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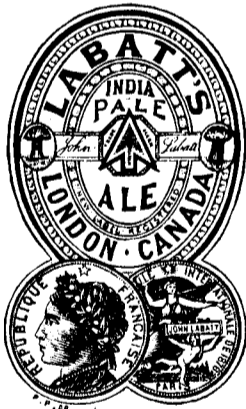
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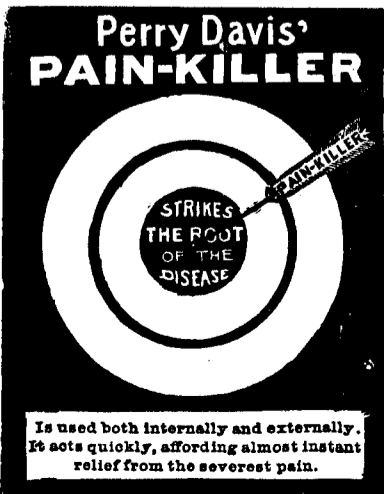
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Vol. VIII., No. 32.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 10th, 1891.

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

A GOOD deal of interest is being excited by the cross-examination of Mr. O. E. Murphy, before the committee of privileges and elections. Mr. Murphy has been thus far the principal witness for the prosecution, and the one whose testimony has been, if credible, particularly damaging to the Minister of Public Works. The clever and merciless tests to which Mr. Murphy's testimony is being subjected by Mr. Osler have thus far resulted in inconsistencies, and some actual contradictions. It has moreover caused him to stand self-revealed as a man who is not only unscrupulous to the last degree, but as one who rather glories in the fact. But all this was pretty well known before, and the wonder is how such a man, self-confessed as a New York "boodler" and an absconding embezzler, could have been admitted into business relations with the department of Public Works. Unsupported, the testimony of such a witness is valueless, especially if any motive for prevarication can be shown. Where contradicted by that of a more credible person, it will at once fall to the ground. Its value or worthlessness for the purposes for which Mr. Tarte has called for it will, therefore, depend almost entirely upon the extent to which it is supported by documentary evidence. Whether the documents can be explained away remains to be seen. Meanwhile some of the incidents of the committee-room are not adapted to elevate our conceptions of the value of a Parliamentary committee as an agency for eliciting the truth in such an enquiry. The strength of party feeling and the absence of the judicial spirit are sometimes almost painfully apparent. As this feeling exists on both sides, it is likely that between the two the truth may be brought out and a virtually just conclusion reached. But it is surely an undesirable not to say unseemly way of reaching the truth. One can hardly help wishing that the investigation had been handed over to a court of justice.

THE current of opinion or feeling in the Senate set so strongly in opposition to Senator Macdonald's Bill for removing jurisdiction in divorce cases to the courts that the mover was constrained to withdraw his Bill at the request of the Premier. It is not easy to understand why the gentlemen of the Senate should be so desirous of retaining this troublesome bit of judicial business in their own hands. It surely cannot be that it is supposed to

add either to the dignity or to the *prestige* of the Upper Chamber. It may be that the details of the measure proposed by Senator Macdonald were open to criticism, but that would have been a valid reason for amending those details, not for refusing to endorse the principle. It seems passing strange that the Senators are unable to see how utterly illogical is the position they occupy in this matter, or, seeing it, are so little moved by the perception. A number of them are, no doubt, honestly averse to the principle of divorce, believing it to be objectionable in every case, on religious grounds. The only consistent position for such is one of uncompromising opposition to any and every legal provision for the dissolution of the marriage compact. But the holding of such views constitutes no reason why enquiries purely judicial in their character should be pursued in a House of Parliament, rather than in a court of justice. Those, on the other hand, who hold that relief from the marriage bond should be granted in certain cases, should surely admit that such relief should be obtainable by all classes of persons, as nearly as possible on equal terms. The theory that divorce should be a luxury to be had only by the wealthy would, we should have supposed, be found abhorrent to every notion of even-handed justice. And yet, strange as it may seem, Senator Powers, unless sadly misrepresented in the newspapers, openly contended for the present system on the ground that the cost of divorce operates as a coercive upon a large proportion of the population, and makes divorce a luxury for the rich. That such an argument was listened to with patience in the Upper House must go far to strengthen the popular conviction that the venerable legislators in that body either are not amenable to the laws of logic, or are not in harmony with the fundamental principles of modern, popular government. In either case reform of this injustice is evidently hopeless until either the *personelle* of the Senate shall have been changed in the slow course of time, or the business of divorce legislation taken vigorously in hand by the other House.

