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"The Patrons on Railway Passes," by Canadensis; "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto,"
X. Trinity Methodist Church.

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THE WEEK

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, April 26th, 1895.

No. 22.

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Current Topics.

Mr Sifton in
Toronto

The Attorney General of the Province of Manitoba was warmly greeted by over three thousand people in the Massey Music Hall on Wednesday night last. In an address of welcome read by Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the distinguished visitor was assured that the immense assembly present believed that his cause was just and right, and that implicit confidence was felt in the wisdom of Manitoba to manage her own affairs. The Chairman, Chancellor Burwash, made a short and effective speech, after which Mr. Sifton addressed the meeting. That the great audience was in the closest sympathy with the speaker there could be no doubt. Both he and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, who also spoke, were listened to with that intensity of attention which is manifested only when the hearts of the people are moved.

The Debate
on the Address.

The preliminary skirmish between the opposing forces, known as "The Debate on the Address" came to a close on Tuesday. As usual the speeches on both sides were largely after the models with which most of us became familiar in the debating clubs of our school-boy days when what was deemed a sharp personal hit won more applause than half-a-dozen sound arguments. Much fault was found with the Government for the lateness of the session, and it is doubtful whether the reasons given were wholly satisfactory even to the majority of their own followers. The large deficit afforded to the speakers of the Opposition a store of ammunition which was mercilessly used. Much wit was expended upon the alleged differences of opinion in the Cabinet, and so forth. These oratorical duels are amusing, and were carried on for the most part with good nature, but they can hardly be said to be either convincing or edifying. The leaders in the Commons by mutual consent reserved the Manitoba School Question for later use, though in the closing hours of the debate forcible and effective speeches were made in regard to certain of its features, on the one side by Mr. McCarthy, on the other by Mr. Costigan. Probably the most important contribution to the debate was that made by the Premier in the Senate. Sir Mackenzie addresses himself mainly to the Manitoba question. His speech was grave, earnest, and frank, and in a certain sense logical. Whether it was conclusive depends, we suppose, largely upon the mental attitude of the listener or reader, and still more upon the validity of its assumed premises. These premises cover much debatable ground as we shall no doubt see later.

The Newfoundland
Question.

Curiosity, as well as hope, is naturally excited by the ministerial announcement in the Commons that legislation will shortly be introduced in the Newfoundland Legislature which will, it is believed, settle the French Shore difficulties to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. If it is in the power of the Island to settle the difficulty by her own legislation, without sacrifice of any important right or privilege, and if this has been in her power all along, it is difficult to see how her politicians can escape severe censure for having so long withheld such legislation. And yet past events have sometimes given some ground for a shrewd suspicion that such may have been the case—that the Islanders in their very natural desire to be masters of their own territory and resources, or rather of those which they deem should be geographically theirs, may have failed to look the situation created and perpetuated by treaties to which, however short-sighted and exasperating, the good faith of the British Empire was pledged, fairly in the face. The firm, almost harsh manner in which the Mother Country has from time to time interfered to enforce what she regarded as treaty obligations against the contentions of her own colonists in Newfoundland gives not a little colour to such a suspicion. There is naturally, no doubt, a temptation to the colonies to insist upon their real or fancied rights in an extreme and sometimes aggressive manner, since the brunt of the struggle will fall upon the Mother Country, in whose resources and powers they have unlimited faith. Even Canada may sometimes have been troublesome in that way. We are not sure that young people, especially Western peoples, are impatient of the slow processes of diplomacy, while it may be that, on the other hand, not little strength of conviction is required to enable the Imperial Government to observe scrupulously her treaty obligations rather than give way to the importunities of her rasher colonists. Newfoundland's proposed action in the matter will be looked for with deep interest.

The Copyright
Question.

The announcement made in the Commons touching the present stage of the Copyright Bill suggests the question whether there may not yet be found need for some judicial committee of some Imperial Council of the great British and Colonial Empire to settle the constitutionality of measures proposed by the Canadian Parliament and objected to by that of Great Britain. Mr. Foster informs Parliament that the British Government has not yet taken the necessary preliminary step of denouncing, so far as Canada is concerned, the Berne Copyright Convention, and that the Colonial Office has just now requested that some representative of the Canadian Government be sent to confer with it in regard to the Canadian Bill. When we consider the length of time which has already elapsed since the Bill was referred, by consent of the Canadian Government, for the approval of the Home Government, it will be seen that the process is so remarkably slow that the delay might, in many cases, be equivalent to a defeat of the object aimed at by a bill so disposed of. There is, undoubtedly, a good deal of force in the objections which have been urged against some of the provisions of the

Bill. These are worthy of the most careful considerations, as affecting not only the interests but possibly the reputation of the Dominion. But this is a question which should be kept quite distinct from the prior one of Canada's right to legislate for herself on a subject distinctly reserved to her by the British North America Act. It is true that, so far as we know, this right has not been called in question in so many words. But it is evident that if the Colonial Office may, in this way, delay the operation of a Bill relating to a matter within Canadian jurisdiction, from year to year, in order to discuss its content, our self-government might become practically a dead letter.

Trinity's New
Provost.

Canadians will be interested in learning that Trinity University has at last obtained a Provost. Readers of the *London Guardian* of April the 3rd might have noticed that the Reverend Edward Ashurst Welch, M.A., had resigned the Vicarage of the Church of the Venerable Bede, Gateshead, Diocese of Durham, to take up important educational work in the Colonies. The work referred to was the Provostship of Trinity. Mr. Welch has a brilliant record. He was Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. He obtained a First Class in the Classical Tripos when he took his B.A. degree in 1882, having won two years previously the Bell University Scholarship, and in 1884 he took Honours in the Theological Tripos. He spent a short time at the Leed's Training School in the same year, and was shortly afterwards ordained Deacon by the Bishop of London. From 1884 to 1886 he worked in London, and from 1886 to 1890 he was domestic chaplain to the late distinguished Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot. In this connection he resided with the Bishop and was also brought in close contact with those who were preparing for Orders in that Diocese. Mr. Welch's brilliant academic record, his wide practical experience, and his intimate connection with Bishop Lightfoot insure his being a sound scholar, a man versed in affairs, and a theologian of wide and liberal sympathies.

The Political Situation
in England

Wise indeed would be the political seer who could foretell the resultant of all the complicated and conflicting political forces which are just now struggling for the mastery in England. On the Government side the position is perhaps no worse than at the opening of Parliament. In fact, the majority of forty-four who went into the lobby as supporters of its Dis-establishment Bill might be taken as in some sense an offset to the very narrow margins by which it has on more than one occasion been saved from shipwreck, were it not for the doubtful issue of the ordeal which awaits this and other Government bills in their committee stages. But with the uncertainty as to the health and future course of the Premier, the unreliability of the Parnellites, and the eccentricities of the advanced Radicals, the position of the Government is far from being enviable. On the other hand, if the allegations as to the dissensions and jealousies between the Tories and the Liberal-Unionists are in any degree trustworthy, there is imminent danger of a rupture which would greatly weaken the Opposition, while adding one to the abnormally numerous parties or factions already in the House. The currency of such rumours, however improbable they may be, as that of the resignation of the Premier, the resumption by Mr. Gladstone of the headship of his party, the return of Mr. Chamberlain to the leadership of the Radicals, etc., indicates the uncertainties of the situation, in the eyes of the British public. When we add to all these signs of instability the dangers of foreign complications in the Nile Valley and

in the East, it is easily seen that the coming season brings with it possibilities which may make the year 1895 an epoch in British history.

The Pope and the
English Church.

It is quite natural that the Pope of Rome, yearning for the unity of the Church and for the recognition of the supremacy of the Holy See, should turn wistful eyes to England, and mourn over the loss of that mighty nation which has almost taken possession of the habitable world. It is not wonderful that he should give expression to these aspirations, as he has done in a letter of which a translation has appeared in the *London Times*. But it is a little difficult to take this appeal of his Holiness quite seriously; and its contents make the writer seem still more ludicrous. The Pope dwells upon a quantity of practical and social matters respecting which there can be no wide difference, except in details, among those who profess the Christian religion. But there is not a single concession which would bring an Anglican of any school nearer to the Church of Rome. The absolute blindness of Pope Leo to the real causes of separation between the Churches may be discerned from the nature of an inducement to re-union offered at the end of the letter. A prayer to the Blessed Virgin is appended and an indulgence of 300 days is granted to those who shall piously recite this prayer. Now, when we remember that prayers to the Virgin are considered unlawful by nearly all English Churchmen, that indulgences are considered pure fiction, and that the notion of obtaining such indulgences by the recitation of a prayer would be regarded as a gross superstition, we may judge what progress his Holiness will make in the way of re-union. It is said that the Pope is re-considering the validity of English orders; but any effect which his approval of such orders could produce would only be to make those few clergymen of the English Church who may, at present, have any doubt on the subject quite satisfied with their position. Of any modification of Roman doctrine, of any relaxation of papal pretensions, there is not a word in the letter, which can only amuse those who have any knowledge of the characters of the two Churches.

Europe and
Asia.

It is, we suppose, certain that an agreement has been reached between China and Japan which ensures the cessation of the war, but that fact is probably about all that can be relied on as definitely known as yet about the matter. Of the various versions of the terms of the treaty that have been put in circulation up to the date of this writing, it is extremely doubtful if any can be relied on as representing the exact truth. Even were we able to accept any one version as reliable so far as it goes, there seems to be a general suspicion in European diplomatic circles that behind the terms of any such published version there will be a network of secret understandings and engagements shrewdly designed to baffle the insatiate avarice of the Western nations and to keep Asia for the Asiatics. It is hard to resist the impression that this suspicion may be to a large extent the product of jealousy of the remarkable successes which have made Japan mistress of the situation in the far East, and of mutual distrust lest some one of the great European powers should get the advantage of another in the rush for a share of the commercial spoils. One cannot but wonder, too, whether in the excitement arising out of the startling events of the victorious campaign of the Japanese, and the new situation which is the outcome, there may not be a tendency to greatly overrate the prowess of the victors, whose easy triumph seems, after all, to be quite as much due to the utter lack of organization and generalship on the part of her opponent, as to

any superior bravery or skill of her own soldiers and officers. It must be admitted, however, that the dread which avails to draw Russia, and Germany, and France together with a view to concerted action in order to conserve European rights, must be too strong to be wholly the product of excited imaginations. In view of the clear and apparently frank assurance of the Japanese authorities that the commercial privileges stipulated for are to be shared with all other nations, the attitude of the British Government in leaving the Oriental antagonists to settle their quarrel between themselves seems both fair and wise. The recent proclamation of the Japanese Emperor is admirable in tone and contents, and in the absence of any evidence of duplicity, it is hard to see why it should not be accepted in good faith.

A Movement
Against Lobbying.

Two Acts which were before the Legislature of the State of Missouri during its late session were defeated, it is currently believed, by the disgraceful operations of lobbyists. Great public indignation has been aroused in consequence. The Bills in question were (1) a Bill to make railway corporations liable for accidents to their employees due to the incompetence or negligence of their fellow servants, and (2) a Bill for the prevention of fraud at elections. The aim of the first is to make railroads responsible for accidents to their employees just as they are responsible for the same to the travelling public. The placing of this responsibility upon the corporations would, it is believed, lead to the introduction of appliances for safety which would greatly reduce the fatalities and injuries amongst the employees of the roads. Statistics show that, as things now are, while the total number of passengers killed and injured yearly by the railroads aggregates 3,500—a sufficiently large number, surely—the enormous aggregate of 34,500 employees are killed or injured during the same period. This Bill is believed to have been defeated through the influences brought to bear by the lobbyists of the railway corporations. The other bill mentioned above was defeated by the equally scandalous influences brought to bear by agents of both political parties, who united for its defeat. Governor Stone has now sent out a vigorous message recalling the members for a special session, at which these two measures are to be re-introduced, pre-
faced by another which aims to crush out lobbying by making it a felony. The result of such a measure, if passed, will be to restrict corporations and individuals who wish to promote or defeat proposed legislation, to written communications, a most desirable restriction surely, and one which would have a powerful and salutary effect upon the character of much of our legislation.

Hypnotism in Rela-
tion to Crime.

A most startling judgment was that rendered by the Supreme Court of Texas, a week or two since. A farm labourer, who had shot and killed another man, was acquitted on the ground that he was an irresponsible instrument in the hands of his employer. He claimed that he had acted as a blind, unwilling tool. His employer was then tried for the same crime and convicted. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the exact significance of the latter judgment of the Court. Some understand it as merely re-affirming the familiar and just principle that the instigator or employer in a criminal transaction is fully responsible for the deed. Others take it to be a declaration that those who acquire and use hypnotic influence over others are responsible for the deeds of the subject while under that influence. But leaving out of sight all question as to the grounds on which the employer was convicted, the principle underlying the first-named judgment

unquestionably is that hypnotism, in the estimation of the Supreme Court of Texas—for the jury pronounced the verdict of acquittal by order of the Court—a valid defence for crime. This is, perhaps, the first instance in which the reality of hypnotism as an occult force has been legally recognized. It is undoubtedly the first in which it has been accepted as a sufficient ground for acquitting a hypnotized criminal as irresponsible. It may be remarked in passing that the verdict, even admitting the temporary irresponsibility of the agent, seems to be at variance with the just principle which has come, we think, to be generally accepted in respect to crimes perpetrated under the influence of liquor, viz., that the man who voluntarily allows himself to be put into a state of temporary irresponsibility cannot be permitted to plead that irresponsibility as a valid defence. But let the recognition of hypnotism as a real power by which one man may be made the unconscious instrument of the will of another become general and what a maze of perplexing possibilities is entered. Surely a judicial investigation into the facts, touching the nature and governing laws or conditions of the thing itself, should be the first step.

The Germ Theory
Not New

The well-worn saying of the wise man of old, that there is nothing new under the sun, is receiving from time to time in these days interesting illustrations. Professor Nicholas Murray Butler has recently published a work in which convincing proof is said to be given that the theory of man's descent from animals of a lower type, generally thought to be one of the most unmistakably modern, was held by old Greek philosophers. The *National Druggist* now comes to the front with extracts from a work on Country Life (*De Re Rustica*), written by M. Terentius Varro, about 115 to 110 B.C., which go to prove that the germ theory of disease had also its advocates among the ancient Romans. The grounds of this assertion may be seen in some extracts which we reproduce in abbreviated form from the *Literary Digest* of the 20th inst. Giving somewhat minute directions for the choice of a site for a villa, Varro is quoted as follows:

"You must also pay attention as to whether there be marshy places around, and for the same reasons, and moreover, because when they dry up they breed certain minute animals, invisible to the eye, and which, carried by the winds [or air], penetrate the mouth and nostrils, and propagate obstinate diseases."

"Further on we have an imaginary conversation between Fundianus, a landed proprietor, Agrius, a farmer, and Scrofa, a sort of interlocutor, frequently introduced by our author when he wishes, by a dialogue, to enforce some point, previously given in didactic style, as in the present instance. Says Fundianus:

"Suppose I should become heir to a farm of this kind, what shall I do to avoid contagion?"

"Sell it," answers Agrius, 'for what you can get for it, or abandon it altogether.'

"Not so," interpolates Scrofa, 'you must be careful that your house shall not front the direction from which the insalubrious winds usually blow; nor be built in a hollow valley, but on an eminence, where, if unwholesome emanations come, they will be most quickly dispelled. Another advantage [offered by the eminence] is that a place on which the sun shines all day is the most salubrious, since if any animalcules develop, or are brought thither, they are either at once driven away by the wind, or they soon perish from dryness [of the atmosphere].'

"We have translated freely, but have been careful to preserve the exact meaning of the Latin in the more important phrases, printed in italics."

The Anti-toxine
Treatment.

