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## THE WEEK:

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

MR. J. HERBERT MASON deserves the thanks of the country as well as those of the Central Farmers' Institute for having called the attention of the latter to the benefits that would follow the general adoption of the Torrens system of land transfer. The adoption of this system throughout the whole Province is only a question of time, but it is surprising that so much time is needed to secure its substitution for the costly and cumbersome system which it is gradually displacing. The advantages of the simple registration of titles, placing them at once and for all beyond dispute, over conveyance by deed, or rather by a chain of deeds reaching indefinitely backwards, are so many and obvious that the wonder is that the old method has so long survived in this busy and practical age. The obvious results of the Torrens system are, as pointed out by Mr. Mason, certainty of title, expedition in showing title, saving of an expense which is often great, loss of time in investigating titles, and, above all, guarantee against loss arising from mistakes. It is, we suppose, but natural that a reform whose ultimate effect would be to take away much occupation from a large class of members of the legal profession should fail to elicit the hearty support of a good many members of that profession, though the fact that this would be a consequence belonging to the future, while the immediate effect would be to increase rather than diminish the work of the lawyers, should minimize any interested opposition from that quarter. To the last mentioned fact, that, viz., of the increase of expense in the first instance, is due the hesitation of Mr. Awrey and other members of the Institute to accept the motion which finally prevailed, approving of the Torrens system and urging the subordinate institutes to discuss the question and instruct their delegates how to vote at the next meeting of the Central Institute. There can be no doubt of the conclusion that will follow an intelligent consideration of the question, or of the readiness of the Ontario Government and Legislature to

replace the present optional statute with a compulsory one as soon as they have reason to believe that the majority of the electors and land owners of the Province desire it.

EVER since the close of last session the atmosphere of party politics has been from time to time agitated by whisperings of coming revelations, which, it is intimated, will prove still more damaging to the Ottawa administration than those of last session. Indeed, the Hon. David Mills, if correctly reported—and we have seen no denial—went so far as to say, in a recent political speech, that, no matter what the result of the bye-elections, the Canadian Government would be hurled from power within one month of the opening of the coming session. This, from the connection, could be understood to mean nothing else than that the Opposition were in possession of evidence of transactions of some kind so discreditable to the members of the Government that it would be impossible for them to withstand the effect of the unveiling process which would be commenced shortly after the re-assembling of Parliament. Many other statements, similar in kind, have been made by other men of prominence in the ranks of the Opposition, so that the attitude of the country may be described as one of expectancy on the part of the friends of the Opposition, and, it is not unlikely, of apprehension on the part of Government supporters. No one, therefore, was, we suppose, much surprised when on Saturday last the *Globe* came out with its first two pages filled with flaming headlines, headed letter-press, and *fac-similes* of receipts for cash—all purporting to show that Sir Adolphe Caron, late Minister of Militia, and now Postmaster-General, had freely drawn on Hon. Thomas McGreevy for election funds, for use in various constituencies in the Province of Quebec during the last general election, the implication being, of course, that said funds were a part of the "huddle" provided by the firm of Larkin, Connolly and Company from the illegitimate proceeds of Government contracts, for connection with which Mr. McGreevy was expelled from Parliament. The documents thus given to the public leave no doubt of the fact that these sums of money were drawn by Sir Adolphe Caron from a fund in the hands of Mr. McGreevy for party uses. That the money so drawn was a part of the funds contributed by the contractors in question, having been by them stolen from the Government, is, of course, as yet only a presumption. Sir Adolphe's explanation that the sums in question had first been placed by him in the custody of Mr. McGreevy as the financial manager of the party, and had been simply withdrawn by him (Sir Adolphe) as needed for legitimate electoral expenses, is satisfactory, if it can be proved, as far as it goes; but will probably be held by the public to need a second explanation, to show whence he obtained these large sums in the first instance. Unhappily we have fallen upon an evil time in Canada, when the simple word of a member of the Government, or of Parliament, which ought to be the end of all controversy, avails nothing save as corroborated by sworn testimony which has stood the ordeal of vigorous cross-examination. So far as we can now remember, not one of those who have up to date been convicted of connection with boodling transactions, either at Ottawa or at Quebec, has failed to affirm his innocence. We mention this unpleasant fact as a sufficient reason for the opinion that the Government cannot refuse the investigation which will be no doubt demanded by the Opposition in the Commons, as it is now demanded in advance by their newspapers.

WE have once or twice expressed regret that the much-talked-of conference at Washington, between representatives of the Governments of the two countries, on the question of reciprocity, the prospect of which conference formed the ostensible ground of the sudden dissolution of the Canadian Parliament prior to the late general election, seemed to have been quietly dropped from the Ottawa programme. It was therefore with some surprise that we read the other day the announcement that several of our Ministers were going, and a day or two later that they had actually gone, to Washington, for the purpose of taking part in such a conference. In the absence of information as to the origin of this renewal of the conference pro-

posal, it is impossible to feel so sanguine of a successful result as we should like to do. It must be confessed that the connection of this movement with the bye-elections, just as the former one was connected with the general election, is a coincidence which gives too much colour to the suspicion that it may be little more than a feint for political effect. If the initiative was in this case taken by the Washington authorities there is of course no ground for such suspicion, and good ground for hope of a result favourable to both peoples, as any fair arrangement for the promotion of mutual trade cannot fail to be. But if, on the other hand, as there seems too much cause to fear, the visit is being made as the outcome of permission sought by our own Government, the probabilities of any basis of agreement being reached are, we suspect, infinitesimal, while worse even than the failure of negotiations would be the evidence that the reconstructed Government is not above resorting to deceptive expedients, such as we had hoped we had seen the last of in Canada, for a generation at least. It is not, however, easy to see any special cause of misgiving to prompt the Government to adopt any doubtful expedient of the kind indicated for the sake of influencing the bye-elections. The results so far are entirely in its favour. A decided advantage has already been gained, and that too in constituencies which, from their location, were supposed to be most susceptible to the influence of the unrestricted reciprocity argument. While congratulating the Government on their victory, we cannot refrain from expressing the disappointment that must be felt by all friends of upright and above-board tactics that they have seemingly fallen back upon the old plan of bringing on the elections piecemeal in such order as may seem most likely to be favourable to their own friends and correspondingly disconcerting to those of their opponents. It is surely time that the Government of this Dominion should be above such tricks, and ready to offer a fair and honourable contest. The proposal which has been made by some one, and which will probably be brought forward in Parliament, that the statutes should be so amended as to put it out of the power of the Government to fix the dates of bye-elections, by causing these dates henceforth to be determined by the proper officer, according to an impartial rule, is so manifestly fair and in the interests of good administration, that it is difficult to see on what plausible ground it can be objected to by the Government.

WE should have commented last week upon the remarkably encouraging report brought back by Mr. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, of the possibilities of future trade with China and Japan. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the comparative value of the United States' market, there can be none in respect to the desirability of opening up the widest possible markets in other quarters of the globe. It must be confessed that the prospects of any important development of commercial intercourse with the central and southern parts of our own continent are not very good, partly because of the superior advantages possessed by our next-door neighbours for securing such trade, and partly by reason of the smallness of the populations in question and their comparative lack of wealth. In the case of China and Japan, neither of these obstacles exists. In point of location and means of communication, Canada has now, we suppose, the advantage over every other country on this hemisphere. The vast populations of those oriental lands, and their thrift, rapidly developing enterprise, and commercial capacity, are such as would make the possibilities of future expansion practically unlimited, were they really to throw open their country for free commercial intercourse and begin to cultivate western tastes in the matter of food and clothing. The people of these countries have certainly been used better, or, as we should perhaps put it, less badly, in Canada than in the United States and, other things being equal, might naturally be expected to prefer dealing with us. If the tendencies of these peoples in the direction of enlarged intercourse with the outside world are half as hopeful as Mr. Shaughnessy's observations have led him to believe; if the Chinese and Japanese are really developing a taste for, and beginning to use, such Western staples in food

and clothing, it is evident that the possibilities of future expansion of trade with them are as unlimited as their teeming populations, or at least as our capacity for utilizing the tropical products which they may have to send us in exchange. Such a result is well worth every legitimate effort that can be put forth to attain it. One serious difficulty, however, suggests itself. The very fact that these Eastern lands are swarming with myriads of inhabitants, insomuch that an immigration as large as the whole population of Canada might cross to our shores almost without being missed, and orientalize our Dominion, is one that may well give us pause. Of course, it would be in our power at any time to adopt the policy with which the United States is so often reproached. But could we expect to carry on a great and growing trade with a country while denying its people the hospitality which we extend to all others? Herein, it seems to us, lies the chief difficulty. We mention it, not with any desire to dampen the enthusiasm of those who are sanguine in regard to this trade, but in the hope that Mr. Shaughnessy or some other competent observer who has visited the East and sounded, to some extent, the feeling of the people, may tell us whether there is in their opinion a real danger in the direction indicated. For our own part, we have never been able to understand why the chief objection to the Chinese as citizens might not be in a large degree met, not by an invidious poll-tax or arbitrary prohibition, but by the enforcement of such sanitary and other regulations as would compel all immigrants to adopt a mode of living comparable in cost and external morality to that of our own native citizens.

THE term "British Justice" has long been a synonym for a type of judicial procedure which, if not ideally perfect, was supposed to be about the nearest approach to it that has yet been made in this imperfect world. But from recent outspoken complaints in such newspapers as the *Times* and the *Telegraph* it appears that there is still large room for improvement, not so much in the constitution of the courts or the *personnel* of the Judiciary, as in the working of the machinery. The chief complaint, so far as the courts proper are concerned, is of the intolerable length of time often consumed in reaching a verdict. This criticism applies it seems in England exclusively to civil cases. There is no reasonable ground of complaint in regard to criminal prosecutions, in which, the *Spectator* tells us, the decision is invariably reached within two or three months of the beginning of proceedings. If by the "beginning of proceedings" is meant the committal of the accused parties for trial, it might be well for our courts or Parliament to make a note of the fact, for, though it is our proud boast that our Canadian judicial system is patterned closely after that of the Mother Country, it is certain—witness the recent Hancock case, in which the accused was kept in prison for nearly five months on what proved on trial to be utterly insufficient evidence—that the delay even in criminal cases is often much greater in our procedure. But to return to England, and we notice the matter mainly because our practice does so closely follow that of England in most respects, the two chief grounds of dissatisfaction are the intolerable delay and the enormous expense of litigation, consequent in part on the delay. This delay appears to be due in some measure to the leisurely habits of the judges and their rigid observance of the prescribed dates in the matter of closing the sessions, though it is hinted that they are by no means so painfully punctual in regard to the opening; but it is due chiefly to the accumulation of arrears owing to insufficiency in the number of judges. The remedy for this is of course obvious and easy. It is simply to increase the number of judges. Whether and to what extent the same causes demand the same remedy in Canada, we leave to the judgment of those who are better informed in regard to the facts. In so far as the expense is swelled by the slowness in reaching a trial, the remedy would likewise be found in the removal of the chief cause of the delay. As to the other main cause of inordinate cost, viz., the desire of litigants to have the services of famous counsel, there is obviously no call for sympathy. As the *Spectator* observes: "If suitors will insist on having Sir Charles Russell or Sir Richard Webster as their counsel, they must pay for their fancy." Unless, indeed, as a second thought suggests, the fact should be that when one of the litigants has retained Sir Charles Russell, the other party knows from observation or experience that he must have Sir Richard Webster or some other legal celebrity, or find the chances very heavily against his success.

BUT if the Bench has not wholly escaped unfriendly comment, the Bar has been subjected to a much more fiery criticism. Most of the complaints in this case are directed against the etiquette of a profession which is more governed by etiquette and has a stricter and more inflexible code than any other profession. Two points may be specially adverted to. The one, and it is one which contributes largely to the costliness so much complained of, is that unwritten rule which makes it in a manner unprofessional for the barrister in charge of a case to plead in person in the court. This of course at once implies a double fee, and greatly increases the cost of litigation. There are some indications of a tendency to break through the meshes of this custom, though it was noted as an act of great courage on the part of a barrister who the other day had the temerity to dispense with the services of an attorney and plead in person the cause of his client. When the possibility of such a course has been a few times demonstrated, the pressure of clients and the self-interest of lawyers will probably do the rest. The second grievance is of a still graver character and is one which may be urged with at least equal force against the practice of the Canadian Bar. We refer to the liberty, sometimes degenerating into license and occasionally into positive outrage, which is taken in cross-examination. Bitter complaint has been made on a few recent occasions of the reckless determination of counsel to damage their opponent's case, by foul means if not by fair, by insinuation couched in the shape of irrelevant questions. Public opinion has become pretty well aroused on the subject and has found expression in terms which it is hoped the profession will deem it well to heed. It seems to be generally admitted that it would be dangerous to narrow the powers of cross-examination, and that the remedy must be sought through the influence of public opinion brought to bear upon the lawyers themselves. An English journal before us says that "it augurs ill for the success of this means—an appeal to the unwritten code of professional etiquette—that the greatest offenders in recent cases have been men at the top of their profession." Yet it thinks that the body as a whole cannot resist the influence of public opinion. But the gravest of all accusations brought against the English Bar is contained in the letter of one of themselves. A barrister of twelve years' standing writes to the *London Times* as follows:—

There would not be such an outcry against us barristers if we were to leave off whining in public about the "honour of the Bar." The "honour of the Bar" allows us to receive and keep heavy fees for work we have not done. This same honour kindly also allows us to receive fees for work which we know that in all probability we shall not be able to do. It allows us to support a weak case by making accusations against innocent people to shelter our own clients. It allows us to make horrible insinuations which we know we cannot prove, but which we hope will have weight with the jury, and only to withdraw them when we find that they will not pay.

These are serious charges, affecting not merely the etiquette but the morals of the profession. Its members may be left to defend themselves as best they can. The fact is that there are so many nice and difficult ethical questions connected with the practice of this profession, noble and attractive as it is in some of its aspects, that it might not be amiss if its members could see their way to laying down an ethical code for the satisfaction of the public and enforcing it with the same strictness with which they enforce the laws, written or unwritten, of their professional etiquette.

MR. BLAINE'S somewhat unexpected announcement that he is not a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and that his name will not be brought before the Republican Convention in that capacity, if it is *bona fide*, will simplify matters very much for that Party in regard to the approaching contest. That it will improve the Party's prospects of success by no means follows. Mr. Blaine is at present in all probability the most popular man in the Republican ranks. We were about to say "in the Republic," and perhaps might safely have done so. His withdrawal from the field makes President Harrison's renomination almost certain, but by no means ensures his re-election. In fact, if the Democrats unite on a popular candidate their chances of success will be undoubtedly good, for it is clear that the President lacks both the commanding personality and the power of filling the popular imagination which are characteristic of his Secretary of State. It seems to be generally believed that Mr. Blaine's "No" means "No" in this case, though there was a time, as most of our readers will remember, when it

proved not to have that meaning. Few questions of simple fact have given rise to more doubt and mystery, or have been more vehemently canvassed, than that concerning the real state of Mr. Blaine's health during the last six months, but it may now be regarded as pretty certain that it is so precarious as to positively unfit him for the terrible strain of a campaign for the Presidency. The reply which he is said to have made to some one who urged him to allow himself to be put in nomination, "I prefer to live," has in it a good deal of the pathetic, as coming from the lips of a man of his towering ambition. But it settles a question of tremendous importance in the eyes of a vast number of the citizens of the great Republic.

FRANCE is now in full enjoyment of her new tariff, and, if the reports which reach us by cable may be relied on, her enemies may wish her joy of it. As single indications of the blessings it is likely to bring down upon the heads of her poor, it is said that the price of mutton, the meat mostly used by her people, has already increased twenty-five per cent., and that the importation of beef from Switzerland, of which over six thousand head used to be brought across the frontier every day, has been suddenly stopped. Well, if the theories of the protectionists hold good, internal competition will soon supply the deficiency and bring down the prices to the former level, or below it, though how the mere fact of cutting off importation can enable the French farmer to procure and feed his cattle more cheaply than before, passes ordinary comprehension. Be that as it may, the prospects of another great convulsion in unhappy France, as the result of the artificial hard times created by the wisdom of the Government, are ominous. If one could only, by some feat of legerdemain, raise himself for a few years above the regions in which one is necessarily affected by such mundane trifles as increase in the cost of the necessaries and comforts of this poor life, and give himself wholly to the contemplation of the effects of human wisdom and folly in increasing and diminishing the cost and supply of these upon the nations, he would in all probability find an interesting field of study in observing the operation of various experiments in tariff legislation during the next few years. It is probably fortunate for the poor that the experiments are being entered upon with so much spirit and zest. It is very likely true that a single week of high tariff in France has done more to educate Europe in the beauty and beneficence of the pure protectionism than years of argument. Let the good work go on. It may perhaps require several years of trial to convince both Europe and America that this world is constructed on such principles that, whether in the case of the nation or of the individual, unmitigated selfishness as a working policy tends only to impoverishment in everything which makes life worth living, but the lesson will no doubt be learned sooner or later, though it may have to be studied in the dear school of experience.

