 1896.

ern district, embracing the counties of Essex, Kent, and Lambton, a territory of over 2,800 square miles. The ferry boats at *La Traverse*, as the crossing between Sandwich and Detroit was then called, were simply canoes manned by old North-West voyagers. Detroit was a small town, whose principal trade was in peltries, the postmaster, Mr. Abbott, being also agent for John Jacob Astor's South-West Fur Co. The mails from Sandwich to Little York (now Toronto) down to 1832, were carried on foot, or on horseback, every fortnight, and the roads, in wet seasons, were simply a series of sloughs, corduroys, swales, and quagmires. The tide of emigration, which had already set in by wagon through this the eastern to the western states, largely passed through this part of Upper Canada, and the melodramatic scenes incident to such roads, the "goose" tavern, the "ox" brigades, ducks, muskrats, and other features of the route, are set down in the "Souvenirs" with cheerful irony. "The Serv- ing of Jury Summonses" is a vivid sketch of the author's experiences, and faithfully reproduces the time—its mixed community chewing the cud of laborious achievement, its intermingled refinement and appalling coarseness, all alike neck-deep in the struggle for existence in the virgin forest. The squatter's life in the region described was one of unparalleled austerity, and demanded all the patience and stout heart which generally characterized him, and, in the end, conquered.

I cannot pursue our author in all his wanderings. Briefly, he followed the forest trail up the Thames, at one place finding hospitable quarters, charming women, and good cookery, at another the frightful entertainment of "Mrs. Jonathan C." This inspiring incident cannot be omitted, and its humour would be lost if not set down in Mr. Baby's own words:

"The road was traversed by swales and swamps, and covered with from one to four feet of water, and lined with felled trees from two to six feet in diameter. When we left our friend L. we expected to get through to the ridge by noon, but did not accomplish this task until seven o'clock in the evening, at which hour we stumbled upon a welcome clearing (the first one since leaving the bank of the Thames) belonging to Jonathan C., a squatter, situated, I believe, where the town of Ridgetown now stands, with a population of 2,000 inhabitants. I'll venture to say a more bedraggled, forlorn pair of riders, with their sorry-looking steeds, were never seen in this Canada of ours. On asking friend C. if he could keep us for the night, he replied, 'Certainly, if you can rough it; but you don't look like folks accustomed to our way of grubbing.' Now, the terrors and escapes experienced on that town-line were still fresh in our minds, added to which was the certainty of not reaching another halting place for ten or fifteen miles, so we quickly rejoined: 'Oh, anything will do!' To our great relief this squatter had a small stack of oats, and, fastening our jaded and famished horses to a sapling, we served them with a bounteous supply. In attending to his horse, Felix discovered that one of the stirrups had been torn from the saddle, and occupied himself, with the assistance of Jonathan, in making a substitute for it with strips of basswood bark, whilst I thought it as well to proceed to the log hut to see how the wind blew. As I approached the hut a figure appeared at the open doorway which proved to be the amiable spouse of our worthy host, and well it was that the breeze was light, otherwise it would have blown all she had on from her back, and left her, as sailors say, 'under bare poles.' Her golden, unkempt hair hung loosely over her bare shoulders, and, as she stood there, barefooted, she presented a singularly interesting picture. Respectfully saluting her, I asked her if she could get supper for two. She answered in the affirmative, and asked me to walk in and take a seat, remarking, at the same time, that victuals were scarce, and not much variety. In fact, pork and buckwheat cakes formed their standing dish. Seating myself on a block of wood next the wall opposite the fireplace, I watched the busy housewife prepare the frugal meal. She seized from a shelf a large wooden trough which she quickly filled with buckwheat batter and then began to cut slices of salt fat pork for the fry. A large wooden crane was swung from the side of the chimney corner, suspended from which by a chain was a huge iron griddle, and on this griddle, by means of a meguen (an Indian wooden spoon of large size) the batter was emptied. It took exactly four spoonfulls of batter to cover the solitary

utensil. The fragrant odor arising from the hot iron, as it permeated the surrounding atmosphere of this rural retreat, acted like a charm, for in an instant a bevy of young urchins, followed by a half starved cat and cur, came rushing in, seeking what they could devour. The youngest, a yearling I should judge, was clad in nature's garb (with the exception that a cloth was substituted for a fig leaf) and clung tightly to its mother's skirt, from which it could not be detached. I expected that some mishap would befall the little chap, and my expectations were shortly afterwards fully realized. Felix's sudden appearance at the open door caused the good lady to quickly turn round, in doing which she switched the little brat plump into the batter. You are mistaken if you think this untoward event disconcerted her in the least. She simply seized the imp by the nape of the neck and swashed the batter from its naked limbs into the trough whence it came, and proceeded with her culinary art as if nothing had happened. There was a grave consultation held outside of the hut immediately after that between Felix and myself. He was for total abstinence, and so was I, if I could, but couldn't. It proved that hunger was an uncompromising foe, and proved the victor."

"The Journey to Little York in 1833" is another interesting picture, or series of pictures. There is a typical story of the frost-bitten Captain Vidal's "land-hunting," and another of the landlady of the "Traveller's Home" in the Long Woods, who ran to the stable to her husband exclaiming "John, run quickly to the house, for the devil is there sure!" John, arming himself with a pitchfork, "hastened to the house, and, entering the bar-room, found the devil there, sure enough, facing him, with his back to the fire, clothed from head to heels in a suit of sheepskins, with the wool on, with a ram's head so dressed that the shape was perfectly preserved, the horns being well set up, and with two glaring glass eyes the size of a silver dollar." Eccentricities followed quite in keeping with the costume, and the individual, who afterwards proved to be a brother of Col. Talbot, went on his way to St. Thomas.

The description of the equally eccentric Colonel himself in "The Visit to Col. Talbot in 1841" is full of *genre touches*, which strikingly recall the unconventionality of the time.

"My first glimpse," says the author, "of this remarkable man was in the winter of 1820, when I was eight years old. He was then a guest of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada. So well known and distinguished a person could not make his appearance in Little York on short notice, and particularly did he attract attention by his extraordinary winter dress, seated by the side of Lady Sarah Maitland in a sleigh, and driving along King Street in his sheepskin coat and cap, with its sheepskin tail of eight or ten feet long wound round his neck to serve as a muffler, the end trailing by the side of the sleigh. But when this garb was thrown off, and he made his appearance in parlor or drawing-room, how changed his appearance!—the very type of an aristocrat."

The higger-mugger of his home is then amusingly described, the dilapidated mansion, here invaded by barn-yard fowls, and there hung with crimson velvet; then its jovial life of the Peninsular and Waterloo officers who settled in Upper Canada after the Napoleonic wars, the blazing open fires of maple, beech and shag-bark hickory, the pipes, the flagons of Absolom Shade's old whiskey, at twenty cents a gallon, the stern work and the sterner loyalty. The picture is pleasantly drawn, but has its adverse side, so touched upon that the author's generous heart seems to flow into his pen.