THE *tu quoque*, though logically one of the weakest of arguments, is often practically one of the most effective. An illustration in point was given in the House of Commons the other day when Sir Richard Cartwright took occasion to call attention to the length of time during which the office of Collector of Customs in Quebec and in Toronto had been kept open for political, or rather for party, reasons. Minister Bowell, with refreshing frankness, pleaded guilty to the impeachment, but said that this was a practice which had prevailed in the past and he had no doubt would continue to prevail in the future. The practice was not, however, confined to the Dominion Government. Registrarships and other offices were sometimes kept open in Ontario. The retort was natural and effective, in so far as the so-called Liberal party can be considered as one and the same in Dominion and in Provincial politics. Probably Sir John Macdonald himself was scarcely more skilful than Mr. Mowat in turning such opportunities for patronage to the best account. It was observable, too, that no one of the Opposition speakers who followed Sir Richard ventured to say that the act was equally reprehensible in the Ontario Premier and in the Dominion Minister of Customs. It might, however, be well if those who foot the bills should reflect a little more seriously upon the meaning of this system of patronage. Mr. Bowell excused his delay on the ground that money was saved to the public by it. A significant admission truly. If the other employees in the Custom House, or the Registration Office, are able to do the work and save the public money for three or six months, why not for a year or ten years? A post-mastership becomes vacant. In all probability, if the office is a moderately large one, there is a head clerk who has been for years in the office, understands its duties thoroughly, has performed them satisfactorily, it may be, for months, while the Minister has been balancing the conflicting claims of political applicants. One day, however, a decision is reached, and the successful politician installed at a salary several times larger than that of the faithful clerk, though the latter may, very likely, still manage the whole business. Is this just? Is it economical? Is it even business-like?

THE stages by which the Land Purchase Bill made its way through the British House of Commons were so slow and separated by intervals so wide that the nation seems even yet hardly to recognize the length and significance of the stride it has taken in the matter of Irish legislation. The *Spectator* of the 20th ult., in an article on the broad effect of the Bill, enumerates a very formidable list of obstacles which it had to encounter at different points in its steady onward march. The dread aroused in the mind of the British taxpayer, the jealousy of the Gladstonians who regarded it as a stolen bit of their own programme, the lukewarmness of the Tories to whom it foreboded the downfall of the country-gentleman organization of society, and the dislike of some of the hotter of the Irish Home-Rulers, who feared that it would blunt or break their chief weapon in the struggle for an independent Irish Executive and a Parliament on College Green—all these influences combined to clog the measure in its passage through the House. In fact the Bill had, as the *Spectator* points out, no enthusiastic party promoters. "There was from first to last," says the *Spectator*, "no really grand speech delivered in favour of the Bill," and throughout its history no public meeting was called in Great Britain or even in Ireland specially to facilitate its progress. Yet, notwithstanding all, the majorities in its favour steadily increased until they at the last reached much more than two to one. Probably it augurs well for its success that it has thus been put on the statute book with the reluctant assent of the leaders of both parties, and of men of all classes, many of whom dared not oppose a measure which they at heart disliked, rather than as the result of a violent party struggle and by a strictly party majority. The leading aim of the Bill is, of course, to change the system of landlordism for one of tenant proprietorship by giving every thrifty tenant within certain limits the power either to become himself a freeholder, or to transmit a freehold to his children. Its effect, if it prove successful in its operation, will be to create a large class of peasant proprietors in place of the needy and restive tenants who have been struggling so long and so violently against the payment of rents, which were in too many cases unfair and exorbitant. What effect the Bill will have on Irish discontent and the Home-Rule movement remains to be seen. The scheme is identical in principle with that which Mr. Gladstone annexed to his Home-Rule project, and it was no doubt one of the chief causes of his overthrow. But the world has moved since then, carrying even the British Parliament with it. Whether the operation of the Land Purchase Bill will tend to sap the strength of the Home-Rule agitation, as many of its supporters no doubt anticipate, or will simply mark another vantage-ground gained in the progress towards the Home-Rule goal, is not yet apparent. On the whole the latter result seems at least quite as probable as the former.

AMONG the many forces which are uniting, or conflicting, as the case may be, to shape the course of modern legislation, that of organized labour is becoming one of the most potent. The days of class legislation are rapidly passing away, and the democracy is making its power felt to such an extent that in almost every civilized nation—Russia only excepted, if indeed it belongs in that category—the new laws and the new modifications of old laws that are being made from year to year are in the main the resultant of a variety of opinions and interests, converging from almost every point of the social horizon. We are not of the number of those who deplore this state of things, or regard it with gloomy forebodings, especially in countries like those of the English-speaking world, in which the average of education and intelligence is continually rising. An indirect effect of the trades-unions and the important part they are coming to play in the evolution of the modern state,—an effect, too, of great value to society, is that these organizations are naturally and of necessity becoming schools of a most effective kind, for the political education of the industrial classes. The defeat of the British Government the other day, on the motion to raise the minimum age at which children may be employed in factories, from ten years to eleven—a motion which the Government, in strange

inconsistency with the agreement entered into by its own delegates at the Berlin Conference, opposed—affords a good illustration of the direction and strength of the various influences which are at work on behalf of reform in labour legislation. To the indirect teachings of the working men themselves it is mainly due that such matters, involving life-long interests of thousands of women and children, are no longer left to the merciless operation of the laws of supply and demand. The cruel fetiches, so long worshipped as beneficent agencies, according to the gospel of the old political-economists, are being displaced by other forces which have at least some admixture of a morality and mercy not begotten of pure selfishness in their composition, and in whose operations there is, consequently, some room for the play of the sense of fairness and the sympathy which are the outcome of a practical recognition of the claims of human brotherhood. Under such new influences it is that a majority of the members of the British Parliament have decreed that the children of the poorest factory operatives shall have at least one year more than hitherto in which to grow, and free schools in which to make the most of the brief respite for themselves and for the community.