A GOOD deal has been said and written upon the subject of the dehorning of cattle since we last referred to it, but the evidence is so strangely conflicting that the question of the cruelty of the operation is as far from being settled as ever. Opinions not only diverse, but diametrically opposed to each other, seem to have been formed by those who have had about equally good opportunities for observation. Both in the court and in the newspapers some men of undoubted candour and probity who have performed the operation, or witnessed its effects, declare their belief that the animals operated on suffer excruciating pain for a lengthened period, and even that their health and spirits are permanently affected; only to be contradicted by others whose reputations for veracity are equally good, whose opportunities for forming opinions have been no less favourable, and who are sure that the pain of the operation is quickly over, leaving behind it results beneficial in every way. Some of the latter even go so far as to advocate dehorning not only on the ground of economy, but on that of humanity. These make an attempt to steal the thunder of their opponents by arguing that the suffering inflicted by sawing or clipping off the horns is really much less than that which is often inflicted by the animals upon each other by the use of these formidable weapons of offence. Probably the best means of deciding—we do not say *settling*—this vexed and important question may be a Government enquiry, which has been suggested, and which Premier Mowat intimated to a deputation which waited upon him the other day the Government would be quite willing to have made. The choice of the proper persons to conduct such an enquiry would,

however, be a matter of no little difficulty, since upon the kind of men chosen would depend, in a large measure, the conclusions that would be reached. By this we mean that the verdict of a commission or jury composed of men of delicate sensibilities and humanitarian tendencies would be sure to differ widely from that of the same number of men chosen from the hard, unsentimental classes—especially if those appointed in the latter case were those who had become calloused, to a certain extent, by familiarity with inflicting, or seeing inflicted, suffering upon animals. But there can be no doubt that the strongest argument of those who are utterly opposed to this and similar practices is that derived from the effect of familiarity with such operations in blunting the finer sensibilities of the men themselves. Nor can it be denied that this would be an injury to the higher welfare of our common humanity which should never be put in the balance against any merely material gain. While we say this we are far from meaning to imply that the poor animals themselves have no rights which their intelligent masters are bound to respect, or that the latter can, without grave moral wrong, cause needless suffering to the meanest creature which lives, to say nothing of the noble domestic animals which serve us so faithfully and contribute so largely to the comfort of civilized life. Nor do we think that it will be easy to convince the average disinterested mind that the process of dehorning can possibly be the comparatively trivial affair which even such witnesses as Professor Robertson would have us believe. For our own part, we confess ourselves unable even to conceive of the thing without a shudder, which is no doubt intensified by the fact that among the most indelible memories of our childhood is that of the accidental breaking of a cow's horn, of the effects of which we were witness. The frantic bellowing and rushing to and fro of that suffering creature are still vividly present to our mind, and will probably continue to come up on occasion while life lasts. But, individual feeling apart, let us by all means have a thorough investigation before a practice having so much the semblance of cruelty is permitted. (Since the above was written the judgment of the London court, convicting those on trial for dehorning, of cruelty, and imposing a fine, has been announced. But it is highly improbable that this will put a stop to the practice.)

ASSOCIATION of ideas brings to mind the vigorous protest of Lady Florence Dixie, in the January number of the *Westminster Review*, against "sport." The article might have been labelled the "Confessions of a Sporting English Lady." It is the pathetic and remorseful wail of a "female Nimrod," who, from being an ardent lover of the chase, has "come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport, which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals." Such a relation of experience as the following is touching in the genuineness of the sorrow manifested:—

Many a keen sportsman, searching his heart, will acknowledge that at times a feeling of self-reproach has shot through him as he has stood beside the dying victim of his skill. I know that it has confronted me many and many a time. I have bent over my fallen game, the result of, alas! too good a shot. I have seen the beautiful eye of the deer and its different kind glaze and grow dim as the bright life my shot had arrested in its happy course sped onward into the unknown. I have ended with the sharp yet merciful knife the dying sufferings of poor beasts who had never harmed me, yet whom I had laid low under the veil of sport; I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach as it sobbed its life away, and that same look I have seen in the eyes of the glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid, gentle gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fast coming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this. The memory of these scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I fain (*sic*) I never had done those deeds of skill—and cruelty.

"Sentiment and nonsense!" we fancy many a sport-lover amongst our readers to exclaim. Others will, perhaps, concede that this proves that the delights of the chase were never designed for soft-hearted women. And yet, when one comes to look at the thing calmly, and with a mind abstracted from the excitement, of whatever quality it may be, which gives the pursuit its zest, most will perhaps admit that there is just room for a doubt whether what we call "sport," in its various forms, and apart altogether

from any consideration of necessity or utility (which of course would make the killing no longer sport) is just the kind of amusement or recreation best suited and most honouring to the "paragon of animals"—whether the stealthy creeping on an unsuspecting and unoffending animal, or the ruthless hunting down, with horses and hounds, a host against one feeble fugitive, is really quite the thing to ennoble the lord of creation. But we do not mean just now to argue the point. We quote Lady Dixie's confession and recantation as an interesting human experience, too suggestive to be passed over in silence, and possibly worthy of more than the passing thought, or contemptuous sneer, which most readers will, we suppose, give it. It is all the more suggestive by reason of the fact that Lady Florence Dixie's repentance and remorse seem to have been in large measure the offspring of the disgust caused by the reading of the letter of a British nobleman, writing from a distant land for the delectation of educated and refined English readers, an account of his exploits in what Lady Florence calls the "wounding, maiming, and torture of wild animals under the name of Sport."

#### LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS OR CZARS?

1. IS a Provincial Governor empowered by the B.N.A. Act 1867, or by any subsequent enactment, to dismiss from office his constitutional advisers, without their consent, against their advice, and while they retain the confidence and support of the Legislature?

2. If yea, is it competent for a Provincial Legislature to amend the law, so as to restrain the arbitrary exercise of this power of dismissal, by a Governor?

##### Answer to Question 1.

If I am to answer this question upon the strict letter of the B.N.A. Act 1867, without any regard to constitutional principles, or modern Parliamentary theories and attributions, it must be in the affirmative.

The sixty-fifth section of the Constitutional Act is a curious agglomeration of powers and functions to be exercised by Governors of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. All Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and of the Legislatures of the Provinces, prior to 1867, vesting powers in Provincial Governors, are continued in force, and these powers are exercisable by them, "as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union." But they are to be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governor "with the advice, or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with, the respective executive councils, or any members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires."

In the case of a Cabinet dismissal the Lieutenant-Governor acts upon his own judgment and responsibility. Ministers are not expected to advise their own degradation. But the Governor dismisses them at his peril. If public opinion is against him his usefulness is gone, and his Governorship must soon come to an end.

On the other hand, if public opinion supports him—after the full discussion that an action of that kind will be sure to evoke—he may claim credit for courage and statesmanship in a difficult crisis.

##### Answer to Question 2.

The exclusive powers of Provincial Legislatures to make and amend laws are specifically set forth in sections 92 and 93 of the B.N.A. Act. Among the enumerated powers is the amendment, "from time to time," of the Constitution of the Province, "except as regards the office of Lieutenant-Governor." I do not think the exception of "the office of Lieutenant-Governor" from the amending powers conferred upon Provincial Legislatures will prevent them from proposing, and, as far as they are concerned, enacting, laws as to the tenure by which a Provincial Cabinet shall hold office, or the circumstances and conditions which a Governor must allege, and reasonably establish, as adequate cause for its deposition.

Otherwise our Provincial Governors are *Czars*, without the restraining influence of a possible dagger; or a stray bullet.

ONLOOKER.

#### NATIONAL RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

A word in preliminary explanation:—

Nearly two years ago a gentleman of recognized good standing and really high in his line of literary work, chiefly journalistic, in the United States, called on the writer for a contribution to what he called a "Symposium" of letters on the above subject, called for by what he styled a "Syndicate" of newspapers throughout the United States, showing, at the same time, a printed list of about sixty of them.

The list covered the length and breadth of the Great Republic, and was fairly, the writer took it, representative of its best leading thought.

Their agent, though a Canadian by birth and in education, was, and for many years had been, a working citizen of the United States—chiefly in New York. The gentleman had formerly addressed himself to the writer in connection with the making up of "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography," in which work he (the agent) was on the collaborating staff.

Socially, he moved in the very highest circles in the literary world, not only in North America, but in Britain.

In explanation of his mission, he said that he had been employed by the Syndicate to obtain such contribution, in Canada, from persons considered most likely to give a thoroughly honest, and at the

same time intelligent, opinion on the above subject. That for Canada, there were only three on his list, viz., Mr. Blank, the celebrated writer of historical and other works in Quebec; the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald (then Premier of Canada), and the writer—who, for the nonce, claims the privilege of impersonality.

Why Sir John?—the writer asked; and why "me," a nobody, of no account in such matters?

His answer was: "As to you, that is our affair. As to Sir John—Premier though he be—and of avowed political partisanship in his field of work, we will value his word in such matter, if he will give it for such use. I have not asked him yet, but shall. As to Mr. Blank, of Quebec, I have yet to see him about it. If you will give me your views we shall feel much obliged to you. The only restriction is, that the letter—addressed to me as agent for the Syndicate—should be short enough for symposium." Of course there was no "pay" in the case—offered nor asked.

"In that case"—said the writer—"I won't be in it; for, willing enough to oblige you, it will be utterly impossible to express myself briefly enough. It is an old stock subject with me—as you may know—in public writing, and to condense to your limit is impossible; however, such as I can do for you, I shall."

In time the letter, very hurriedly, was written. It was "much praised" by the President of the Syndicate, and personally approved of by him, with a recommendation for its publication in some leading newspaper in New York; for, alas! it was "too long" for the "Symposium." So the writer's friend reported to him. How, if at all, Sir John and Mr. Blank of Quebec appeared in the magic circle, or spoke in the oracle, the writer knoweth not. In one thing, however, they were in common with the writer, viz.:—

The sunset of life—giving mystical lore;  
When coming events cast their shadows before.

Or, as the old English poet, Waller, pathetically has it:—

The soul's old cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lies in new light which Time alone has made.

The exceptional effort of the Syndicate was significant in this. It showed that there is, throughout the United States, a wide and, in its intelligence and wealth, a potential desire for a proper understanding of Canadian sentiment on the subject.

The writer makes no pretension to any special influence or authority in this relation, but as an expression of individual opinion in the matter, solicited by many concerned, he now offers the yet unpublished letter to speak for itself, as of bearing on the juncture in question—juncture still holding; and, in fact, fast becoming more and more imminent and important to largest international interests.

Omitting introductory remarks, the writer wrote thus:—

THE subject is too great and varied in its aspects to admit of even alembic treatment within the limits of a letter. Like everyone, or most, in the intensely vital life of this North America of ours—United States and Canada—I feel, even in my three score and ten, the burden of many pregnant thoughts and speculations—aspirations for the excelsior of my native American land. The difficulty with me is to condense, within reasonable limits, an intelligible expression of them in the light of that greater day, whose dawn I feel rather than see, while lingering on the still hither bourne of life.

At this juncture in the relations of the United States and Canada it is well—I conceive—that a true appreciation should be had, by the peoples concerned, of their relative position and interests. That such is desired by them is abundantly evinced by the various subjects and forms of discussion which have engaged the public mind, on both sides, for years past, and more particularly of late, and is now engaging.

Taking up, for the present, the political issues of Reciprocity—Restricted and Unrestricted—Commercial Union, Protection, "N. P." (National Policy), Free Trade, Fair Trade, and other such captions of political discussion, it is to be remarked that these but show the character and drift of that broadest and—if I may be allowed the expression—most natural sentiment of human brotherhood which pervades the virgin field of America. This New World of these latter days of Man on earth is, in its geodetic, specially adapted for communal life in its widest sense, and form a unity of field unbroken, materially, by physical obstacles, admitting and inviting, in its *tabula rasa*, most facile intercommunications of its inhabitants, calling—in nature—for the widest and closest commercial union, not only *inter se*, but with older nations beyond the seas. That is a physical fact which, in its inherent dominancy, must, in degree, ever affect political policy in America.

The development of political life in both Americas, but especially in that of the more virile North, has been in that way: expansion—fast and abounding its law of progress: "No pent-up Utica contracting its powers." We see it in the United States; in Canada; and in the movement, though slower, of more Southern peoples. What the end may be is for the future—in its time—to tell. Men of the English tongue boast—and not idly, probably—that they will, ere long, cover a Greater Britain—far beyond the Atlantic strand—with their message of a better day to those now sitting in darkness. Be it so!

But this is speculation, and is to be left, for the present, to its limbo.

Dealing with the facts of the hour, we have to note, first, the divisions of American States. The Republican principle, it is to be admitted, governs as to all except Canada. Shall the exception continue? That is the question—the "To be or not to be"—of the to-day and to-morrow of Canada.

Personally, British born, bred and imbued with a supreme respect for the British constitution, I deprecate any change of flag for Canada. As a matter of principle in social life, where loyalty to Crown or commonwealth is not forfeited by grave wrong in governance, civic community and its conservation, is a paramount duty. Treason to State is what all law, human and divine, declares it to be, and worthy only a traitor's doom.

But this is not incompatible with that higher law—as it may be called—of cosmopolitan brotherhood, which, in spite of international lines of separation, inculcates "Peace on earth, good will to all men."

In this respect we of Canada owe—and, I believe, universally entertain—every friendly regard towards our

American brethren of like tongue, like intellectual and moral life; and like ultimate aspiration for highest attainment in the progress of man.

We know—for they have proved it in various ways, peaceful and otherwise—that the leading minds in the United States have a high appreciation of our whilome, much-despised “few acres of snow”; certainly more so than the insular mind of the “Tight Little Isle,” “Our Home,” has ever evinced. To American (United States) enterprise Canada owes much—if not most—for the development of its natural resources, especially in lumbering and mining, and largely also in agricultural and marine resources—the latter in both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Time was—and that until within the last twenty years or so—that Britain had no appreciation of the value—immense economic resources—of her North American possessions. All beyond the valley of the St. Lawrence—the great North-West and the whole Pacific slope, from the Arctic to the Golden Gates of California—regions first touched, traversed and possessed by fur traders of Canada and England's Hudson Bay Company, was regarded by her as an utterly valueless region—worth, nominally, only the two tribute beaver skins, annually, under the charter of Charles II. (1670); and, as to the Pacific slope, not worth the swing of a constable's baton, in defence, when demanded—rightly or wrongly—by the United States, under threat of an “Oregon War.” As to the North-West of Canada—the greatest wheat and pasture field of the Empire—it was regarded, sincerely though ignorantly, as utterly valueless to the fiscal policy of the nation, and was left to the lordship of the old English fur traders of London until, by accident, the British Government was alarmed into concession to the higher claims of the Canadian people to such heritage.

All this time the United States people and Government were not slow in their knowledge and better estimate of the high value of that Greater Canada. Amongst themselves they enquired into and intelligently discussed the exceptional and vast economic values of that wild; came to know of it as the natural field for cattle raising and “the best combing wool” in the world. As to cereals, they were not so sure, for the secret had been too jealously kept by the fur traders in possession.

The knowledge of that came forth in its time; and in that the writer as one to the manor born claims some credit.

Beyond that, to the world of wealth in the slumbering Pacific, it was American enterprise, in its first transcontinental railway broaching it to Eastern commerce, that led the van of progress in that direction. Canada, in her obvious interest, quickly followed in the wake. The effort at first Canadian entirely, without the slightest aid, but, on the contrary, opposition from British capitalists and leading railway interests in Britain and Canada herself seemed, as expressed in hall and field in public by a leading statesman of the day, to the world in general, “the mad scheme of a mad Government.” The jest of the day—the scheme seemed hopeless for years, viz., from 1871 to 1880, when at last, by the infusion of American enterprise, American brains, heart and money, it started on its wondrous path. Essentially it is a Canadian work; but it is never to be forgotten how it was accomplished.

I thus refer to these facts and incidents not as the sole, nor even chief, reasons for Canadian amity to the people of the United States, but because they are not of general cognizance, or, at least, recognition amongst the people thus obligated. It is easy to pass on “golden bridges,” ready made; it is less so (or should be) to conscientiously discard the vicarious framers.

In this strain it would be pleasant for me to enlarge in argument for grateful comity, but the subject—as already observed—is too large for this writing. However, the press generally, of both countries, and public discussions on both sides are thoroughly ventilating this great question of our day.

A word, more particularly, as to the relative positions of the United States and Canada! Much of late, and back as far as the Montreal Manifesto for Annexation to the United States of October 15, 1849—a grave document signed by most of the leading citizens of that capital—political as well as commercial, of Canada of that day—much, I say, has been advanced in alternative of remedy of evils from British connection of Canada. The “Manchester School” of British fiscal policy as to the colonies, with its contemptuous “Cast them adrift,” had then, naturally, estranged them. The act of protest was its logical result. Its lesson told: told home, and deeply into the heart of the—for the moment—misguided “Mother of Nations.”