In "An Old-Time Breeze" he describes the Baby mansion at Sandwich, built in the last century, one of the few historic houses in the Province still standing, and which should certainly be purchased and preserved by the Provincial Government. Gen. Hull had his quarters in the house for a time, as also Brock and Tecumseh, Proctor and Harrison. The old Governors, "the mitred and the ermined were sheltered and entertained here, and its doors were ever open alike to the Huron and the *habitant*." The old French pear trees are also described, which were laboriously transported in wet moss from France in the early part of the last century, and planted along the banks of the Detroit. These trees are of vast size, some of them girthing over nine feet, and seventy feet in height. They bear abundantly a small delicious fruit, but cannot be propagated, and are slowly dying out. Fur-

ther on, the author describes the salmon fishing of Lake Ontario, in the Don, the Credit and the Humber rivers. The salmon frequented these streams in immense numbers in September and October, for the purpose of spawning, and at this season were sold for twenty cents each, whereas, in the spring, they often fetched four or five dollars.

"It was not only by boat they were caught, but in a more primitive way. The settlers in the neighborhood of these streams could be seen along the shore with a flambeau of pitch pine roots and knots burned in what was called a "light-jack," made of iron, the size of a half-bushel measure, fastened to a staff which was driven in the bank at the edge of the stream, where the water ran swiftly two or three feet deep, over a rocky or pebbly bottom, and where a piece of white birch-bark, four by six feet in size, had been sunk, weighted with stones. The unwary salmon, intent upon passing the rapid over this bark, was pierced and taken by the unerring spearman. . . . What a melancholy reflection to think that this priceless fish is nearly extinct in our fresh waters! . . . The reason is obvious; for no fish equals the salmon in its love for pure and limpid streams, and these are now shut out by mill-dams and the filthy water produced by various manufactories."

The sketch entitled "Old Time Farming" is a picture of vanished men, methods and home-economies. In it Mr. Baby gives some account of his education, which was begun at childhood under Archdeacon Strachan, and completed at St. Raphaels in Glengarry, a college founded about 1823 by the revered Bishop McDonell, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. The bishop, whose valet was a negro slave whom he had purchased and emancipated, took the youth with him in his sleigh from Little York to his Glengarry home. Here he became acquainted with the rival clans of Macdonalds and McDonells; original Highlandmen, stern and noble as of yore, who continued to wear the kilt, and who were distinguished mainly by whimsical Gaelic nicknames. Their cattle-thieving instincts still survived, and, after serving in the Rebellion of '38 in Lower Canada, they were with difficulty restrained by their officers from driving back with them the flocks and herds of the vanquished! Here, too, he first beheld the strings (long vanished) of *habitant traineaux*: carrying goods from Montreal, each "dwarf, hardy, Normanbred pony with the step, strength and agility of a tiger, his shaggy forelock shading his eyes and forehead, his flowing mane covering his neck and shoulders, but otherwise sleek and smooth as a mole," with him his quaint driver—like some being from another sphere—in tuque and sash, grey capôte and *soulliers de boeuf*, enjoying, betimes, the merry jingle of the *gourleau*, inhaling the fragrance of his pipe, or breaking out into stirring or plaintive song.

After various ventures, our author, contrary to his father's advice, took to farming, on the river Thames, in 1833, a new experience, and, to him, a sore one. In this sketch we get the philosophy of Jake Shepley and his ingenious method of making mud-cats; also a glimpse at the home-bred arts which for good or ill have passed away and are now forgotten. The squatter was then not only a farmer but his own blacksmith and carpenter. He made his "bull-plough" (entirely of wood faced with a plate of steel), his waggon and harness with his own hands. His hides, tanned on shares, were converted into shoe-packs, his straw hats and clothes were made at home, his sugar in his own bush. He was a self-sacrificing despotic slave whose household were his vassals. But he conquered, whilst the man who came from the old land with his ten or fifteen thousand pounds signally failed. It was no life for Englishwomen, nurtured in luxurious homes, and transported in a few weeks to rude belongings, self-help and the hideous fly-bitten wilderness. They strove hard, as became their race, but the struggle was too severe, and they generally sunk under the ordeal. This class our author contrasts with the U. E. Loyalists and French and British settlers "to the manner born"—a community with few wants, and perfectly self-dependent, inured to toil, and wedded to hard work by stern necessity. Amongst these too, the graces of life were distinctly marked. Many were well educated, and appreciated good literature, and would doubtless as soon have taken a scorpion into their homes as the vulgar literary pabulum of some degenerate Canadians of to-day.

"The Runaway Slave" is a sketch which fills one with wonder. It is startling to think that, as late as 1830, it

was possible for an American planter to attempt the kidnapping in open day of an escaped slave upon Canadian soil. The one in question—a quadroon—had been hired by Mr. Baby and his brother Charles, and the superlative impudence of his former owner—a jimerack Kentucky "gentleman"—who offered them \$2,000 to let the refugee go—the espionage; lasting for days, the Detroit ruffians who aided him, the attack on Sunday at the old Baby house in Sandwich, the desperate struggle and the final defeat of the scoundrels are all interwoven into one of the most interesting and spirited narratives I have ever read. There is a touch of Kipling's faculty in the sketch which disturbs one's nerves, and rings in one's ears. Indeed there is much of the same unconscious but concentrated power of picturesque expression all through Mr. Baby's remarkable book.

Some years after his farming episodes our author was employed in a search for marble and mineral oil on the Great Manitoulin, and his varied experiences, there with the Jesuit fathers, the Indians and others are admirably told. He had a true respect for the dexterity and resource of the savage and semi-savage man, as all gentlemen have who have come in contact with him, and his simple methods only filled him with delight. On an excursion about the island he was accompanied by Pierre LaFrance, a half-breed guide who had all the forest-lore at his finger ends.

"At one p.m.," he says, "after three hours coasting, Pierre said we must land, and have dinner. These hungry chaps would eat twenty times a day if you would let them, and I was curious to see him prepare for it. With an axe which he carried he collected along shore plenty of dry wood, and soon had a brisk fire, then, going to the shore, took from the water a clean, flat stone, the size of a soup plate, and stuck it up on edge before the fire to heat, and seizing the bag of flour, turned down the mouth of it even with the flour, scooped a hole in it, threw in a pinch of salt and baking powder, and a cupful of water, and worked a lump of dough the size of his two fists, flattened it out on the stone, and again set it before the fire, hung the tin kettle up over the fire, filled with water, cut three or four slices of pork, and chucked them into the boiling water for about five minutes, then held my shovel over the fire, and fried the pork, threw half a cup of tea and one cup of maple sugar into the kettle, and served the dinner on pieces of birch bark. Whether it was the exercise or the bracing air, or both combined, which hungered me I know not, but I never partook of food with greater relish. All that was to be cleaned after this repast was the shovel, which Pierre did by jabbing it into the sand. Great Scott, I thought, if my lady friends would but take a leaf from Pierre, what a deal of bother would be saved!" Our author, though temperate in eating and drinking, liked what is best in both, and could appreciate a good dish wherever he found it. The following native method of cooking the (male) whitefish would have commended itself to Brillat Savarin himself, and is best described in the author's own words:

"After carefully examining, and taking soundings at the entrance of the bay (Manitowaning) I returned to camp, and found Pierre in good humour, with a supply of green corn, potatoes and a male whitefish, just caught, which he had obtained from an old Indian. I asked him how he intended cooking it, and if he was going to fry it on my shovel. "Oh, no, spoil," he said; "I show you!" So, cutting a stout switch the size of his forefinger, twice the length of the fish, he sharpened it at both ends and ran the small end of it through its mouth, nearly to the tail. then stuck it firmly into the sand before a bright fire, when one side was cooked turned the other, and when the drip from the mouth fell clear the fish was done, and served on pieces of clean birch bark. Epicures rave about snipe and woodcock, but give me a white fish cooked in this way, and served on birch bark. But, mind, it must be a male fish."