COMING nearer home, no reasonable person will, we think, deny that the Trades and Labour Council of this city has for some years past exercised a considerable and in many respects a salutary influence upon commercial and industrial legislation, both in Ontario and at Ottawa. Cheerfully granting so much, we can but express our regret that this Council, and, indeed, the Industrial Societies generally, should have taken a position of determined hostility to every arrangement for the employment of convicts in the prisons and penitentiaries. Making all due allowance for the case of those who may find their own occupations interfered with by the products of prison-labour, we yet must think that the policy, one of whose logical results could not fail to be the moral deterioration of every convicted criminal while in the jail, instead of his moral improvement, is a short-sighted and mistaken one even for the artisans, to say nothing of society in general. We grant that the work and training of convicts should be so directed that the products of their labour may interfere as little as possible with those of honest industry. Still, as was pointed out during the discussion the other day at Ottawa, it is impossible to give prisoners any employment whatever that will at all serve the great moral ends in view, without bringing them more or less into competition with honest industry. But surely the intelligent men who lead the deliberations of the Trades and Labour Council cannot wish to see men who have been found guilty of crimes of greater or less magnitude, kept in perpetual idleness and supported by the taxes to which every honest labourer is a contributor. The labour unions argue, not without plausibility, that it is unfair that the criminal should be taught a trade at the expense of the State, while the honest labourer is compelled to pay for his own instruction and for that of his children. But would it not be a still greater hardship to enact that the criminal shall be supported at the public expense in idleness, while the honest man is obliged to toil or starve. The same principle on which the compulsory self-support of the convict while in prison is condemned, might be applied with equal force to prove that it is an advantage to the labouring men that the largest possible number of their competitors should become criminals and jail-birds. It is demonstrable that every workingman in the country, with the exception of the few who may suffer from the prison-labour competition, is the gainer by the productive industry of the prison inmates. The question as to the best mode of utilizing the products of convict labour, so as to produce the least possible disturbance in the outer world of honest industry, is a very difficult one. It is probable, though we doubt if it is quite certain, that the jails and penitentiaries should not be permitted to undersell the output of the factories. It is quite possible that the method now used in connection with the Dorchester Penitentiary, of turning over all the woodenware manufactured in the prison to a company, thus perfecting its monopoly, is indefensible. It would not do for the prisons themselves to be given a monopoly of any particular branch of manufacture, for that would mean no employment for the convict when his term has expired, in the line of work for which he has been fitted. The trade he has been taught would thus be rendered useless, and he thrown back helpless upon society. This would almost certainly pave the way for his return in a

majority of cases to prison, after few or many days, a confirmed, double-dyed criminal. These considerations serve but to make clearer the difficulties which beset the question. The point upon which all thoughtful men must, it seems to us, agree, is that those who, by their crimes, compel society to deprive them of their liberty, must, in their turn, be compelled to work for their own support, and with a view to their own reformation. There is much to be said, especially in view of the tendency to abandon the farm and country life in these days for other pursuits, in favour of some system being adopted by means of which many convicts shall be set at work both in improving and tilling the soil, and in the construction of great public works. But these are all questions of detail, in regard to which, it seems to us, such organizations as the Trades and Labour Council should be of great service to the Government and Parliament, instead of a mere obstructive force.

THERE seems no reason to doubt that the Zollverein or commercial-union project is making headway in Europe, and that a free-trade arrangement is likely to be consummated at an early day between Germany, Austria and at least two of the smaller neighbouring nations. Taken in connection with the similar movement inaugurated by Mr. Blaine as between the United States and the smaller American Republics, this commercial phenomenon is worthy of study. May it not fairly be taken to indicate that there is, after all, a general tendency to reaction against the high-tariff system, when some of the nations on both continents which have been most noted for their protectionist proclivities are thus returning to free trade by roundabout routes? There is, it is true, a radical difference in the postulates with which they set out from those of the genuine British free trader. The commercial-union idea is based upon the theory that the trade of a people is a national perquisite of value, and is to be surrendered only for an equivalent. The genuine free trader, on the other hand, regards the right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market as an inherent right of the citizen of a free country. He further holds that the privilege of buying to the best advantage is just as valuable as the privilege of selling to the best advantage, and that the fact that a neighbouring country fines its citizens for buying his goods is no reason why he or his fellow citizens should be denied the right of buying what those neighbours have to sell, if it is to their advantage to do so. In other words, a penny saved by buying cheaply is just as good as a penny earned by increasing the products of one's own toil. Which is the sounder theory we will not stay to enquire. Extremes meet. It is evident that the commercial-union idea has only to be extended far enough to become identical in its effects with the free-trade idea. Even in its most restricted form it is an indirect tribute to the merits of that idea. And there is every reason to hope that once the restrictionist nations begin to realize the advantage they derive from trading freely with their next door neighbours, they will not fail to draw the logical inference and extend the sphere of their commercial freedom. As a matter of fact, in the last analysis, all are alike free traders. The only difference is in the area of the spheres within which the freedom is exercised.