The condition of things—material and political—has much changed since for the better for both Britain and Canada. There is now less of attrition with Britain from the colonial *neerus*. Practically Canada is a Dominion, *per se*, in the measure of her particular interests; is, in fact, the freest country in the world, where the form and principle of government (the British Constitution) is but *agis* of the most perfect civic liberty, so far as known to man; where, more truly and effectively than elsewhere in this world of many nations and peoples, the motto: “*Vox populi, vox Dei*” applies fitly and effectively in beneficial governance. In a sense, she is more republican than any republic; more democratic than any democracy; and still she is so under the power and protection of the greatest monarchy—so called—of all time, past and present. The “anomaly” is there: in its mystery! We enjoy it; desire not to disturb it, save, possibly, in the direction of its con-

solidation in perfect national unity. To this attainment no other people, claiming to a separate national entity, ought to object in word or deed. International obstructive interference is simply international war, in degree. Needless to say more on this head.

The observation is suggested by the fact that in the fulness of that freedom of thought, speech and action which obtains in Canada, there is, and long has been, a propagandism from the great Republic across the way for change of flag by Canada—rebellion, or, at least, change of nationality—at the instance of an ideal majority of the Colonists concerned. On this subject there has been—especially of late—much misapprehension amongst certain public men in the United States. It is very doubtful whether the mass of the people, or even any cognizable portion of them apart from a few prominent agitators in that direction—who may or may not be sincere in such prelection—share in the mistake or give a thought to the matter. The inspiration—shame to say!—comes largely, if not chiefly, from Canadians themselves—only a very few, however, it must be said—but still, voices finding ready echo from quarters too receptive of such falsity. I say falsity, for it is an obvious fact, unanimously formally asserted in the Parliament of Canada, that the loyalty of the people of Canada to the British Crown *id est* to their present condition of national being, is integral and thorough.

True there are divisions, in political sentiment, amongst the people of various national origin in Canada—such as that, at present somewhat abnormally exhibited, between French and British, Roman Catholics and Protestants; but they are of no stability nor force against that power of elastic British rule, with all its benignity in administration, which ever soothes while it conquers. In all sincerity and truth, the French of Canada have oft, and, whenever put to the test, loyally, acknowledged their obligation and gratitude to the British Government for their singularly perfect civil and religious liberty, and admit that neither under France nor the United States of America could they look for such freedom and assurance. Under either Republic (French or American) they know well their Church and special institutions and laws—somewhat unsuited to modern thought and action in national life—and their very language in social intercourse, would at once be things of the past in the march of a more progressive civilization. In the shifting game of party politics amongst a people such as the French of Canada—a people of highest moral qualities, and ever essentially loyal to the power that protects them—it is possible, by subtle and false appeals to their natural patriotism, to rouse them—in fancied wrong—to take a false and futile position. But such evil will undoubtedly quickly find its cure. The broad, strong, stern loyalty to the British Crown of such Norman stock is too solid and sound for rebellion. They may err under a deception, for a while; but surely, when undeceived, they will stand to their guns to the last for their flag.

Amongst the rest of the people of Canada, there are no elements of discord in national life. Voluntarily they have come under the folds of the British flag, and are content: Grit and Conservative alike, and of every political sentiment. Finally, once for all, let it be said that Canada is an integral part of the British Empire, and is likely to remain so for all human time.

This, however, is no reason why the utmost Commercial Union, Reciprocity, or other fiscal policy between her and the United States, should not be adopted and exist, provided these be not incompatible with her own and British interests generally.

In the abstract the theory of Free Trade is the true one of the human race; but as the nations (apart from the British), in their self-isolation, repugn it, there is left to them as next best the principle of “Reciprocity,” “Fair Trade,” or whatever name political economists may give the alternative. What, precisely, is meant by the term “Unrestricted Reciprocity,” I do not quite understand. To my ears it sounds as a catchword or “paltering in a double sense”—“making promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope.”

In the relative position of such national interests as those in question, national morality, national intelligence and national comity in every regard call for utmost candour in dealing. The fiduciary character of State government, of course, restricts action in some measure to the procrustean bed of national policy, but it does not exclude the principle of mutual concession for “peace's sake” and mutual good. Be it ever so with us! In fact, it may be said to have ever been so—with rare exception—between these two cognate nations. Needless to state historical facts in this bearing. Three quarters of a century of unbroken peace, while intermingling in largest and closest commercial and social relations, has but consecrated the natal tie between them; and in the boundless purview of incidents and contingencies in this relation, it is impossible to conceive that the bond—unwritten, but founded on vital national behest—shall ever be broken.

Britain's capital, its “talents five” of Providence, has been largely invested in the United States; and is being so in geometric increase—entering even the arcana of municipal life in every State of the American Union, incorporating itself in the very hearths of the great American people. The treasure there, the heart is there also!

On the other hand Britain, in her vast material needs, is the best market for the natural products of the United States. The vast material interests involved in such

relation are solid and permanent warranty of continuous peace and comity between such powers. That relation, moreover, is singularly strong from the fact that it is wholly independent of other national relations or complications. It is, in a sense and in effect, an alliance of mutual defence in so far as any injury to one from foreign attack would be injury to the other. Add to that, and such like considerations, the ever-potential elements of traditional unity in origin, in moral and intellectual life, a common tongue, a common Bible, and, in that, a common charter of highest national life. In these alone we have that bond of unity and comity which, humanly speaking, no power can break. In this great objective fact I see, methinks, in the far offing of the sea of fate, or chance, the mingling under Providence of these and other Christian nations in utmost peace and mutual good-will; when, truly, the “Sword shall be laid aside” and “Men shall war no more”!

M. M.

Ottawa, February 1, 1892.

## KEATS.

IMMORTAL exile from the Grecian shore,  
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature's shrine,  
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,  
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour  
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore  
And dreams of dryads, amber honey, wine,  
And flowery wreaths, the white-limbed nymphs did twine;  
These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,  
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,  
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin lies  
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who once sought  
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,  
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot.

—From “Poems” by Phillips Stewart.

## WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THAT a poet has no honour in his own country is a hard saying; that he has little recognition in his own country is a harder one. Honour is a cheap sentiment, bestowed alike on the just and unjust, evolved as often by a great name as by a great nature. But recognition—the ability to rightly gauge and appreciate the capacity of individual power—is as rare as those who having eyes are willing to see.

Nevertheless recognition is what genius has a right to expect of its country. It is the only atmosphere favourable to development; it is as essential as June winds to a June flower. Perhaps it is the prevailing impression that there is no such thing as Canadian literature that has so easily persuaded us that in Canada there is no genuine poetic power or creative imagination. The phlegmatic calm of this conclusion has been faintly stirred by the frequent appearance in the best American magazines of Mr. Campbell's incomparable poems, by the enthusiastic praise which they have elicited, not only in the States but in England, by the inclusion in Mr. Lighthall's anthology of no less than twelve of them among the representative “Songs of the Great Dominion,” and by the publication of “Lake Lyrics,” the most poetic interpretation of Canadian lakes and rivers and winters ever given to the public.

Mr. Campbell's melodious and lucid descriptions of nature are unfailingly quotable. The “Lyrics” are marked by an evenness of excellence that makes choice difficult, but the poems in it which have commanded the highest admiration are undoubtedly “The Winter Lakes” and “Lazarus.” Surely no Canadian needs to be reminded of how true-sighted are the poet's eyes in the former poem, and how masterly his imagination in the latter. One or two stanzas from “The Winter Lakes” must be quoted by way of reminder:—

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,  
Under the sunset's flush and the pallid faint glimmer of dawn;  
Shadowy ghost-like shores where midnight surfs are booming  
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter,  
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;  
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,  
Lost to summer and life go to return no more.

Here is trueness of sight and something more—something that makes a vivid and definite impression of what to the average beholder would be a merely monotonous winter scene. In surroundings apparently the most lifeless in nature this poet has the happiness to discover a hidden heart of life. His “ceaseless waters ebb and lift,”

And under ever-changing skies,  
Swell throb and break on kindling beach;  
When fires of dawn responsive rise,  
In answer to their mystic speech.

In Autumn this great lake

Beats and moans, a prisoned thing,  
Rock-manacled beneath the night.

And in summer it has

A glad harmonious motion,  
Like happiness caught at rest.

At dawn—

This mighty swayed bough of the lake  
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled.

Or the “lone stretches of water” are “flame-bathed by the incoming light.” Always in the poet's treatment,

of these waste, desolate places there is an intense feeling for the colours and movements of life. These lyrics are not ornamental designs—decorative verse-making. They throb upon the printed page with rich and unmistakable vitality. Not an unintelligible phrase mars the volume. Open it at random and you are confronted with boldness of conception, with a picturesque and vigorous breadth of treatment. It is proof of Mr. Campbell's high poetic power that it renders so effective a class of subjects which, apart from its transfiguring touch, would not immediately win the reader.

The author of "Lake Lyrics" is not a phrase-maker, yet some of his lines have found a place in memory as abiding as any beautiful utterance of the older poets. Who that has once made its acquaintance can forget "The Blackberry"—

Dark gypsy of the glowing year,  
Child of the sun and rain—

and the exquisite pictures of "Indian Summer," "Before the Dawn," and "The Phantoms of the Boughs at the Window"? Among the sonnets "The Tides of Dawn" and "August Night on Georgian Bay" are especially beautiful, yet scarcely more so than

#### MEDWAYOSH.

A world of dawn, where sky and water merge  
In far, dim vapours, mingling blue in blue,  
Where low-rimmed shores shimmer like gold shot through  
Some misty fabric. Lost in dreams I urge  
With languid oar my skiff through sunny surge  
That rings its music round the rocks and sands,  
Passing to silence, where far lying lands  
Loom blue and purpling from the morning's verge.

I linger in dreams, and through my dreaming comes,  
Like sound of suffering heard through battle drums,  
An anguished call of sad heart-broken speech;  
As if some wild lake spirit, long ago  
Soul wronged, through hundred years its wounded woe  
Moans out in vain across each wasted beach.

I would like to give in their completeness "Lazarus," "The Legend of Dead Man's Lake," and "Ballade of Two Riders." Fragmentary quotations would afford a very mutilated impression of their fine quality. The poem of "Lazarus" alone would be sufficient to win renown for an unknown writer. With what fervour of imagination the poet has dared to express what so many of us have silently thought, let the reader judge for himself:—

#### LAZARUS.

O, Father Abram, I can never rest,  
Here in thy bosom in the whitest heaven,  
Where love blooms on in days without an even;  
For up through all the paradises seven  
There comes a cry from some fierce anguished breast.

A cry that comes from out of hell's dark night,  
A piercing cry of one in agony,  
That reaches me in heaven white and high;  
A call of anguish that doth never die;  
Like dream-waked infant wailing for the light.

O, Father Abram, heaven is love and peace,  
And God is good; eternity is rest.  
Sweet would it be to lie upon thy breast  
And know no thought but living to be blest  
Save for that cry that never more will cease.

It comes to me above the angel-lyres,  
The chanting praises of the cherubim;  
It comes between my upward gaze and Him,  
All-blessed Christ. A voice from the vague dim,  
"O, Lazarus, come and ease me of these fires."

"O, Lazarus, I have called thee all these years,  
It is so long for me to reach to thee,  
Across the ages of this mighty sea,  
That loometh dark, dense, like eternity;  
Which I have bridged by anguished prayers and tears.

"Which I have bridged by knowledge of God's love,  
That even penetrates this anguished glare:  
A gleaming ray, a tremulous star-built stair,  
A road by which love-hungered souls may fare,  
Past hate and doubt, to heaven and God above."

So calleth it ever upward unto me,  
It creepeth in through heaven's golden doors,  
It echoes all along the sapphire floors  
Like smoke of sacrifice it soars and soars,  
It fills the vastness of eternity.

Until my sense of love is waned and dimmed  
The music-rounded spheres do clash and jar  
No more those spirit-calls from star to star,  
The harmonies that float and melt afar,  
The belts of light by which all heaven is rimmed.

No more I hear the beat of heavenly wings,  
The seraph chanting in my rest-tuned ear;  
I only know a cry, a prayer, a tear,  
That rises from the depths up to me here;  
A soul that to me suppliant leans and clings.

O, Father Abram, thou must bid me go  
Into the spaces of the deep abyss;  
Where far from us and our God-given bliss,  
Do dwell those souls that have done Christ amiss;  
For through my rest I hear that upward woe.

I hear it crying through the heavenly night,  
When curv'd hung in space the million moons  
Lean planet-ward, and infinite space attunes  
Itself to silence, as from drear gray dunes,  
A cry is heard along the shuddering light,

Of wild duck-bird, a sad heart-curd'ling cry,  
So comes to me that call from out hell's coasts;  
I see an infinite shore with gaping ghosts;  
This is no heaven with all its shining hosts;  
This is no heaven until that hell doth die.

So spake the soul of Lazarus, and from thence,  
Like new fledged bird from its sun-jewelled nest,  
Drunk with the music of the young year's quest;  
He sank out into heaven's gloried breast,  
Spaceward turned, towards darkness dim immense.

Hellward he moved like radiant star shot out  
From heaven's blue with rain of gold at even,  
When Orion's train and that mysterious seven  
Move on in mystic range from heaven to heaven.  
Hellward he sank, followed by radiant rout.

The liquid floor of heaven bore him up,  
With unseen arms, as in his feathery flight  
He floated down toward the infinite night;  
But each way downward, on the left and right,  
He saw each moon of heaven like a cup

Of liquid misty fire that shone afar  
From sentinel towers of heaven's battlements;  
But onward, winged by love's desire intense,  
And sank space-swallowed, into the immense:  
While with him ever widened heaven's bar.

'Tis ages now long-gone since he went out,  
Christ-urged love-driven across the jasper walls;  
But hellward still he ever floats and falls,  
And ever nearer come those anguished calls  
While far behind he hears a glorious shout.

Mr. Campbell's name and work are so well known and highly spoken of by American readers that it would seem almost an absurdly superfluous task to call the attention of the Canadian public to them; and yet the warm praise bestowed by Mr. Howells in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* on "Lake Lyrics" must have roused in the hearts of many of the poet's countrymen feelings not so much of acquiescence and pride as of bewilderment and wonder. Possibly our country will never have a literature, but the only enduring poets of literature are its classics, and Canada cannot escape the distinction of having enriched English literature with poems of unfading loveliness, which, because they are not for an age, have rightly earned the title of classic.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

#### PARIS LETTER.

FRANCE has taken a leaf out of the Monaco book: she strikes a two per cent. on all the official betting booth receipts at race courses. The product of the Bets tax, levied on the receipts of all the French race courses, is estimated to produce annually 5,000,000 frs. It is the Minister of Agriculture who receives and allocates the total, and the principle acted upon in the distribution is the subsidizing of hospitals in home and foreign France.

The cabbies of the Urbaine Company, 1,800 strong, remain still on strike, and "fighting like devils for reconciliation." "Be my brother or I'll slay you" was a philanthropic formula during the cyclonic days of the First Revolution. In the meantime the idle cab horses are as frisky as lambs in their stables; they have been put on short commons, the better to prevent them eating their heads off. The Undertakers' Society, in order to afford the animals a change, an outing, offered to hire them for hearse services. At this the cabmen on strike indignantly protested, and they were right. The cab horse is already a very slow pacing animal; what might be the result if trained to the measured marching of interments? In the interim, cabby has been dissected by the political economists; his military value, as liable to defend his country during twenty-five years, is estimated at 1,000 frs. a year; as a tax contributor, 800 frs. per annum; while as an all-round producer his earnings are fifteen frs. per day. All these rivulets of wealth capitalized, a cabby of twenty-five years' standing embodies an ambulatory wealth of about 215,000 frs.

The political syllabus of the five Cardinals adhering to the Republic, and then indicting it for a series of sins of omission and commission, appears to have given offence to the Pope, who desires to live peaceably with the French nation and its Government, chosen by the electors; he desires to keep, at all cost, the Church clear of those parties who aim to utilize her for their political aims and interests. The majority of the French applaud His Holiness for that common-sense attitude, as do also those Republicans opposed to smashing the concordat. France simply wants tranquility. This explains why she has had enough of the Boulangist Laur's provocations in the Chamber, and his tragico-comic duel literature, *urbi et orbi*.

There is no poetry in any quarter-day for tenants—those of France especially, and if their rent be small, the more difficult it is to pay, and the more ruthless the landlord. At twelve o'clock on the day when the rent becomes payable, if not settled, a simple warrant is taken out, handed to the commissary of police for execution, and in twenty-four hours the tenant is evicted. That is summary. January quarter-day is the most trying for those who have few sticks, but little food, no credit, no work, and perhaps sick. Winter, says the poet, is the slayer of the poor. The present rent-day, many persons—those between seventy and eighty years of age—have committed suicide, having been unable to make the two ends meet. Recently a landlord died who had one hundred dwellings for workmen; he never asked them for rent, he took what they gave, never upbraided and never evicted. That was "the man for Galway." Lately a landlady died and presented all her tenants with a present of twelve months' rent, with the request that she might live green in their souls. A French song lays down that if you wish not to pay your rent it is necessary to have a house of your own.