During his search for minerals and oil, not over-successful in the end, one of Mr. Baby's friends has a "Thrilling Experience with an Indian Pilot" which our author relates with characteristic force and directness, and which exhibits, as many white men do theirs, the darker side of the Indian's nature when inflamed and distorted by intoxication.

Some oil was obtained of a very fine quality, enough, seemingly, to justify further enterprise. A Company was formed, with fifty thousand dollars of paid up capital, wells

were sunk, machinery purchased, houses and docks constructed, but only a hundred barrels of oil were obtained, which was pronounced the best in Canada, but which exhausted the Company's means and forced it to abandon the enterprise.

In "How the Bruce Mines were Discovered" we have a sketch which is thrilled through with a tender romance. It would be barbarous to tear any portion of this exquisite story from its context. For here is set down, not from imagination, but from memory, a tale which must ever rank as one of the finest idyls of the Canadian forest. How the highly-educated stepson of a distinguished British Officer—an accomplished linguist and man of the world—turned up in 1822 as the social lion of Little York; how this curled darling of soft dames "became weary of his luxurious life in the Capital, and sought the parental home near Lake Simcoe; how a Parisian friend, who had forsaken the *salon* for the wilderness, fished him out, and fired him with the spirit of adventure; how at St. Joseph's Isle he met his fate in the shape of a beautiful Indian girl whom he married; what came of it; their love, her silent suffering and flight, his noble constancy, and how the Bruce Mines were discovered in consequence—for all this, and much more, I must refer the reader to the book itself.

In another sketch, "An Unexpected Visit," our author relates a tragedy in the upper ranks of old Canadian life with exceeding delicacy, and with a sympathy for the wretched criminal neither morbid nor maudlin, but such as a fine nature must ever feel for a once promising, but shipwrecked, life.

There is no space to dip at greater length into the pages of this delightful and thoroughly Canadian book. In a second article I hope to review those chapters which are a contribution to our political history, viz.: "His Father's Life," "The Old Family Compact," "The Rebellion of '37," and "The Battle of Windsor, in 1839." Meanwhile, I cannot conclude this article without again emphasizing the importance of this accession to Canada's distinctive literature. We have, hitherto, been lamentably careless and neglectful of our unwritten traditions, which are fast fading away with the pioneers in whose recollection they are enshrined, and we should, therefore, the more eagerly welcome the publication of a book like this—the production of an octogenarian, but which breathes throughout the freshness of youth. It is inconceivable that such a volume should not have a ready sale in Canada; yet I fear that, away from the Detroit frontier and the States, it has met with little demand. In a word, where the book should receive the most encouragement it is neglected. This is partially due, no doubt, to the author's own reserve, and to his ignorance of publishing methods. But it is also, in part, due to the people who openly profess an interest in Canadian letters, but in private content themselves with the erotic novel and the imported newspaper. But there is the fit audience though few; nay more, there is the great body of Canadians who love their country—the healthy men and women who lead wholesome physical and intellectual lives—and to these I commend this instructive and entertaining volume. It is the production of a venerable man whose name is bound up with our history, whose memory is still unclouded, and whose work not only depicts with matchless fidelity the trials and struggles of our forefathers, but restores to us the freshness of their primitive world, its legends and traditions—

"With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
With their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains!"

May, 1896.

C. MAIR.

\* \* \*

Mr. Andrew Lang is writing a work called "Pickle the Spy," a chapter in the secret history of Prince Charles Edward between 1746 and 1756. From The Athenæum we learn that it is founded on the State papers, manuscripts in the British Museum, and the archives of the French Foreign Office. Pickle, it should be explained, was the assumed name of a great Highland chief. Mr. Lang has been for years at work on the book, which brings out the complicity of Frederick the Great in Jacobite intrigues, and also throws light on the adventures in exile of Prince Charles.

## The Seats of the Mighty.\*

FOR the past few years Mr. Gilbert Parker has been working with indefatigable energy, and we have now come to look upon him as one of the novelists of the new school, capable of turning out a new and interesting book every month or two. His last romance, "The Seats of the Mighty," has just been issued by the Copp, Clark Co., for Canada; and so powerful is it that we shall lose all faith in the pretended affection our people show for home writers if it has not an immediate and enormous sale.

In "Pierre and His People" Mr. Parker shewed individuality, strength, and a subtle power of characterization; but as we closed his studies we felt that the life portrayed was drawn from his own brain, and had never existed on any known part of this continent. In "The Trail of the Sword" he wrote with a verve and dash that reminded one of Weyman and Doyle; but the book was too packed with incident, and the sudden and wide changes of scene were too much for the ordinary novel-reader. But both books promised great things; and great things were expected from the author when the inevitable hour for writing and the inevitable subject should present themselves. The step between the tyro and the master is a vast one; but the conscientious artist works and waits till the proper time to take that step, till the moment when he feels he can go forward without fear or faltering. In "The Seats of the Mighty" Mr. Parker has taken that step. There is in this book not one page of hasty work; in every detail there is a repose, a mastery, a fullness that bespeak the mature artist.

The scene of the story is in Old Quebec, and the time chosen is the period of the great struggle between the French and English races for supremacy in this continent. The story is told by one Captain Robert Moray, who was a prisoner in Quebec for several years before the memorable siege. The author, in selecting this artistic method of telling his romance, had no small difficulties to contend with. Moray was for a great part of the time a close captive in a dark cell far under the mighty citadel, and had to get the details of what was going on outside either from the letters of his fiancée, Alixe Duvarney, or from his jailers. But so admirably is the whole thing executed that the interest never flags.