THOUGH the present visit is the third made by the Emperor of Germany to England, since his accession, all the circumstances seem to indicate that it has a political significance which was almost wholly wanting on the former occasions. The pageant is unique for the British Government, and the fact that the people have so far caught the enthusiasm of the Government is a pretty clear indication that they, at least, believe that there is something in the event of greater moment than mere international courtesy, or a friendly reception of relatives of the Royal Family. The cabled extract from the *Standard* is ambiguous, though it is probable that its statement that it can be only of advantage to the peace of the world that it should be known that any conspiracy against the stability of the existing European system would be met by the union of England's naval and Germany's military strength will be found to be hypothetical. It may, however, be none the less inspired, with a view to add definiteness to the test of British popular feeling which the Emperor's visit as "the guest of the nation" may be designed to furnish. As a guarantee of peace—if, indeed, such guarantee must be sought in a display of overwhelming strength for war—nothing could be more effective than the addition of the tremendous naval force, represented by the magnificent

array of sea-monsters which greeted the Kaiser's arrival the other day, to the armaments, military and naval, already included in the Dreibund. Nothing is more natural than that Germany and England should be friends and allies, especially since France does not seem in a mood to be friendly with anyone, except possibly the Czar. A good understanding with Germany would render the British Empire secure both against Russia on the Indian frontier and against France in Egypt, so long as that understanding lasted. On the other hand, if the French still contemplate the supreme folly of another attack upon Germany, the knowledge that Great Britain would come to the aid of that mighty nation would change the attempt from folly to a madness so transparent that even the brave but impetuous Frenchman could not fail to see it. On the whole it seems altogether likely that the near future will find not three but four of the great nations of Europe bound together in an alliance to preserve the peace of Europe—an alliance so overwhelmingly powerful that not even the Northern Bear and France combined would dare to attempt resistance. An offensive and defensive alliance of four great nations armed to the teeth seems a strange and terribly costly arrangement for the preservation of peace, but is vastly better than a great European war. It might eventually, too, lead to a general reduction of armaments. One can hardly contemplate such an event without a thrill of sympathy for unhappy France, whose last hope of revenge would thus be utterly quenched, so long as the alliance lasted.

ONE of the wisest of modern philanthropic societies of which we have any knowledge was formed in this city the other day when the Children's Aid Society was organized. From whatever point of view it may be regarded there is no work better worth doing than that which the gentlemen and ladies forming this society are about to undertake. As Mr. W. H. Howland, the Chairman, explained, the object is to have a strong society to counteract, as far as it may be able, the evils arising out of the indifference of parents and all other causes which lead to the presence in the city of large numbers of neglected children, growing up without proper care or training in any respect. There is manifestly a large and noble work for such a society to do, without competition or interference with the work of any existing society. To see that adequate school accommodation is provided for the children of the poorest classes, to establish mission schools in which the waifs may be gathered and brought under the training and influence of women specially qualified for such a work, to open houses of refuge where children who have fallen into the hands of the police may be taken in and at least temporarily cared for, to provide industrial homes where every homeless or abandoned child may be trained for future good citizenship—these and kindred works for the rescue of the little ones should be, as we have often taken occasion to argue, among the first fruits of sound political economy, as well as of Christian benevolence. Every poor waif thus saved from worthlessness, not to say from vice or crime, and marshalled in the ranks of the honest and industrious, represents not only a fellow-being rescued from misery and degradation, but, in very many cases, a direct saving to the State of many times the whole sum expended, and a distinct addition to the economical and moral forces of the country. Those who are taking the lead in this good work deserve sympathy and practical help in abundance from all classes of their fellow-citizens. If a similar society were formed and efficiently managed in every city and town in the Dominion, the result would be, in a generation, an improvement in the average social and moral status of the masses of which only those who have given thought to the subject and grasped the full meaning of this simple but far-reaching agency can adequately conceive.

IF it is true that a great book, as is said, is a great evil, it should be true that a great out-put of books is equally an evil. If so we are certainly fallen on evil days. Knowledge, which was once confined in academies and conventual reservoirs, or flowed only in narrow channels, now spreads over the face of the land, and naturally it becomes shallower as it spreads. It is astonishing what little wisdom in their teachers will satisfy those eager to learn. And the way these try to learn is more astonishing still. The rudiments of a system it does not occur to them to be necessary to master. Technological cyclopedias and trade recipes take the place of apprenticeship, the handbook and the manual replace the primer and the grammar, and histories are now stories. Such a diet could hardly pro-