Time was when the popular presumption was strongly against so-called scientific innovations in medical practice. Popular prejudices and superstitions discredited in advance new

fringed antidotes and treatments of old-fashioned diseases. The pendulum seems now to have swung to the other extreme. There is in the popular mind, as well as in that of most members of the medical profession, an almost superstitious readiness to take for granted the genuineness of any alleged new discovery, announced as the outcome of scientific investigation and experimentation. This is, we suppose, but natural, in view of all the undoubted success which has been achieved through application of scientific discoveries to practical uses in surgery and therapeutics. But the new-born faith in the marvellous possibilities which are supposed to lie within the ultimate reach of the investigator and experimenter, who are now indefatigably and perpetually at work in the laboratories and, alas, in the torture-chambers, of science, has reached such a height that most of us are scarcely willing to wait the slow processes of confirmation before trusting to the efficacy of alleged specifics for diseases which have for decades or centuries baffled the skill of the best physicians. Illustrations of this too great readiness to accept alleged discoveries are becoming so numerous that we need not refer to the life-elixirs and lung-restorers which have from time to time been flashed forth as stars of hope to multitudes of wretched sufferers, only to go out as suddenly as they came, plunging the affected into a darkness seemingly denser and more hopeless than before. The latest specific to suffer a cruel check is the anti-toxine treatment for diphtheria, which has been made so speedily famous. The case of the girl in Brooklyn who died in agony within ten minutes after receiving an injection of the Behring serum, has put the doctors, who were coming to have almost absolute faith in the specific, at fault. The fact that the same serum has been proved by experiment to be free from poisonous contamination of any kind, takes away all possibility of explanation in the way which first suggests itself, and leaves the matter, so far as the public has yet learned, a profound and painful mystery. The result is, it seems fair to say, that the anti-toxine treatment of diphtheria must still remain among the specifics which are on trial. Not a few of the more sceptical minds, scientific as well as lay, do not hesitate to affirm that the same is true of other somewhat similar modes of treatment, which are popularly accepted, including even the famous Pasteurian cure for hydrophobia. It cannot be denied that, while most great discoveries of science commend themselves at once to our judgments by their naturalness, so to speak, as soon as their underlying principles are understood, there is an instinctive revulsion against the theory which underlies some of the specifics in question. This is somewhat strongly suggested by the *Philadelphia Item* when it says: "When water can be made pure by befouling it, it will be time for the public to accept as true the theory that the way to make the blood healthy is to contaminate it with poison."

A Woman's
Bible.

The advanced woman is a very terrible person. She has not only claimed equality with the other sex, but something like identity, which is rapidly passing onwards to supremacy. She is like the Irishman, who, not contented with the declaration that "One man is as good as another," added to the statement, "To be sure he is, and a great deal better." Still this persistency of assertion implies a certain degree of doubt on the subject, and we are all aware that there are authorities generally recognized, which must be silenced before the "truth" can be universally recognized. Among these there are undoubtedly some troublesome texts of Holy Scripture which can by no means be got to speak in the new orthodox

sense. The advanced woman hitherto has generally found it sufficient to snuffle at St. Paul, as a man who was jaundiced or prejudiced or who perhaps "had a disappointment." But we are now to see a more drastic method adopted; and it is a very simple one. It is the publication of a Woman's Bible, not with mere notes and comments, but with bold and decided alterations—shall we say, amendations or corrections!—of those uncomfortable passages which cannot be got to testify on the right side. New readings, we are told, will be given of the old passages, and notes will be added to show that those have been in error who have thought that the inferiority of women was taught. Thus in the new edition of the Book of Genesis, which is now ready, Eve is commended rather than rebuked; for the temptation was not an exhibition of finery, but the promise of knowledge; and the advanced woman and every other wise person must know that nothing is so good as knowledge, not even obedience! Of course, it needed a woman to see this. A man, and Adam was a man, would be too stupid. Truly, "this is a more excellent song than the other." If a dozen texts must be mutilated to get rid of the testimony of the inferiority of woman, we tremble to think what will be left of the Bible when all its words in favour of obedience are cut out.

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—X.

REV. W. F. WILSON AT TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH.

TO walk along Bloor street from east to west, with the idea of attending service at the seventh church along the route, is to wish for a moderate and Sabbath service of Sunday street cars, buses or other means of riding. It seems more than a Sabbath day's journey from the top of Sherbourne street to the corner of Robert street, where the big stone church in which Rev. W. F. Wilson now officiates is located, and you do pass six other churches before you come to his. The virtue and religious faith of Bloor street ought to be bright and lively. If Toronto be the city of churches, Bloor street is the street of churches. I have known a man to walk along there at church time when he wanted to see what the fashions were in order to buy his wife a new mantle. One can see there adherents of various faiths, and, as it draws near eleven o'clock, may jostle and be jostled by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists. On Sunday morning, however, the bells of these churches kept repeating to me Greeley's saying: "Go west, young man." I went west, and eventually brought up at the corner of Robert street, where Trinity Methodist Church, stone-built and big, imposing if not impressive, and covering a great deal of ground with its supplementary buildings, bursts upon the view. Respecting this church as a building I have mingled feelings. Its corner position is commandingly business-like, and it seems to stand close up to the sidewalk in an assertive way which reminds one of a corpulent commercial man who stands with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and says: "I have got the best stand on this street and I mean to do a roaring trade." As for features it is full of them. It has a tower and spire, a belfry that would hold great bells if great bells were wanted, a gable on each street, large arched windows and here and there turrets and pinnacles. I do not see how a showier church could have been built for the money that was spent upon it, and the sum must have been large. But to my mind there is about it none of the poetical sentiment that is sometimes put into stone. It could scarcely be more commodious in every way than it is. It could scarcely be more commonplace in its business-like usefulness. It has great size, but no grandeur, either in or out. As an auditorium it is magnificent. As a piece of church architecture pure and simple it might in many ways be improved.

Entering this church one finds it has very spacious galleries, flat expanses of salmon-coloured walls, and an immense organ at the end of the church behind the pulpit. The organ is raised somewhat above the floor of the church

so that you see the keyboard with its three manuals and its bank of stops on each side, above the minister's reading desk. In front of the organ, and facing the congregation, are the choir-pews, and in front of them again the semi-circular platform on which the reading desk is placed. This platform has no railing, so that when Mr. Wilson stands on one side of it, as he sometimes does, you see his full length. At the back of it there is a comfortable sort of divan or sofa. The floor is carpeted with crimson. The joinery everywhere is of light oak. The organ front is very showy, a greater exhibition of big ornamented pipes could scarcely be made. General effect, that of a music-hall or concert-room of a superior order. From every seat a full view of the preacher's platform is easily obtained. There are no obstructive pillars. There is plenty of daylight everywhere. It was the original Methodist view in John Wesley's time, and for years after, that architecture was not essential to worship. In bare and barn-like structures the fervent spirit of the time found vent and experienced an elevation and a spiritual warmth altogether apart from the effect of any "temples made with hands." For many years a plain sedateness was the mark of the conventicles of the religious renaissance which had found a new and glorious interpretation of the idea that "God is a spirit and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." It is still, no doubt, the opinion of Methodists that architecture is not essential to worship. There is not a minister of the denomination who would feel himself under any disability if he had to preach in the plainest of old-fashioned meeting houses. Modern Methodism, however, runs to expensiveness in building, to more or less of decoration, and to an extravagant development of organ-front. There was a certain meaning and sentiment in the old plain meeting-houses. There is often none at all in many of the modern temples of this faith. They are a great deal more costly than the old fashioned ones. But it is entirely doubtful if the expenditure upon them is repaid by the effect produced. Yet I would not cavil and carp at any evolution of religious worship and its accompaniments. I wish to have a sympathetic insight into the feelings of those whose places of worship I visit from time to time. And it may be that these great big organs that I see in places of worship, so much in excess of the apparent requirements as to capacity, and so extraordinarily extensive in the show they make, are after all only a result of a dim feeling that the House of God should in some way be different from places of everyday use. Even these things that seem to me so secular and so unmeaning, may be transfigured, to some souls, with a glory and a sanctity the fathoming of which is beyond me.

How much more interesting than any architecture or music or stained glass or any aesthetic consideration whatever is a living soul! Rev. W. F. Wilson begins to read a chapter from one of the Epistles, and to comment upon it, and you forget all the surroundings and listen to him just as you would in a desert place with no surroundings at all. He has a pleasant voice with a firm, ringing, musical tone in it; it is a tenor rather than a bass voice—say a "tenore robusto." Also his enunciation has a slight provincialism in it that smacks of the soil. Brother Wilson is a fine specimen of Canadian manhood. He speaks easily; he was evidently born to say what was in him, just as some men are born to think and to express themselves laboriously as with groans and tears. Brother Wilson's thoughts clothe themselves instantly with words. He speaks from the heart, and appeals more to the emotions and to the spiritual nature than to the intellect of his hearers. He is a natural genius, he is a poet, he is a confirmed optimist, but I should hardly call him a judicial theologian. He has so much sunshine and good nature in him that it wells up and overflows in his look and in his word. He has not a trace of the scientific method in him; that is part of his charm in a world which is really tired of science and which feels that after all reason is no guide in religion. Here is a man who besides being a brilliant talker, has poetic sensibility in him, insight into human nature, a magnetic power of putting himself *en rapport* with his hearers and above all, faith in God. He has a wonderful style; racy, free, richly-coloured, and flexible. He can pass in a moment from denunciation to quiet humour, and from humour to pathos, and from pathos to the merest common-places of life. Though he has manly strength and maturity, he retains some of the guileless sincerity of the child. It is

no wonder that people gather to listen to him. It is very easy to listen to him. He makes points all along. He is a master of assemblies and his words are as nails. They form a kind of conversation—the conversation of a brilliant man speaking to his friends from a platform about things which are near his heart.

In appearance Rev. W. F. Wilson is decidedly clerical. See him walking along the street and you might take him for a Roman priest of the best sort, his clean-shaven, refined, albeit somewhat full face, and his all-round ecclesiastical collar aiding the fancy. His features are well cut, his chin is of the sort that is commonly supposed to denote the capacity for humour; he has a fine massive head, and his hair, which is somewhat thin at the top of the forehead, is worn a good length at the back. If you can imagine a nice looking parson and a distinguished actor, with a taste for comedy, merged into one personality that is Mr. Wilson's look. If he were on the stage he would be of course always cast for the clerical parts, and he would not want much making up for any kind of hero. He would want a good deal of making up before he could take the part of a villain. When I say that in thinking over his general platform style, I could not help feeling what a success he would have made as an actor, I mean the very reverse of indicating any mere simulation. You know that what he says comes from his heart and impresses his mind, and it is because he feels deeply himself that he can make you feel. But he is gifted by nature with the faculty of expression. He expresses what is in him by smiles, by gravity, by inflections of voice; it comes out in unstudied but suitable attitudes; it runs off his extended arm. You long to tell him a good story in order to hear it produced in the best possible way and with every accessory that will make it tell. It will be the same story, but there will be all the difference between it and your crude narration of it that there is between a piece of scrawled manuscript written by an indifferent penman and the same thing when it appears in all the glory of beautiful type on a sumptuous page, with illustrations by a skilled artist. Surely this is a great gift, and when it is joined, as it is in Mr. Wilson, to a fine faculty of selection which enables him to take from the Bible, from current literature, from current life and from nature, the things that will tell in discourses or comments, the product is one of much value to ordinary people. The common ways of this world are often too dull and dreary for us to do otherwise than gladly and thankfully recognize the endowment of one who can "take of the things of God and show them unto us," who can pick up bits of life and experience and literature and nature, that we have passed without seeing a hundred times, and can display them so that an enlivening ray streams from them at once. Such a gift may degenerate into a mere purveying of sensations and cheap clap-trap; but, on the other hand it is a gift that may be laid on the Divine altar and may be the means of refreshment and life to many souls.

Mr. Wilson is frankly unconventional and free from the stiff clerical dignity that is afraid of itself. He was commenting on a verse in Romans: "Be kindly affectioned one to another, brethren;" and he said: "When I was laid on my back a week or two ago, in consequence of that fall on the ice, and so many of you came to see me and sympathize with me, I felt sometimes when you had gone away, that after all there was a good deal of real kind feeling in the world. Then the thought came that there was many a poor fellow more seriously sick than I was, in some of the back streets of Toronto, that did not have anybody to come to see him and condole with him and wish him God speed on his way to recovery. Brethren, think of that this afternoon, and if you know anybody in this case, who, perhaps, has not many friends, go to him and grasp him by the hand and tell him you hope he'll soon be about again. If you feel in his hand-clasp something like returning vigour and in the brightening of his eye something like the old look, just tell him you are glad of it; and if it is sadly the other way, and the shadow is over him can't you say something to him of the Christ you profess to love, and who will be with him through everything, even in the darkest valley of all." A few moments afterwards he was announcing the last hymn and gave out the wrong number. By the tablets on the organ front we could see that it was to be the 445th. He

announced the 345th, and when he had read the first verse was told of his mistake. Said he: "I have a very good choir at the back of me who can tell me when I go wrong, which is a very good thing. It is the 445th we are to sing. I was a hundred out." Very unconventional, of course. All you can say to yourself, if you have been brought up to precise and reverential ways, is that this frank outspokenness is natural, and that reality, even if it go a little over bounds, is for ever and ever so much better than a simulated correctness.

The organ is played by a lady. At the morning service the choir consisted of a dozen women choristers and nine men. It is a fair, average choir, and they sang an anthem that seemed an arrangement of a march, in a popular congregational way. While the collection was being taken up a quartette was sung by two women and two men with very good effect. At the evening service the number of the choir was augmented, and after the sermon there was a tenor solo, "He wipes the tear from every eye." It was sung with much taste, feeling and modesty. At the morning service there were probably a hundred and twenty people in the gallery so that much of it looked vacant. There were, perhaps, eight or nine hundred in the body of the church. The morning sermon was from the text "Thou hast put gladness in my heart." It was interesting and illustrative. One of its illustrations was drawn from the rise in the price of coal oil, another from the opening spring time around us, another from a drive in High Park with a friend. The sermon was what a newspaper man would call "live matter."

The congregation in the evening was a very impressive sight. Every seat in the vast gallery seemed to be filled and nearly every place down below. Attentive ushers used their geometrical knowledge of the pews and appeared, like nature, to abhor a vacuum. The singing was massive and hearty, the old Methodist hymns ringing out with a fine fullness.

Mr. Wilson read as a lesson part of 1 Sam. XXVIII., beginning "Now, Samuel was dead," and commented thereupon. "Now, Samuel was dead," he repeated. "This meant much in Israel. Let a great man die and his place was not immediately filled. Let Lincoln die, and a great nation was cast into mourning. Let Gladstone die and the world would feel it from shore to shore. Let Bismarck die, and the news would sadden not only the German people, but the inhabitants of the civilized world." In these comments and in the entire reading of the chapter Mr. Wilson gave token of something higher and deeper than he had shown in the morning. His tone was dignified and commanding, both in the reading of this chapter and in the sermon that followed it. There was no flippancy or want of seriousness. And, indeed, it is difficult to understand how a man could be otherwise than impressed, inspired, perhaps wound up to the highest that was in him, by the responsibility of having to speak to so great a congregation. In a great public meeting a speaker is generally one of several, he has only a share of the task, great though that task sometimes is. In this case the whole service seems to depend, humanly speaking, on the vitality and force of one man. He has to communicate his earnestness, his spirituality, to these massed hundreds of waiting souls. Some men are made vain by such circumstances, then all is lost. The service at once degenerates into a mere platform entertainment, neither better nor worse than the most ordinary public meeting. I am not going to pry too curiously into the recesses of any man's consciousness, but it seemed to me, on Sunday night, that the preacher rose into a prophetic humility and appreciated the greatness of the occasion in a way that made all personal considerations sink far out of sight. I said to myself that the traditions of Methodism were not lost. There came up before my mind stray glimpse-like visions of great Methodist preachers, now dead and gone, and it seems to me not an entirely repellent fancy, that on such a Sunday evening as this they might visit some of these temples of their faith standing here and there by some valiant servant of the Lord and heartening him for his work by their encouraging sympathy.