Moray is himself a noble fellow, a Scotchman, with a will bordering on obstinacy, and a self-confidence as essential to the successful soldier as to the sure writer. His sturdy Puritan honour and integrity serve as a fine contrast to the admirably drawn character of Monsieur Doltaire. If Mr. Parker should never write another book Doltaire would be sufficient to place him among the few chosen great students of life. Doltaire is a man of heroic mould, a man who, in other times and on another stage, could have been a Napoleon or a Cæsar. He is not, like so many characters of romance, drawn in vague, shadowy outline that the reader can fill up as he will. Mr. Parker's characters in this book are never done in that way. While he portrays with a rapid, broad touch, he is careful to give here and there a sentence of detail which gives us the key to the whole character. Doltaire says of himself: "I have one gift of the strong man—I am inexorable when I make for my end. As a general, I would pour men into the maw of death as corn into the hopper, if that would build a bridge to my end." He was no easy character to draw. At once the son of a King and a peasant, the two natures have ever to be kept in mind; and while the peasant only once in the book asserts itself, we feel, by subtle touches, its continual presence. He is a fine study in contradictions,—a heartless cynic, and a man capable of heroic self-sacrifices; a roué, yet moved by a true and noble passion; a flippant admirer of the court excesses and trivialities, and a thinker with a penetrative intellect which stands pre-eminent in the circle in which he moves; a man whose self-consciousness is at once his strength and his weakness.

Another character who will claim the attention and sympathy of every reader is Gabord, the rough soldier, one of nature's poets and gentlemen. He is a fine study, and a

\* "The Seats of the Mighty." Being the Memoirs of Captain Robert Moray, sometime an officer in the Virginia Regiment, and afterwards of Amherst's Regiment. By Gilbert Parker, author of "Pierre and his People" Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Limited.

difficult one, as his language and actions are such that one false touch on the part of the author would turn him and his striking metaphors into ridicule. No truer heart, no more faithful soldier, ever stepped from the pages of fiction. Poor Gabord! We would he might have died otherwise; and at first resent the method the author has adopted to rid him of this mortal coil; but on second consideration we pause and question,—did ever hero have a more fitting end at a more fitting moment?

It has been said that men cannot draw women; and every story-maker in the presence of the host of failures in this difficult field, must begin his portrayal of his heroine in fear and trembling. It is indeed something to create a true woman, and Mr. Parker has, to our thinking, succeeded. Alixe Duvarney loves an Englishman, but the woman is stronger than race prejudice, stronger than religious bigotry; and though there is no suggestion that she can ever deny either her race or her religion, there is never for a moment a feeling that she will yet regret following the dictates of her heart. Doltaire loves her too; and once in the story he so far forgets himself as to embrace her, and shower kisses on her lips. As Mr. Parker puts it, "the courtier, the flaneur, the man of breeding" departs, and he stands before us a peasant. Nothing more dramatically intense and striking could be penned than Alixe's action and words under this brutal assault:

"Have you quite done, monsieur?" she said, with infinite, quiet scorn. "Do you, the son of a king, find joy in kissing lips that answer nothing, a cheek from which the blood flows in affright and shame? Is it an achievement to feed as cattle feed?"

These are not the only characters. Bigot, Vaudreuil, Montcalm, are sketched with rapid, strong touches; and such a noble Frenchman of the olden time as the Chevalier de la Darante, the soul of truth and honour, helps to show what a grip Mr. Parker has of the nobler side of the human heart. One of the finest pieces of work in the book is the portrait of our own hero General Wolfe. This soldier has been drawn many times before, but never better.

"I shall never," Captain Moray writes, "forget my first look at my hero, that flaming, exhaustless spirit, in a body so *gauche* and so unshapely. When I was brought to him, he was standing on a knoll alone, looking through a glass towards the batteries of Levis. The first thing that struck me, as he lowered the glass and leaned against the gun, was the melancholy in the line of his figure. I never forget that, for it seemed to me even then that, whatever glory there was for British arms ahead, there was tragedy for him. Yet, as he turned at the sound of our footsteps, I almost laughed; for his straight, red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge, and the chin falling back from an affectionate sort of mouth, his tall, straggling frame, and far from athletic shoulders, all challenged contrast with the compact, handsome, graciously shaped Montcalm. In Montcalm was all manner of things to charm—all save that which presently filled me with awe, and showed me wherein this sallow-featured, pain-racked Briton was greater than his rival beyond measure: in that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will, and heroism lived; a bright furnace of daring resolves, which gave England her sound desire."

Besides these fine portraits and subtle psychological studies the book is full of thrilling scenes and action, but the crowning incident is that great and noble fight on the broad Plains of Abraham. This is done with a spirit, a dash, a reality, that carries the reader along as though he were advancing to the sound of the drum, and the magic whizz and pelt of the singing bullets. Gabord's magnificent death-struggle shows the novelist at his best, and is a most realistic sketch of the horrors of war.

"Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last grenadier. It caught him in

the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket barrel, and swung his sabre with fierce precision. The man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap on the faded golden-rod flower which spattered the field."

The whole story is a magnificent one, with sustained characters, and a well worked plot. Mr. Parker's style is essentially poetic, and many of his reflections on life are given with a strength and directness which has been almost a lost art since the time of the Elizabethan dramatists. Such a novel as "The Seats of the Mighty" is not only an addition to the literature of Canada, but to the romantic literature of the world; and if high claims have been made for it the reading public have only to satisfy themselves that these claims are just by straightway getting the book. Once begun, they will not put it down till the last page is devoured; and they will rise with a wider and fuller knowledge of life, and a deep admiration for the historic land in which we should all take pride.

Kingston, Ont.

T. G. MARQUIS.

### Parisian Affairs.

THE sharp and quick intervention of President Cleveland on behalf of fellow citizens captured and condemned to be shot for aiding the Cubans as the French under Lafayette did the Americans, has intensified in the Paris journals the anti-Anglo-Saxon race epidemic. Both Americans and English, according to the grave and Ministerial *Temps*, are simply *condottieri*, claiming the privilege to filibuster with impunity an land and sea. It runs in their blood it seems, just perhaps as do wooden legs in some families. Only the Latin race, Italy excepted, and their Russian ally, belong to the political elect. Nothing more amusing than the theatrical gravity before the gallery of Monsieur saying to Uncle Sam and John Bull the "Stand aside I'm holier than thou!" Who but the Latin Gauls, for Codlin's the friend, not Short, would have fitted out the unflibustering expedition in 1862 to plant the Latin race in Mexico? True, Paul planted but Jonathan Apollos declined to water.

To the pure all things are pure; hence why France perceives no beam in her own eye from such points of observation as Tunisia, Tonkin, Siam, Madagascar, etc., etc. It was to undo the Turenne and Louvois raids in the Palatinate that instigated Germany, to say nothing of the First Napoleon's free booting in Fatherland, that instigated the Teutons to repossess Alsace. The Americans only demand that their captured citizens be lawfully tried, and in accordance with treaty obligations, before being sentenced. France, however, seems to have no more sympathy for Cuban Uitlanders than for those of the Transvaal. The Anglo-Saxon race insists upon examining both sides of the shield, and does not intend to be precluded from looking after that modern Holy Grail—Number One.