duce Palissys or Scaligers. A higher plane of life—growing higher as the centuries grow older—has whetted the appetite for knowledge, and larger wages and State education have supplied the wherewithal to obtain it; but the knowledge of good and evil is still lacking. Hence the spectacle of a million devotees of such visionary theories as the universal eradication of poverty or the sole landed proprietorship of the State. However, the epigram decrying the bulk of the book requires qualification, and so does the decial of a spread of shallow knowledge. It is a phase through which it seems modern European and American peoples must pass. We cannot expect old heads on young shoulders, and we must expect young heads to be sometimes carried away. Nevertheless, though we must acquiesce in the statement that it must needs be that offences come, no small blame attaches to those by whom they come. The leaders must be shown to be blind ere both fall into the ditch. Unfortunately the leaders are blind only in one direction—the evil results of error and shallow theory. As regards their pockets they are keensighted enough. Accordingly we see floods of worthless literature enlivened and made attractive by the most meretricious of devices. And these are absorbed by the thousand, while the substantial and truth-seeking volume finds only here and there a purchaser. The tastes of the masses is crude, and to this taste the book-makers pander. Will they ever be persuaded to attempt the education of that taste? So long as they live by their books, and competition is keen, probably not. The only hope is that, despite the evil of cheap literature, popular taste will gradually improve. Already there are signs of this. English classics are now published as cheap as shilling dreadfuls, often cheaper. If these pay—and their existence may be taken as proof that they do—perhaps in time they will oust their rivals from the field. But doubtless the struggle will be long.

THE instructors in athletics at the universities of Yale and Amherst have been making some interesting observations with reference to the effects of smoking upon the physique of the college student. We do not know whether those who conducted these enquiries entered upon them with any prepossessions or prejudices, but there appears no reason to suppose that the observations were not fairly made and accurately recorded. The consensus of results in the two institutions is decidedly unfavourable to the use of the weed. Dr. Seaver, who conducted the experiments at Yale, found that those students who did not use tobacco showed a gain over those who were addicted to its use of twenty per cent. in height, twenty-five per cent. in weight, and sixty-six per cent. in lung capacity. Dr. Seaver has kept up his observations for eight years and finds that they show an equally decided advantage for the non-smokers during the whole period. A fact which seems to afford an incidental but remarkable confirmation of the conclusions thus reached by actual measurements is that not only do all the boating crews abstain from tobacco but that among the whole body of competitors in the different fields of athletics there is but one smoker. At Amherst the study of effects was in the case of the graduating class. In this class the measurements and tests showed that 71 per cent. had gained and 29 per cent. had remained stationary or fallen off during the four years. Separating the smokers from the non-smokers it was found that the latter had gained 24 per cent. more than the former in weight, 37 per cent. more in height, and 42 per cent. more in chest-girth. Still further, those who did not use tobacco were found to have an advantage of 8.36 cubic inches of lung capacity over the smokers. These statements, which we give on the authority of the *New York Nation*, may be accepted, we suppose, as scientific facts, and as such may be commended to the study of all lovers of the weed.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

ON the fourteenth of this month the National Educational Association will meet in Toronto. Great things are expected of it. Noted men will speak, and an elaborate programme has been prepared. Nor is it an unimportant affair; from every point of view a great international gathering of the guides and promoters of educational theory and practice, brought together for the express purpose of discussing means and methods, is a gathering pregnant with meaning, if not with results. We should like, with all due deference to the famous personages who are to take an active part in this gathering, to throw out one or two hints on the subject of the education of the youth

of the country; and as the meeting is to be for the first time on Canadian soil, no apology is needed if we look more particularly to the subject of the education of the youth of this Province.

It was List, we believe, who first drew a distinction between political economy and cosmopolitical economy. Adam Smith, a father of the science, treated the subject from the ideal point of view, discussed it in the abstract, and laid down its laws as it affected humanity at large. List, however, the first German advocate for a protective policy, saw that the science was amenable to two modes of treatment, and he enquired, first: "how the entire human race may attain prosperity," and second: "how a given nation could obtain (under the existing conditions of the world) prosperity, civilization, and power, by means of agriculture, industry, and commerce."

Is it not quite possible that an analogous view may be taken of education? The older pedagogues, like the older political economists, discussed education from the cosmopolitical standpoint. Milton's "Tractate," Richter's "Levana," Rousseau's "Émile," were ideal, abstract, regarded education as affecting "the entire human race," and since then no one has, as far as we know, promulgated and formulated what may be called a national system of education. There was, we are fully aware, a few years ago in the United States a cry that educators should take up the subject of what was then called "civics." But what truly its advocates really meant by this somewhat vague and shadowy phrase was never quite evident, and we can still maintain that as yet no line of demarcation has been definitely drawn between an education, the object of which shall be the training of the mind independent of all ulterior aims or influences due to nationality or milieu, and an education which shall ever keep steadfastly in view these important elements.