The subject of the sermon was "Lost Opportunities," and the text was taken from the chapter of the Book of Samuel before mentioned: "Bring me up Samuel"; the words of King Saul to the witch of Endor. The discourse opened with a sketch of the historical surroundings of the subject, which left no hing to be desired in the way of lucid com-

prehensiveness. Samuel and Saul were sketched in a few bright touches. Then came the difficulties that Saul got into after Samuel's death, and his recognition of the fact that in neglecting to follow Samuel's advice he had lost the opportunity of his life. Saul determined to see Samuel again so he visited the witch of Endor, who was described as "the spiritualist of her day and time." But there was no discussion as to the possibility or otherwise of summoning the dead. After an eloquent description of Saul's forsaken condition, the preacher turned to the subject of lost opportunities as relating to the case of those before him. It was his belief that God gave every man a chance, the question was how were they using theirs? There was to all a time of opportunity. "I went to a foundry the other day," said Mr. Wilson, and then described the process of casting. There was a time "when the metal gave itself to the fire and the fire gave itself to the metal." Then the iron, previously cold, hard, and rigid, was like water. Afterwards it grew cold, hard, and rigid again in whatever shape it had been moulded. A simple illustration, but it was exceedingly well given, and hit the mark. Then we had a piece of historical review, and were shown great opportunities that had been taken advantage of or lost. George III., for instance, lost his opportunity, and the thirteen American States declared independence. In the history of the Christian Church there were lost opportunities. The Roman Church made a mistake when she lost Protestantism. The Church of England made a mistake when she lost Methodism, and so did the Methodist Church when the Salvation Army was lost. The scene in Gethsemane was brought before us, and we heard the question, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" The tender and reverent pathos of this particular passage of the sermon were such that it haunted the hearer for days after. It is impossible to hear Mr. Wilson and not feel that illustration is his great forte. We had the opportunity afforded to the agriculturist by the springtime, the opportunity of the physician at the crises of his case, the opportunity, once in a decade, of observing the eclipse of the moon. We had the illustrations afforded by a Mackinac trip when the preacher was stationed at Collingwood, and by the experience of "a leading barrister of this city" who had begun his college work with the view of entering the ministry, but had afterwards altered his course, to his present constant regret. The sermon was of the kind that appealed directly to the congregation. As I marked their look of intense interest and attention, I could not help feeling that, look at it how we may, it is a good thing for all these people one day in the week to be thus lifted out of their every day surroundings into a higher atmosphere, and to have their emotions stirred by warm and sympathetic eloquence. Of Rev. W. F. Wilson, it may be said, as it was said of his Master: "The common people hear him gladly"; and I don't know much higher commendation of preaching ability, for it is after all here that the question of the usefulness of preaching comes in. A man may preach highly cultivated sermons, but if he cannot attract the crowd his sphere will be a limited one. And in order to attract the crowd I do not believe it is necessary to be unduly sensational. What the crowd likes is direct and simple speech that goes right home to their daily life with its burdens. And for that sort of preaching Rev. W. F. Wilson has much faculty. J.R.N.

Colonization a Practical Science.—II.

IT is estimated that in the city of Chicago there are thirty-six firms and companies engaged in the work of persuading people to move from the Eastern States to the undeveloped lands of the West, some of them doing a legitimate business, others less scrupulous in their methods, but all, as might be expected, with a keen eye to business. The most successful and reliable of these attribute their success to the devotion of their energies to a good class of people and to the systematic working up of the connections of each settler they obtain.

We may profitably learn a lesson from their example and lay down, as a first principle, that scientific colonization consists, not in the adoption of arbitrary methods, but rather in stimulating the natural channels of connection with the outside world. Assuming this to be correct, how can we incorporate this principle into our system of colonization in Canada?

It has been a subject of dispute whether it is the wiser policy for colonists to court assimilation in a new country by making a point of associating with the native born residents of the country, or to form separate communities. It is largely a question of numbers, but different rules and reasons would seem to apply in business and agricultural pursuits. In the latter, except for social reasons, men are not so often brought into contact with their fellows; and Canadian wheat, grown by a Cockney, will fetch as high a price as that of equal quality grown by a native born Manitoban.

We have seen notable examples of the success of combination in the settlements founded by Germans, Icelanders, Mennonites and Norwegians. It is, indeed, a matter of necessity among foreigners, who cannot speak the language of the country, and it is certain that for the English speaking tenderfoot there is no small attraction to a particular community in the knowledge that he will there find neighbours with whom he has a bond of union and sympathy in the traditions and associations of former days and a similarity of tastes and habits formed in early life. Only those who have tried it can explain the hardships arising from uncongenial surroundings. This principle has been fully appreciated by a few private individuals and companies, who have been engaged in colonization work. But while the formation of colonies on a local or social basis has proved to be a powerful attraction to settlers, the colonies formed on this plan, composed of English speaking settlers, do not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, appear to have proved an unqualified success. As examples of failure, or at least of doubtful success, we may quote the Rugby colony in Tennessee, the Close colony in Minnesota, the John Bull colony in California, the Welsh colony in Patagonia and the Australian colony in Chili. This may be due to the fact that the English race are slow to give up ideas and habits formed in their previous life and to adapt themselves to the conditions of a new country, a characteristic which is necessarily accentuated in settlements formed upon this plan.

The work of utilizing with safety this principle of social attraction is greatly facilitated in Canada, for we have the two ends of the chain already formed. In Dublin, Glasgow and Liverpool are government agents, in touch with the people in the districts under their charge, while, in Canada, we have in active working order different patriotic societies, such as St. Georges', St. Andrew's, St. David's and St. Patrick's. The question now arises, how can we put life into the connecting links and keep in constant activity the channels of communication?

Objections have from time to time been raised against patriotic societies on the ground that the man who comes to settle in this country should become a Canadian and cut himself adrift from old associations, and that these societies prevent assimilation. But human nature has been too strong. The exigencies of business competition have proved a sufficient incentive to make the new comer assimilate for all business and social purposes, and no English, Scotch or Welshman, who has come to Canada, will say that he has suffered in material progress from the fact that he has met his own countrymen at occasional convivial meetings. These societies are no more objectionable than the numberless benevolent societies with which the country is honeycombed, and not nearly so harmful as the custom now prevalent among Canadians of carrying Dominion politics, with an absolute disregard of principle or reason, into the management of provincial or municipal affairs. Hitherto, our patriotic societies have confined themselves to benevolent work and the assistance of poor countrymen. The addition to this useful work of the duties of colonization will give them a special importance and usefulness in the development of the Dominion. The proposal should not be unacceptable to their members, for every man in Canada is directly and indirectly interested in the success of colonization. The work of putting life into these Bodies lies with the Government, the C. P. R. and other large corporations holding land in the country, and the principle of life is Cash. The great power for usefulness that they possess cannot be denied; the emigrant that comes to friends is the most likely to remain, and emigration literature, published under the auspices of the patriotic societies, would be received by their respective countrymen with a confidence no government could secure. In view of our abandonment of assisted immigration, and as a further proof of the importance of stimulating the power of social attraction, it is interesting to note

that the United States Commissioners report that no less than sixty per cent. of all the immigrants to the United States go to that country upon tickets that have been prepaid for them by their friends. We need not, at this stage, discuss the details of any possible arrangement between the government and these societies. If all parties once realize the great mutual advantages to be gained, there appear to be no serious difficulties of organization to be encountered. By making use of the magazine which we have before advocated as the organ of each society and by the insertion of items of current interest in connection with the newly arrived settlers and the growth of colonies, settlers will be led naturally to send copies home for the information of their friends, and the judicious distribution of the magazine and other pamphlets could be further promoted by following, as far as possible, the methods adopted by the Chicago colonizers.

Following the analogy of the patriotic societies, we would urge that every possible encouragement be given to the formation in our North-West and in Ontario of a society composed of settlers from the further Eastern Provinces. Something may be done in this way to counteract the constantly increasing ties of attraction to the United States. On the same principle of social attraction it has been suggested that an organization be formed, composed of the more educated classes. It is well known that the great drawback that the prospect of permanent settlement in a new country presents to the average man of education is the fear that he will there not find men of equal intellectual calibre with whom he can exchange ideas. The destiny of a large percentage of our university graduates, endowed with mediocre ability and without interest in business circles, is to eke out a bare existence in the lower ranks of the professions, for all the connecting links between our universities and the outside world lie in this direction. Year by year the difficulty of finding employment for such men is likely to increase; the channels of life, like the channels of trade, subject of course to the compulsion of necessity, soon become fixed and difficult to divert. It is most important, therefore, that some link should be established between our educational establishments and the active world of producers. To effect this, it is necessary to have some tangible object, to which the interest of our scholars may be attracted. Among university men, both in Canada and Great Britain, and among English public school men, there is *esprit de corps*, which, if once set in motion, would soon take shape in an organization of this description, and the periodical reports of their progress in the university and school magazines would effectively keep in motion the channels of communication.

The principle of social attraction gives, as it were, a compound importance to the question of the selection of settlers; for we may reasonably assume that each immigrant of the higher grades leaves behind him a number of acquaintances in similar circumstances to his own, some of whom may be persuaded by his example to follow in his footsteps. It is unfortunate that in this respect we are, and must always be, at variance with the Old Country, for while Great Britain is naturally anxious to get rid of her surplus population from the lowest level, we are equally anxious to draw from the middle. Our Government, as the result of experience, has for some time ceased to look with favour upon assisted immigration; but, irrespective of this policy, the work of importing the poorer class of immigrants is occasionally undertaken by philanthropists, whose efforts, unfortunately, too often, from lack of experience, do not redound to the benefit of the country, or the colonies they attempt to found. Many complaints have from time to time appeared in the press that our immigration agents in Great Britain do not use any discretion in the selection of immigrants. Those who have least to leave behind are most easily persuaded to emigrate. Human nature is human nature, even among immigration agents. So long as the agent has no personal interest in making a selection, we cannot expect any noticeable change in this respect. Certain concessions are made by the Canadian Pacific Railway and by the Government to immigrants, and by virtue of these we are in a position to dictate; at any rate we are in a position to demand, as a condition for these concessions, that the immigrant should make a sworn statement of his circumstances and the remuneration of the agent might be fixed on the basis of a per capita commission or bonus on a sliding scale according to the financial standing of the settler.

Our great prairies, with the civilization they imply, represent not only a huge national investment, to which each man indirectly contributes, but a trust for generations yet to come, the conduct of which demands the united wisdom of the best thought and practical experience the country can supply. The attraction and absorption into our system of the population of other countries cannot be successfully conducted without a due recognition of the many sides and weaknesses of human nature, and a clear appreciation of wide principles only to be learnt by practical experience. The responsibility is felt to be a personal one by many thoughtful citizens interested in the growth of the country; and interest in the subject, though perhaps often vague and unintelligent, is widespread among the people. The difficulties and inadequate results, which have hitherto attended the settlement of the country, all point to the wisdom of adopting some system which, while nursing and educating the popular interest, will make use of a powerful force of attraction, which has hitherto largely been allowed to go to waste.

Those able Ministers to whom the supervision of this work has been entrusted will be the first to admit that it is only by utilizing more fully the accumulated experience and assistance of actual settlers that we can ever hope to secure an adequate return for the money invested and the treatment of colonization as a practical science. ERNEST HEATON.

The Opening of Parliament.

NEPEAN POINT has roared; the great central and the side "functions" are over; and Parliament sits at the dejeuner provided by "mine host" Aberdeen. The dishes are not few and contain solid stuff, which we hope Her Majesty's loyal Opposition will not find too tough for their loyal digestions. Here they are: The treaty with France; results of the Colonial Conference; the Manitoba School Question; Civil Service Economy; His Excellency's Dominion Tour and its Hopeful Impressions; the Admission of Newfoundland; Bankruptcy, Joint Stock Companies, Insurance, Dominion Notes, Dominion Lands, the Indian Act, Territories Representation, and the Land Subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Quite a bill of fare for a short session, which may prove a long one after all. Some of the knowing ones predict another session previous to dissolution; but such prophecies are worth what they are worth.

Opening Day was blessed with lovely weather; and the beauty and bravery of Ottawa were well in evidence. Foot guards, dragoons, postilions and bewigged footmen flashed resplendency on the gaping multitude—a very subdued and undemonstrative one—and the Senate Chamber was dazzling with uniforms and woman's loveliness, a remnant of which still exists, despite the prevalent masculinity and our school system. A great annual event for Ottawa, which is quite as conventional as Toronto, and almost as pious. Give me the social individualism of the West, even though marred with the adolescent "previousness" of a Winnipeg. In the nostrils of a Nor' Wester this mixture of frivolity, unreality, and cant is not a little unfragrant.

Thus began the fifth session of our seventh Parliament. Matters of empire-wide importance confront it, and yet the wretched squabble of a little Province may largely monopolise its attention; a squabble raised to divert domestic Manitoban thought from graver matters. Taking a broad view, and endeavouring to pierce the future, the Newfoundland question seems of first-class significance to Canada; and surely the extension of her inter-colonial trade is a matter of intense interest when her nearest neighbour would starve her out from the shelter of the Old Flag. Surely questions like these demand the undistracted efforts of her very highest statesmanship at this hour, and should that hour be wasted on Parliament Hill in a wretched creed-race scrimmage, we may well blush for our country. But, since the incendiary torch has been flung into the temple, the fire must be quenched, even at a humiliating waste of time and money. Is it not a painful reflection that mere Demagogism, utterly irresponsible and indifferent to consequences, should be able thus to clog the wheels of the State and make even a catastrophe possible? Canada has neither time nor money to waste over the demagogue. Solid work, national enterprises lie before her, awaiting achievement. Her greatest need at this moment is breadth of view. Family jars mean retrocession if not ruin. I am amazed at the narrowness and the blindness that pre-

vail. Genuine patriotism calls aloud to-day for calmness, not heat; generousness, not niggard concession; a spirit of conciliation, not the Finn-spirit, vamping of bullets. Loyalty does not threaten rebellion. What Canada wants is peace and harmony, if she is to work out her "manifest destiny," not as a kitchen to Jonathan's big house, but as the right wing of John Bull's lordly mansion. As a Canadian, loyal to my Queen, doubly loyal to the land of my birth, I feel no common pain at the spectacle of loyalty *par excellence* shaking its fist at authority in its noble efforts at comprehensive progress, justice, and peace. If my loyalty must choose between the Queen and the Demagogue, I prefer dear old Victoria. J. MAY.

Ottawa, 19th April, 1895.

* * *

The Patrons on Railway Passes.

THE Patrons' Bill was defeated, both the Regular Parties voting unanimously against it, and "severely scoring" its supporters. They showed themselves so sensitively that one cannot help wishing that they had been sensitive to some purpose. It may be that a pass is a small matter, but so is "dehorning" or "docking" horses' tails, and neither one nor the other is beneath the dignity of legislation. Life is made up of small matters. A smudge on an honourable member's face is of no great consequence, but it ought not to be there. Surely, the members of the House must feel uncomfortable when they find that their action is condemned not only by the independent press but by the *Globe*, even after the leader of the Government had contended that there was no necessity for Legislation in the line of the proposed Bill. While sympathizing with the Premier's dislike of Legislation on such subjects, it can hardly be said that there is no necessity for legislation when the great majority of members pocket both mileage and passes. It would be interesting to know how many of them ever shared in the compunctions which Sir Oliver ingenuously confessed to have felt when he first had passes sent him. He admitted that he had not used them, but apparently, instead of sending them back to the railway companies, he kept them, and the result was inevitable. Dallying with sin ends always in the same sad way,—

"Seen too oft, familiar with its face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace!"

Sir Oliver persuaded himself that the passes were simply "courtesies," extended by the railways to the representatives of the people, and therefore that they should be accepted. This view of the matter is delightful. We have been accustomed to think of railway managers as men without bowels of compassion in the conduct of affairs. Who has not heard of the answer to urgent pleas, "This road is run on business principles, and our duty is to see that the shareholders get dividends for their money?" But it seems that there is room for the sentiment of courtesy in the breasts of these stern men, and that they are so impressed with the dignity of M.P.'s and M.P.'s that they carry them free, even though the country pays and they receive handsome mileage with which to buy their tickets. Why not send passes also to judges, clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters, farmers and other classes held in deserved honour? Is the doctrine of Equal Rights dead?

This gift of passes is on a level with franking and other privileges which members of Parliament vote themselves. Gentlemen should have nothing to do with perquisites. A gentleman may accept a pass on a special occasion, when nothing but courtesy can be intended; but he will not accept a valuable privilege, continued from year to year, when he has nothing to give in exchange, still less when he may be asked for something in exchange which is not his to give. He has no desire to be a pauper, and he would scorn to be a thief. They have a higher standard on these matters in the Old Country. Why should Canadians be content to remain on the lower level? We have the greatest possible respect for our legislators, and, therefore, would have them, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. In this particular vote, possibly, they disliked, not so much "the medicine" as the doctor. Let Mr. Marter bring in the Bill next session, and the vote of this session will be reversed. The more promptly he acts the better, or the other side may steal the thunder first. CANADENSIS.