Not a little curiosity is displayed respecting M. de Goncourt's new comedy, "A bas le Progrès." It is what is called a *fin de siècle* piece, and was dashed off during a night that the writer could not sleep. The comedy consists of one act, interpreted by three personages, a father, a girl of the period, and a robber, all rumoured to typify contemporary characters, hence the interest and the satire. M. de Goncourt announces that he will write no more novels—not exactly a loss for pure literature, but he will bring his journals down to date, including in the last

volume all the personalities expunged in the preceding journals.

In the death of M. Baudrillart, at the age of seventy-one, France has lost a practical writer and a profound and solid thinker. His speciality lay in the handling of subjects connected with the material, the economical resources and the historical industries of his country. His style was marvellously clear, his information instructive, and his conclusions sagacious lessons for civilization and progress.

The movement set on foot by Comte de Laubespin, Senator, and his body, as it becomes developed, presents many important features capable of advancing the social-misery problem to a happy solution by self-help. There is something analogous between the Count's plan and that of "General" Booth's—elevating the submerged tenth by supplying them with remunerative work. M. de Laubespin has presented in building sites, tenements and cash capital equal to a quarter of million of francs. He has secured the furnishing, washing and repairing of the linen—where immense quantities are used—required by the butchers. The slaughtered meat, as conveyed by vans across the city, must be covered by white sheeting; then the linen aprons and coloured linen jackets of the operatives, the towelling, etc., represent an important total. Observe that the butchers hire this linen as they do their carts, or as they subscribe annually to be kept supplied with well-sharpened knives, axes and saws.

The dealing with the butchers' linen being too severe for females, that task has been given to unemployed men, admitted to the relief *atelier*, where each man is certain to earn two frs. a day till employment can be secured for him in his own natural calling. There are no dormitories attached to the establishment; the society controls such accommodation at contract rates in working-men's homes in the vicinity; but food can be had on the premises at a low price; if married, the workman's family can come and obtain penny meals of simple but sound and nourishing food at the ordinary tariff. The refuge is unsectarian, although under the control of a head nun, experienced in domestic economy. There are inspectors who control the history of applicants; others who visit workshops in Paris to ascertain if hands be required; a third class takes charge of the lodging-houses. The great feature of the scheme is, that it is self-supporting. The establishment connects with the Night Refuges, and comes to the aid of all cases of deserving distress, but it ostensibly aims in enabling the temporarily unfortunate to regain their feet.

Boulanger's famous black steed, "Tunis," has duly arrived in Paris from Brussels, and now occupies his crib in the stables of M. Barbier, who inherited the animal by the will of the late General. Never was a favourite for the Derby more carefully guarded than is "Tunis." A livery keeper informs me that the commercial value of "Tunis" is not more than sixty guineas.

Miss Nelson, the fasting singing saloon girl, having an elixir to push, naturally tried total abstinence, save from her bottle, which she patronizes three times daily. She expects to continue fifty days, living thus, "like wild ducks on suction."

It was the late Bishop Gay who supplied Gounod with his religious facts for "Faust." Z.

#### PROFESSOR HUTTON ON ATHENIAN POLITICS.

I THINK it is Alfred de Musset who says that a man cannot be altogether bad who has still some affection for his mother; speaking from the æsthetic standpoint, one might also say that a man cannot be wholly false to all true notions regarding poetry and art, as long as he retains some lingering reverence for Athens, the mother of both. When a learned professor writes a treatise dealing with the thoughts and aspirations, religious and political, of this essentially modern people; when he puts Greek life before us not merely as illustrations of lifeless formulæ, but as a glowing reality, it is well for those who affect to be "the heirs of all the ages" to read and reflect upon this volume. But when a finished scholar in one short hour draws from the past something of that burning truth which no cycle of centuries can obscure, and shows us a people who struggled even as we struggle, who pondered even as we ponder, who triumphed or lost even as we triumph or are beaten, it would be strange if the veriest Philistine of us all would not reflect upon what he had heard.

Professor Hutton has dwelt upon many phases of Greek character in a manner at once daring and brilliant, but it is not so much towards what he has actually said as towards what he has suggested that our attention should be drawn. He mentions the critic "who tells us that a column of the *Times* is better than all Thucydides," and contemptuously silences him with the remark that "not unfrequently the column of the *Times* is but the English echo of Thucydides." He has shown us how ancient politics affect modern; he has drawn parallels between the past and the present; he has analyzed Greek nature from Pericles to Phocion. This is much, but it might be accomplished by a man of far lesser power. Professor Hutton has done more; he has illustrated to us how oblivion cannot overtake poets like Æschylus and Sophocles, orators like Pericles and Demosthenes. He shows us that the passion of ancient Greece has not been chilled by the ages that have passed over her, and that her voices till rings true and clear, above the croakings of stifling mediocrity.

Athens can never wholly die! Her *εἰδωλον* floats over all that is purest and best, claiming each as her far off foster child.

Before following Professor Hutton into his analysis of Greek thought, I should like to say a few words about the Greek type as compared with that of other nations. It was Matthew Arnold who stifled that fierce egoism which led the Anglo-Saxon to believe that every characteristic worth having was embodied in himself. Matthew Arnold's critical allusions to the "English mind" have led us to be rather too introspective, and consequently to belittle our race. Be this as it may, Buckle tells us that the Greek was probably the highest type ever produced. Alfred Russel Wallace quotes from Mr. Francis Galton, that "the average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own—that is, about as much as our own race is above that of the African negro." The Greek mind never achieved half-wrought work, what it effected was classical and well-nigh perfect. Mr. Mabie, in a recent work of his, remarks that *Æschylus*, in the glory of his ardent fervour, is rather an Oriental than a Greek. The Athenian of the time of Pericles was a child richly dowered by Nature, full of possibilities and exulting in his triumph over the Persian despot. It was an age, as Professor Hutton says, "of boundless hope," and Pericles was the genius of the age. "He dreamed of a state in which the privileges and prejudices of caste should exist no more, in which there should be no aristocracy but the aristocracy of talent and of merit, and in which Democracy should mean not froth and fury, ignorance and intolerance, but increased intelligence, universal moderation, universal interest in art and politics, law and poetry, perfect citizenship, and perfect manhood." Such was the dream of this idealist, and who will say that it has borne no fruits? "He did but attempt," says the professor again, "in Athens under favourable conditions what democracy is attempting in the modern world under conditions which even in America are not more favourable than his, though more favourable than elsewhere." We have here the foundation of a wide and far-reaching truth. A gifted people, united under the fear of a common danger, have triumphed over every obstacle, and in the struggle have drawn closer together. Everything is possible for such a people at such a time, generosity, hope, liberty! Nothing is above them, nothing is beyond them; they seem to have arrived at the conception of the unity of all things. At such a time an individual springs to the front, the creation rather than the creator of his epoch. He will have vast dreams and mighty hopes, but he will die even as the vague aspirations of his followers. Everything will again become normal, but the sacred beauty of the vision will triumph over time itself.

Centuries will roll by, and again in other climes and amongst other races the roseate flush of divine hope will appear; George Washington and Danton will drink of the inspiration of Pericles. "Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre." And yet there was something wanting in the realization of the dream. It is ever so, but the world is better for the fact that such dreamers have existed. Professor Hutton has shown us that the same phases of disposition exist in modern times as in the age of Pericles, and that the great thoughts which inspire the best of all ages are essentially the same, because they are spontaneous and in harmony with the same natural expansion of the nation. Pericles was, according to Professor Hutton, an idealist of the philanthropic school; he has called him the Greek Milton. Nicias is introduced next. "Mirabeau's genius was lost to France because his private character was bad, Nicias' incompetence was raised to office in Athens because his private character was good. In both cases the confusion of thought was visited upon the thinker in tragic ruin and utter overthrow." Yes, but how much worse in the case of—Nicias! Nicias was a conservative, and his antithesis is placed before us in the person of Cleon. The English school-boy fresh from his alleged Greek history will exclaim: "Cleon is a demagogue, *voilà tout!*" but we are shown that there is a great side to such demagogues as well as a small and an ignoble one. That Cleon was a keen observer and analyst of human nature the lecturer's quotations from *Thucydides* will prove. He called this brilliant, pleasure-loving people of Athens "the slaves of each fresh paradox," and in this brief sentence he has solved the problem advanced by the lofty idealism of Pericles. Passing over *Theramines*, whom we may call a "trimmer," and *Eubulus*, "who found out that every man had his price and worked on that principle," in which he anticipated Charles II., we come to the last important figure on Professor Hutton's catalogue, Phocion, "the pessimist." We started with Pericles, the idealist, and we have come to Phocion, the pessimist; if both are representatives of their country and of their time, it is obvious that Greece must have undergone a marvellous change; we shall presently see that such in fact was the case.

Roughly speaking, in the Game of Life there are two sets of leaders, those who exclaim, "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs*"—the idealists, and those who cry out, "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus*"—the pessimists. Now as the influence of the latter increases the play becomes less and less, and the Game of Life is in danger of coming to a standstill, which means that we are drawing dangerously close to the axioms of Schopenhauer elaborated by Mr. George Moore into the "Denial of Life." Such indeed was the result of the influence upon the Athenians. Athens was denying her life, her national existence; Demosthenes

was at once opposing Philip of Macedon and Phocion, the scornful, incorruptible idol of the Athenians!

Grote dwells upon the innate honesty of Phocion and upon the vital force of his laconic speeches; quoting *Polyeuktus*, he says: "Demosthenes was the finest orator, but Phocion the most formidable in speech." "Here comes the cleaver of my harangues," exclaimed upon one occasion Demosthenes himself. The average Athenian of B.C. 360, like the modern Russian, respected honesty in others all the more because he was not honest himself. Phocion enjoyed an extraordinary popularity at Athens, but there was another reason for this besides his honesty of purpose. "While despising their judgment," says Grote, "he manifested no greater foresight as to the public interests and security of Athens than they did." That is, Phocion, the pessimist, was in accordance with the Athenians of his day, and they were not as they once had been; "very differently," says the same historian, "had the case once stood. The Athenian citizen of 432 B.C., by concurrent testimony of the eulogist *Pericles* and of the unfriendly *Corinthians*, was ever ready to brave the danger, fatigue and privation of foreign expeditions for the glory of Athens. . . . The Demosthenic Athenian of 360 B.C. had, as it were, grown old." The decadence was already beginning.

These deductions may be drawn from Professor Hutton's lecture: first, That in any age and amongst any people, after a crisis has been successfully passed, the natural tendency is towards idealism; second, That this idealism must of necessity die out and be followed by a more normal state of affairs; third, That when this idealism has passed into pessimism the nation is on the downward path. But why should Athens and the Athenian people be the especial subject for study? Because in poetry, in art and in philosophy Athens yet lives because she speaks to us through the void of centuries with an eloquence that has never been surpassed; because the charm of her own peculiar culture has been felt for all time by all nations, and because our present efforts for greater liberty, intellectual, political and religious, are fashioned after the model of her own.

JOHN A. T. LLOYD.

### THE MONARCHY.

SOMETHING of natural human pride must have flecked the melancholy with which most Englishmen have read the accounts of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence. To desire respect for our dead is a universal instinct, born at once of affection and of piety; and hardly in modern history has respect in its fullest sense been shown in a way so striking to the general imagination. We are not speaking of the stately yet quiet ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, where the group representing so many of the Kings and States of Europe, all assembled to do honour to a coffin, bore adequate testimony to the place in the world occupied by the deceased Prince, but rather of the unofficial and spontaneous evidence offered by the demeanour of the Queen's subjects throughout the world. It is contrary to our manners, and, indeed, to our institutions, that subjects should be "ordered" to mourn, merely as subjects, even for a future King; and yet on five continents labour halted for half-a-day to show that an event was happening which compelled the most dispersed of modern peoples to acknowledge, in sadness and quiet, that they felt a common bond. The shutting of shops simultaneously in London and Melbourne, in Toronto and Calcutta, in Durban and Vancouver's Land, is an incident in a mournful pageant which could not have happened in any other age, and which brings home to all men with irresistible force what a place on this planet is occupied by the dominion over which the Queen presides, and which on Wednesday voluntarily testified to its sorrow that its head and standard-bearer should have suffered such a blow. It was not only that London mourned through all its endless grades—nine thousand cabmen, for one item, draping their whips in crape—but that cities in every quarter of the world, cities scattered over the great islands of the South Pacific, cities in North America, cities in Southern Africa, cities in the great Asiatic peninsula so crammed with dusky life, mourned also as sincerely, that is, with as deep a consciousness that one who was related to all, and who interested all, had prematurely passed away. Grant that much of the sorrow was "conventional," "ceremonial," or "factitious," so are most of the public sorrowings and rejoicings of the world; yet those who voluntarily share in them are testifying to the presence, the effective presence, of some common tie which they would not voluntarily weaken even by abstaining from a form. Who goes willingly to a funeral? and who doubts that all who do go, testify in going that some link of affection, or circumstance, or respect, or interest, bound them in some way strongly to the dead? The group that stands about a grave cares—no matter from what motive, for it can never be a hostile one—for the tenant of that grave; and this group in St. George's Chapel represented, as the evidence proves, a world in itself, not only the thirty-eight millions at home, but the other millions who are stumbling over earth, founding Republics, building cities, organizing trades, ruling dark races, making fortunes, but all willing on the day of such a funeral to halt for a moment in their toil, straighten their backs, and think with regret that one has passed from among them who should some day have been their first. To those who can see, we can imagine no pageant half so impressive as this momentary

halt of toil through fifty States all under one common banner, nor any so clearly indicative that the disintegrating forces which ultimately break up all Empires, have in the British Empire as yet done but little of their destructive work. While all can feel, as Englishmen everywhere on Wednesday seemed to show they felt, a common reverence for the same Throne, a common affection for its occupant, a common feeling as regards any incident, grievous or joyous, which affects its fortunes, the tie of our unity will not readily be broken.

Would that unity survive the Monarchy? That is a question which our children, be the particular generation what it may, will one day have to answer in long histories, and we fear those histories will be sad. We who write, and who are so often now upbraided with conservatism, have always acknowledged to a tinge of Republican feeling, a dislike of privilege in any shape, which necessarily includes a distaste for the hereditary principle; but we acknowledge also that the price of its abrogation is too heavy a one to pay, for with the Monarchy the Empire would also in all human probability depart. We cannot see the *nexus*, other than loyalty to a common Throne, a Throne founded by history and not by us, a Throne the origin of which recedes into the twilight time, which can act as the Imperial bond. The dream of a Federal Republic is a dream, for if we understand our countrymen, they will no more consent to be governed from Melbourne than from St. Petersburg, or pay any respect they can help to any authority whatever not emanating from themselves alone, which sprung up yesterday. An alliance of all who speak English is possible, and would make the world very peaceable—as India is peaceable,—very prosperous—as the United States are internally prosperous,—and exceeding dull; but an Anglo-Saxon Federal Republic is beyond either hope or fear. There would not be one general tradition to soothe away incessantly lacerated local prides, or to override the local peculiarities of feeling which every country displays, and which in Colonies rise to all the dignity of distinctive opinions. We say nothing of interests, for interests do not govern, or Ireland would be the most loyal member of the general body, and Canada would be lost next week; but the feelings which defend Empires, which have their root in history, and are as much beyond the reach of argument as the great religions are, would be either paralytic or in a state of constant and furious inflammation. The heir to the status of the Monarchy would be and must be the British Parliament; and outside this island—we will not include even the two islands—Parliament is at once despised and hated, despised for its chatter and liability to emotion and vacillation, hated for the supercilious superiority it claims over other Parliaments. It lacks, too, the first essential of a common authority, that strange impartiality which sooner or later infects and preserves all Kings; which made the Emperors of Rome declare the citizenship universal, and caused Constantine, by descent a Roman, to found a new capital in supersession of Rome; which induces our Queen to take such pride in the "R. et L.," that she signs it when signing is almost a breach of compact; and which makes the Austrian Emperor of today doubt whether it is better for him to be a German or a Slav, and take refuge from the doubt in the pretension to be Caesar, and therefore above both. An impartial Parliament, impartial, we mean, between those who elect and those who do not elect it, is an impossibility, a contradiction in terms; and with the belief in the impartiality of the governing power, would disappear all affection for it, while of reverence, especially that wholly voluntary reverence which is so marked a feature of life in the British dominion, there would be no trace. We see our Parliaments think, and human reverence can hardly stand that strain. It is not the Throne to which the Colonies object, or even the Cabinet, but Parliament, which they think, with a perfectly natural if rather amusing pride, is no better than their own. The British world will never put on crape because a Speaker is dead. Failing Parliament, the only *nexus* of Empire even conceivable is the British people, and it may answer for itself if it thinks that it is loved. American or Australian, Canadian or African, the Englishman born abroad has but one reply,—that the Englishman born at home is the most respectable of beings, with much strength, many virtues, and a grand history, but that of all men with white faces he is the least agreeable. His quality of superciliousness, which cannot be cured, overweights in the eyes of all but a reflective few his other virtues, and his character would everywhere but in India be, not a bond, but a disintegrating force. It is not because he was Briton that the Duke of Clarence was mourned. There can, we fear, be no substitute for the Monarchy, which governs no one, affronts no one, forgets no one, but presides over all tranquilly, and as if it owed its origin to Nature; and unless a substitute can be found, the Empire, deprived of it, must pass away. Loyalty has been its strong cement, and by loyalty we mean that regard for the common tie which Englishmen in all the ends of the earth showed on Wednesday towards the memory of the young man borne to his untimely grave within St. George's Chapel. There are influences which reason hardly acknowledges, yet which cannot be replaced; and one of them, for Englishmen at least, is the half-traditional, half-mystical influence of the Throne.—*The Spectator*, Jan. 23, 1892.