To descend to particulars.—There is, of course, such a thing as an ideal education: an education such as that hinted at by Professor Freeman in a recent article in *Macmillan's Magazine*. This education cares nothing for the future line of life to be adopted by the individual educated. Its sole aim is culture, refinement, the development of the intellectual powers and of the aesthetic faculties. To ask anything else of such education is to degrade it. "The real question is," says this hierophant of culture, "whether we are still to acknowledge such a thing as learning, such a thing as knowledge for its own sake, knowledge which will enlarge and strengthen the mind, but which will not directly put anything into the pocket." But, we ask, in a country where an enormous majority of the population is solely bent upon putting something into the pocket, where it is absolutely necessary that this majority shall work for a living, may we not quite legitimately ask whether such an education as that upheld by Professor Freeman is the only education to be considered? May there not exist side by side with this ideal education, an education which shall to a certain extent take into consideration the needs of this majority? In short, may there not be, in a new country lacking leisure, lacking wealth, an education which shall, for the time being, not perhaps altogether shut its eyes to intellectual culture and æsthetic refinement, but shall, at all events, open them very wide to practical utility? That is the point. Are our sons and daughters to spend a fourth part of their lives in the acquirement of keen literary taste, or are they to spend the years of schooling in such subjects as form the basis, as contain the scientific principles, as form the groundwork of their future vocations? Surely such a distinction can be made, and without anything in the slightest degree derogatory to the high meaning of the word education in its true significance. The mind can be trained by science, as it can be trained by Greek, even if that training is neither so systematic nor so rigorous. And science is a step towards farming, mining, fishing, lumbering, which Greek is not. This is our contention. The ideal education, scorning utility and utterly oblivious to future material success, is all well and good in an old country boasting a leisure class engaged in what is called the "higher" walks of life; but in a country where square miles wait for tillage, and unknown seams and lodes for working, in a country where "the four elements and man's labour therein," constitute, in a phrase of Bishop Berkeley's, "the true source of wealth," to concentrate the attention solely or chiefly on an education which shall develop the literary and artistic tastes only, is surely an education short-sighted in the extreme.

And is this not what the Province of Ontario is daily doing? The Province of Ontario contains, we believe,

one Agricultural College, one Experimental Farm, and one School of Practical Science; but of universities, denominational and undenominational, it contains enough to spare for the whole Dominion; and of universities, to refer again to Professor Freeman, the principle is to "have no reference to the probable future calling of any man."

However, we do not by any means wish to appear to disregard or belittle an ideal education. The training of the mind is, of course, the be-all and end-all of education proper. But whether that training cannot be brought about by such a curriculum as shall "have reference to probable future calling," even if something is lost in the way of literary taste or critical acumen—this is a hint which, with all due deference, we throw out to the forthcoming meeting of the educators of the youth of the country. In these days of the accumulation of knowledge, subdivision has come into every walk of life, why should it not come into education? The day of cosmopolitical education has passed, that of a political or national education should have arrived long ago. What are the characteristics of that national education which shall best suit the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Ontario?

ADVICE.

"He who despairs is free,  
He who hopes on, enslaved;"  
Thus lightly answered she  
To one who guidance craved.

"Why look expectant-wise  
For favours from the maid?  
Paths lie before thine eyes  
Where through none yet have strayed;

"Be free, and life explore  
Where no love-hope deludes,  
Joy will be thine once more,  
Huzzas of multitudes.

"When women shall admire,  
And men shall boast, thy fame,  
This present poor desire  
Will seem hemp-thread in flame.

"Despair of love, and gain  
This larger joy instead;"  
He turned away in pain,  
"Love is my life," he said.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

OTTAWA LETTER.

ON Wednesday of last week the P. E. Island tunnel had its annual airing, in which, as might be expected when such a potent electioneering agency was under discussion, each side seemed principally concerned to show the Prince Edward Islanders that "Codlin's your friend, not Short." Mr. Cockburn came out in pretty strong opposition to the scheme and took on his shoulders the burden of answering Mr. Davies, but he hardly relieved the Ministry from Sir Charles Tupper's ante-election telegram promising support to the project. By their much importunity the Islanders have got both parties pretty well committed to the undertaking, and another election will probably see it begun.

The Hudson's Bay Railway was an interlude between the two days that the Tariff debate has so far run to. A resolution granting \$80,000 a year subsidy for carrying mails and troops was the form in which the question came up, but this was looked on as the thin end of the wedge, and as such was vigorously opposed by Eastern men. The Manitoba members, of course, must fight tooth and nail against the literally very cold facts contained in the reports of the various expeditions sent to test the navigability of the Straits.

While the heavy work of the Session is thus being disposed of rapidly enough, the Tarte-Langevin-McGreevy enquiry is developing material for fresh fighting, and a possible lengthy prolongation. The slow process of proving documents being well advanced, the prosecution, if a convenient term may be used, have begun to connect these papers with their charges. The examination of Mr. Perley is on the whole to be classed in the former category, but it is quite evident that some of the answers of the Chief Engineer of Public Works were elicited with a view to the latter purpose, and that their bearing depends a great deal on explanations to be furnished by other witnesses. He left an impression, however, that any personal connection of his with any such malversation as has been alleged was unconscious. This indeed was almost admitted by the manner of his treatment by Mr. Ouimet. Mr. Owen Murphy continues under examination to make statements and produce letters which, unless the evidence in rebuttal is of the most explicit and conclusive character, implicate both Mr. McGreevy and Sir Hector Langevin to the fullest extent charged. The details are so fully given by the daily press that it is unnecessary to repeat them here. There is a terribly uneasy feeling manifested among the

Conservatives as to the result of this business, and an almost indecent jubilation on the other hand among a certain section of their opponents. It is but fair to say that the appearance of Mr. Osler, Q.C., as additional counsel for Sir Hector Langevin, has not the significance attached to it by the Liberal press, as a confession that every help is now needed. Mr. Osler was retained from the beginning, but has only just been able to leave other professional engagements to come to Ottawa.