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

OF course the French are not pleased at the "hitherto shalt thou go, but no further" hint, addressed to them by the British Government respecting Africa and Siam, and backed by the British people. Having put his hand to the plough it is to be hoped, in the interests of both peoples, that John Bull will not look back. Had he indulged in that straight talk two years ago the strained relations between France and England would not be what they are to-day. Soft sawder will never suit the French, and this is why they appeared to believe England would put up with anything rather than cross Monsieur in what he wanted. The Egyptian question is only a more prominent stalking horse; that question is to-day where it was eight years ago. France wants the Nile valley and has at last been told by England it is already occupied by herself and no amount of teasing will dislodge her; she is "protectorating," and the central powers make no objection to her workmanship—they do not want the country. It is action, not orations or newspaper articles, that must now rule. The ideal of France in Africa, as outlined thirty-five years ago by Prevost Paradol, was to convert the northern part of the Dark Continent, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, into a New France. That is a day dream still, for Egypt is occupied; Tangiers may be so at any moment, for the United States now have Spain on the hip with Cuba; Italy is ready to pounce upon Tripolitania, a counter mouthful against Tunisia. There are other factors in the immediate game. Russia and England have come to an understanding respecting Indian frontiers and the Sino-Jap war. Armenia will be Russianized, Madagascar Frenchified and Egypt Anglicised. Public opinion will not much longer accept the life blood of Cyprus and Egypt to be drawn off in tribute money to bolster up that time-eaten fabric—the Ottoman Empire. As well talk of Spain regaining possession of South America—to say nothing of the North, for a Pope once gave her both—as for the "sick man" trying to regain health by returning to the flesh pots of Egypt, or excursioning in the Soudan. It is Rob Roy logic that governs African hinterlands—"Let those take who have the power and those keep who can." In exchange for the rest of Abyssinia, Italy is to second England in her quick march into Dongola, for the plunge must be taken.

It is wonderful that cult of Germany for Bismarck. It is too soon to expect the working of his hand in the coming European complications, for the latter are inevitable and not far distant. People no more believe in diplomatic than in sovereign assurances of peace. Be assured the old Chancellor has not forgotten the wounds inflicted upon him by those who concluded he was forever "down among the dead men." He will be in his glory at Kiel. He will, perhaps, view the spectacle with the same inward delight as I saw him in his white uniform when the Germans, in 1871, marched down the Champs-Élysées, quietly ride to the centre of the Place de la Concorde, and peeping with his field glass at the Parisians grouped behind the gates of the Tuileries gardens and on the terraces. Of course he sees no objection to his helping in the solution of unsettled political problems ere he departs for the Silent Land. Bismarck is "the man at the wheel" now—but may be spoken to.

The Lucifer Match makers—all on strike, second edition, belonging to the state factories in the outskirts of Paris—view the cessation of work as a holiday. The men pass their time fishing in the Seine, or playing cards in the tap rooms. The female hands assert they are not sorry at the full stop; they have many household arrears to pull up and a good deal of washing to do. None of the hands appear to be down cast. Last year the State, by its monopoly of matches, netted 27 million frs., being an augmentation of 558,000 frs. The hands want a rate of wages that will enable them to live and the State, they say, can best afford to give that example to employers. It is the making of the match boxes that has led to the dispute. Belgium may be called upon to furnish that part of the output; having given France her Congo she may well accord match boxes, but warranted to light the lucifer when struck thereon. A philanthropist has calculated that to put only four matches less into every box, that is, reduce by a four per cent. on the total output of the twenty-nine milliards of matches made yearly, would suffice to secure the operatives the additional bread and cheese they demand.

The death of Camille Doucet, the "perpetual" Secretary to the Academy of "Immortals," was very sudden. Have you remarked during these last months the terrible suddenness of Death's scythe strokes. It is by their decease we learn of eminent people having been ill. On Sunday last M. Doucet had dined with his sister-in-law, enjoyed his usual rubber of whist, retired to bed at eleven, as gay as a lark, and when the servant, who did not like to call him earlier, knock at noon with hot water, she received no reply. The door was forced open; the big man, though he was undersized, lay dead, and had been so since eight hours. The doctors have not yet stated the cause of his death. He was born in Paris, and though he studied for the bar, he was induced by his friend and master, Scribe, to become a playwright. He wrote several amusing comedies, full of satire and genial malice. His whole life was a run of good luck; fortune ever smiled on him. He was tutor to the Duc d'Aumale; during the second empire he filled many high offices, generally connected with the drama and literature; under the Republic he also feathered his nest by his elevation to the perpetual Secretaryship, salary 12,000 frs. a year, and free official furnished, etc., apartments. Since 50 years of age—he was 83—he suddenly stopped writing plays, and executing dramatic criticisms for the press. His duties at the Academy consisted in making a report on the list of prized to be awarded to *litterateurs* and goody-goody people; it was the same work every year, the same tune, but in a different key, and therein lay his art and his malice. Daudet in his *Rois en Exil* had a tilt at his style that closed the doors of the Academy to the novelist. The deceased was also the arch opponent of the election of Zola to an Immortalship. The gush-biographies lament that Doucet was struck down at 83, when he had "so many years still before him of active work." The late Academician Flourens and colleague of M. Doucet, however, held that our juvenility ended only at three score and ten, a date fixed by many, as the commencement of childhood number two.

The New Woman—Gill the Ripperess—Marie Lebot is aged 47, and lived with a soldier who had a pension of 750 frs. He was by trade a saddler, but being out of work commenced hawking journals. Marie made coffee for the million, and sold it at the early hours of the morning to the loafers about the Central Market, all hot, at one sou per cup, cognac included. She was never known to purchase a grain of coffee in her life nor a thimble full of brandy, yet she could afford to make money out of her free breakfast table for the vagabond classes. On the 2nd of March last the soldier received his quarter's pension; Marie asked him to give it to her. He refused. She seized a hatchet and with one blow felled him dead at her feet. Then she chopped up the body, pieced the fragments together, rolled them in calico, and placed the corpse on its half of the mattress. That done, she went to a wine shop, bought a quart of rum, slaked her thirst, and then went to bed along side the body. In the morning she put the room in order, prepared her brew for early next day sales, and before setting out left the window open. That life continued till two days ago—save one or two intervals, when she called on the chief of the detectives, assured him she was a wretch, was being devoured by remorse, related calmly her crime, and where the body lay. The chief concluded he had to deal with a lunatic, but sent a member of the force to control the confession. It was correct in every detail. But the body was as stiff as iron; it had been congealed by the frost entering the kept open window.

Theodore Reinach is a very prominent Jewish *litterateur* and has just published a description of his tribe, up to date. Necessity and persecution made the seed of Abraham fawning, and unconscious of self-dignity; to apply to them the epithet "usurer" was unfair, as that word was slipped into "The Gospel according to St. Luke" by a bad copyist. He confirms the indictment that the Israelites have produced no eminent painters, sculptors or warriors of genius. Metternich observed that each nation had the Jews that it merited, "and his Hungary has plenty of them. The society for the conversion of the Jews—the Rothschilds excepted—will be glad to learn that in the religion of the future, Jew and Christian will meet like parted streams and coming together efforts in establishing a broad church which will embrace universal humanity. Such is the coming Messiah the Jews are expecting. That will also, no doubt, be the first day of the millenium and of that Zoo curio of the lion lying down with the lamb but not inside him.

The Abbé Lemire has brought in his much talked of bill for the suppression of duelling. He had no occasion to draw up any list of clauses or of pains and penalties; he had only need of one paragraph, that to prohibit journals from publishing an account of the meet—where few really come to grief, save by accident—as in the case of trials for anarchy and divorce. They are the protocols of the affair; the letters between seconds and their principals, the history of the several balls exchanged, or foils crossed, without result, etc.—such are the evils to put down. Suppress notoriety, and the age of duelling, like that of chivalry, will be past.

* * *

At Street Corners.

PEOPLE in England appear to be settling down to the conviction that Mr. Gully will make a good Speaker of the British House of Commons. He follows a man who has been remarkable both for dignity and impartiality. By the way, what is the rule with regard to the Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly? I saw, the other day, that Mr. Balfour laid aside his gown and descended into the arena of committee work. Is this quite "according to Cocker," or, as the Dialect Dictionary has it in Gloucester speech "azum-jazum." Surely a Speaker cannot thus lay aside the insignia of his office without some sacrifice of dignity, and of that absolute appearance of impartiality which should hedge him around.

The football uniform of the new Regimental Rugby Association in connection with the 48th is to be of ordinary white canvass with green stockings. I asked a canny corporal about it as he stood in his kilt priding himself on his hairy legs and well trimmed moustache. I asked him why they were going to have green stockings and he explained that green is the basic colour of the 48th tartan, and plaid stockings would be too expensive. I ventured to suggest that red would be supplied on the football field. I meant what Miss Squeers called "goar." But he did not see my joke. No, red would be supplied in the shape of a griffin (the crest of the regiment) sewed on the left breast. But he was evidently pondering that saying about red being supplied on the field. He saw it by the time I had reached the next corner, a block away. Then he leaned up against his street corner to laugh.

I saw him next day and he laughed again. "That was a good bit you had in 'Street Corners' about our getting a tug of war on at Windsor on the Queen's Birthday with the Yanks. We are going to try to do it. If the Americans will come in we will pull them all over Windsor. Windsor, mind you. It isn't every regiment that's invited to Windsor on Her Majesty's Birthday: see? I saw."

The St. George's dinner was all right except that the toast list left out, "the immortal memory of William Shakespeare," who was born and died on St. George's day, and as he was on the whole the greatest Englishman, he should be honoured in any national company that meets together for social purposes on his day.

A good many people do not seem to know that there is a Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition of pictures and sculpture now open in Toronto. I hear that there is an apparent disinclination on the part of the managers of this show to make it public in any way. I can hardly suppose that this is the case, however, and having seen the exhibition I can testify to its excellence and interest. The opportunity of seeing these beautiful works of our best artists should not be lost by the public.

The managers of the recent Horse Show cannot say that the *Mail and Empire* did not do them full justice in their columns. I heard a New York man say this week that he did not expect to see a thing of that kind so well done in Canada. The cuts by Mr. J. C. Innes, the *Mail and Empire* artist, were quite up to a metropolitan mark, while the "Horse Show Gossip," by "Kit," was remarkably bright and lively. I understand that a good deal of the descriptive

letter press was done by Mr. C. Langton Clarke, of the *Mail and Empire* staff, who is not only a newspaper man but a cross country rider of experience over the Yorkshire moors.

DIOGENES.

* * *

Letters to the Editor.

MODERN BAD MANNERS.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Its rather late to send a word on the question of modern bad manners—but my remoteness must be the excuse. Does it not strike you that the finest manners always prevail in countries where duelling is in vogue? While living among the wild Texan cowboys, I was much struck by their politeness. I made a remark to this effect to one of them. He merely rejoined, "Yes, its safer."

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

51 Rue St. Jacques, Paris, 5th April, 1895.

OUR REVIEWER ARRAIGNED.

To the Editor of The Week :

SIR,—Your reviewer of Frank Bolles is uncertain about Chocorua and the Bearcamp. His atlas and his Whittier will inform him ("Among the Hills") that these much-celebrated localities are in the Ossipee region of New Hampshire. Whittier alone is as illuminating, and almost consecrating, an authority on these, as Burns and Scott on Doon and Tweed. Whoever has read him to purpose must certainly have seen "Chocorna's horn of shadow pierce the water" of the lake, and have heard "beneath its bridge . . . the Bearcamp flowing." He must have learned that, than the city-reared farmer's wife's abode, "there looks no happier home than her's on pleasant Bearcamp water." This was the favourite summer retreat of the poet in the later years of his life. So Mr. Bolles only emulates the lustre already cast there.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Hampden, Maine, U.S.A., 20th April, 1895.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND OTHERS VS. MR. EDWARD BLAKE

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—Theoretically the editors of newspapers are always willing to publish conscientiously-written, terse and informing facts. Practically it is often otherwise. The political or personal friendships or interests of proprietors and editors sometimes interfere. Thus it repeatedly happens that an intelligent and careful reader accidentally chances upon a valuable piece of information not to be seen in our journals. All intelligent readers have had this experience. This especially relates to Irish news. Many sorrowfully instructive facts occur there, which are withheld from readers on this side of the Atlantic. Recently there was an account in the London *Times* of the mutilation of forty cows on one estate in Kerry. If such and other horrible actions—with the why and wherefore—were systematically reported on this side of the Atlantic, the public opinion of the Canadian and American Irish would compel the Nationalist leaders to take active measures to bring such criminals to justice, and thus put an end to such blood-curdling horrors. If they were in earnest agrarian crime would be stamped out, but "benevolent neutrality" sanctions and encourages crime. All Christian men of Irish extraction grieve for this national disgrace. It is the only civilized country where such deeds are done. A wide-world blazoning of such atrocities would result in an early termination. "Let there be light!"

One of the leading Canadian journals has—in order to please political allies—for many years past suppressed facts and correspondence which might enlighten the public. This should not be so. I contend that the majority wish to be told the real truth, whether it is for or against their own opinions. The Canadian historians of the future will painfully discover that such suppressions, which also extend to Canadian affairs, are veritable pitfalls for truth-seekers.

These observations will explain the reason for placing the following facts before your readers, for among them are to be found the future rulers and historians of Canada, and the moulders of public opinion.

Mr. Edward Blake recently made a great speech at

Edinburgh (Sootland) upon Home Rule. He believes—in opposition to Archbishops Croke and Walsh—in its early realization. But with all his gifts he is far too sanguine. He was equally sanguine in 1886, when he led against the Conservative Government those Reformers who wished to whitewash Riel; for whose apprehension he, fifteen years earlier, expressed his willingness to offer a reward of \$5,000. On that motion 146 Conservatives and Reformers voted that Riel had been rightly hanged, and only 51 of his adherents sided against Canada. Twenty-four of the leading Reformers patriotically preferred their country to their party, and voted against their then leader.

Mr. Blake, at Edinburgh, spoke warmly of "the continued enthusiasm, unity and determination of the Irish at home and abroad" on behalf of Home Rule. Yet by the lowest reckoning the Protestant and Catholic Unionists comprise 30 per cent. of the population. This "enthusiasm" only extends to a farthing per head for the support of the Irish M.P.'s. Falstaff's rueful remark applies, "Call you this a backing of your friends?" Mr. Blake's munificent contributions to the Nationalist movement amount to \$2,500, and exceeds those of all the other Irish M.P.'s added together. I maintain that a subscription of a farthing per head for the support of the Irish M.P.'s is, as Pat would say, only one remove from "monkey's allowance—more kicks than ha'pence." Immediately after vaunting the "unity" of the Irish, Mr. Blake, adopting Sir Boyle Roches' famous metaphor, "turned his back upon himself" and strongly denounced the Redmonites (the Parnellites), who, although they only number nine in the House, amount to about one-third of the Home Rulers. He indignantly said that "the conduct of the leaders and representatives of that party rendered it extremely difficult to speak of it in terms other than that of indignation and of the strongest rebuke." Common sense asks, where does Mr. Blake's "unity" come in?

Archbishop Croke writes thus in the *Dublin Freeman* of Feb. 13th: "The melancholy fact that our Irish representatives are at present, and for some time past have been,

broken up into rival cliques fighting literally rather than the public good. . . . Our enthusiasm has cooled

down or died away, our bishops for the most part hold aloof from the Nationalist cause, our priests are distrustful and dissatisfied," etc. . . . (My italics) "*The hope of obtaining a legislature for our country within reasonable time is no longer entertained by reasoning men*, and all this has come to

pass partly because . . . what one set of Irish politicians proposes . . . will almost of a surety be derided, denounced, and scornfully rejected by another." Archbishop

Walsh writes in *The Freeman* of 19th February: "Nothing else but unity amongst its champions can save the cause from crushing disaster."