AUTHORS and lovers always suffer some infatuation from which only absence can set them free.—*Dr. Johnson*.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS.

CONCERNING THE "WISE MEN FROM THE EAST."

THE Festival of the Epiphany memorializes an incident which is related by only one Evangelist, and by him in few words. "There came wise men from the East to Jerusalem" in search of the Christ-child. But, brief as the story is, it has ever captivated the heart of Christendom; for it recorded the first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, it indicated the Catholicity of His kingdom, it foreshadowed the mighty influence which the Christ-child was to wield over all the human race.

It is no wonder that this event, so briefly sketched by the Evangelist, should have become a subject of curious though devout speculation in the early church. "Who were these magi? Whence did they come? How many were there? What were their names, and ranks?" And it is no wonder that Christian Imagination and Christian Art and Christian Poetry should have endeavoured to supply an answer to the eager questionings of the Christian Heart, and that their answer took the shape it did. These magi were three in number, as their gifts—"gold and frankincense and myrrh"—indicated. They were kings; for had not the prophet said: "Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"? They were representatives of all nations, for the Psalmist sang: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents, the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts."

And so at last the pretty legend was evolved. There were three kings of Orient, one was fair, a descendant of Japheth; one was olive-brown, of the race of Shem; and one black, a son of Ham. One was young, one middle-aged, and one old. Nay, we even know their names: Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar. Have not the three stars of Orion's belt been named after them?

And now this allegorical legend, which not long ago was by many Protestants decried as "superstitious" and "unwarranted by Scripture" is taking hold of all Christian minds as if it were history, thanks to the romance of "Ben Hur," which has had its legions of readers. And we are still further familiarized with it by the Spectacular Representation which was lately denounced by the divines of Hamilton, and yet witnessed by crowded houses there and elsewhere. And here I must make a confession. I myself have witnessed that Spectacle. "Spectacle" is the only appropriate name for it. Drama it is not; for there is no speaking. It cannot be called a series of "Tableaux vivants;" for many of the scenes were altogether *too* "vivants"—especially the dances. It would be an indignity to call it a Pantomime; so "Spectacle" let it be. I say I witnessed that spectacle, not in Hamilton, but—no matter where. And I may add, I was not the only parson present—by a good many. I was disappointed, however. Not but that it was gorgeous, beyond all expectation. But I went there (and I am sure my brother parsons all did too) thinking I should see tableaux which would elucidate passages of Scripture more accurately than most of the pictures in our illustrated Bibles. But, ah me! instead of suggesting Scripture texts, those scenes far often recalled to my mind lines of Horace, such as:—

Jam Cytherea chorus ducit venus imminente Luna,  
Junctasque Nymphis Gratias deceates, etc., (Ode I., 4.)

and again—

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat, etc., (I., 1.)

as I gazed on those bewitching marches and dances of those lovely nymphs, priestesses, and what not. And then the Chariot race!

Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos!

To be sure, after one of those fascinating or spirit-stirring scenes, the mind of the spectator would be sobered by a vision of "Lepers on a Judean Highway," or something of that kind. But, I fear, the moral effect on the average youth, as he looked on that picture and on this, would not be as evangelical as the author probably intended.

However, that spectacle opened with "The Meeting of the Three Magi." So, now that Romance and Art have reproduced so graphically the ancient legend (such is the perversity of human nature), it is likely to be henceforth considered by the multitude as a matter of history. We must, however, bear in mind that these interesting legends were worked out by the Christian Imagination of the Middle Ages, by those who knew nothing whatever of the ways of the East. To them Oriental Literature was a blank. But, as the revival of classical learning at the time of the Reformation caused much mental readjustment, so the introduction (we cannot say the revival) of Oriental Literature into our modern seats of learning has made us readjust our ideas of the Eastern world. What did our fathers know of the Zeud-avesta or of the Rig-Vedas, or all those other mysterious volumes? Men of the new culture, however, are supposed to know all about them—like the modern Major-General of the "Pirates of Penzance." In olden times a parson might have become a D.D. although he were in blissful ignorance of the Rig-Vedas and the Zeud-avesta and all the rest of them. Not so now, thanks to the labours of Professors Max Müller, Monier Williams, Sayce and others. Every aspirant for honours in divinity must now know something at least of the teachings of these Eastern sages, and be able to form some theory as to whether or not those teachings influenced the Jews during the exile, or at any other period. So it strikes me that we moderns, too, may give the reins to our imagination in filling up the outline given by Scrip-

ture as to these "wise men of the East"; and I think we can make an Idyll, probably more true to facts, and quite as edifying as the mediæval legend of the "Three Kings of Orient." So I am going to try:—

There were three wise men of the East (to be sure there were many more; but I am going to stick to the orthodox number; and there were three preëminently wise men). They flourished long before the birth of the Christ-child, and their influence even to-day is incalculable. Wise men they were, and kings they were—for what earthly potentate that ever lived exercised such power over the minds and souls of men as those three wielded millenniums ago, and still wield, though so long dead? These three were: Confucius, the wise man of China, who flourished about 500 years B.C.; Zoroaster, the wise man of Persia, who flourished about 600 years B.C.; Buddha, the wise man of India, who flourished about 1000 years B.C. (I keep to the old-fashioned spelling of the names of these worthies, for really there are so many new ways that I am not altogether certain which is the very latest style; and the chances are that before long somebody else will take out an orthographical patent for a still newer mode.) Of these three—

1. Confucius was the father of Agnosticism, Positivism and Secularism; for though he was a great ritualist and performed his rites most punctiliously, yet his religious opinions were very hazy, and "One world at a time" was his motto.

2. Zoroaster was the apostle of Dualism. His system was a connecting link between Polytheism and Monotheism. He propounded the doctrine of two gods—one good and one bad—perpetually fighting each other, with a forecast that ultimately the good god would prevail. We may think that this doctrine has no counterpart amongst us of the enlightened West; but is it so? I fear too many Christians degrade their religion into a sort of dualism: they talk and think of the Evil One as if his power were almost equal to that of the Most High. Indeed, I fancy that a good part of Milton's "Paradise Lost," if we only changed the name of Satan into that of Ahri-man, would be accepted as fairly orthodox by the pious Parsee.

3. Buddha was the father of Pantheism, of whom it seems to me Spinoza and other moderns are but feeble imitators.

These three wise men of the East were all dead centuries before the birth of "The Light of the World." But though dead they yet speak, and countless millions hear and obey. They were, in a sense, "Lights of Asia"—not that Light, but may we not say harbingers of that Light? Their writings are full of lofty thoughts, righteous ethics, noble aspirations. They were not idolaters, they did not in their blindness "bow down to wood and stone." They were, each in his own way, "seekers after God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him." "And the times of this ignorance God winked at" (condoned), says St. Paul (Acts xvii. 20)—even the God "who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways."—(Acts xv. 16.) By the way, what large-heartedness, what allowance for unavoidable ignorance, what tenderness St. Paul showed when he preached to the heathen! Nay, may we not go further and say that all the noble aspirations, all the righteous ethics, all the lofty ideals of these wise men of the East came from Him "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed"? The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who only partially enlightened those patriarchs, reserving the full light for us in these last days, is the "God of the spirits of all flesh."

Suppose, then, we imagine that these "wise men that came from the East to Jerusalem" were the representatives, or hierophants, or delegates of these three systems—the Secularist, the Dualist, the Pantheist—seeking more light, and drawn by the guidance of heaven to the manger of Bethlehem—the Lights of Asia wending their way to the Light of the World? The Mongolian asking, "Is there another life beyond the grave?" to learn from Him, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"; the Iranian asking, "Shall Evil be overcome at last by Good, and if so how?" to be taught, "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that He might destroy the works of the Devil"; the Hindoo asking, "Where shall rest be found?" to hear the words, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest!" So the Epiphany becomes a pledge and seal of that future time when the Incarnate, the Crucified, the Risen Lord will fulfil His word, "I will draw all men unto Me."

"So runs my dream"—but, alas! in these days we behold a strange phenomenon. We see quondam disciples of the Christ deserting Him, and going for light to the wise men of the East! We see ex-Christians becoming occult philosophers, Theosophists, Buddhists! Is this the irony of history? Is this a rude awakening from our dream? Surely not. Let us take heart and enlarge our field of vision. Let us view the whole battle-ground and not gauge the issue by the loss of a picket here and there. Let us not mistake the course of an eddy for the flow and trend of the great river of Christian history. For the day is fast coming—and there are plenty of indications thereof—when all Asia, which has sat so long under the partial light of these wise men of the East, shall respond to the summons, "Arise! shine! for thy Light is come!"

Almonte, Ont.

GEO. J. LOW.

EXIGENCIES create the necessary ability to meet and to conquer them.—Wendell Phillips.

LE FEU SACRE.

O LIGHT of life! O thought of a moment,  
Blending together all hopes and fears!  
Star of the night-time, hope of the day—  
Wilt thou but end in sorrow and tears?

It is but once in the chaos of life  
One feels a spark of the golden ray—  
It is but once that the soul illumined  
Passes from night-time into the day.

It is but once that the rose in beauty  
Is fairest of all 'neath summer sky;  
Its leaves soon wither, its lustre fadeth,  
Beauty and Passion live but to die!

And e'en in the midst of dreams of fire,  
Wilder and fiercer than men may know,  
Foster child of genius immortal,  
Thou yieldest to the pitiless foe.

It is but once, in the hour of triumph  
That mocks the gasp of the short'ning breath—  
'Tis only once—and alas, my lost one,  
Thou hast it but in the arms of Death!

JOHN A. T. LLOYD.

THE RAMBLER.

PROPOS of Paderewski, the American musical critic has been "at it again." Oh! that there were no such thing as the divine art, nor one critic in the whole length and breadth of the Republic! More hysterical, puerile, absurd writing it is impossible to conceive of. The adjective "feminine," which, as we all know, is sometimes used to designate hyperbolic expressions and a general running riot of gush, is nowhere in it. C. L. Capen in a special to the Boston Post says:—

"True, it was a performance all too utterly sweet and cloying to have been soberly pronounced *un fait* by serious artists, but even they in generous numbers, evidently recognizing something infinitely higher than technical law, were seen applauding just as though it were a performance of the most scholastic description. Now Paderewski is not a scholastic interpreter. In this respect either *our own* Baermann, Faulton or Bussoni might well bear the relation to him of instructors or professors. On the other hand, either one of them would probably be foremost in admiring his genius, for he is certainly a piano singer as seldom man has yet sung at the piano."

It is probable of course that the writer of this curious English may be a foreigner, not yet thoroughly naturalized. Here we have him again in a still choicer paragraph:—

"Paderewski's fortissimos it is true are occasionally somewhat harsh and bawdily. On the other hand, such perfectly clear, limpid, far reaching and ethereal pianissimi were probably never heard in a Boston music hall as on Saturday evening, not even from Thalberg. An inexplicable feature of his success, too, is that his virtuosic resources are on such intimate terms with his will. Yes, his pearly, drop-like whispering touch often responds with ethereal effect to the delicately fine and artistic feeling of the singing artist that he unquestionably is."

Mr. or Madame Capen evidently believes in discovering to the world what he (or she) knows. Allusions to Josh Billings, James Russell Lowell, and the "hypercritical Heraclitus of old" jostle each other in this new form of critical writing. And who can say what these sentences mean?—they are beyond me.

"Not to be too paradoxical the fault of the Paderewski of the first occasion seemed with just such individualism for Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann as was then both superfluous and inartistic, but that for Paderewski, the composer, and Chopin and Liszt on Saturday evening was superbly meritorious."

"Quite to the reverse, there will abundantly be found in the work that was performed on Saturday evening just such art-contents, as in the proper adjustment of the high and the low, the long and the short tones of music is a charming masterpiece."

In another place we are informed that Paderewski is an "androgynal pianist," that he has "a feline step and bearing" and that his "fiery temperament seems to have been poured into a frail body as a dangerous liquid into a Venetian glass." This offender is Mr. Philip Hale, and I pity him when the *Musical Times* reads his notices.

Brainy artist is another choice epithet. It makes me "go crinkle all up and down my back" as children say. Why brainy? Why not thoughtful, or intellectual or profound or anything else that is an existing and accepted word. I object, too, very much to the use of that word *bright* as applied to men and women. We apply it to children, distinguishing between a *bright* child and an *idiotic* child, or at least, something of that kind. But papers like the Boston *Home Journal et hoc genus omne* give us "Mr. So-and-So, one of our *very* brightest men, and Dr. Mary Something-or-Other, our brightest female physician, etc., etc."

I must not encroach, I know, upon the musical column, but there appears to be a great deal of interest in that direction just now. The newest departure is at the



Théâtre d'Art, Paris, where a set of aesthetes is seeing, hearing and smelling plays of a rhapsodical, mystic character in which music, colour and perfumes are combined as the art work of the future. In the "Song of Songs" (Solomon's) even the verse is written with regard to quadruple association and meaning. In the joy of the Shulamite, the tonality of the scenery is bright orange, the musical symphony is in D, the theatre is perfumed with odoriferous spray of white violets, and the i's, e's and o's have a special value in the declamation of the verse.

Again, during the first "device," where the King and Queen meet, the scenery is purple, the symphony is C, and the perfume of the theatre incense.

I do not know that the present Sketch Exhibition at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms calls for any extended notice. By far the best sketches, taken literally, are those sent in from the Art Students' League. Mr. Blatchley, Mr. Manley, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Howard and others are here in full force. Perhaps Mr. Fowler's sketches of foreign nooks and niches in 1837 are as interesting as anything in the room. There is much that is both delightful and suggestive; there is also much of absolutely no value whatever. Of one thing we are assured, that it is by no means difficult to paint in the so-called French style. In order to do this, you procure a large sheet of brown paper or cardboard and cut a very small square in it. Then you fit a canvas to this square and put in an opaque blue sky at the top. Splash on to the hard blue a tower of greyish brown, fill in one side with whitish-green blobs, supposed to be willows, put in three black, bare, weird tree-trunks at the other side, cut off hard at the top (you know the way), and finish by dabbling in a purplish-indigo foreground of nothing in particular—and you have your work of art. This style is best in oils. Then call it "Summer on the Saône," so that the public will know the white blobs and opaque sky stand for summer, while the dark splash of nothing in particular is the river Saône. You can vary these ingredients in many striking ways. By a slight change of position, reflecting the tower in the water and a general sprinkling of leaden-grey dabs you get "Autumn on the Loire."

Mrs. French Sheldon, late of Africa, and now lecturing in the English provinces, relates that when parleying with the native chiefs, she never failed to appear in an evening gown specially produced for the occasion of rich white brocaded satin, court train feathers and fluff. The result was highly satisfactory, and the Government will do well to recollect that at future treaties or councils with the Zulu, the spectacle of a *grande dame en grande tenue* will be necessary if not inevitable. This novel proceeding inspires, or should inspire, the women who long for salons, clubs, careers. Plenipotentiary Extraordinary in shape of a pretty woman gowned in striking attire is something which Madame de Rambouillet or Madame Adam need not have despised. The savage's love of ornament appreciates the bare soft white neck, the glittering corsage, the fan-shaped train, lying two yards on the ground, and respectful admiration recognizes with affection the similarity of adornment in the ear-drops, the bangles, the necklace and the hair-combs. The occasion is ripe for an essay from Mr. Grant Allen upon the discernment of the savage and the evolution of the train.

M. Ignace de Paderewski, the present musical lion of the chief American cities, is called in some quarters the "human chrysanthemum." This is not, as at first sight it might seem, with respect to his claims upon the public as a kind of *Musée attraction*, but only as regards his hair, which is tawny yellow-brown and very luxuriant. He has a *personality*, in common with Carreno, the thrice married, with Rubinstein, the Titan, and with De Pachmann, the wizard.

### TO THE CROCUS.

Ye bonny flowers that lift your heads  
To greet the vernal air,  
Why have ye left your hiding-place  
To see this world so drear?

'Neath nipping winds and frosty skies  
Your golden petals shine;  
Time hath not chilled your gentle heart,  
As she hath frozen mine.