A few years ago the beautiful stone-work of the Entrance Hall and lobbies of the Parliament buildings was ruthlessly painted; still worse it was sanded over till it looks like artificial stone, and then the capitals, cornices and mouldings were gilded, the whole effect being as hot, glaring and tiresome as the interior of a "palace car." Another piece of Vandalism was perpetrated last winter. The stone balusters of the entrance steps had become much weathered. It does not appear whether they were actually unsafe. To some eyes they may have been unsightly in that state, and perhaps they did need to be replaced by some more durable stone. The modern Goths who have to do with the repairs of these Gothic buildings—the only bit of beauty in Ottawa, where even what nature has done is defaced by sawmills and lumber piles—replaced them by smoothly turned bright gun-metal pilasters. And the cost of this pretty job was \$2,700.

It is very diplomatically announced that His Excellency the Governor-General has gone to his lodge, near New Richmond, to say good-bye to Prince George of Wales. "There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at" New Richmond, called the Cascapedia, "and there are salmon in both." Lord Stanley is a keen angler, and, like his new Premier, he has lost his season's fishing so far. And why should he? The Queen goes to Balmoral and Osborne while Parliament sits. So, perhaps he will try a cast; and if he does, why then he may be wished, in the words of the old fishing toast, "a taut line."

The announcement that Dr. George M. Dawson has been appointed, with Sir George Baden-Powell, to represent Imperial interests on the forthcoming arbitration, and to visit the *locus in quo* of the Fur Seal question, has been received with much satisfaction here, where Dr. Dawson's talents and eminent fitness for such a mission are so well appreciated. The appointment is felt as an honour to his fellow Canadians, as well as to himself, and gives them great confidence in an ultimate settlement which will prove satisfactory to all concerned. X.

### PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXVII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchet, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauvenet, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Reale Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., Archibald Lampan, and John Cook, D.D., LL.D.

#### GRANT ALLEN.

MR. GRANT ALLEN, so eminent and popular an author, is especially interesting to Canadians, not only from the circumstance of his being Canadian by birth, but also because he claims a family descent closely interwoven with the history of Old Canada, or "New France." He comes, however, of a mingled stock, in which French, Scottish, English and Irish blood are blended—a circumstance that may have a good deal to do with his remarkable versatility of power. On the maternal side he is a descendant of the Le Moynes, the gallant brothers of whom one, Le Moynes d'Iberville, was the founder of Louisiana, and another, his direct ancestor, became Seigneur de Longueuil, acting as Governor of New France in 1725, as did also his son, the second Baron, just before the final downfall of the French régime. Doubtless he inherits much of his indomitable pluck and perseverance from these "pioneers of France in the New World." On the same side he is also the descendant of an English family well known in Colonial annals, and distinguished in both military and naval circles,—the Coffins, who, as U. E. Loyalists, left their home in North Carolina and settled in Fredericton, New Brunswick. His grand uncle, Admiral Coffin, was a fine type of the generous and chivalrous British seaman of the olden time, *sans peur et sans reproche*. His Christian name of "Grant," Mr. Allen takes from his maternal grandfather, a scion of the old Jacobite family of "Grants of Blairfindy," zealous partisans of the Pretender, who, in consequence of a previous intermarriage with the heiress of the De Longueils, presented the curious anomaly of a Scotchman bearing a French-Canadian title, and was long familiarly known in old Kingston as "Baron Grant."

On the paternal side, Mr. Grant Allen comes of a good Saxon-Irish lineage, in which an exceptional degree of intellectual ability has descended from father to son, in a direct line, for several generations. His paternal grandfather was a brilliant scholar at sixteen, and was characterized through life by remarkable fluency of both tongue

and pen. In his own person, therefore, he is an interesting illustration of the theory of transmission by heredity, in which he so firmly believes. His father, from whom he inherits his poetical tendencies and his enthusiasm as a naturalist, has long been well known, not only as a writer of both prose and verse, but also as a man of great ability, culture and force of character. He was for a good many years an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, and still lives in a loved and honoured old age, at the old family mansion of Alwington, a beautifully situated home on the shore of Lake Ontario, in the environs of Kingston, and historically interesting from having been used as Government House when Kingston was the seat of government—Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot and Lord Metcalfe having been its successive occupants.