The despatch of Indian troops to Suakim at last dissipates what remains of the day-dreams nursed by those disinterested internationalists respecting the evacuation of Egypt by the British. English diplomacy is at last awakening from its Rip-Van-Winkle slumber, and rapidly arriving at up-to-dateness. Russia has shot far ahead of it, but the tortoise is still backed to overtake the hare. It is something to have sloughed off maudlin tactics, and that diplomatic eunuchism of letting the dare-not wait upon the I would. India is a bonanza of soldiers, as ready to cross the frontiers into Russia as to debark at Suakim. In the autumn Imperial Federation can do a good stroke of business by Australia sending a representative regiment of volunteers; by Canada following suit, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the twin-strong man of South Africa, shall by then have administered his "everlasting lesson" to the Matabeles, so as to be able to spare a few squadrons to re-establish and "everlastingly maintain" the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in Africa, with Italy to help in the safety of Tripolitania. That combination would enter the minds of Anglo-phobists like a Röntgen ray, and so "stop their knocking at the door" of the British Empire.

So long, level-headed lookers-on here at the game say, as Russia infringes no treaty rights in Chee-Foo, she has only



to be envied for her run of good luck at the expense of John Chinaman. Clearly, it is only by a resolute policy of vigorous squeezing that relations with the Peking Government can be carried on. The Muscovite has the Celestial under his thumb. The Sino-Russian treaty is being gradually unfolded; of course, when the Czar is comfortable in the saddle the reward or share due to France will become known. Russian diplomacy never opens its hand all at once, until the step forward is secured, no other in advance will be made. In the Far East, Russia has hypnotized British diplomacy; action, not soft sawder, is demanded. Is it in the power of the British to out-do the Russians in squeezing the Son of Heaven? Screw against screw. The Chinese have no other worldly idea than to trick the Western, whether bosom friend or deadly foe, and they succeed, save with the Tartar. England sends a few dozen officers annually to St. Petersburg to learn the Russian language; could she not tell off a bevy of Foreign Office attachés to sit at the feet of Gamaliel Lobanoff?

Paris has its season of bad smells as it has that for lilac and asparagus. The meteorologis', who is boarded and lodged by the Municipal Council on the top of the St. Jacques tower to prognosticate the weather for the journals and by a special telegram for a fee of one franc to decide ladies as to what bonnets they may safely wear, invented, it is said, some time ago, an "odourometer," by means of which the purity of the ambient air could be ascertained. It was graduated to two and seventy degrees, perhaps corresponding to the famous number of Cologne stenchers. Opticians never offered any of the instruments for sale; perhaps the sanitary inspection interest sat on the hygienic record. At present Paris beats all the cities of the world in offensive smells; they stick to you like duns or poor relations, and seize your throat like a garotte. They are essentially an *article de Paris*, being the product of the chemical manipulation of the city night soil; the working up of the refuse of the abattoirs to make charcoal to refine sugar, and last not least, the emanations of chemical industries. These miasmatic factories being situated on the north side of the city—the St. Denis region, when the wind sits in that quarter, think only of the "sweet South that breaths upon a bank of violets." The sanitary authorities go through the usual comedy of investigating the cause—till the matter be forgotten, say by the exhibition of the self-hanging man; a nitro-glycerine message from President Cleveland, and the defeat of Ministers, or the making of railways by the English army into the Soudan to facilitate their exit. Odd, the fetid air does not run up the death rate; additional proof that sewer men, dust *industriels* and grave diggers have most chances of becoming centenarians, and which explains why insurance offices refuse to accept such citizens as annuitants.

Paris, May 16th, 1896.

Z.

## Music.

STUDIES IN VOCAL MUSIC.—THIRD PAPER: BEETHOVEN'S SONGS.

BEETHOVEN'S songs can scarcely be considered as productions worthy of the genius of so great a master, for, though about seventy in number, they are by no means of such importance as one would be led to expect from a study of his compositions in the field of instrumental music. A few of the songs are undoubtedly very good and some of the others contain short passages of great beauty but as a whole they are distinctly disappointing, while some of them are quite valueless. The six songs Op. 48—with words by Gellert—will serve as good examples of Beethoven's work. They are rather above than below the average; yet not one of them is thoroughly satisfactory, and after a careful study of the whole group a vocalist feels but little desire to turn to them again. Perhaps the only explanation that can be given of these facts is the very imperfect one that the production of songs does not seem to have been for Beethoven a natural and congenial kind of work. Indeed in studying these com-

positions one is impressed with the idea that the master seldom devoted himself seriously to them, but probably engaged in such work as a relaxation from his more serious labours. Certainly if he had left behind him nothing but his songs he would be held in comparatively little esteem as a composer.

Examining the songs with reference to their peculiarities in regard to compass, key, etc., a few points of interest are observed. Beethoven uses the keys having sharps and those having flats in the signature with about equal frequency, but shows a preference for major rather than minor keys—a more decided preference than is shown by many other composers. The total number of keys employed is eighteen. Very few of the songs make heavy demands on the abilities of the vocalist. The compass required varies from a major fifth to two octaves but the average is unusually small, namely, a little over a major ninth. About thirty per cent. of the songs do not require a compass of more than an octave, and about fifty per cent. do not go above F in the voice part, when sung in the original keys. In both of these respects Beethoven demands less than Schubert, Rubinstein and other classical composers.

Only four of the songs have seemed to the writer to be worthy of special recommendation for the use of the majority of vocalists. These are here arranged in two groups—the first group containing the best two—and the original key is stated after each song. The first group consists of:—

1. "Adelaide." B flat maj.
2. "Ah! perfido." C maj. (at the beginning). The second group contains:—
3. Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land?" A maj.
4. "In questa tomba oscura." A flat maj.

Sopranos should sing Nos. 2 and 3 in the original keys; but it must be observed that the former requires a dramatic voice with a compass of two octaves, and the latter requires a voice having considerable power as far down as the lower E. No. 3 would suit many sopranos better if transposed up to B flat maj. By mezzo-sopranos No. 3 may be used when transposed either into A flat maj. or G maj. Mezzo-contraltos should use No. 3 transposed to G maj., but the transposition of this song into F maj. to make it available for true contraltos cannot be recommended, although it is sometimes done. All contraltos should find No. 4 available in the original key. For tenors only No. 1 is serviceable. It should be sung in the original key. For high baritones, and such low baritones as can produce upper E natural with reasonable facility, No. 4 is to be recommended. The song is not well adapted for transposition.

It will be noticed that the scena and aria "Ah! perfido" is included here with the songs. It is usually published with them and it seemed best not to separate it in the present instance. It is a fine composition and would no doubt be heard much more frequently (though it is not a rare number on concert programmes) if it were not so extremely difficult and did not require a voice of rather unusual power and compass for its proper rendition. "Adelaide" is more frequently heard in public than any other of Beethoven's songs. While it is a work much admired it is unfortunate in having the last of its three sections less interesting and powerful than the other two, so that, to a certain extent at least, the ending produces an anti-climax.

As the selected list of songs here given is so very short it may be of interest to add a third group for the benefit of anyone desiring suggestions for further study along the same lines. The following are believed to rank next to the four songs already mentioned:—

- "Bitten."
- "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur."
- "Busslied."
- "Neue Liebe, neues Leben."
- "Wonne der Wehmuth."
- "An die ferne Geliebte" (commonly spoken of as a song cycle, but having its six divisions so closely connected that it is here considered as only one number).
- "Lied aus der Ferne."
- "Der Bardengeist."
- "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt."