Had I the gift that ye have got,  
To live through winter's days,  
When softer skies are overhead  
A cheerful face to raise,

I'll try like you to lift my head,  
Tho' rough the cold winds blow,  
I'll wrap my plaidie round my breast,  
And face the grizzly foe.

E. C. R.

AMONG the stable, successful and carefully-managed provincial life insurance companies, the Waterloo Mutual must be reckoned. The synopsis of the report of the twenty-ninth annual meeting, which appears in another column, will convince the impartial reader that its affairs are on a most satisfactory basis, and that its management is in competent hands.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

ON CROMWELL'S PIETY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—H. T. R.'s letter on Cromwell's piety in your issue of Jan. 22 is one that has its especial value, as such communications always will have, in keeping history correct so far as may be. Another value is that of keeping before the present the striking points of the past and nursing a little intellectual warmth that is apt to be dissipated if too far drawn off from its centre.

In view of this latter value, not at all as a correction or criticism of the great writer "H. T. R." quotes, I venture to send you an account of the Battle of Dunbar, September 3, 1650, that I find in a volume that belonged to my maternal grandfather, entitled "A Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell." The first and title-page being gone—long ago—neither the date of publication nor the author's name is given, but from what remains of the first paragraph and the sketch of the times contained in the second, it is evident that the author was an apologist for Cromwell, and also set himself to be a true and unbiased historian.

That the volume was a valuable addition to the Cromwellian literature may, I think, be judged from the appendix, which consists of "No. 1. A Letter of the Marquis of Montross (*sic*) to King Charles I., delivered during the Treaty of Uxbridge, and which was the occasion of breaking off the Conference." "No. 2. The substance of Cromwell's first conference with the members and officers concerning settling the nation" (Whitelock's memoirs, p. 516, a). "No. 3. A remarkable conference between general Cromwell and Whitelock on the same subject (Whitelock, p. 548b, *et seq.*)" "No. 4. In the instrument of government, subscribed the sixteenth day of December, 1653, by Cromwell when he was lord protector, it was declared that the members for the future be thus elected, to the end that the Kingdom might be more equally represented."

[Then follows a list of the English counties with such towns therein as were to be represented.] "No. 5. A Debate between the Committee of the house of commons in 1657 and O. Cromwell upon the humble petition and advice of the parliament by which he was desired to assume the title of KING."

The preamble to this debate, which is given in full, is very interesting—as indeed is the debate itself—the names of "those who were deputed to treat on this subject" are given as follows:—

"Oliver St. John, lord chief justice.

"Lord chief justice Glynne.

"Mr. Whitelock, one of the Commissioners of the treasury.

"Mr. Lisle } Commissioners of the great seal.

"Mr. Fines }

"Lord Broghill.

"Sir Charles Wolseley.

"Sir Richard Onslow.

"Colonel Jones."

Appendix No. 6 consists of "Poems on Oliver Cromwell, by Mr. Waller, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Locke, etc.," each of them fine poems of their class. Appendix No. 7 is, however, perhaps more interesting than all, being "The substance of a panegyric of the lord general Oliver Cromwell, as presented to him by the Portuguese ambassador, don Juan Roderiguez de saa (san?) Meneses Conde de Penaguaia. Written in Latin, as pretended by a learned Jesuit, his excellency's chaplain; but more probably supposed, by the celebrated Mr. John Milton, Latin Secretary to Cromwell."

Such a collection of valuable records shows that the old volume from which I am about to quote was not one of those ephemeral additions to the literature of the times which are born of the moment, but mark it as a valuable work, worthy of the attention of the scholar and student.

"In this extremity," says our historian, "the lord-general, on the 2nd September, called a Council of War, in which, after some debate, it was resolved to fall upon the enemy the next morning; about an hour before day; and accordingly the several regiments were ordered to their respective posts. Here we are told by Bishop Burnet that Cromwell, under these pressing difficulties, called his officers together to seek the lord, as they expressed it; after which he bid all about him take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them. Then walking in the earl of Roxburgh's gardens that lay under the hill, and by prospective glasses discerning a great motion in the Scotch camp; Cromwell thereupon said, "God is delivering them into our hands, they are coming down to us." And the bishop says that Cromwell loved to talk much of that matter all his life long afterwards.

"The Scots, it seems, had now at last resolved to fight the English, and to that end were coming down the hill" (the hills about Dunbar where the Scottish army had ably encamped itself), "where, if they had continued, the English could not have gone up to engage them without very great disadvantage."

The full account of the battle and pursuit is given, but would lengthen this communication beyond bounds. The circumstance of the religious service, however, is placed at a different point of time, and a much more natural one, as I judge, to the moment assigned it by Carlyle, and is, of course, wholly undramatic—or at least undramatized.

S. A. CURZON.

FLETCHER'S SAYING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Fletcher of Saltoun's oft-quoted remark," as quoted in THE WEEK for January 29, would appear not to be his. Is it pedantry to correct what is only a correction of the letter?

But I have somewhere seen the fact stated that: "Sir Andrew Fletcher (1633-1716) said in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose (in 1703): 'I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he did not care who should make the laws of a nation.'"

If "the shrewd Scotchman" wrote thus, then the remark is that of "a very wise man," or shall we say of another very wise man? Does Fletcher indeed himself deserve the title? I do not know. W. F. STOCKLEY.

University of New Brunswick, Feb. 2, 1892.

### AFT AMANG THE DISCORD.

A DORIC DITTY.

AFT amang the discord  
O' a piece a' wrang,  
Comes a note—we lo'e it,  
And would haud it lang,  
Sae amang the birring  
O' warl's clatters daft,  
List I lo'e'ing, longing  
For ae note aye saft.

Sweet its tone. How mellow!  
Saft amang the roar  
O' the thousands howling  
"I maun hae the fore!"  
Quate, contented, happy,  
Lovely, loving, loved,  
Wha could hear sic music  
Wi' a heart unmoved?

D. MCK. MACARTHUR.

Montreal, February 1, 1892.

### ART NOTES.

"THE English has been one of the first national galleries to outgrow the period of fetishism. Even the Louvre, the Pitti, the Uffizi are centuries behind it in this respect; while in the Berlin Old Museum want of judgment in the selection and retention of pictures is as conspicuous as in the Dresden Zwinger," says the London correspondent of the *Nation*.

WE learn from the January number of the *London Artist* that an attempt, unhappily without success so far, has lately been made in London to form a company for the purpose of re-opening and working once more the marble quarries in the island of Paros which were so famous in old times. Specimens of the marble, recently obtained, have been submitted to various sculptors, who praise highly the fine rosy colour and beautiful grain of the stone, accounting it in many respects superior to the marble of Carrara. But it seems that there are a good many British interests vested in the Carrara quarries, and great difficulty was found in the attempt to raise money to float what would be a rival company. Still, since besides its intrinsic advantages the Parian stone will be the less costly, it appears to be likely that capital will be attracted to the venture.

THE literary masterpiece of "Religion and Life," just published by the Unitarian Association, says the *London Literary World*, is undoubtedly Mr. L. P. Jacks' charming and brilliant essay on "Religion and Art." The essayist asserts the religious significance of all true art, and claims that the spiritual superiority of Christianity is proved not only by its supplying men with new and higher motives for conduct, but also by its creating for Art richer and purer ideals of beauty. We quote his careful analysis of the significance of Art: "Art is a name for the most complete and most intense form of expression for the inner life of man. Its exercise compels a combination of the highest human faculties of conscience, intellect, imagination, feeling and skill, and becomes successful in proportion as these faculties are, on the one hand, strong and versatile, and, on the other, *charged with the personal life and force of their possessor*. When these are present in the highest degree, the result of the artist's efforts is the creation of great, lovely and immortal works. The successful pursuit of the Fine Arts demands, as its first condition, the concentration of faculties upon the matter in hand and the yielding up of the entire man to the artistic aim, and the more complete the self-surrender of the artist, the nobler will be the result. In all great artistic work, therefore, we have a more perfect self-revelation of the worker's soul than in any other type of human expression. And it follows from this, that if religion form one of the elements of the artist's character, or that of the age which he reflects, it will assuredly betray itself in his creations. There is no spiritual quality which pervades character so completely as the emotion connected with the religious life, whatever be the special form this latter may take. Wherever it is present, it will certainly make its presence felt by signs intelligible to a sympathetic eye. And, if absent, its absence will be equally apparent."

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND.

THE farce-comedy "Jane" was produced at the Grand on Monday; it is another adaptation from the French—the former one, "Lend Me Your Wife," having already been seen in Toronto. It was greeted with constant applause and continuous laughter, all objectionable inferences having been eliminated makes "Jane" a very acceptable comedy. Miss Eilson sustained the title rôle, acted well, albeit at times too unrestrained and loud, but she is full of fun and dash. The remainder of the Company filled their respective positions very satisfactorily. This Friday and Saturday, with matinee, the local Harmony Club will hold the boards at the Grand, presenting Millocker's charming and picturesque comic opera, "The Beggar Student," with a large chorus and New York imported costumes. This should prove attractive.

## THE ACADEMY.

PROFESSOR GLEASON and his wonderfully trained equine collection has proved an immensely successful drawing card at the Academy. Vicious, kicking, and all manner of unruly horses are quickly brought under control by the Professor's methods. All conceivable tests, such as firing off pistols at their heads, tying tin cans, etc., to their tails were tried to annoy the subdued animals, but without avail. This is an entertainment that should appeal to all lovers of the animal kingdom—a whole kingdom having once been offered by Richard III. for a horse.

## THE PAVILION.

PADEREWSKI (pronounced Padrevski), the inimitable Polish pianist, makes his only appearance in Toronto to-night (Friday), the plan at Suckling's music store indicating a large audience to greet the successor of Rubinstein.

## ASSOCIATION HALL.

AN entertainment will be given in the above hall for the benefit of Miss Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, of Brantford, who will give a series of readings from her own poems, on February 19. She will be assisted by Mrs. Fenwick, soprano; Mr. Warrington, baritone, and Mr. W. S. Jones, organist. An attractive programme will be prepared for the occasion.

## BLACK-CORK LACROSSE.

THE Toronto Lacrosse Club are resting beneath a halo of dark-coloured glory, freely bestowed upon them by their numerous friends and admirers, on the occasion of their recent successful series of "nigger shows" in the Academy of Music. The end men, though not possessed of a large amount of vocal technique, were immensely amusing amongst themselves, their hilarity completely silencing at times the small still voice of the great Collins, who acted as interlocutor. The appearance later on of Messrs. Rich and Ramsay gave a distinct fillip to the bones and tamborine element. The former of these comedians kept the audience in roars at his high-class Shakespearian humour. The sentimental element was plainly present, no doubt owing to the presence of the respective *inamorata* of the tender-toned vocalists. It might create unceasing contentions to even hint that the chorus singing of the dear "boys of the stick" enveloped the local "vocal societies" in Stygian darkness, so the *fiat* must be left unwritten. Mr. L. Boyd in the ballad "Pauline," and Mr. Bird in his solos, received well-earned encores, supported in the concerted parts by the forty-voiced male choir, who tooted their musical horns with satisfactory variety. A marked feature of the stage setting was presented in the person of a chorister with black face and contrasted white painted eyes; he no doubt has seen Chirguin, the London white-eyed Kaffir captain, and sought to emulate him. The irrepressible Harry Rich revived several antediluvian conundrums; their very ancient origin however redeemed them from the more modern mediocre minstrel mummery. This richly gifted modern Dean Swift, in conjunction with Ramsay, the æsthetic, are realistic stage thieves, as witnessed in their portrayal of "Erminie travestied." Mr. Clarke always gives pleasure by his manipulation of the cornet, the triple-tonguing movements being especially clear, though at times his playing is marred by a forcing and consequent splitting of the otherwise mellifluous tones. The fencing of Messrs. Brough and Currie; the well-executed banjo and mandolin selections of old man nigger, Smedley; the clever ventriloquial efforts of Mr. Burgess, and lastly, what should be firstly, the excellent drill of the Q. O. R. Bugle corps, in a few of the march movements under their skilful Bugle-Major Swift, which are to compete with the American drum corps of the United States at the World's Fair, terminated this amusingly attractive amateur minstrelsy; the sum of \$500 being about the net proceeds realized to assist in building the grand stand at the new lacrosse grounds. Hurrah! for the sticks; thus should art and athleticism be ever closely associated, benefiting both alike. Mr. Schuch wielded the baton throughout this creditable performance.

THE "Wagner Society" have published their prospectus for 1892, which shows that besides the operas given last year at Bayreuth, there will be four performances of the "Meistersinger," in addition to "Parsifal," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Tannhäuser."—*Musical News*.

IN his recently published book, "Music and its Masters," Rubinstein says: "The declaration of the infallibility of the Pope has perhaps spoilt the Catholic religion for many. If Wagner had composed, published, and carried

out his operas without talking about them in his writings, people would praise, blame, love, or dislike them, as they do every composition; but his declaring himself to be the only true religion arouses opposition and protest. He has, indeed, composed remarkable things ('Lohengrin,' the 'Meistersinger,' and the overture to 'Faust,' especially), but the pretentiousness and dogmatism of his creations spoil most of them for me. Their want of naturalness and simplicity makes them unsympathetic to me."—*Musical News*.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE LACHES OF PLATO: Introduction, Translation and Notes. By the Rev. A. Lloyd, M.A. Port Hope: Williamson; Toronto: Rowell. 1891.

We think that Professor Lloyd has done well in selecting the Dialogue called "Laches" for translation; for although it seems to be one of Plato's earliest productions, and has no great philosophical interest, it is perhaps for this reason better adapted for the study of boys at school. The subject of the dialogue is manliness or courage, and the persons of the dialogue are Socrates, Laches, Nicias, Lysimachus and Melesias. In an excellent and sufficient Introduction Mr. Lloyd gives an account of the persons of the Dialogue, and of the aim and contents of the book, concluding with an extract from the Third Book of Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics," on the same subject, Courage. The translation is excellent, the very best we know, showing that its author unites to an accurate Greek scholarship a thorough command of a vigorous and polished English style. We have no doubt that this little book will contribute to the study of the great writer, who can never be neglected without loss.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW for January. THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for January. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company.

These two periodicals, the first quarterly, the second monthly, well sustain the reputation they have already acquired. The *Review* is made up entirely of notices of books, biblical, theological, archaeological and philosophical. The books noticed are English and German, and nearly all of them of importance. These notices will be of the greatest service to students, partly as directing them in the purchase of books, partly as giving sufficient information as to the contents of many books, the purchase of which may, in consequence, be dispensed with. Among the reviews there are two which will be read with special interest; one by Professor Whitehouse on Cheyne's Lectures on the Psalter, and the other by Professor Ryle on Driver's Introduction. Mr. Whitehouse, while fairly sympathetic with Professor Cheyne, yet cautions the reader against the hasty adoption of uncertain conclusions. Professor Ryle, who is a son of the Bishop of Liverpool, seems to go more fully with Professor Driver. These are only samples of the rich and abundant contents of the current number. The *Expository Times* is a publication of a more practical character, but is not of less value to students and preachers. The "Notes of Recent Exposition" are of real value. One is of special interest as illustrating Professor Sayce's remarks that, as "we have dug up Homer, we shall yet dig up the Bible." It is a most curious fact that among the ruins of a former Egyptian capital have been found evidences of the existence of Kings at Jerusalem similar to Melchizedek. A paper which will be read with interest is the first part of the recent addresses of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol on the authority of the Old Testament as illustrated in the Teaching of our Lord. Professor Kennedy continues his able examination of Dr. Driver's Introduction. The "Great Text Commentary" is this month devoted to the text "Blessed are the poor in spirit"; and gives us a series of expositions, and then two different methods of treatment, together with some illustrations. To young clergymen this publication must prove invaluable.

THE chief article of interest to our Canadian readers in the *Magazine of American History* will probably be that of the versatile President of the Canadian Institute; Mr. Arthur Harvey's concluding paper on "The Enterprise of Christopher Columbus from a Critical and Common-Sense View." Mr. Harvey in this article touches on Columbus' mode of dealing with the Indians in a most interesting manner, and shows that he has read not only far and wide but also wisely and well, for his facts are numerous and well marshalled, and his deductions such as are only possible after careful research.