The *Irish Catholic* (the organ of the Healyite wing of the McCarthyites) in its issue of March 9th sternly denounces by name the leading Dillonites—the latter forming the other wing of the McCarthyites—"who are continually intriguing to divide the spoils of the Paris funds." The

Daily Independent (the Parnellite organ) in its issue of February 28th impartially denounces both Healyites and Dillonites, charging that "impudence is their character, bounce their performance, and certainly stupidity their reckoning."

According to Mr. Justin McCarthy's official report, the subscriptions from Ireland in 1894 for the support of indigent M.P.'s only amounted to £5,255. This from a population of 4,700,000 is a fraction over a farthing per head. The reluctance of the home-staying Irish to financially support Home Rule, shows how little they care for it, and corroborates Archbishop Croke's pessimism. Dickens makes "the marchionness" say "that if you soak orange peel in water, and make believe very hard, it tastes like wine." Evidently

our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Edward Blake, like Dickens' "marchionness," "makes believe very hard," but he can't

make intelligent Canadians believe that a farthing per head shows "great enthusiasm." As an eminent lawyer he would not, unless joke-proof, tender such evidence in support of that thesis. It is therefore clear that he is far too sanguine.

April 16th. FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

P.S.—Those who wish to know the real opinions of the home-staying Irish should read "Ireland as It Is," published by the Birmingham Gazette Co. (five shillings). The author interviewed thousands of all ranks, beliefs and politics.

Mr. Parkin on Canada.*

IT occurred to me the other day that it would be interesting to prove by some practical test the increase of attention which, of late years, has been paid by current thought to Canada and things Canadian. Accordingly I consulted the Indices to periodical literature annually issued from the office of the *Review of Reviews*. These Indices classify the contents of all the principal magazines of Europe and America, and give a very fair idea of what the world has been thinking and reading about during the twelve preceding months. It may be a rough and ready test, for in 1892 the Fisheries and the Behring Sea questions were under discussion, and in 1893 the *Canadian Magazine* swelled the number of Canadian articles; nevertheless a test it is, and one not necessarily nullified by these accretions. I found that in 1890 there were some thirty-three articles dealing with Canadian topics; in 1891, between forty and fifty; in 1892, nearly twice that number; and in 1893, a very sensible addition was made to this last figure. The Index for 1894, it seems, has not yet reached this country. But in that year there appeared what, from the paper in which it appeared and the number of readers it must have reached, was worth many magazine articles put together, namely, Mr. George Parkin's series of letters to the *Times*. These must have penetrated to the remotest corners of the inhabited globe, for, in addition to their insertion in the daily *Times*, they were reprinted both in the tri-weekly *Mail* and in the weekly edition, and thus, it is pretty safe to say, went wherever Englishmen go. Mr. Parkin has republished these letters under the auspices of, perhaps, the most renowned of English publishers, the Messrs. Macmillan, and the result is a most handy, readable, and, as I hope to show, important book, printed in two styles, one in cloth and one in paper,† and thus, so far as price is concerned, within the reach of everybody.

Mr. Parkin's book is important for many reasons. In the first place he may be regarded as a fairly unbiassed observer. Had he borne a character for partiality or prejudice it is extremely unlikely that the *Times* would have deputed to him the onerous task of visiting and reporting upon the Dominion. Neither was it to the interest of himself or of the journal he represented anything to extenuate or to set down aught in malice. By those who grant this his book will be read with confidence.

Secondly it is most pleasant to be able to record that the whole tone of Mr. Parkin's "Studies" is friendly to Canada; friendly, not so much with unreasoning laudation of her present position, as with reasonable pride in her possible prospects. To those who think that such friendliness is incompatible with impartiality there is, of course, nothing to say. It is for them to disprove Mr. Parkin's facts.

And of facts truly we are given a goodly number. The book virtually falls into eight sections, each devoted to a single though comprehensive group of topics:—The North-West; the Canadian Pacific Railway; Coal; Eastern Canada; British Columbia; Northern Canada; Trade Relations and Trade Policy; Labour, Education, and Political Tendencies. These headings, of themselves, reveal something of the writer's scope and method. His book is not a Blue Book. There is not a tabulated statement within its covers. It does not weary with statistics. Indeed it is pleasantly free from figures. It does not pretend to exhaust a theme, though in its treatment of a theme evidences of much, if not exhaustive, study are not wanting. "The object kept steadily in view," the preface tells us, "has been that the letters should, so far as they go, leave upon the mind of the reader a true impression. An endeavour has also been made to select those subjects upon which it seems most necessary that accurate information should be easily accessible and a measured judgment formed both within the Dominion and without." From the relative importance attached to certain groups of facts, Mr. Parkin has evidently written more for those without the Dominion than for those within. He devotes, for example, a whole chapter to coal; whereas agriculture, dairy products, timber, mines, and the fisheries, are spoken of only under more capacious headings. Mr. Parkin was here

* "The Great Dominion: Studies of Canada." By George R. Parkin, M.A., Hon. LL.D., University New Brunswick. With maps. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895. Cr. 8vo., pp. viii., 251.

† The latter in "Macmillan's Colonial Library" series.

very evidently swayed by his Imperial Federationist predilection. He was swayed by the same predilection in devoting a whole chapter to the Canadian Pacific Railway. But in neither case is one greatly inclined to decry this disproportion. If it is important for the politician to know that it is on Canadian soil that the two great coaling stations on the eastern and western coasts of the continent are to be found, it is no less important for the intending settler in the North-West to know that "the whole great central prairie region of North-Western Canada is encompassed by accessible deposits of fairly good coal," and to be assured of it in some detail. And if a knowledge of the Canadian Pacific Railway as a military route and as the consolidator of otherwise disconnected provinces is essential to a statesman, it is equally essential to the emigrant to know what areas are by it opened up to settlement.

But thirdly and chiefly, Mr. Parkin's book is important because it is a distinct testimonial to Canada's fitness for immigration and investment. What Canada wants is men and money. Give her these, the two raw materials of progress, the warp and woof of the fabric of civilization, and her future is assured. He surely would be a pessimist of the pessimists who believed that the filling up of our cultivable areas and the exploitation of our natural resources would send us backwards rather than forwards along the path of progress. We may have problems, racial, religious, fiscal. We may suffer from such hindrances to rapid growth and expansion as lack of geographical compactness and political unity, from wintry severity, from contiguity to a huge and, though in some ways attractive, in others inimical, neighbour. We may possess internal discords and forces centrifugal. Democracy may here and there show its not too intelligent head; and the recklessness and haste inherent in a young and healthy nation may cause older and wiser heads to shake. But none of these complex conditions need be a difficulty insurmountable. Perhaps because of the very complexity of her conditions Canada will thrive. Was not Great Britain's youth a youth of conditions apparently the most adverse? The triple Anglian, Saxon, and Jutish ancestry scarcely pointed to a common patriotism. An internecine heptarchy was hardly a forecast for a unified imperial sway which now girdles the globe. Subjection to the Norman with his feudal system was not exactly what one would have premised as the fitting seed-field for parliamentary government. But through such apparent impediments to victory, Britain emerged victorious. Well, Canada is of British parentage. Given, I say, men and money, and Canada's future is assured, and I know of few books better fitted than Mr. Parkin's to bring to Canada both men and money. Not that he minimizes the hardships that confront the settler or the hazards that lie in the path of the investor: "Canada is not a 'paradise' for the working man," he says; "homes have in almost all cases been won by steady, unflinching energy;" "for men without backbone the country is not to be recommended;" "strenuous work is the distinctive note of Canadian life;" and for the wealthier classes he insists upon "a fair degree of flexibility," with "simple habits and a liking for country life."

Here and there, however, it must in honesty be said that Mr. Parkin seems to have taken a somewhat roseate view of one or two of our peculiar problems. The French-Canadian Question he admits is "the crux of politics in the Dominion," but he does not perhaps regard it quite so seriously as he might. He thinks "it does not present so many difficulties or arouse such bitter animosities as does the Irish question in Britain." But Quebec forms a far larger factor in the integrity of the Dominion than does Ireland in that of the United Kingdom. Besides, the French-Canadian Question has not come to a head—may it never! Mr. Parkin perhaps glosses over, too, such generally admitted facts as the possibilities of inter-provincial friction, the leakage into the United States, the centralizing trend of the rural population, the false channel into which much labour is diverted by our system of education, and the sometimes not quite immaculate methods of our politicians. However, upon such questions and upon Mr. Parkin's view of them perhaps few persons will wholly agree. It is far more important to know that on the great question upon which all true Canadians should agree, what he himself calls "the splendid opportunities which lie before them if they would but throw

themselves more heartily into the tide of Canadian progress," Mr. Parkin has written a book for which all true Canadians owe him truest thanks.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

WE have here half a dozen books of Canadian authors, and, taking them as a whole, Canada has no reason to be ashamed of these its representatives in the world of fiction. One or two of the books are quite worthy to rank among the best works of fiction recently published.

We noticed, a short time ago, "The Devil's Playground," by John Mackie, a book which has been very favourably received by both the English and Canadian press, and which has already reached a second edition. We have now from the same author "Sinners Twain: A Romance of the Great Lone Land." It shows a distinct advance on his first book. The plot is better constructed, and the story interesting in itself and interestingly told. The scene is laid in the Canadian North-West, not far from the frontier of the United States. Here, on the lonely prairie, some twenty miles distant from their nearest neighbour, live Gabriel St. Denis and his daughter Marie, with their attendant, an old half-breed woman. It is in the days of prohibition in the Territories and Gabriel occasionally smuggles a cargo of liquor across the lines. His daughter lives in terror lest he should be caught in the act, for he is known to be under suspicion. The story opens just as he sets out on one of these smuggling expeditions. A party of the North-West Mounted Police, consisting of an Inspector, a cad of the first water, a sergeant, Harry Yorke, and a private, Dick Townley, with a half-breed scout, suspecting his intentions, take up their quarters in his house during his absence. Yorke is already acquainted with Marie, and half in love with her, so his situation is not pleasant, and is rendered still less so by the ungentlemanly behaviour of the officer in command of the party. The Inspector, however, is taught his place by the two women. Yorke's feelings toward Marie rapidly develop and the inevitable conflict between love and duty soon comes. Yorke, with whom all our sympathies are engaged, connives at the girl's escape from the house to give warning to her father. There is an exciting chase, but Marie succeeds in meeting her father and the police are foiled in their plans. Yorke, for his breach of duty, is put on his trial, and degraded to the ranks, but he obtains his reward in the orthodox way. The character drawing in the book is excellent, each actor in the story stands out clearly. There is plenty of humour to, chiefly in the scenes where the bright harum scarum young private and the scout made fun with their superior officer without giving him the opportunity, for which he is always on the look out, of charging them with want of respect or failure in duty.

Miss Dougall, by her previous works, has already proved her ability, and her new book, "The Mermaid," will add to her growing reputation. It is a striking story, perhaps somewhat improbable and out of the way in plot, though this one does not feel while reading it. As to the plot itself we are not going to say anything more. It would not be fair, but we recommend our readers to read the book through and not to look at the end until they get there. They will find it sufficiently exciting. The events of the story take place partly in Prince Edward Island and partly in one of the Magdalen Islands. The descriptions of natural scenery are very able and the author seems to penetrate into the spirit of the scenery in a remarkable manner. She succeeds, too, in bringing before the reader very vividly the life of the

* "Sinners Twain: A Romance of the Great Lone Land." By John Mackie. Unwin's Colonial Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"The Mermaid." A Love Tale. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Miss Dixie: A Romance of the Provinces." By Stanford Eveleth. Toronto: William Briggs.

"The Heir of Fairmount Grange." By Agnes Maule Machar. London: Digby, Long & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price \$1.25.

"G. Dwyer, K.W." By Paul Tsyr. Lovell's Canadian Author's Series. Montreal: John Lovell & Son. Price 30 cents.

"Curious Facts." By Sparham Sheldrake (Sigma). Toronto: Williamson & Co.

people, the simple, placid life of those who live in the island province and the wilder, rougher life of those who inhabit the isolated isle in the Magdalen group. The tone of the book is somewhat sombre, but it is relieved by the very romantic love interest. There is both tragedy and comedy in the story which is one of exceptional power.

In "Stanford Eveleth" we have a new writer—the name is evidently a *nom-de-plume*. "Miss Dexie," the book with which she makes her appearance, is a really excellent example of that form of domestic narrative with which Miss Yonge and Miss Alcott have delighted two generations. The writer, who is a woman, unless we are very much mistaken, tells of the fortunes of two families who live side by side in the city of Halifax. She shows herself very skilful in handling and keeping distinct the numerous characters she introduces. The story is called "A Romance of the Provinces," and most of the events take place in Halifax, though for a time we are taken to Prince Edward Island and shown something of the life there. The little Province is evidently attracting the attention of the writers of fiction. The heroine of the book is a bright, outspoken girl who enlists our sympathies at once. We enjoyed her little innocent flirtations and admired her sterling honesty and devotion to principle. We followed her fortunes with interest and parted from her with regret. The book is written in an easy, pleasant style, is thoroughly healthy in tone and should attract a large number of readers. Parents could not do better than put it in the hands of their children and we fancy, as we remember our case with the children in "The Pillars of the House" and in "Little Women," that the characters in "Miss Dexie" will, for a time, become members of the home circle. We welcome with pleasure this new writer, and shall hope in due course to receive a new book from her on the same lines.

"The Heir of Fairmount Grange" will receive a ready welcome from those who have already made the acquaintance of Miss Machar in her previous books. It deals with the story of a short period of the life of a young English girl suddenly deprived of her home by her guardian's death. At the invitation of an aunt she comes out to Canada and spends a few months at Quebec and Murray Bay. This arrangement gives Miss Machar the opportunity of introducing charming descriptions of the St. Lawrence scenery which she knows and loves so well. The story is slight but pleasing. There are two or three love affairs and a very mild villain. Everything ends happily. The heroine marries the man she loves and obtains once again the home in which she had been brought up.

We have read "G. Dwyer, K.W.," by Paul Tsyer and did not find it particularly interesting. However, as it is written with a purpose, viz., to exhibit the evils in the working of Separate Schools, perhaps it is not quite fair to judge it as if written only to amuse. We daresay that there are such cases of priestly interference in the management and work of the schools as are described in the book, but other evils, perhaps, might be found in the working of other schools. For the benefit of our readers we may state that "G." in the title stands for Graziella, the name of the heroine, and that the letters "K.W." stand for Kid Wolloper.

"Curious Facts," by Sparham Sheldrake (Sigma) is a collection of short sketches, anecdotes, verses, etc., which appear to have been contributions to the comic columns of the newspapers and now to have been collected and published in this little volume. As isolated contributions they probably gave some amusement, but read one after the other they become somewhat wearisome. There is a short dramatic sketch, "Bouleversement," which has some merit. What seemed to us the most "curious fact" was that the author should have thought it worth while to publish them.

* * * BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Women of the United States. By C. de Varigny. Translated from the French by Arabella Ward. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. 1895.)—Tell people they have no faults, and they will perhaps not believe you: show that what are usually acknowledged to be their faults are in reality excellences, and they will often form a high opinion of you. This latter course M. de Varigny has adopted with regard to the American woman, but it is quite possible that there may be yet women in the States to protest. For instance: "The privilege of flirting

is as sacred and as irrevocable in the United States as the immortal principles of 1789 are with us French." "Good sense takes the place of poetic illusions, and prudence of vague dreams and mystic flights. The art of *flirtation*, which is to love what the preface of a book is to the book, which is as the love of fencing is to the duel, accomplishes for her what her public education began." "The art was necessary to take the place of a system which existed in Europe—the restless anxiety of parents and friends. . . . American independence could not submit to this." The author attributes this spirit of independence largely to the absence of the "dot," and makes co-education in Public Schools responsible for the "virtue" of flirtation. And it seems to be encouraged largely by "ingenious persons at Newport" and other places: "They rent out to the young couple in search of a *tête-à-tête* a huge parasol, whose iron tip is buried in the sand. . . . ordinarily under this vast mushroom only two little feet are visible, neatly clad, and two larger ones. . . . Encouraged by his success, the Atlantic City speculator has had a long strip of land levelled off on the bluff over the shore, and here the lovers may see, without being seen." We sometimes hear hard things spoken of the cult of the Almighty Dollar, but, as a matter of fact, we are here assured, there is a good reason for this, namely, that wealth and display is the outward and visible stamp of success, in fact the only one possible; and as all American women have the virtue of ambition strongly developed, they reasonably seek it as their natural environment. After all, does not the poet call Ambition "the first strength of noble minds," or something like it? The men who make the money do not, however, either care to spend it, or know how to: their luxuries are their wives, who have brought the art—and virtue—of spending down to a fine point. "One can with difficulty imagine the great display which the wife of the wealthy banker or well-known merchant makes in her place on Fifth Avenue, while from his simple manner and often neglected appearance, the husband might be taken at first sight for a merchant in less moderate circumstances." The English-woman, on the other hand, is commiserated for her dependence on her husband's wishes. A good portion of the book deals with breach of promise cases, and the obvious iniquities of the varying divorce laws. An account is given of the career of Belle Star, the bandit, who united in herself beauty, intrepidity, and most of the vices, and who would be impossible anywhere but in America, and of Elizabeth Patterson, repudiated wife of Jerome Bonaparte—neither of them very pleasant characters; and a few examples of womanly heroism and devotion are added, the like of which many lands can boast of. The general want of courtesy of American women is touched on, backed by some severe remarks from the *North American Review* on "The Mannerless Sex," but this is attributed to the fact that the other sex indulge them in it. The whole book imputes a terribly materialistic conception of life, and we think it probable that a good many of our fair American cousins will not agree with it.