The song last mentioned is given in four different musical settings, of which the fourth is perhaps the best.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

Periodicals.

Harper's Bazar for May is an uncommonly good issue. Beside the customary "Fashions,"—all well illustrated—there are a number of interesting articles, a story by Lilian Bell entitled "Lizzie Lee's Separation" and a continuation of "Mrs. Gerald" by Maria Louis Pool.

The Hibelot, The Chap-Book (now published by H. S. Stone & Co., of Chicago), and Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors, for May, have appeared, and all contain gems of thought. The last mentioned gives an admirable sketch of William Gilmore Simms by Wm. Cullen Bryant.

The May number of Educational Review furnishes a list of papers prepared for the Harvard Teachers' Association, and contains valuable recommendations as to uniform college entrance requirements made by the conferences held at Columbia University last February, besides the usual Reviews and Editorials.

In The Century for May appears a further portion of "Sir George Tressidy," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; as also a continuation of the sketches of Napoleon's career, by Mr. Sloane. "Impressions of South Africa," by Mr. Byrce, M.P., are timely and well given. Other articles of merit are contained in the number.

Cornhill for May is a bright number, and furnishes continuations of "Clarissa Furisa," by Mr. Norris, and "Disappearance of George Driffler," by Mr. Payn. The difficulties of travelling abroad in days of old are contrasted with the comfort and advantages attending journeys in modern times; and the subject of the great mining mania is treated at length, and with great skill.

The South African problem is treated at length in Blackwood's for May, and the writer points out that a confederation of all the South African States on the model of Canada would be most calculated to give ultimate satisfaction to all parties concerned. The picture given of an old Oxford common room is of great interest, as also are those touching on the people of the west portion of Ireland. Mr. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" is ably handled and a number of articles of lighter vein make up a good issue.

In the National Review for May, Lieut.-Col. Sir George Clarke discusses the question "Can England Be Invaded?"; M. Francois Delonche furnishes a remarkable statement of grievances of France against England in reference to Egyptian affairs; the case of the Manitoba Schools is set forth in an able article by Sir Hibbert Tupper; Dr. George R. Parkin writes most exhaustively on "The Imperial Note in British Statesmanship"; "The Unionist Leaders," by H. D. Traill, and "Kaffer Finance," by W. R. Lawson, are both well put, and the impressions derived from a visit to Japan by Mr. A. G. Boscawen, M.P., afford most interesting reading.

The Westminster Review for May opens with two articles which might be read with profit and advantage by all those of our Toronto citizens who are interested in the question of Sunday observance. One is entitled "The Triumph of Sunday Opening," by Stoddard Dewey; and the other, "The Present Situation of Sunday Opening," a symposium, by Mark H. Judge. Other important articles are: "A Survey of Events," "The Resurrection of Liberalism," by W. Hammond Robinson; "Sir John Seely," by Maurice Todhunter; "The History of Hindu Civilization under British Rule," by J. F. Hewett; "The Victorian Age of Literature and its Critics," by D. F. Hannigan; "The Making of Women," by L. Vansittart De Fabeck; "Agricultural Depression Unmasked," by T. M. Hopkins, and many others.

In the Contemporary Review for May the European Question is analyzed by M. Jules Simon, who defends M. Berthelot against the denial of responsibility on the part of M. Bourgeois for the famous Havas note. The newly discovered traces of the Israelites in Egypt are described by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie. It is argued by the Hon. E. Lyttelton that the authority of St. Paul does not, as a matter of absolute necessity, preclude women

from taking part in public affairs. A new translation of the Bible for the use of the people, expressed in simple language, is suggested by Mr. H. W. Horwill. "London as the Capital of the Empire" is an article by Mr. Geo. E. Boxall. "The Education Bill is denounced in strong terms by Mr. E. Lyulph Stanley, and M. Reclus' proposed model of the earth on an extended scale is favorably reported upon by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace.

South African affairs are treated of in The Fortnightly Review for May by Mr. H. L. W. Lawson and by the Rev. W. Greswell; Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on "The Poet on the Wolds"; a clever and timely essay is headed "The Integration of the Empire"; Mr. Hugh Chisholm briefly treats upon "The Election Petitions of 1895-6"; "Czar and Emperor" is from the pen of Karl Blind; from Mr. Garnet Smith is a scholarly paper on "The Women of George Meredith"; "To Akasheh and After," by Major Arthur Griffiths, and "Life from the Lost Atlantis" by St. George Mivert, F.R.S., are both charming reading, and the three articles, under the caption "National Education," viz.: (1) "Disraeli on National Education," by the Rev. J. W. Hoste; (2) "Some Reasons for the School Board Rate," by Maj.-Gen. Sim, and (3) "Secondary Education and the London Board," by C. L. A. Skinner, are of especial value.

Dominion Bank.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS HELD AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF THE INSTITUTION IN TORONTO ON WEDNESDAY, MAY 27 1896.

The annual general meeting of the Dominion Bank was held at the Banking House of the institution, Toronto, on Wednesday, May 27th, 1896.

Among those present were noticed Mr. James Austin, Sir Frank Smith, Col. Mason, Messrs. William Ince, John Scott, William Ramsay, W. G. Cassels, E. Leadley, M. Boulton, Aaron Ross, E. B. Osler, William Hendrie, Dr. Smith, John Stewart, R. S. Cassels, Walter S. Lee, J. Lorne Campbell, W. R. Brock, S. Nordheimer, James Robertson, R. D. Gamble, and others.

It was moved by Sir Frank Smith, seconded by Mr. E. Leadley, that Mr. James Austin do take the chair.

Col. Mason moved, seconded by R. S. Cassels, and resolved,—That Mr. R. D. Gamble do act as secretary

Messrs. R. S. Cassels and Walter S. Lee were appointed scrutineers.

The secretary read the report of the Directors to the Shareholders, and submitted the annual statement of the affairs of the Bank, which is as follows:

To the Shareholders: The Directors beg to present the following statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the year ending 30th April, 1896:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account 30th April, 1895	\$ 15,890 31
Profit for the year ending 30th April, 1896, after deducting charges of management, etc., and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	189,862 12
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st August, 1895	\$205,752 43
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st November, 1895	\$45,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., paid 1st February, 1896	45,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent., payable 1st May, 1896	45,000 00
	\$180,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$ 25,752 43

JAMES AUSTIN, President.

Toronto, May 8, 1896.

It is with great regret your Directors have to announce the death during the past year of their colleague, Mr. James Scott, who has been a member of the Board since the year 1880, and who was greatly devoted to the welfare of the bank. The vacancy has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. R. Brock.

J. AUSTIN, President,

Mr. James Austin moved, seconded by Sir Frank Smith, and resolved,—That the report be adopted.

It was moved by Mr. John Scott, seconded by Mr. W. S. Lee, and resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President, Vice President and Directors for their services during the past year.