WITH the month of February the *Dominion Illustrated* becomes a monthly illustrated magazine of the American pattern. It is devoted to Canadian interests, and this number appears with Canadian names signed to all the articles. Professor Roberts is given the place of honour, with one of his Acadian stories, this time of the destruction of Beauséjour by the Abbé Le Loutre. "In Little Bits," a rondeau by Helen Fairbairn follows, a pretty little poem, though the printer is to blame in curtailing "wits" to "wit." From the rondeau we change suddenly to—Rugby football; R. Tait McKenzie contributes an article comparing the Canadian, English, and American games. A historical paper by Douglas Brymer follows, "Hamilton's Raid on Vincennes," in which the British side of the far West fighting of the Revolution is presented. Then there is a descriptive paper on the Orkneys by A. M. MacLeod. A poem by Arthur Weir, "Le Chant des

Voyageurs," follows, and then "John Scantleberry," by Duncan Campbell Scott, a short tale in that young author's usual vein—a strong feeling for the uncanny predominating. A patriotic bit of verse by J. T. Burgess closes this part of the magazine. Professor Roberts and Arthur J. Lockhart write on general topics, under the heads "Modern Instances" and "Red and Blue Pencil," Professor Roberts' critical work being really good. An indifferent piece of verse, "The Viking," by Samuel L. Baylis, an article on the late Duke of Clarence, and a nursery section that gives the magazine a painful air of being an *omnium gatherum*, completes this first number. We wish the new venture a successful career, and respectfully suggest the dropping of its "For the Children." The illustrations are fair, but do not enter into comparison with those of the American monthlies, and we would give as our opinion that it is on its literary merits that the new monthly must depend.

THE *Illustrated News of the World* of the 23rd ult. had portraits of General Sir Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in India, who has been raised to the peerage, as well as of Sir William Thomson and Admiral Sir A. W. Hood, on whom the same distinction has been conferred. The late Bishop Crowther and Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams are also represented in portrait. The issue of the 30th ult. opens with a portrait of the late Khedive of Egypt, followed by that of his son and successor, Abbas Pasha. There is also a full-page portrait of H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The late Rev. Dr. Philpott, formerly Bishop of Worcester, Sir George Biddell Airy, K.C.B., formerly astronomer Royal, and the demented French author, Guy de Maupassant, appear in illustration. The two scenes from the trial of Queen Katharine in Shakspeare's, in which Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Siddons respectively represent the Queen, are of unusual interest.

THE *Arena* for February contains a curious medley of articles. Mr. William H. Hudson, "for many years Mr. Spencer's private secretary," writes a laudatory biographical notice of the philosopher. Under the title, "The Solidarity of the Race," one meets with unexpected theories. The superscription itself is mystifying, the article still more so. Professor Huxley it was who recently strenuously argued for greater accuracy in the delimitations set to the meanings of such terms as "tribe," "race," "nation," etc., but it seems that Mr. Henry Wood has disregarded them; at all events "race" here with him means something very indefinite, if, that is, we may judge from such sentences as "every man is the race"; "the racial soul is the grand unit"; "the great racial consciousness is being solidified by the cement of love"; "the perfect unity of racial mind exists only in the higher or the spiritual realm." Is this some new species of Neo-Hegelianism diluted with theosophy? Whatever it is, the article itself is very funny, as may be surmised from the following excerpt:—

Above the great equatorial line which separates it [the "spiritual realm" where only exists the "perfect unity of racial mind"] from that which is sensuous, peace and oneness are perfected. In the lower hemisphere is found the temporary, the seeming, the material, the delusive. It is the abode of shadows. The human ego abides with them until through the discipline of penalty and "growing pains," it emerges into the higher realm of the One Mind. Here the grind and the friction of the baser zone are unknown. Here in the sunshine of the Kingdom of the Real the upper branches of the great human tree blossom and produce their fruit. Here men are one because they are united in God. Humanity culminates in the universal soul. Here is the final welding of eternal Fatherhood, sonship, and brotherhood. Every heart-throb of the Divine Father sends the vital current of love and unity coursing through the veins of the remotest member.

THE reviewer of magazines has a thankless task and an unsatisfactory. Unsatisfactory because, first, there are too many magazines; second, many of them are scarce worth reviewing (the reviewing of which leaves less time for those which are); third, the reviewing of things which are themselves reviews is most pernicious for the mind, since this should be fed on the most nutritive literary pabulum procurable—and this the average magazine article is not. However, there is one small compensative gain: such reviewer has an opportunity of observing in the best possible way (since it seems magazines *must* be noticed, and must, therefore, be conscientiously noticed) the varying currents of the thought of the day amongst the different classes of the thinkers and readers of the day. This remark is prompted by the February number of the *Forum* which well represents a certain large and important phase of the *Zeit Geist*. An analysis of the table of contents of the *Forum* shows, 1st, two political articles on American elections by men of note, to wit, ex-Senator G. F. Edmunds and the Hon. E. J. Phelps; 2nd, from articles on "Great Problems of Commercial Development"; 3rd, two sociological topics under the general heading of "Scientific Experiments in Philanthropy"—these latter are especially significant, showing as they do that great factor in modern habits of thought and action—the scientific spirit busying itself with the amelioration of the lower classes; 4th, an article on military education, itself also the product of the thought of the day, since both the subject of education and that of military defence are now so often brought prominently forward; 5th, an article on "A Year's Literary Production," typical not only in its title—everybody is literary now-a-days: to-morrow perhaps it will be fashionable to aspire to utter ignorance of books—but also in its character, for it consists of nothing more than a few very hasty and therefore very shallow remarks, hardly worthy of the name of critical, on some American books of recent date. A purely local topic—the suppression of lotteries—and some "estimates of new books" complete the list.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

It is rumoured in London that knighthood will be offered to Mr. Henry Irving, and that the honour will not be declined.

"THE Tempest," volume IX. of Horace Howard Furness' "Variorum Edition" of Shakespeare, is now on the Lippincott press.

MISS BALESTIER, who has recently made a matrimonial alliance with Rudyard Kipling, is a niece of John Balestier, a noted New York lawyer.

STAMP collectors should be informed that the Philatelic Society of London have begun the issue of a periodical entitled *The London Philatelist*.

MR. M. D. CONWAY'S "Life of Thomas Paine" heads the list of forthcoming publications by the Messrs. Putnam. It will form two octavo volumes.

AMÉLIE RIVES has written a new drama. It is a tragedy entitled "Athelwold," and will appear in the next number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mary L. Gow has made illustrations for it.

THE manuscript of a small volume of poems left by Lord Lytton is to be edited by his daughter and son-in-law. They will soon be published, with a short preface by Lady Lytton.

MR. RENAN'S fourth volume of the "History of Israel" has grown so much that it will be divided into two parts. Both will appear towards October next, along with a complete index of the four volumes.

THE five-hundred-dollar prize short-story competition instituted by the publishers of *Brains*, the Boston bi-monthly literary periodical, has been won by Mr. Charles Edwards, of Sydney, Australia.

A VOLUME on "Imperial Defence," to be published before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament by Messrs. Macmillan and Company, will come out under the joint authorship of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is said, intends to write an article upon Marie Bashkirtseff, the author of the famous diary, and, being at Nice, he is credited with having arranged to interview Madame Bashkirtseff, who happens also to be staying at Nice.

A VOLUME on the life and work of Browning, with numerous translations of his poetry into Danish, has been published in Copenhagen by Dr. Jon Stefausson, who says that Browning will be an important factor of European culture in the coming generation.

THE next volume in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen," immediately following Lord Roseberry's "Pitt," will be "Chatham," by the editor of the series, Mr. John Morley, who has already given us "Walpole." After this will come Professor Beesley's "Queen Elizabeth."

THE fifth volume of the new Cambridge Shakespeare (Macmillan) contains "Henry VI.," "Richard III." and "Henry VIII." In the preface a new note discusses briefly the relation of the quarto and folio of "Richard III.," bringing the subject down to date and giving the authorities.

THE author of "The Recollections of a Country Parson," who is also known to many as A. K. H. B., has written his reminiscences of St. Andrews during the past twenty-five years. The first volume, covering the period from 1865 to 1878, will be published by Messrs. Longmans immediately; and the second is in preparation.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S "Lectures on the History of European Culture and Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Nineteenth Century," now printed for the first time from the Austey manuscript in the library of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, with an introduction and notes by Mr. R. P. Karkaria, have just been published.

MR. A. W. HUTTON, the librarian of the National Liberal Club, will be the first in the field with a life of Cardinal Manning. He has been busy for some time on a monograph for Messrs. Methuen's series of "Leaders of Religion." It is a symptom of the disease of the age, this haste to hear all about a man as quickly as possible after his death.

THE name of the author of the beautiful little romance, "La Neuvaïne de Colette," remained for a long time an impenetrable mystery to the public. The supposition was that a pen so delicately wielded could belong only to a woman. This supposition proved correct, and Madame Jeanne Schultz, who has also written ten other charming books for the young, has decided to cast aside the veil of anonymity, and in future allow her name to be used.

"YOU may Kiss Me for Twenty-five Cents," the last and worst device of the pretty girls in a certain congregation in Michigan to raise money for desperate church emergencies, is, one may hope," says the *Canadian Churchman*, "the very climax of the absurd condition into which the whole system of dodges in aid of churches has been sinking; and yet it is a logical outcome of the whole business—trifling with religious duties is sure to end in personal degradation."

THE high marks scored by women in the recent Honours examinations held at London University indicate the quality of intellectual work being done by English college women. Of the six B.A.'s who won a "first class" in classics, five were women; of the four rated "first class"

in French and in German, three were women, the "inferior" sex also contributing four out of five post-graduate students bracketed as "first class" in the Art, Theory, and History of Teaching.

MR. A. S. CODY, an American, writes to the editor of the *Times* saying that "the mass of England's nineteenth century literature will be dead and buried within two centuries, unless we Americans rescue it from the mass of vagueness and verbiage in which it already languishes." To this the *Literary World* says: "If by literature Mr. Cody means printed books, he may take it for granted that he need not wait for two centuries to witness the death and burial of 'the mass of England's nineteenth century literature'; it is already dead and decently buried, and we earnestly beg of him to let it rest in peace. But the gems that survive will need no artificial sustenance on either side of the broad Atlantic."

THE irrepressible Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte has a two columned article in the last number of the *London Literary World* headed "A Literary Mecca," the main object of which is to point out why there is no field in Canada for aspiring young writers, and why these aspiring young writers go, or should go, to the United States rather than to London. "In the first place," he says, "in Canada it is impossible to find a publisher willing to assume the risk of publishing a book; and if the author defray the cost of production it is ridiculous to look for a public in Canada which will buy his book sufficiently to reimburse him. There is no public in Canada for good literature. The people there only care for wheat, railroads and politics. In the second place, there is no chance of existence for a Canadian monthly magazine." . . . "In regard to the de-Canadianizing of Canadians in the States," he declares, "I quite deny that there is any essential difference between Canadians and Americans to begin with. The people of Toronto and the people of New York are absolutely identified in all their aims, ideas, speech, and customs. The Canadian distinct type is yet to be evolved, if it is a possible evolution." . . . "The average Canadian male reads nothing but market reports and politics." . . . "There is a growing feeling in Canada among the young men that Canada must soon belong, economically and politically, to this continent of North America, and they have little filial feeling for a people and a Government three thousand miles away, which do not pretend to be in the least interested in them." Our readers must make their own comments.

THE death of Mr. T. B. Phillips Stewart last week made a gap in the ranks of young Canadian poets. Although for some years he had published nothing, the little volume of poems brought out in 1887 by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Company had not been forgotten, and there were many who looked forward to his again tending the homely slighted shepherd's trade. For this little volume of less than a hundred pages contained unmistakable evidences of true poetic taste and talent. There were faults of course, for the author was but twenty-three when the book appeared, and doubtless many of the pieces were composed at a still earlier age. Yet the faults were few, and were such as age and experience would have easily winnowed. The poetical character of the conceptions was undoubted, and generally the expression of these in metre was very beautiful. The fragment "Morn" is one proof of this:—

Aurora fair  
From love's soft couch in beauty rises up  
With Tithon's kisses blushing sweet, and o'er  
The restless sea stole silver smiles . . .

Nor was he too young, or perhaps it would be truer to say that such was the strength of his poetical temperament, that young as he was he had already given evidence of an originality and uniqueness in habits of thought rarely met with. Chiefly this was to be seen in a certain gentle melancholy, a softened gloom, which, because perfectly sincere and spontaneous, lent to his productions a strange charm. This peculiarity runs through the greater part of his work, notably in the opening poem of his book, "Lines to My Mother." We shall be very curious to know whether Mr. Stewart has left any manuscript poems, and we hope his executors will not allow anything to lie unpublished that might add to his nascent fame. We reprint on another page his sonnet on Keats.

WHAT is the world? What but a spacious burial field unwall'd? The very turf on which we tread once lived.—*Blair*.

IT may safely be said that "The North American Life Assurance Company" has earned for itself a very high place in the esteem of the insuring public of Canada. Its business methods, the high character, public prominence, and acknowledged ability of its officers and board are duly appreciated, the president's name being a household word to Canadians, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, and the vice-president, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, having a long established reputation as one of the most capable and conservative business men of Toronto. The manager, Mr. William McCabe, and the secretary, Mr. L. Goldman, being also two of the most energetic and efficient insurance officials in Canada. The methods of this company, its investments, its popular and progressive policy, together with the character of its management, all account for the excellent and most satisfactory report published in our columns.

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"DAVID GRIEVE."

"WE anticipate," says the *London Times*, "a few obvious criticisms upon 'David Grieve.' Some readers will say that they could well have spared pages of extracts from his spiritual diary—and undoubtedly the novel is unusually long. Others will dwell upon the resemblances between Mrs. Humphrey Ward's first and second novels. A few, more discerning, will think that the course of the story would have been clearer, its effect sharper and more durable, had it been less cumbered with reflections and meditations, full of tender beauty though they often are. No reader with any insight can help recognizing that our literature has been enriched by a book which attempts, not altogether in vain, much—which takes us to some of the heights, and sounds some of the depths, of passion. What the outcome of it all is we do not care now to speculate—perhaps the saying of Sophocles, 'Follow the traditions and ways of thy neighbours'; perhaps the story is a proof of the 'slavery and chain of temperament,' to quote a phrase which is somewhere let fall in these volumes; perhaps the attesting of some truth deeper, sterner and much less acceptable. What measure of durable fame awaits 'David Grieve' we do not know—*habent sua fata libelli*. But the story is, we cannot doubt, better told; the writer knows more of her art than when she achieved, in 'Robert Elsmere,' a rarely-equalled success."

DOCTORED VIOLINS.

"WHAT about 'doctored' violins?" a well-known authority was asked recently.

"'Doctored' violins?" he said, reflectively. "Well, there's a good deal in it; more perhaps than is generally known. Many an owner of a violin who fondly believes himself to be the possessor of a 'Strad,' an Amati, a Bergonzi or a Guarneri, if the truth were known, hugs a delusion. His pet instrument, if its record were investigated, would prove to be the workmanship of some of the clever imitators of the old masters, who flourish in Mirecourt, in France."

"Are such imitations common?"

"I will answer that by telling you what I know of an old dealer in violins, long since dead, and whom I will call Franz Echrain. He was well known to the trade—and to the profession, too, for that matter—as a ceaseless buyer of fiddles. He bought and sold everything that bore the shape of a fiddle, from a double bass to a dancing master's kit. To him the callow youths resorted when they first began to scrape. He would set up for £1, and carry them up afterwards step by step to £10 or £20, and to ten times that amount if they were rich enough and green enough to continue the process. He was a genuine humbug at bottom, an everlasting copyist and maker of dead masters, Italian, French and German. He sold more Amatis in his day than the master himself ever made during his career. He knew the secret of the old varnish. He had hidden stores of old wood and worm-eaten sounding-boards of defunct harpsichords and reserves of close-grained pine hoarded for ages. He had a miniature printing press and a font of the lean-faced, long-forgotten type, and a stock of the old ribbed paper torn from the fly-leaves of antique folios. Of course he had always on hand a collection of the most wonderful instruments at the most wonderful prices for the professional man or the connoisseur."

"Have modern makers ever reached the skill of the old makers?"

"Undoubtedly. I know an amateur musician, and a wonderfully skilful workman he is. Give him an old master and he will reproduce its form, its proportions and its thickness with such absolute certainty that no difference can be detected by the nicest mechanical test, by sight, or even by touch."

"The old Cremona masters came to the front in 1550, and for two centuries, beginning with Amati and ending with Bergonzi, produced those famous instruments which sell as high as £1,000. Modern violin-playing really dates from the invention of Francis Lourte of the improved violin bow. The splendour of our playing, the grand and beautiful phrasing of Paganini, his brilliant staccato and long-sweeping legato are the direct consequence of the Lourte bow in the latter part of the last century."—*Spare Moments*.

THERE are two ways in which one can hear animals converse. One is by listening to them when they are not aware of your presence, the other is by winning their entire love and confidence. Very tame hens often show a desire to talk to you, and it is usually possible to understand them. Once a Leghorn met me at the door fairly screaming with excitement. I understood, from the cackle that ended each sentence, that she had been disturbed on her nest, and did not wonder at her new powers of speech when I found the nest occupied by a cat and three young kittens. When chickens first begin to move in the egg, just before hatching, the mother sings to them a low, crooning song, very sweet, and never heard at any other time. A friend told me that her canary startled her one day by a new call. It was plainly: "Come here, quick!" She hurried to the cage to find a large cat close by looking at the bird.—*Woman's Voice Magazine*.

# WATERLOO MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held in the board room of the company, Waterloo, Ont., on Saturday, January 16th. The attendance was not large, but thoroughly representative.