Ben Jonson: His Best Plays. In 3 volumes. Vol 2. (London: Fisher Unwin. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Price 3s. 6d. 1894.)—It will be remembered that the late Mr. Vizetelly projected the "Mermaid Series," intended to give the best plays of the old English Dramatists, well edited, well printed, in convenient form, and a cheap rate. This plan was admirably carried out until he got into difficulties connected with the publication of some French novels. Since the death of Mr. Vizetelly the publication of the series has fallen into the hands of Mr. Fisher Unwin, who now gives us, in three volumes (of which two have appeared), the select works of "rare Ben Jonson." To those who are contented to have the best plays of our dramatists, and few of us now read more than the best, the present edition is, beyond comparison, preferable to any other.

Gulliver's Travels. With preface by H. Craik, and illustrations by C. E. Brock. (London: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.)—The immortal Dean of St. Patrick's will, with the great majority of readers, owe the eternity of his fame to Gulliver's Travels. Here is a book which stands on the same level with "Robinson Crusoe," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and very few others. To have read it is to possess it for ever. The present edition is the prettiest we have ever seen. Well printed, charmingly and effectively illustrated, and beautifully bound, it will form a gift book to ravish the heart of a boy.

Periodicals.

The April *St. Nicholas* is a number which will find much favour among the young folks for whom it is intended, but there are one or two contributions which the oldest of us will read with profit and pleasure. "Along Newfoundland and Labrador" by Gustav Kobbé, with beautiful illustrations by M. J. Burns, will be very interesting to many Canadians. Brander Matthews writes of Longfellow with affection and excellent taste and appreciation. There are two or three stories and articles with capital illustrations, and some very good little poems. *St. Nicholas* is a model magazine for young people. It is a credit to the Century Company, its publishers.

The Critical Review, March, bears evidence of the enormous fertility of theological thought in the present day. Almost every department of religious science is copiously represented by the books appearing in England, France, Germany, and the United States. Principal Rainy speaks very highly of Harnack's History of Dogma, yet not without indicating its weak side. Principal Stewart reviews a book which seems to deserve translation, "Seydel's Philosophy of Religion." Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is favourably noticed by the editor; "Robertson's Conscience" not quite so favorably by Principal Simon. A very interesting notice of Friedrich's memoir of Mohler is given by Dr. Plummer.

Macmillan's Magazine for April presents its usual tempting array of fiction and essays. "The Herons" reaches chapter XVII., and leaves the reader with a keen desire for the next instalment. "The Navy Records Society" shows that the Navy is beginning to attend effectually to its own history, and none too soon. Mr. A. C. Benson writes agreeably of Vincent Bourne of whom the general reader knows little, unfortunately, but who was a singularly original and poetic writer. "The Situation in Italy" by Mr. Roylance Kent is an article evidently written by one who has first-hand knowledge of his subject. We are surprised and disappointed to find the country in such an evil condition as is here pictured. The two last articles of the number, "Some Thoughts on Fénelon" and "The Expedition of La Plata," are contributions which tempt one to long quotations, but space forbids. They are excellent.

In the current number of *Temple Bar* the reader will naturally turn to the series of letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble during the years 1876-7. There are many interesting references to leading literary people, such as to Carlyle "vehement against Darwin and the Turk," and to Tennyson, who paid Mr. Fitzgerald a visit after an absence of twenty years, sending in his card with the penciled word: "Dear old Fitz,—I am passing through and am here.—A. T." A biographical sketch of John Byron is begun, the inventor of a new, or reviser of the old system of shorthand, and a man who seemed to write more easily in verse than in prose. The article is written in a chatty and attractive manner and is quaintly illustrated by extracts from his diary. The stories, which are concluded in this number, are up to their usual excellence, one of them, "A Cairo Scandal," seems capably written and is quite dramatic. A new serial story by Rhoda Broughton will shortly be commenced.

The current numbers of *The Westminster Review* contains two or three articles of wide and permanent interest. Mr. Maurice Todhunter's paper on Arthur Schopenhauer is among the best. He tells the story of Schopenhauer's life and gives a brief but lucid sketch of some of the most important and interesting points in his philosophy. There is also the inevitable "sex" article—this time by a man, one A. G. P. Sykes, who writes of the evolution of women. So far as we can see she is "evolving" into something which Providence never intended. "When she has to depend upon herself," says Mr. Sykes, "when she has thrown off the trammels of home and imbibed a taste for Bohemianism, she will, by-and-by, cease her demands for a higher standard of morality amongst men, because she herself has cast conventionality to the winds. This is not a pleasant prospect; nevertheless, it is the greatest danger of the

'Woman Question.'" Mr. W. M. Dixon's "Finality in Literary Judgment," is a good article. He instances many cases of reversed judgment and pays a fine and deserved tribute to Mr. Palgrave, whose "Golden Treasury" is in the possession of every man who pretends to literary culture.

Blackwood's Magazine for this month contains a good article on the war in the Far East, called "China's Extremity" which explains in some measure the defeat of the great Empire. The author affirms that the Manchu dynasty is the best which ever reigned in China, but that its efforts are baffled by the inherent corruption of the Chinese. This is all very well, but the Manchu dynasty has held the throne for two hundred and seventy years and it is high time its good influences were felt. The facts of the case prove that the dynasty is either corrupt or powerless. "Daniel in the Critic's Den" is the catching title of Dr. Anderson's review of Archdeacon Farrar's "The Book of Daniel." "A Highland Chief and his Family" will interest our Scotch readers especially. It is very entertaining. "Our Indian Frontier," by Major-General Wolsely, "In Mitylene with the late Sir Charles Newton," and "The Short Sea Cross-Channel Routes," are all well worth reading. "Men and Women" is the title given to a clustre of able reviews of new books and "Political Evolution" is the notable article on current politics for which this old and honoured magazine is famous. The number concludes with a touching tribute to the memory of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie.

The seventh article in the April *Fortnightly* is a discussion of the China Problem and its solution by Mr. E. T. C. Werner. He would divide China into three, giving one division to each of three great occupying powers. This is very pretty. We are afraid that Mr. Werner is not very good at solutions. There is another review of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief"—this time by Professor Wallace, who thinks that Mr. Balfour probably inhabits a "psychological climate" which incapacitates him from a fair survey of the problem. Janet E. Hogarth's paper on "Literary Degenerates" is an apology for the offensive phase of femininity through which we are now passing. She says that the heads of her sweet sisters have been a trifle unsettled by the leaps and bounds and immeasurable speed with which the dear creatures have progressed to these present days of delightful emancipation. But Miss Hogarth thinks their sex-mania will abate by-and-by and that they will have some regard for purity and decency in the next century. We hope so, but then we are old-fashioned and like modesty in women. Others may hope the contrary, especially the women themselves. Two articles of practical importance will claim the attention of men of affairs: "Glasgow, A Modern Municipality," and "The Historical Aspect of the Monetary Question." The instalment in this number of Mr. Mallock's novel, "The Heart of Life," embraces chapters XXI.-XXIV., and contains some brilliant bits.

The current number of *The Nineteenth Century* has many readable papers, the ablest, perhaps, being the first, in which Colonel Sir George Clarke discusses and dismisses the absurd policy recently advocated of Great Britain withdrawing from the Mediterranean. "The Decline of the House of Commons," by Mr. Sidney Low, deserves study. His idea is that the slow growth of the Cabinet has undermined the control of the House of Commons, and that the remedy is the French one—the creation of special committees which will control the departments. This seems to us a remedy worse than the disease. The Anglo-Saxon race will not want to be governed by a series of Aulic Councils. Mrs. Crackenthorpe has a rather indefinite article on "Sex in Modern Literature." She seems to think that there is too much about sex in the novels just now, but that it will always be necessary to have much of it. There is brightness, but not very much body in Miss E. L. Banks's contribution "Some American Impressions and Comparisons." She thinks the American custom of giving educational advantages to the daughters in preference to the sons a very fine custom indeed. Perhaps it is the intention of the Americans to hand over the government of their country to their

women. It looks like it. If not they had better attend to the instruction of their sons. Amongst the other articles which call for notice are Dr. Martineau's review of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," and Mr. C. S. Loch's thoughtful paper on "Manufacturing the New Pauperism," which is a detailed account of the failure of all efforts in London to meet exceptional distress by offering municipal employment. We commend the article to those members of our City Council who can read.

The April number of *The Canadian Magazine* opens with a paper by Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., on "The Art Spirit," which is a delightful little essay. There are many interesting passages, especially those relating to the painting of the great series of natural elements. All that is said about Fire is well worth quoting. Here is a pretty thought suggested by the desert camp-fires of primitive days: "Have we not a lingering fellowship with these long past conditions; an inheritance of ancient feelings and experiences? Is it not, perhaps, this that brings, especially upon Canadians, the recurrent fever of the woods? The camp-fire endears our summer memoirs. Can the house be perfectly happy, or perfectly artistic, that has no visible hearth, bringing the ancestral camp-fire within its four walls? Can any wealth of luxurious surroundings replace it? Bare walls and carpetless floors are glorified by the ancient magic that lurks in the living fire." Mr. Bernard McEvoy contributes a spirited short story, "The Mysterious Spotley," which has the literary merit and snap one expects in Mr. McEvoy's writings. "Saxon or Slav: England or Russia," is the title of a thoughtful and scholarly article by the Honourable David Mills, M.P., Q.C., the theme of which is whether the Saxon or the Slav will in future lead humanity. He points out with rare ability and force what a curse to the whole world would be the supremacy of Russia, and yet how much there is to show that that supremacy is a possibility. Mr. C. R. A. Biggar, Q.C., has an illustrated paper of great interest on "Rome Revisited," which consists of "some notes from letters written at Rome in February, March, and April" of last year. Mr. Biggar was in Rome twenty years ago for the first time, and in this paper he contrasts the old and the new Rome. Like Toronto, the holy city has had its "real estate boom." Mr. Biggar's "notes," as he modestly calls his admirable article, should be carefully read. Professor Tadmore makes a hit with his "A Summer Evening at the Village Post Office." The story is capital. Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Mr. E. G. Wilson, and others are among the contributors to this number, which is a very good one.

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Music.

The tenth annual convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians was held in Toronto in the Y.W.C. Guild Hall, on the 15th and 16th of the present month. The President, Mr. A. S. Vogt, who was in the chair, briefly reviewed the condition of the Society, and expressed his appreciation and satisfaction at its continual growth. The Secretary and Treasurer also referred to its prosperity, and that whilst in former years some difficulty was experienced in securing funds sufficient to meet expenses, this year there was some to spare. The election of officers for 1895 resulted as follows: President, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger; Vice-President, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; Secretary, Mr. Walter H. Robinson; Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Fairclough; General Representatives, Messrs. W. O. Forsyth, R. S. Ambrose, A. M. Reid, and J. E. P. Aldous. Representatives of Cities: Toronto, Mr. H. M. Field; Hamilton, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous; Ottawa, Miss Christie; London, Mr. W. C. Barron; St. Catharines, Miss Vandenburg; Brantford, Mr. J. E. Jaques; St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones; Stratford, Mrs. Pendergast; Belleville, Mrs. Campbell; Kingston, Mr. A. H. Howell.

A number of admirable essays were delivered by the following gentlemen: Mr. A. M. Reid, of Buffalo, on "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Music Study Abroad;" Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, on "Musical Form;" and Mr. J. M. Barnes, of Buffalo, on "Tradition."

tions." These were all excellent, and called forth much applause. This was the first time Mr. Barnes has been heard in Toronto and he created a most excellent impression. He is certainly a scholarly and well-read musician. Dr. C. E. Saunders likewise read a carefully prepared paper on the subject of "Improvement in the Character of Vocal Selections on Concert Programmes." Several well-known musicians took active part in discussing these essays. The programmes presented during the sessions were all of an interesting and artistic character, and were contributed to by the organizations, the Beethoven Trio, the Ladies' Quartette and the Toronto Male Chorus Club, whose performances were listened to with delight. The following solo artists were also heard: Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; Mr. Rudolf Ruth, 'cellist; Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld, violinist; Miss Norma Reynolds, soprano; Miss Ella Bridgeland, contralto; Mrs. J. Willson-Laurence, soprano; Mrs. Dorsett Birchall, contralto; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; Miss Fannie Sullivan, pianist and accompanist; Mr. Donald Herald, pianist; Mr. H. W. Webster, baritone; Miss Lena M. Hayes, violinist; Mr. Thomas Martin, pianist; Mr. Dinelli, violincellist and accompanist; Miss Mand Gordon, pianist; Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone; Miss Ethel Martin, accompanist; Sig. F. d'Auria, accompanist; Mme. d'Auria, soprano; Miss N. Hillary, soprano; Mr. J. Lewis Browne, organist; Mr. Tor Pyk, tenor; and Mr. H. N. Shaw, elocutionist. I have neither the space nor the time at my disposal to individually mention the pieces presented by these excellent performers, so it will be sufficient to say that they were well-chosen, on the whole beautifully rendered, and gave abundant pleasure to the comparatively few who heard them. If the public knew what a lot of good music is given during the annual convention by our most successful performers, much larger audiences would attend, for the price certainly cannot stand in the way. There are always three or four concerts, and several essays on musically interesting and educating subjects given, and one dollar admits to all. The next convention will be held in the city during the Christmas holidays.

The Toronto Orchestral School, (Mr. F. H. Torrington, Conductor,) gave its annual concert in the Pavilion, on Monday evening last, the 22nd inst., to an audience which almost filled the hall. As the price of admission was only 15 cents and reserved seats but 25 it enabled many people to attend who probably could not afford it had the prices been higher. The orchestra has vastly improved since I last heard it. There was better shading, the volume of tone was richer, and there was a general swing throughout which prevented stiffness and the half-frightened effect I have observed on former occasions. The effect of such training will, it is true, materially assist in developing a love for orchestral music and indeed music as a whole. The overture by Gruenwald, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and Czibalka's "Italian Serenade," received very praiseworthy interpretations. The soloists were also very successful, particularly Miss Lund, who sang Sullivan's "Lost Chord" in such a finished and uplifting style as to receive some two or three recalls. This young lady has a contralto voice of quite two octaves in compass, and it is remarkably mellow and delightful in quality. I have not heard a more promising voice for years; the range and elasticity are there, the quality is beautiful, and she has apparently a genuine musical temperament. Miss Herson sang Braga's "Angel's Serenade" (with violin obligato splendidly played by Master Willie Anderson) and also was encored. Mr. Carnahan sang Newman's "Nita Gitana" in excellent style and was likewise well received. Wishing to hear a part of Miss James' recital in the Normal School theatre, which was on the same evening, I did not hear the remaining part of the programme. I found a very large assembly gathered to hear Miss James in a programme containing many exacting numbers, and I was in time to hear Schumann's well-known "Arabesque" in C, Sgambati's "Gavotte," op. 14, Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" and lastly Liszt's "F Minor etude and Valse Impromptu." The young lady is a talented pianist. Her tone is excellent and her touch, as will naturally be supposed from this state-

ment, is also excellent, well regulated and artistically pliable. The numbers were played with considerable ease and brilliancy, and, of course, were enthusiastically applauded. Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, the well equipped and handsome violinist, played a brilliant solo number in really superb style. Her bowing is very graceful, intonation and tone pure and certain, and her phrasing symmetrically and musically effected. Her performance was much admired. Mr. E. Wyly Grier sang Massenet's "Le Sais-tu" and a selection from Nessler's "Trompeter von Sakingen." These he gave in a careful and generally finished manner. The pretty little theatre is almost an ideal place for recitals of the kind, it is so cheerful and artistic, and then the acoustic properties are excellent.