It was moved by Mr. Aaron Ross, seconded by Mr. James Robertson, and resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Managers, and Agents, Inspectors and other officers of the bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

It was moved by Mr. John Stewart, seconded by Mr. William Ince, and resolved,—That that the poll be now opened for the election of seven directors, and that the same be closed at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or as soon before that hour as five minutes shall elapse without any vote being polled, and that the scrutineers, on the close of the poll, do hand to the Chairman a certificate of the result of the poll.

Mr. William Hendrie moved, seconded by Mr. J. Lorne Campbell and resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. James Austin for his able conduct in the chair.

The scrutineers declared the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year: Messrs James Austin, W. R. Brock, William Ince E. Leadley, W. D. Matthews, E. B. Osler and Sir Frank Smith.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors Mr. James Austin was elected President and Sir Frank Smith Vice-President for the ensuing term.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid up	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	\$1,500,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward	25,752 43
Dividend No. 54, payable 1st May	45,000 00
Reserved for Interest and Exchange	106,459 48
Rebate on Bills discounted	31,430 32
	1,708,642 23
	\$3,208,642 23
Notes in circulation	\$ 976,472 00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$1,470,592 52
Deposits bearing interest	8,780,419 28
Balance due to London agents	175,152 87
	10,251,011 80
	11,402,636 67
	\$14,611,278 90
ASSETS.	
Specie	\$ 449,127 67
Dominion Government Demand Notes	632,488 00
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation	75,000 01
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	226,157 93
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	159,421 96
Balances due from other Banks in the United States	1,076,078 21
Provincial Government Securities	96,081 05
Municipal and other Debentures	2,117,383 77
	\$4,851,738 59
Bills Discounted and Current (including advances on call)	\$9,407,318 34
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	69,873 77
Real Estate	12,265 11
Bank Premises	263,203 64
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	6,879 45
	9,759,540 31
	\$14,611,278 90

R. D. GAMBLE, General Manager.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just published "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds: Twenty-eight Hundred Miles after Musk Oxen and Wood Bison," by Caspar W. Whitney, illustrated, parts of which have appeared in Harper's Magazine; "Cyrus W. Field: His Life and Work," edited by Isabella Field Judson; "Briseis," William Black's new novel, also published in Harper's Magazine, with illustrations by W. T. Smedley; and a new edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

We are glad to note that the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company have arranged to commence their trips for the season. From 1st to 15th of June, there will be a bi-weekly service, and after 15th of June a boat will leave Toronto daily (except Sunday). This service affords one of the most charming scenic water trips on the American continent, and we often wonder more people do not avail themselves of it.

# Headache

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This preparation by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

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## Chess.

### CHESS IN JAPAN

SHO-YE, AN EXTREMELY INTRICATE SYSTEM TO PLAY.

TWENTY PIECES ON A SIDE AND EIGHTY-ONE SQUARES ON THE BOARD—MEN MAY BE USED AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

A game that is much played by the Japanese at their clubs in New York and Brooklyn is similar to the familiar game of chess. It is known as Sho-ye, or Japanese chess, and is even more complicated than our own game. The chief difference between it and chess is that the pieces and pawns when captured are not removed from the board, but can be used again by the player who captures them. He can use them whenever he pleases, and place them on any vacant square outside the enemy's camp. There are forty pieces instead of thirty-two, and the board contains eighty-one squares instead of sixty-four. The extra pieces are one more pawn, an extra queen, and two pieces which have no exact counterpart in chess, but are something between a rook and a bishop—making in all twenty pieces for each side.

All the squares are of the same color, and the pieces of the same shape. The pieces vary in size according to their value, which is inscribed upon the upper side. When a piece is promoted by entering the enemy's camp, it is reversed, and its new value is shown written upon it. The arrangement of the board is somewhat different to that in chess, owing to the extra pieces.

Oh Shio, or the king, corresponds to the king in chess. He commands eight squares, being entitled to move one square in any direction, forward, backward, laterally or diagonally.

Kin Shio, or the gold general, occupies the same position at starting as the queen in chess. There are, however, two of them, one on each side of the king. Their powers are not nearly so great as those of the queen. Kin Shio can only command six squares, being able to move one square in any direction, except diagonally backward.

Gin Shio, or the silver general, has no counterpart in chess. This piece may be

moved forward in any direction and diagonally backward, but not laterally or directly backward. It thus commands five squares.

Kelma, or the flying horse, is similar to the knight in its powers, and is the only piece which has the privilege of leaping over another man. Kelma can move directly forward and one square to the right or left.

Kiosha, or the fragrant chariot, is unlike any piece used in chess. It can be moved straight forward over squares that are clear.

Hishia, or the flying chariot equals the rook in its powers. It moves in a straight line forward, backward or sideways, having a uniform range on a clear board of sixteen squares, exclusive of the one it occupies.

Kaku, or the horn, corresponds to the bishop, and can move diagonally forward or backward any distance.

Fu, or the foot soldier, is the same as the pawn. It can be moved only straight forward and one square at a time.

The pieces when reaching the last line of squares belonging to the enemy take the power of the piece next in value above them, with the exception of Hishia, or the flying chariot, which, being next to the king, cannot be promoted. The object of the game is the same as in chess—to checkmate the king. Owing to the greater number of pieces being on the board during the whole game the complications which ensue make the game of Sho-ye an extremely difficult one. The champion is Gonsaku Inagawa, of Tokio, who has held the championship of Japan for many years. In Japan the game is largely played, and the championship matches excite the greatest interest. Sho-ye is of great antiquity, and came originally from China.

### NEW STANDARD OF VALUES.

Pawn, 10; Bishop, 30; Knight, 30; Rook, 40; Queen, 70; and Chancellor (when played with) 80 points.

Some Toronto Chess players are getting up a work on the Royal game, and hope to find a place for your best unpublished games, if received in time for book. A specimen sheet will gladly be forwarded on prompt application to the Editor.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

734a.—B Kt5. 735.—R QB5.

### GAMES BETWEEN SUBSCRIBERS:—

Would you like to play a few games by card?

See London Times, week ending May 9th.

Barry won 1. Showalter, 1. Drawn 2.



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From The Walkerton Telescope.

During the past few years The Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had any doubt remained its last vestige would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock. Mr. Allen is so well known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what seemed an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while working in the bush, Mr. Allen was seized with what appeared to him to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip where they finally settled, and so completely helpless did he become that he was unable to do more than walk across the room, and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagin-



ed when some few weeks ago, we saw this self-same John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. (Great, however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when, on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him. "Well," said he in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us in a very frank manner, the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr. Allen is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and

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Students taking a Musical, Art or University course, will find this an advantageous opportunity of becoming familiar with German, which is the language of the Pension.

## Literary Notes.

The Stevenson fragment to be published in the June 15th Chap-book, is entitled "A Walk in Carrick and Galloway."

Mrs. Marshall has written a new historical novel, which will be published at once. It is called "An Escape from the Tower."

Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, author of "Slum Stories of London," has written a new story, "In the Valley of Tophet," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish at once.