Among the number present were J. Livingston, M.P., Baden; E. W. B. Snider, M.P.P., John L. Wideman and L. W. Gingerich, St. Jacobs; Thos. Gowdy, Guelph; W. H. Bowlby, Q.C., I. D. Bowman, L. J. Breithaupt, Berlin; Menno Snider, Conestogo; Thomas Cowan, Galt; Allan Bowman, Blair; I. E. Bowman, M.P., S. B. Bricker, F. Haight, W. H. Riddell, Simon Snider, John Killer, J. M. Muir, M. Devitt, N. Killer, Wm. Snider, A. Kraft, George Wegenast, and D. Bean, Waterloo.

The chair was occupied by the president, Chas. Hendry, Esq., and Mr. Haight acted as secretary, owing to the absence of Mr. C. M. Taylor, through illness.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The president then read the various reports of the past year:

## REPORT.

Your board of directors beg leave to lay before you their report for the year ending on the 31st day of December, 1891, being their twenty-ninth annual report.

From the detailed statements about to be read to you, we have prepared the following abstract of the leading items of interest contained therein.

We have during the past year issued 6,614 policies, and the total number of policies in force is 15,521. The aggregate amount insured under these policies is \$14,742,794, an average amount to each policy of \$949.86. The total earnings of the company are \$127,238.10. The number of claims is 204, and the amount paid in losses under these claims is \$61,652.33, less re-insurance \$5,159.33. The assets of the company, exclusive of premium note capital, are \$114,877.78. The liabilities are, amount required to re-insure all the cash system and mutual system risks outstanding at close of year, \$63,095.60, and the amount of unadjusted losses estimated at \$2,447, leaving a balance of \$49,335.18 assets above liabilities.

You will be glad to learn that the company has strengthened its resources during the past year, by adding largely to its surplus assets.

In conclusion your attention is called to the two main objects of your meeting to-day, viz., disposing of the statements about to be read, and the election of five directors. The retiring directors are Messrs. I. E. Bowman, S. Snider, John Allechin, John L. Wideman, and Allan Bowman, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The secretary's financial statement, duly verified by the auditors, was submitted to the meeting as follows:

Balance on hand as per statement 31st December, 1891 . . . \$90,490 14

| RECEIPTS.                  |                     |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| Premiums and assessments   | 123,533 84          |
| Interest and transfer fees | 4,112 03            |
| Rent                       | 872 65              |
|                            | <u>\$219,008 66</u> |

| EXPENDITURES.   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Losses (less re-insurance \$5,159.33)                                     | \$56,493 00         |
| Salaries  | 7,495 47            |
| Rebates, cancellations, commissions                                       | 25,923 74           |
| Re-insurances and agents' bonuses   | 10,673 76           |
| Travelling expenses, postage, books, stationery, advertising and printing | 3,053 99            |
| Law costs, exchange, auditing and miscellaneous disbursements             | 2,967 08            |
| Balance   | 112,401 62          |
|   | <u>\$219,008 66</u> |

| ASSETS.                         |                     |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| Real estate                     | \$15,124 23         |
| Mortgages                       | 40,620 00           |
| Debentures                      | 16,000 00           |
| Deposit receipts, Molson's Bank | 27,000 00           |
| Bills receivable                | 2,780 29            |
| Unpaid assessments              | 1,660 04            |
| Agents' balances*               | 5,755 31            |
| Office furniture                | 629 53              |
| Goods plans                     | 1,414 92            |
| Unpaid rent                     | 156 00              |
| Molson's Bank, account current  | 1,231 83            |
| Cash on hand                    | 79 47               |
|                                 | <u>\$112,401 62</u> |

| LIABILITIES.   |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Unpaid losses adjusted and unadjusted †                                  | \$2,447 00          |
| Re-insurance Fund, to provide for all outstanding risks as per statement | 63,095 60           |
|  | <u>\$65,542 60</u>  |
| Balance of assets  | 46,859 02           |
|  | <u>\$112,401 62</u> |

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Balance of assets brought down                            | \$46,859 02         |
| Accrued interest unpaid                                   | 2,476 16            |
| Premium notes, less premiums and assessments paid thereon | 193,402 00          |
| Assets over all liabilities                               | <u>\$242,737 18</u> |

The directors' report and the secretary's financial report were adopted unanimously on motion of Mr. Chas. Hendry, seconded by L. J. Breithaupt. Messrs. J. M. Muir and W. H. Riddell were then appointed scrutineers, and the meeting proceeded to elect directors to fill the places of the retiring directors. The retiring directors were unanimously re-elected.

Messrs. J. M. Scully and Benjamin Devitt were re-appointed auditors for the current year.

On motion of W. H. Bowlby, Q.C., seconded by L. J. Breithaupt, a resolution was passed, fixing the remuneration of directors for attendance at meeting of the board or of committees at \$4 per day and 10 cents a mile for travelling expenses.

A cordial vote of thanks was passed on motion of Thomas Cowan, seconded by Thos. Gowdy, to the secretary, inspector, and staff of officers, for the efficiency with which they had conducted the business of the company during the past year.

The directors met at the close of the annual meeting and re-elected Mr. Chas. Hendry, president, and Mr. Geo. Randall, vice-president for the ensuing year.

\* Agents' balances reduced since to \$3,282.

† Unpaid losses reduced to \$747.

# CONTINUED SOLID PROGRESS

OF THE

# NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual meeting of this company was held at the head office, Toronto, Thursday, January 28th, 1892. The chair was occupied by the president, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M.P., ex-Prime Minister of Canada. The large gathering of representatives from all parts of the Dominion expressed the greatest enthusiasm and pleasure at the continued solid progress made by the company during the past year. In every branch of the business tending to its prosperity large increases were made. The directors announced that the number of policies and insurances issued exceeded those of 1890, while the total amount of insurance now in force exceeds \$11,000,000. The interest income exceeds \$57,000, and was again sufficient to pay the death losses of the year and leave a substantial balance. The total income, assets, reserve and net surplus, can be seen by the following condensed statement.

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Cash income   | \$ 401,046 56 |
| Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, profits and all payments to policyholders) | 237,425 53    |
| Assets  | 1,215,560 41  |
| Reserve fund  | 954,548 00    |
| Net surplus for policyholders   | 183,012 41    |

Audited and found correct.

JAMES CARLYLE, M.D.,

Auditor.

Wm. McCABE,

Managing Director.

The affairs of the company were again submitted for the consideration of the company's consulting actuary, Wm. T. Standen of New York, who reported that the company was in a most highly satisfactory position, and that, while there was much to commend and congratulate, he was unable to find a single point to condemn.

"Although strictly in line with your experience since the date of your organization, it seems that no previous year shows so much of healthy, steady and vigorous growth. The elements of the favourable growth, covering as they do the results of the work of all your executive departments, are a substantial proof that your business in every phase has been skilfully and intelligently managed.

"Your gain in total insurance in force is a sure indication that your policyholders are satisfied with the conduct of the company and appreciate your able and untiring supervision of its affairs.

"Your large proportion of twenty payment life policies secures a good premium income, binds the insured to its continuance for a long time to come, and nevertheless has sufficient of the element of investment to secure a good degree of persistency."

The president, the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M. P., placed a full report of the affairs of the company before the meeting. He congratulated them that the work of 1891 showed that the company had continued its prosperous career, and that gratifying advances had been made, especially in that most important item—SURPLUS. Attention was drawn to the company having last year paid its first investment policies, and that the results proved satisfactory to their holders. He drew attention to the large amount of profits earned by the company last year, and that the same would compare most favourably with that of any other company, which was the strongest reason he could advance why policyholders should maintain their policies in this company, as those holding long-term investment policies would certainly find it to their advantage to do. In referring to the position of the company he stated its solidity is not exceeded by any other on this continent, and its assets are all safely invested in first-class securities.

In concluding his remarks he expressed his confidence that every contract entered into by the company would be as surely met in the future as it had been in the past, and expressed his pride and pleasure in being connected with a company that had attained such a record for fair dealing with its policyholders and prompt payment of death claims.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, vice-president, who is also president of one of our largest and most successful loan companies, made an interesting speech dealing largely with the financial position of the company. He explained some reasons for the great financial success that had been attained by the company in so short a period, and stated that this was largely owing to the fact that care had been exercised to build it upon foundations broad and deep, so solid, indeed, that future generations of policyholders in it can at all times keep an easy mind as to the ability of the company to fulfil its agreements and contracts. In the important point of net surplus to liabilities he mentioned that the percentage of the North American is 18.04, which is higher than the majority of leading companies transacting business in this Dominion. He also drew attention to those companies claiming superiority on account of vastness of assets.

He reminded his listeners that these companies had also immense liabilities, and that when the true test is applied, viz., the ratio of net surplus to assets, it will be found that the North American Life is entitled to higher rank than many of these large institutions.

Another point mentioned was that the mortality had not increased over the previous year, while the rate of interest shows a slight increase, and was again in advance of the interest earned by any of the other leading companies. In closing his remarks he said the position of the company at the end of 1891 warranted the policyholders in regarding it with extreme satisfaction, its prominent characteristics being SOLIDITY, PERMANENCE and PROFIT.

In referring to the excellent management he drew attention to the great benefit the company had derived from the skilled services of Mr. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., and also to his assistant, Mr. Goldman, secretary, as also the efficient staff not only at the head office but throughout the field.

Reference was made to the care given to the medical department by its experienced medical chief, Jas. Thorburn, Esq., M.D.

The Hon. G. W. Allan, Senator, vice-president, in expressing pleasure at being present at the meeting and noting the continued progress of the company, stated that he desired to remind those present that it was the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie's birthday, and that on that day the worthy chairman had reached the allotted span of life, namely, 70 years. He referred in very kindly terms to Mr. Mackenzie, and in moving a special vote of thanks, accompanied by a substantial mark of the great and valuable services rendered by the president to the company, he stated that this gentleman had on all occasions given great attention to the affairs of the company, and that his reputation for honesty and uprightness was recognized throughout the whole Dominion.

J. K. Kerr, Esq., Q.C., in seconding the special vote of thanks, congratulated Mr. Mackenzie on being at the meeting that day, and stated that although unable to work physically as formerly, his brain was as clear as ever, and his opinion and excellent advice continued to be of the greatest value to the company. Mr. Kerr stated that he felt debarred from saying all he would like to owing to the presence of the president, as it would appear like flattery, but he knew all present would agree with him when he stated that Mr. Mackenzie was a man who always did his duty faithfully. He felt confident that all would join with him in the sincere wish that the president would be spared many years to preside on similar occasions.

Mr. Vice-president Blaikie intimated at this point that the Hon. Attorney-General Mowat exceedingly regretted his inability to be present to-day, being hindered by illness, as it would have given him extreme satisfaction to be with us and unite with the others in congratulating his much esteemed and honoured friend, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, on attaining his 70th birthday, and wishing him many days of happiness and usefulness, crowned with heaven's richest blessings.

Dr. Carlyle, in his interesting remarks respecting the splendid position of the company, stated that he knew the assets in the balance sheet were held by the company, as he had examined each one individually, and was sure if they were placed on the market to-day they would realize a larger sum than that at which they were held by the company. After going fully into the financial position of the company, he concluded by saying: "There are many reasons for considering it a pleasure to speak in the strongest possible terms of the highly satisfactory character of this annual statement."

Dr. Thorburn, the medical director, made an interesting report of the work of his department, and also referred to the prevailing epidemic, "la grippe," which had, so far, to a great extent, baffled the skill of the medical profession.

Mr. T. B. Lavers, Provincial manager, St. John, N. B., spoke in an enthusiastic manner of the position of the company in the Lower Provinces.

Dr. Ault, from Montreal, manager for the Province of Quebec, also referred to the substantial position the company had attained in his Province, and Mr. William Hamilton, city agent, Toronto, stated that he found the cost of securing new business by the leading American companies was very much higher than that of the North American. In other percentages he made from official figures, such as interest earned, mortality, relative surplus, etc., they all tended to show the North American was a most desirable company for insurers.

The usual votes of thanks were passed.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected board of directors the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie was unanimously re-elected president, J. L. Blaikie, Esq., and Hon. G. W. Allan, vice-presidents.

MARRIAGE, aside from the romance of youth, is a serious business. It should be entered on, as is any other business, only after careful forethought; and, whenever possible, with an ample supply of the assets which it calls for. Money is not all. There should also be health, mutual consideration, forbearance for each other's foibles, and such other qualities as are needed in any harmonious partnership. The marriage bond that is thus hedged about is rarely sundered in a divorce court.—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE Rain Convention at Millers, South Dakota, was largely attended, and as a result it is believed that twenty counties will accept the offer of a Kansas artificial rain company to produce rain during the crop season at \$500 a county, on the understanding that if there is no rain there will be no pay.

THEY are experimenting with a new pavement at London. This, used in the same manner as ordinary pavements, is formed of cork and bitumen, compressed together. The principal advantage of these pavements is their elasticity; they furnish a good footing for horses and are comparatively noiseless.

ACCORDING to the observations of M. A. Muntz, the rain-water and the herbage of elevated regions are much poorer in sodium chloride than those of the lowlands, and the milk and the blood of animals feeding on the mountains contain a decidedly less proportion of the salt than are found in similar animals from the plains.

A WORK on the great earthquake of Japan, by Prof. John Milne and Prof. W. K. Burton, is now in the press at Tokyo. It will be illustrated by twenty-five large photo-plates. For the sake of comparison, there will be two plates showing on a small scale the effects of earthquake in Italy and other countries. All the plates are to be on the finest quality of Japanese paper.

AFTER THE GRIP convalescence is very slow, and to recover the health-tone a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used with wonderful success as a building-up medicine and blood purifier after attacks of the Grip, after Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia or other prostrating diseases. It possesses just the building-up effect so much needed; it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the kidneys and stimulates the liver so that they resume regular and healthy action. Thousands of people have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a preventive of the Grip with success. Thousands have found in its restoration to health and strength after this dreaded complaint. For instance, Mr. Jacob Knapp of Tipton, Iowa, a well known business man, says he had the Grip twice, leaving him very weak and with a bad cough. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave him a splendid appetite, made him feel strong and as well as ever.

## "German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

**A Germ Disease.** The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well. ☉

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

### CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

## A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit "News"—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29th, 1892.—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the *Evening News*, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it records the remarkable achievement of a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the fellow countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the *News* as follows:—

The following paragraph, which appeared in the *News* a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the *News*' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:—

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward Avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey.

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N.Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the *Hamilton, Ont., Times*. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and, after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the \$1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases. For years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man, whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus, as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when his timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those, who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that

had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward Avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer; supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example, that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N.Y., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the *News*' readers want any further information, we feel sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them, as he has the writer, in relating these facts to him.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and wins the confidence of the people.

AN EGYPTIAN CURIOSITY. — In July, 1881, there were discovered in the ancient city of Thebes, the mummies of Egypt's mightiest Pharaohs, among them that of Rameses the Great. There were also found seals, coins, statuettes, preserved food, and a few rolls of papyrus, some of the latter being of great value, curiously bound together, and, notwithstanding the mould and mildew of ages upon them, as easily read as if written yesterday. A queer little book entitled, "A Night with Rameses II.," has been executed so cleverly, that the oxidized seal, suggestion of mould, antique colouring, and partially decayed and ragged-edged papyrus carry at once to the mind the possession of a veritable relic from the dawn of civilizations. Mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cent. in stamps, by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

AFTER THE GRIP and after typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigour so much desired, and to expel all poison from the blood. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

HOOD'S PILLS act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs.—I took a severe cold in February last which settled in my back and kidneys, causing excruciating pain. After being without sleep four nights through intense suffering, I tried your MINARD'S LINIMENT. After the first application I was so much relieved that I fell into a deep sleep and complete recovery shortly followed.

Lawrencetown. JOHN S. McLEOD.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Bronchitis—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

## Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right,

### The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures

### Indigestion,

restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves, and body, while it also purifies the blood and removes all trace of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, etc.

### Fast Eating

And irregular meals are causes of Dyspepsia, which will soon become incurable except by careful attention to diet and taking a reliable stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"Owing partly to irregularity in eating, I suffered greatly from dyspepsia, accompanied by

### Severe Pain After Meals

I took two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and entirely recovered, much to my gratification. I frequently have opportunity to praise

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am glad to, for I consider it a great medicine." C. I. TROWBRIDGE, Travelling salesman for Schlotterbeck & Foss, Portland, Me.

N.B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

**PERFECT DIGESTION**

**INSURED**

BY A

**NEW METHOD**

HIGHLY recommended by the most eminent and distinguished men of the medical profession.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all Nervous Complaints absolutely cured without medicine by this new and delightful method.

Free pamphlet sent on application, or to rapidly introduce this genuine article a sample will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ADDRESS—

**E. BELLINGER,**  
60 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.



If with your friends you've been dining. And get home so late in the night. DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE in the morning Will make you forget you were

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

**DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE**

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.