W. O. FORSYTH.

NOTES.

The Gilmore Band which for many years has held such a distinguished position, will give three concerts in the Massey Hall, on the evenings of the 29th and 30th, with matinee on the afternoon of the 30th. Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent violincellist and talented composer, is the leader, and we are informed that the band play better under his direction than it did under its famous founder.

Lillian Nordica, who achieved such success last year in Germany, will sing in this city in place of Melba, who had been announced on the 10th of May. As Nordica is such a favorite here, a large attendance can be safely predicted. Adele Aus der Ohe, the celebrated pianist, will assist.

Some piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth will give a piano recital in St. George's Hall, on the evening of the 14th of May. The following artists will assist: Mlle. Adele Strauss, soprano, late of New York; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor, and Mr. B. L. Faeder, violinist.

The Yaw concert, owing to the sudden illness of the prima-donna, has been postponed until this (Friday) evening.

The Mendelssohn Choir at the final concert for the season will sing, Sullivan's "Watchman, what of the night," Bohm's "Still as the night," "Whirl and Twirl" from the "Flying Dutchman" (ladies chorus), "Pray have a care" (male chorus), Mollow's waltz song, "Just a song at Twilight," Gaul's "Singers," and Mendelssohn "43rd Psalm." The choir is in splendid form, and will probably sing better than at the first concert. The plan at Nordheimer's, and the indications are that Massey Hall will be crowded. The soloists are especially good, Miss Clary, contralto; Signor Canpanari, baritone; and Herr Bleuer, violinist.

On Monday evening, April 29th, Mr. and Mrs. John Trew-Gray, assisted by Miss Jennie Houston (elocutionist), and Mr. Frank Deane, the well-known solo pianist, will give a grand concert, at St. George's Hall, Elm Street. Mr. Trew-Gray is a baritone with considerable powers of execution, and has studied under the celebrated Odoardo Barri, of London, England. Mrs. Marguerite Trew-Gray (also a pupil of the same master) has delighted many with her fine and cultivated contralto. This is their first public appearance in Toronto, and music lovers may expect a treat. The affair is under the patronage of the Lt. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Alexander Cameron and other well-known people.

* * * Art Notes.

I have spoken on a former occasion of the popular success of the Newlyn School; and I have endeavoured to trace its history as well as that of the individuals who are its founders. This was a comparatively easy task to one who possesses a personal knowledge of the men, the work, and the workshop. But a critical analysis of the bent and significance of the schools was more difficult. How much more difficult a comparison of the merits and methods of Newlyn and of its rival, Glasgow.

At the outset I feel a compunction in writing myself a supporter of the school in which I have little personal interest, as oppos-

ed to the school in which I have a great deal. There is a sense of disloyalty in declaring against the traditions with which a portion of one's life has been identified. But, those scruples overcome, the magnetic bias of personal liking being removed, the critical needle turns unmistakably to Glasgow. If Newlyn is scientific and accurate, Glasgow is forcible and progressive. If Newlyn is clever, Glasgow is strong. The Cornishman brings to his work a spirit of patient acknowledgement of the limited area in which a painter may move; the Scotchman, in the vehement exercise of his genius, refuses to see, or seeing, beats down the barriers. The Southerners talk well, the Northerners have something to say.

One marked point of distinction between the two schools is the fact that Newlyn methods are stereotyped, whereas the Glasgow School not only exhibits a general spirit of originality but each individual member shows this quality. So much is this the case that the arbitrary term "School" is hardly a fit one by which to designate this group of painters; and is only defensible on the ground that a body of men allied in their sympathies, though divergent in their individual aims (who, moreover, live in the same locality), must, for convenience sake, be referred to as a "school." But be this as it may, the virtue Scots are a significant body, and their position in the estimation of the artists is an enviable one. They have survived the first onslaught of hostile criticism; they have shown a sublime indifference to it; and being no longer looked upon as revolutionists, they take their place in the front rank of the builders of a British School which will be acknowledged by the world. Guthrie has won a place for himself both in England and France. His portraits possess qualities of the highest order. They have a peculiar dignity; and deep toned, occasionally somber, as they are, reveal a fine appreciation of colour. Simple to austerity, they are a link with the Venetian portraiture of a by-gone day. Lavery, whose methods are entirely different, exhibits striking originality, and an incisive touch: his portraits are amongst the most noticeable, the most daring in any gallery where they may be shown; and if they have occasionally the experimental look of the new mens' work it is only another indication that mentally he is not altogether "set," and that greater and higher things may be expected of him.

In the scope of such notes as these it is not possible to enumerate the names or describe the work of all the painters in such a prominent group, and I hope in the future to touch upon the subject again; and, indeed, a volume might be written on a school which has accomplished so much, dared so much, and which promises still more. In landscape, allegory, portraiture and historical composition, these brilliant fellows are equally successful; and even the imperfectly informed in matters of art are glad to be enlivened by the vivid pictures with which they brighten the respectably dull galleries of London.

E. WYLY GRIER.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

The most interesting thing in the present Exhibition is the tendencies. A group of the younger men are working towards their ideal, which, according to Taine, is but the adequate expression of ideas. The ideas indicated upon the walls of the Academy are painter-like and vigorous. Ideas of form, colour, effect, breaking loose from the old conventions, and striving for new expressions; often avowedly experimental, and not always successful, but living, and thus encouraging.

Roughly grouped, we might place Messrs. Carl Ahrens, Homer Watson, John Hammond and Miss Mary Bell as showing a delight in colour effects and atmospheric moods. They subordinate line and detail to the mass, and choose those effects in which the "spot" is most apparent. It may be the dark against light, as in Mr. Hammond, or the brilliant spot in the surrounding low tones, as in Miss Bell and Mr. Ahrens. They have each their own individuality.

Mr. Watson is perhaps the most accomplished of this group. We remember Mr. Watson of old, and his development is a matter of serious interest. He has had "periods"—historically. We hope he may continue in his present "period" for some

time to come. His four canvases in the present Exhibition are small but well-chosen. He is always painter-like, bringing out with rare effect the delicacy of tones in the broken atmospheric effects he is successful with. His pictures are not literary, but have a quiet depth of sentiment, the passion of broken and varying light and shadow.

Mr. Ahrens is a colourist, and rather a remarkable colourist, too; although his colour sense needs chastening; correcting, so that it appeals not only to the æsthetic eye, but also to the reasonable judgment. Fine as it is, I think the green sunset sky in No. 3 should show more tenderness, more reserve. It hardly keeps its place. And in No. 4 the colour scheme is not logical. But Mr. Ahrens has a personality. His mistakes are his own, as also his successes. His interpretations are not surface interpretations of Nature, and I can wish him no better fate than to triumphantly achieve a full accomplishment in the direction he has chosen.

Miss Bell is also a colourist who feels colour effects strongly and renders them unflinchingly, if perhaps not entirely successfully. Her most accomplished study is "Twilight on the Beach," with its vigorous management of blending artificial and natural lights. Her "Treasure Trove" is a daring attack upon the strongholds of sunlight effect. If not entirely a victory, she cannot yet be said to have lost the battle. It is a brilliant piece of work: simply and solidly painted; a little piece of decoration which would give life and colour to a large space in many a drawing-room now given up to worse than useless nick-nacks and other ornaments. Miss Bell's work throughout shows a patient, intelligent understanding of the result aimed at and artistic directness of expression.

Mr. Hammond is accomplished. He is even accomplished in tricks; which seems a pity, because tricks are not necessary to him. His most successful canvas in the present Exhibition, "In the St. John's Harbour," has fine qualities of colour and technique. It seems to me if he felt and saw somewhat more personally, we might expect much from him. He has a good knowledge of cloud forms, and one regrets that he sometimes verges upon theatricality. He wants simplicity. His charm is in his balanced masses.

If Mr. Cruickshank would loosen his grip upon essentials, if he would believe there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, his really excellent and scientific knowledge of form might be turned to more account, in a pleasanter play of light and decorative choice of line. If he would remember that the human eye, when backed by a rather domineering knowledge, is "deceitful above all things," and can only be persuaded by long cajoling to render a true account, and to look at things relatively; we might have fine things from him. For Mr. Cruickshank's subjects have infinite possibilities. We admire his fine, strenuous drawing of the horses and men, and his uncompromising fidelity in treatment commands respect. But there are truths and truths, and the drawing of the muscles of the leg of a horse is not as valuable a truth in the making of a picture as that the figures should take their place relatively in aerial perspective.

The President, Mr. Harris, sends three canvases—the most important, a portrait of P. A. Peterson, Esq. It is a solid, manly piece of work, a little monotonous in the flesh tones; but a healthy, simple convention well rendered and with life. The hand, however, is not entirely satisfactory. We could wish that the President, with his undoubted powers as a draughtsman, was more alive to varieties of colour, and avoided the somewhat disagreeable and dirty browns he is so fond of.

Mr. Wylie Grier's "Bereft" is in the place of honour. It received a third medal in the Salon of 1890. It is a large canvas, with much careful study of tones and values, and a successful rendering of an evening effect. Mr. Grier's diploma picture, "Fifty Years Ago," has much technical dexterity and the hands are cleverly drawn and indicated. It recalls memories of a certain upper chamber in Burlington House. The memories are not pleasant. We are sorry Mr. Grier has not shown a more representative portrait.

The small room is devoted to works of a decorative character. Mr. Reid's large decoration called "Rest" suggests a new departure in

native development. The masses are excellently felt; the sunlight and shadow indicated with warmth and truth. If we might wish more colour in the face of the woman, we must, I think, blame the unfortunate lighting, rather than Mr. Reid, for the apparent lack. The general scheme of tone and colour are entirely suited to the requirements of large flat spaces. The arrangement in three panels, if not quite original with Mr. Reid—and where did the original idea come from?—it is at least a new departure here, and is suggestive of all sorts of possible usefulness. Mr. Reid is to be congratulated, not only upon this single effort, but upon his pluck and energy in thus facing his public in spite of possible misunderstandings and the indifference of ignorance. Mr. Reid, with one or two other artists, shows upon the walls the effort to interpret sunlight and the high luminous and decorative effects of broadly lighted surfaces. Mr. Reid's two portraits have much of that character, especially his portrait of Miss Vickers, in its rendering of the play and variety of colour.

Mrs. Reid has rendered charmingly the effect of diffused light out-of-doors.

Miss Tully has a clever suggestion for a decorative panel and a simply painted picture in broad light called "Motherhood." Indeed, this growing feeling for decorative quality in pictures is one of the most salient features in present day methods. This feeling for decorative line, mass, and colour—it is beginning to be a thing apart from dramatic or emotional aspect of pictures—is a "motif" of itself—and its direct appeal is to the æsthetic faculties to a cultivated taste. This being the case we should be glad to see that not only in the smaller room where the canvases are generally of an avowedly decorative intention, but also among the pictures in the larger room are several which claim attention for their decorative qualities rendered in a painter-like manner.

Miss Houghton's larger canvas is cold, but there is a suggestion of great strength and the various forms are carefully laid down. It promises to be the forerunner of very much better things.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien has departed from the paths of water colour, and this year in his "Mackarel Fishing" has made a marked advance in his management of oils. The canvas is too delicate for an exhibition light; but the tones are well sustained and the foggy harmony in greys and yellows is well concentrated in the nearest boat. We hope, however, that Mr. O'Brien has not entirely given up his first medium.

Mr. A. D. Patterson is hardly adequately represented by his portrait of Mr. John King, Q.C.

Mr. Atkinson shows but one canvas, in which he has his favorite group of trees. His colour is somewhat grey and green and white—a cold combination. His handling is rather indefinite; but the general effect is fairly satisfactory.

Mr. Brownell's "decorative panel" is too much like Alma Tadema. There are no particular innovations or suggestions of new qualities in Tadema to warrant the usefulness of such a close imitation. No. 8, a "Portrait," has some fine characterization and manipulative qualities.

I protest against Mr. Pinhey's "The Mower." It is dirty in colour, clumsy in drawing and modelling, badly painted—the study of daylight effect hardly attempted. One or two of Mr. Pinhey's smaller canvases show that he has some delicacy.

Mr. T. Mower Martin exhibits several canvases, marked by his peculiar conception of things and conscientious handling.

Miss Gertrude Spurr, the new Associate, has one or two carefully studied landscapes; one, "In the Beechwood," has some pleasing colour.

Mr. Challener's "A Sunny Morning" is a pleasant and charmingly handled rendering of tree forms.

Mr. Brymner has hardly given us either the beauty or spirit of Keat's poem.

The water colours are not very strong. Among the best are some of Mr. Matthews' loving and careful studies of mountain forms; a delicate bit of foreground study by Mr. Manly; a "moor," somewhat overworked but characteristic, by Mr. Boulton; a study by Miss Windeat; and some of Mr. Bell-Smith's well understood and well rendered

effects in London. But there is a lack of freshness and spontaneity about the collection. The watercolours have not kept pace with the work in oils. And all the possible decorative and delightful use of colour in the medium is conspicuously absent.

In the old days of the Ontario Society of Artists, when the spring exhibition, held by that body, was the one artistic event of the year, it seems to me, if I remember rightly, that watercolours were the main-stay of the exhibition and that it was in that medium laurels were to be won. We had, of course, various painters who presented us annually with canvases of more or less value, generally constructed upon the principles which invent such ingenious puzzlers for the uninitiated as—given certain conditions—"Where should the little brown tree be placed?" But that has now changed, and the present exhibition of the Royal Academy marks the change.

Some of the members complain that the walls are becoming "Europeanized." What does that mean? Whatever it means it implies that they were more Canadian before. In examining the facts I think we will find that they never have been as much Canadian. All art is a convention of one sort or another. And were not men like Jacobi, Perré, Fowler, Cresswell, Milliard, and others, but painting in the current conventions in Europe which appealed to them when they left. They were neither born Canadians nor received their art training here. Granted that that was the case, as assuredly it was, and looking now at the catalogue, where is the cause of complaint? Rather, it seems to me, a cause of rejoicing that the present exhibition is hung by works of Canadians, young men and women most of them, who have gone abroad with all their faculties receptive and open; ready to assimilate whatever convention or method is most suited to their needs, and have brought it back for the encouragement and stimulation of future art students and opening up a channel for the circulation of the hopes and aspirations, the striving, struggling, experimenting, achieving, which is the electric current in the great art centres.

If we have the germ of a national genius we need not worry, it will develop itself. A self-conscious effort on the part of a few individuals will neither quicken nor retard it.

"In vain does the genius of a people yield to foreign influence. It always recovers. This is temporal, while that is spiritual; it belongs to the flesh and the blood, the atmosphere and the soil, the structure and degree of activity of brain and senses, all are animating forces incessantly renewed, and everywhere present, and which the transient applause of a superior civilization neither undermines nor destroys."

HARRIET FORD.

Literary Notes.

As regards "The Master," Mr. Zangwill has given some information of a curious kind. Its subject, he said, was Art, selected because he, being a Jew, knew nothing about Art. He further vouchsafed the statement that the reason why Jews know nothing about Art was that the Second Commandment has always bebarred them from making any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. This, he said, is also the reason why the new English Art school was founded and explains its methods.

The "Life and Letters of Prof. E. A. Freeman," edited by Dean W. R. W. Stephens, of Winchester, will be published by Macmillan & Co. in two crown-octavo volumes, with portraits and copy of an original sketch of Mr. Freeman seated at his study-table. The work will contain an account of his early life at school and college (of which

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hitherto little has been generally known). Many of the letters selected for publication are addressed to eminent scholars or statesmen in England, America, and on the Continent, and deal with various historical or political questions of great interest; others are to intimate friends, and record the incidents of his domestic life or of his foreign tours, and abound in humorous and racy remarks upon a great variety of subjects.