William Carman Roberts, who is a younger brother of the well-known Canadian poet and litterateur Charles G. D. Roberts, has a poem in the forthcoming June 1st Chap-Book

Macmillan & Co. announce a complete edition of the works of Robert Browning, published in two volumes and containing historical and biographical notes of the author that are included in no other edition.

Longmans, Green & Co. have ready the first volume of Dr. Robert Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns," revised and partially re-written by William Wallace. There will be four volumes in all.

Macmillan & Co. have copyrighted for America Miss Betham-Edwards' forthcoming story, which will be published simultaneously in London, Leipzig and New York. The title is, "The Dream-Charlotte: a Story of Echoes."

J. M. Dent & Co. in England, and Macmillan & Co. in America, are about to publish a translation of the works of Alphonse Daudet. This edition, which will be illustrated will be issued in monthly volumes, beginning with "Tartarin of Tarascon."

The "Chap-Book" is to remain in Chicago under the new imprint of H. S. Stone & Co. and the old editorship of Herbert S. Stone, with Mr. Harrison G. Rhodes as assistant. The first book to be announced by the new firm is Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Prose Fancies."

The forthcoming issues in Whittaker's Library will include the following for summer reading: "The Home of Fiesole, a Story of the Times of Savonarola," "The Musgrove Ranch, a Tale of Southern California," and "Ruhainah, the Maid of Herat, a Story of Afghan Life," by Thomas P. Hughes.

The Scribners will publish an edition, fully protected by copyright, of the new poem by Swinburne, called "The Tale of Balen." The poem is longer than any recent work of Mr. Swinburne's, and consists of Sir Thomas Malory's story of Balen, told in a measure which keeps very close to the original. The poem is a new manifestation of Mr. Swinburne's genius, and he has made the dedication to his mother.

W. Fraser Rae's biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is announced by Henry Holt & Co. It is to be in two volumes, and to include portraits and facsimile autographs of Sheridan and his famous contemporaries. Documents written by the Prince of Wales, Sheridan, the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Wellesley will be made public for the first time. The introduction is by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who is a great-grandson of Sheridan.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have arranged for the American publication of the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo. These will probably be comprised in two volumes, the first containing (1) Hugo's letters to his father while studying in Paris; (2) a charming group written to his young wife; (3) an interesting series to his confessor, Lamennais; (4) letters about some of his volumes, "Hernani," "Le Roi s'amuse," etc.; (5) to his little daughter Leopoldine; and (6) a very interesting series to Sainte-Beuve, who was in love with Madame Hugo. The second will include his letters in exile to Ledru Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Lamartine, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest.

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## Literary Notes.

A volume of short stories by Henry James is shortly to be published by Macmillan & Co. under the name "Embarrassments" The studies are entitled "The Figure in the Carpet," "Glasses," "The Next Time," and "The Way It Came," and are sketched in Mr. James' usual minute and clever manner.

The late Henry C. Bunner, of whom a po trait and biographical sketch appeared in The Critic, of May 16, is the subject of two brief tributes in the same paper for May 23. In one of these, he is considered as an editor and a story-teller, the writer being Mr. H. G. Paine, of Harper's Weekly, his former associate on Puck. In the other he is judged as a poet, the critic being Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, of Columbia College, himself an accomplished writer of verse. Full justice is done to the rare qualities of heart and intellect that made Mr. Bunner's career a series of successes.

Dr. E. A. Abbott has completed his elaborate work on the Gospels, written for the new Biblical Encyclopaedia edited by Sutherland Black. It was originally intended to make this Encyclopaedia one large volume, but it is doubtful whether this will be possible. Dr. Abbott has devoted the most extraordinary labour to the preparation of this work, which will undoubtedly be recognized as a contribution to a subject of momentous interest and importance. It will probably appear in fuller form with notes as a separate book.

An able symposium under the title of "The English in Naval Warfare" is presented as the opening feature of the May number of the North American Review, the contributors to it being Commodore George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief of the United States Navy; W. S. Aldrich, Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University of West Virginia; Ira N. Hollis, Professor of Engineering in Harvard University; Gardiner C. Sims, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and George Uhler, President of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association. The noted French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, writes most interestingly of "Mars and Its Inhabitants," and in "Men Who Might Have Been Presidents," Joseph M. Rogers of the Philadelphia Inquirer throws some important light on the Presidential elections of the past. "The Old Testament not a Millstone" is the theme of a paper by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Coulson Workman, in reply to Professor Goldwin Smith's article on "Christianity's Millstone" in the December Review, while the existing state of "Western Feeling towards the East" is succinctly portrayed by Senator William V. Allen, of Nebraska. "The United States and Great Britain: A Reply to Mr. David A. Wells," affords Mayo W. Hazeltine opportunity to criticize the former's statement of facts set forth in his article in the April Review, and Dr. Louis Robinson in his series of "Wild Traits in Tame Animals" writes about "Domestic Cattle." Charles Sedgwick Minot furnishes a clever scientific treatise on "The Microscopical Study of Living Matter," and the concluding instalment but one of "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone deals with the limitation and reserve of Scripture and the creeds. Other topics dealt with are "Constitutional Suffrage for Women," by W. S. Harwood; "Great Britain's Service to Civilization," by Capt. A. S. Crowninshield, U.S.N.; "Methodism and the General Conference," by the Rev. F. C. Iglehart, D.D., and "The Agricultural Problem," by M. B. Morton

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## Publications Received.

- A. D. F. Hamlin. A Text Book of the History of Architecture. Longmans & Co.
- E. B. Brownlow. Orpheus and other Poems. Pen and Pencil Club, Montreal.
- Arthur J. Stringer. Watchers of Twilight and other Poems. London, Ontario: T. H. Warren.
- Nye and Riley's Wit and Humour. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.
- Bill Nye's Sparks. F. Tennyson Neely.
- Maibelle Justice. Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. F. Tennyson Neely.
- Louise Mack. The World is Round. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Marshall Saunders. Charles and His Lamb. Philadelphia: Charles H. Banes.
- Henry Johnston. Dr. Congleton's Legacy. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- A. P. Laurie. Facts About Processes, Pigments, and Vehicles. A Manual for Art Students. Macmillan & Co.
- Julian Hawthorne. A Fool of Nature. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- F. Max Muller. Three Lectures on the Science of Language. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.
- Eugene Field. The House. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Maud Willbur Goodwin. Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times. Dolly Madison. Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Dr. Paul Carns. The Religion of Science. The Open Court Publishing Company.
- R. P. Brorup. Christianity and Our Times. Chicago. International Book Co.

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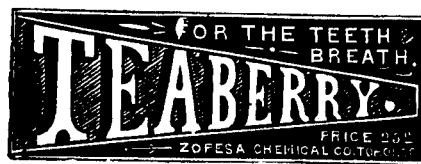
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THE LITERATURE OF DREAMS: A Study in the Dream-Craft of Holmes, Burns, Lamb, Hood, Lowell, Tennyson, and Others. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

"SORDELLO": The Hero as Poet. Papers of the Boston Browning Society. *Rev. Dr. C. C. Everett.*

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The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
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