A volume of "Selected Letters of Pliny the Younger" is in preparation for Macmillan's Classical Series by Professor Elmer T. Merrill, of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., the editor of a recent edition of Catullus. The new book will contain about 160 letters, with ample stimulating introductory essays, commentary and bibliographies, and with full indices to proper names, and to the subjects treated in the text, as well as to those discussed in the notes. Special features of this edition will be the careful revision of text,—in view of the progress made in the study of the MSS, of Pliny's Letters since the publication of Keil's critical edition,—a somewhat fuller and more scholarly commentary than has usually accompanied selections from the Letters, and the inclusion of a larger number than usual (about 40) of letters from the correspondence with Trajan, to illustrate more fully the problems of Roman provincial administration at that period.

* * *

Personal.

Mr. W. R. Watson, Commissioner of Public Works in the Manitoba Government, is in Ottawa.

The London Times announces the death of Sir George Scharf, late director of the National Portrait Gallery.

The Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, has been elevated to the Peerage, with the title of Viscount.

A monument to the founders of Montreal will be inaugurated on May 1st. Mayor Villeneuve and Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau will be present.

The general topic of conversation in the military circles of Montreal just now is a scheme, whereby a grand military review, which would eclipse all former ones, would be held in the city on the Queen's Birthday, in which all the city and rural corps would take part.

The theatre of the Normal School was filled on Monday night last with a large and fashionable audience on the occasion of Miss Janes' piano recital. Miss Janes was assisted by the Canadian violinist, Miss de Latre Street, and Mr. E. Wyly Grier, who sang two numbers in his well-known, finished style.

The London Times says that Mr. Girdlestone, chairman of the Committee of Grand Trunk Railway stockholders, is in favor of securing Sir Charles Rivers Wilson as presi-

dent of the Company. Mr. Girdlestone writes that the committee of dissatisfied shareholders holds nearly half a million of the stock.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Quebec, accompanied by Mrs. Hunter Dunn and his son, has been in Toronto recently, and last Sunday preached at St. James' Cathedral. Mrs. Laidlaw, of Queen's Park, invited a large number of her friends to meet the Bishop and his wife at her house on Saturday afternoon last.

His Excellency, the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen, Hon. Archie Marjoribanks, Miss Teresa Wilson (Secretary to Lady Aberdeen), and Mr. Campbell (Secretary to Lord Aberdeen), were in Toronto for a day or two this week. His Excellency was a guest at the annual dinner of St. George's Society on Tuesday evening.

Mr. G. W. Johnson, B.A., of Toronto University, who has been pursuing the Ph. D. course in Johns Hopkins University for past three years, has been appointed assistant professor of Latin in Cornell University. Mr. Johnston took high honours in classics in Toronto, and at one time taught in the Brampton High School.

Honolulu advices, dated April 13, say that Col. V. V. Ashford, the Canadian imprisoned in connection with the late rebellion, has been pardoned out of prison on condition that he leaves the islands not to return. He intended to sail to-day, but had to be taken to the Queen's hospital. His condition is somewhat critical. While in prison he was well cared for in comfortable quarters. He was serving a sentence of one year's imprisonment for treason.

The Bishop of Salisbury, England, arrived in Montreal on Friday afternoon last, and was the guest for a few hours of His Lordship Bishop Bond, at Bishop's Court. Subsequently he called upon Sir William Dawson at the Peter Redpath Library, McGill University, and enjoyed a drive around the mountain. His Lordship left in the evening for New York, and sailed on the *Lucania* for Liverpool. The Bishop is completing a tour of the world, having visited Ceylon, India, Sydney, and Vancouver.

The wedding of Hon. George Nathaniel C. Curzon, M.P. for Southport Division, Lancashire, and Miss Mary Leiter, formerly of Chicago, was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal Church, Washington, on Monday last, amid scenes of such brilliancy and in the presence of such a distinguished assemblage of Cabinet officers, diplomats, governors and bishops, as to give the event the character of a public ceremony. A gentleman who was at Oxford with Mr. Curzon, happened to be in the sanctum of THE WEEK when the news of this marriage was received. He says the following lines were posted on Curzon's door one day and exactly hit him off:—

My name is George Nathaniel Curzon;
I am a most superior person;
My cheeks are pink, my hair is sleek,
I dine at Woodstock once a week.

Mr. Ernest J. Wood, Canadian Government Agent in the Midlands, has for some time past been actively engaged in lecturing on Canada. He informs us that he has just concluded a course of sixty-three such lectures, the audience being very large on nearly every occasion, and embracing all classes of society. These lectures were illustrated by limelight views of the Dominion, and Mr. Wood said that he received such assistance from the steamship lines, institutes, the clergy, Chambers of Agriculture, headmasters of public schools, School Board officials, etc., as to have caused the lectures to be arranged with very trivial expenditure. This month he has lectured at the Warwick School, where the headmaster, the Rev. J. P. Way, presided; at King's Heath Institute; to Lincoln Corn Exchange, with Mr. Sheriff White in the chair; at Harborne Institute, and at the Leicester Young Men's Christian Association.—*Canadian Gazette.*

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From Brockville Recorder.
Mr. Reuben Barber, architect of the city of Toronto, at one time a resident of Merrickville, has been visiting old friends and relatives in and around the village recently. While chatting with the *Recorder* correspondent, the recent wonderful cures in the vicinity through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came up, when Mr. Barber said he had an experience in his own family quite as remarkable. Asked if he would give the particulars, Mr. Barber said that some seven years ago, while living in Mount Forest, his daughter took a severe cold which developed into asthma. At first she would be confined to her room for days and to see her struggling for breath one would think she could not possibly live an hour. As she grew older the asthmatic spasms became more frequent and of longer duration. Sometimes she would be unable to leave her room for weeks, and then she would rally and be better for a short time. After we moved to Toronto she was put under the care of one of the best doctors in the city. At first his treatment seemed to help her, but after a few months she became as bad as ever and the medicine did not appear to do her the slightest good. We had now fully made up our minds that the trouble was incurable. We had read so much of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that we determined to give them a trial, really looking upon them as a sort of forlorn hope. My daughter began taking the pills and continued the treatment for about six months, when she found herself entirely free from the distressing disease. Seven months have now passed since she took the last box, and she has never had the slightest spasm or return of the trouble. "She is now the picture of health," says Mr. Barber, and we give the entire credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and lose no opportunity of sounding the praises of this great medicine. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

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THE

Canadian Banking System

1817-1890.

By R. M. Breckenridge, Ph.D.

Sometime Fellow in Economics of Columbia College, New York.

The above work is copyrighted in Canada by the Canadian Bankers' Association, under whose auspices it was originally published. It is appearing in parts in the current year's volume of the quarterly *Journal of the Association* and will be completed in the July number. The annual subscription fee for the *Journal* is \$1, designed to cover the bare cost of issue. Single copies of DR. BRECKENRIDGE'S work, bound in cloth, can also be obtained from the Association, at the price of \$3.50.

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THE GERM THEORY TWO THOUSAND YEARS
AGO.

There is nothing new under the Sun. Some time ago we published extracts from an article by Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler showing that the old Greek philosophers held to the theory, regarded by many as distinctly modern, that man is descended from animals of a lower type. *The National Druggist*, April, referring to this article, remarks that the germ theory of disease also had its advocates among the ancients. After quoting *The Literary Digest's* article entire, it goes on as follows:

"Concerning the anticipation of the germ theory of the causation of disease, let us consult M. Terentius Varro, the Roman Consul to whose rashness and presumption the disaster of the battle of Cannae was largely due. In a work on Country Life (*De Re Rustica*), written about 115-110 B.C., in one of the chapters devoted to the choice of a site for a villa, and the construction of the latter, he says:

"You should choose for the site of a villa the foot of a well-wooded hill, where there may be wide-spreading pasture land, and it [the villa] should front toward the most salubrious winds. A front toward the point at which the Sun rises at equinox [*i.e.*, the true east] is very convenient, since it has some shade in the Summer, and the benefit of the Sun in Winter. If, by necessity, you must build near by a river, you must be careful to place your house in such a situation that it shall not be intensely cold in Winter, and insalubrious in the Summer time. You must also pay attention as to whether there be marshy places around, and for the same reasons and moreover because when they dry up they breed certain minute animals, invisible to the eye and which, carried by the winds [or air], penetrate the mouth and nostrils and propagate obstinate diseases."

"Further on we have an imaginary conversation between Fundianus, a landed proprietor, Agrius, a farmer, and Scrofa, a sort of interlocutor, frequently introduced by our author when he wishes, by a dialogue, to enforce some point, previously given in didactic style, as in the present instance. Says Fundianus:

"Suppose I should become heir to a farm of this kind, what shall I do to avoid contagion?"

"Sell it," answers Agrius, "for what you can get for it, or abandon it altogether."
"Not so," interpolates Scrofa, "you must be careful that your house shall not front the direction from which the insalubrious winds usually blow; nor be built in a hollow valley, but on an eminence, where, if unwholesome emanations come, they will be most quickly dispelled. Another advantage [offered by the eminence] is that a place on which the Sun shines all day is the most salubrious, since if any animalcules develop, or are brought thither they are either at once driven away by the wind, or they soon perish from dryness [of the atmosphere]."

"We have translated freely, but have been careful to preserve the exact meaning of the Latin in the more important phrases, printed in italics.

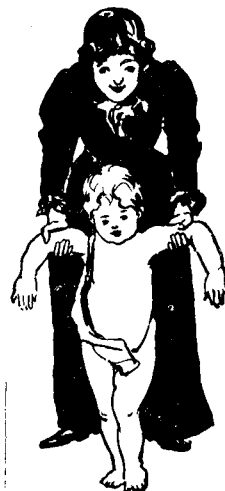
"Varro was not a good general, as the result of Cannae shows, but he was a philosopher a long way ahead of his day and generation, and nearly 2,000 years thereafter."

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The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.

Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. TUESDAY, JUNE the 4th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 17th April, 1895.

Publications Received.

- Owen Rhoscomyl. The Jewel of Ynys Galon. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- Henry Norman. The Peoples and Politics of the Far East. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Wm. Hy. Shelton. A Man Without a Memory. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Francis Walker. Letters of a Baritone: New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. Our Fight with Tammany. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- George Augustus Sala. Life and Adventures. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- William Elliot Griffis, D.D. Religions of Japan. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Noah Brooks. Short Studies in Party Politics. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Essays on Scandinavian Literature. New York: Scribners'. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Archd. Forbes. Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Sidney Lee, Editor. Dictionary of National Biography, vol. XLII. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Benjamin Kidd. Social Evolution—Cheap Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mrs. Reginald de Koven. A Sawdust Doll. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
- Isabel F. Hapgood. Russian Rambles. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Laura E. Richards. Jim of Hellas. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

POET-LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS

Shakespeare Anniversary Number. April, 1895.

- SCHILLER'S "JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS": Its Points of Contact with Shakespeare. *J. N. Willan.*
- WHEN SPENSER DIED. *Julia C. R. Dorr.*
- SHAKESPEARE'S "JOHN-A-COMBE," "THE MOVING WOOD," AND A FORGOTTEN ESTIMATE OF "BACON." *Charlotte Curmichael Stiles.*
- MORAL PROPORTION AND FATALISM IN "HAMLET." *Barnes Shakespeare Prize Essay. Ella Adams Moore.*
- URIEL ACOSTA. Act III. Conc. *Karl Gutzkow. Translated by Richard Honey and Francois Stewart Jones.*
- HORATIO AS A FRIEND. *H. P. Goddard.*
- SUCH A COMMONPLACE MAN. *Esther Jackson.*
- MRS. MOULTON'S "O'SHAUGHNESSY." *C.*
- ELIZABETHAN LYRICS.—THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA.—TEN BRINKS SHAKESPEARE LECTURES. *P.*
- SCHOOL OF LITERATURE: Poems illustrative of American History: Discoveries: Lowell's and Whitman's Columbus. *P. A. C.*
- NOTES AND NEWS.

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Things One Says without Thinking.—"I'm so sorry you've had to come and dine with us without your husband, Lizzie. I suppose the real truth is that, being Lent, he's doing penance by dining at home!" "Oh, no! I assure you! He thinks it a penance to dine out!"—*Punch.*

Hicks: They tell me that you and your neighbours were quite generous with that tramp last week: that you fed him and clothed him in fine shape. Wicks: You see we thought he was a brother Mason from the signs he gave us. It was only after a while that we found he was only a deaf mute.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud When a kick on the stage always tickles the crowd,

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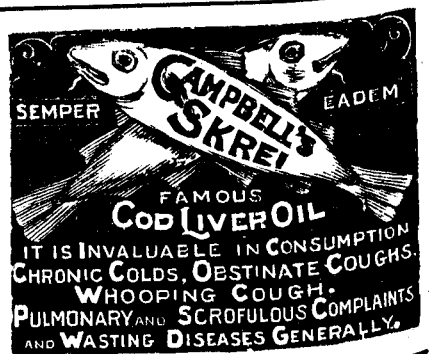
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Quips and Cranks.

Motto for stockbrokers: A mine in the Randt is worth two in the bush.—*Punch*.

Board School Teacher: And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby? Edith (promptly): Twins, Miss.—*Funny Cuts*.

"Father," asked the small boy, "what is 'conflicting testimony'?" "Expert testimony, my son."—*World's Comic*.

Our Minor Poet: I believe I should enjoy my holidays much more, if I went *incognito*. Friend: Travel under your *nom de plume*, old man!—*Punch*.

"Dasher has some very ambitious dreams, I fancy." "Shouldn't wonder if he had; his wife is a graduate of the cooking school."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Charlie: Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there is a comet to be seen. Mamma: Well, yes, but don't go too near.—*Ex*.

His Lordship: You know, Miss Dollar, our people came over with the Conqueror. Fair American: Indeed! I hope they had a smooth passage.—*Judy*.

He: Don't you think Miss Potts sings with a great deal of feeling? She: I cannot say I do. If she had any feeling she would spare the company.—*Judy*.

"I saw you entering a public house again, yesterday, Griggs." "Well, mum, they told me as how gold was found in quarts, so I went and took pot-luck, as it were."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Haven't you got this book in a chicken-salad binding?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished bookseller. "Half-calf."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Sunday morning.—Parson: I hope you know better than to sow seed on this day—of all days? Giles: Aye, that I do; too damp and windy. Hoing and weeding to-day!—*Moon-shine*.

Theatrical Manager: Yes, your play is pretty good in its way. But I cannot accept it. Author: Why not? Theatrical Manager: Because it has too many original ideas in it.—*Judy*.

He: What is this new dish, dear, we have for dinner? She: I'm not perfectly sure, darling, which I used—the receipt for taking spots out of the carpet, or the one for Washington pie.—*Ex*.

Nell: According to her account, she moves in very good society. Ethel: Don't you believe it. If she by any extraordinary piece of good luck got into good society, she'd know better than to move.—*Fun*.

Beta (Mab's friend): You may depend that my dear Mab, besides being clever and beautiful, has a lot of presence of mind. Willie (Mab's accepted): She has, indeed, a lot of presents of mine!—*Illustrated Bits*.

Critic (who has dropped in for a little talk): And what are your views of marriage? Artist (in no humour for argument): Oh, I am wedded to my art. Critic: And do you consider marriage a failure?—*Judy*.

"Seems to me you have put an unusual amount of smoke in the fire scene," mildly complained the editor. "Had to do it," said the artist. "I hadn't any idea how high the building was, so I had to hide it—see?"—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

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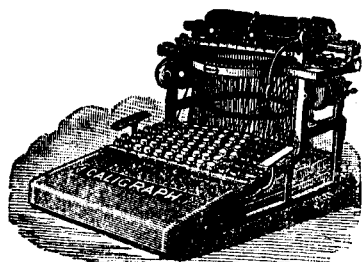
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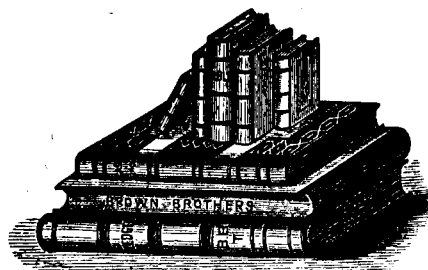
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