Mr. Grant Allen's birthplace was, however, Wolfe Island, opposite Kingston, where his father was at that time incumbent of the Anglican Church there. At Ardath, his charming and picturesque residence, standing on a sunny slope overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario, with the old city of Kingston in the distance, surrounded by its fort and towers, Grant Allen, the third in a group of joyous children, passed as happy and cherished a childhood as could fall to the lot of any child. Never very robust, he had but little love for the rougher sports of boyhood, being passionately fond of reading, and having to be frequently driven from his books to play. But he also early developed the love of Nature, and the habits of observation, which have characterized him through life, and it is one of the traditions of his childhood that he would persist in braving the displeasure of the domestic authorities by damaging his pinafores in the search for the wild white violets, of which he was especially fond, and which, alas! are usually to be found in swampy hollows. It was only in later life that he took up systematically the study of botany, in which he has become so accomplished an observer; but he unconsciously gained from his father a good foundation in the knowledge of natural science, and formed, under his guidance, habits of careful and patient observation, while, at the same time, he also acquired from his training and companionship a real love for those classical studies to which his early years were more especially devoted.

While still in early boyhood, he accompanied his family to New Haven, Conn., and afterwards to Paris, Dieppe, London and Birmingham, successively, for the sake of the greater educational advantages to be enjoyed abroad. In each of these places they remained settled for a considerable time, but their residence was fixed for some years at Edgbaston, close to Birmingham, on account of the celebrated King Edward School which afforded exceptional facilities for classical training. At this school Grant Allen was prepared for Oxford, where he became a student of Merton College, and distinguished himself by taking the highest honour in the power of that College to bestow, the "postmastership," giving him for several years a hundred pounds a year, and certain valued privileges of university status. While at Oxford he formed some literary friendships with other young men of talent and culture, which have had a marked influence on his subsequent career. His inherited poetical tendencies had here also a period of blossom—all too brief—and promise which has never been fulfilled, partly, no doubt, from his energies being so constantly and excessively taxed in other directions. One of his finest poems, "Magdalen Tower," dates from his undergraduate life at Oxford, and manifests, with much poetical feeling, the strongly speculative and analytic tendency that pervades all his work. Another, on Herbert Spencer, is a fine and noble tribute to a philosopher whom—unfortunately perhaps for his Muse—he has constituted his master in the great domains of thought over which his penetrating philosophy claims so far-reaching a sway. It seems almost superfluous to say that Mr. Allen was early an enthusiastic disciple of Darwin also, and his life of this great naturalist is one of the most deservedly esteemed of his works. His Darwinism led to his taking up systematically the study of natural science, especially that of Botany, in which his close and careful observations have supplied the material for so many of those charming popular essays in which he especially excels, and which have revealed in so pleasant a guise those wonderful methods and processes of nature to many readers to whom these would have been still a sealed book, had they been left to learn them from dry and technical text books.

After taking his degree at Oxford, Mr. Allen, who had taught classics for some time in an English grammar school, received an appointment, first as assistant and subsequently as Principal, of a college newly established at Spanishtown, Jamaica, where he had opportunities of observing the wonderful vegetation of the tropics, and also the peculiar features of West Indian life, both of which he has since turned to good account. His recent popular novel, "In All Shades," is one of the fruits of his tropical experiences. Owing, however, to the injurious influence of the climate on the health of his young wife, who accompanied him thither as a bride, he eventually resigned this lucrative and not very arduous position, and pluckily set to work to fight the tough battle of a literary life in London. By the sheer force of his astonishing industry, perseverance and power of production, added to the natural charm of his style, he worked his way through the ranks of journalism, to the established position he now holds, as one of the best known and most popular *litterateurs* of the day. His earliest work of permanent interest is his "Physiological Æsthetics," in which he applies his favourite philosophy to our æsthetic faculties, and succeeds in giving

an ingenious analysis of the material side, at least, of our pleasures of taste. Another interesting volume on the "Colour Sense" soon followed it, and both are among his most valuable contributions to this department of science. His charming collections of popular scientific essays, "The Evolutionist At Large," "Vignettes From Nature," "Colin Clouts' Calendar," and "Flowers and Their Pedigrees," most of which first appeared in English magazines, have given him an assured reputation and multitudes of readers. He is indeed a standing contradiction to a frequent assumption that there is any necessary incompatibility between the roles of teacher and artist; for he is a perpetual and zealous propagandist of his favourite theories—even in his slightest articles, and yet, through his grace of style and lightness of touch, he escapes all imputation of being a "didactic writer." A volume on "Force and Energy," however, is more exclusively scientific, and has got him into more trouble with the critics, on account of its scientific "heresy" than any other of his writings.

Not satisfied with his success in the department of popular science, he began to write short stories and serial novels, under the pseudonym of "Cecil Power." "Philistia" and "Babylon" were the first of his novels published semi-anonymously—the former being a lively and somewhat satirical sketch of London life, and probably containing some passages drawn from his own experience, while the opening scenes of the latter are laid in northern New York, close to his own early home, and give such graphic descriptions of the peculiar features of that region as testify to the strength and accuracy of his early impressions. Since then, his prolific and indefatigable pen has sent forth many stories, published serially and in book form. Of these—"This Mortal Coil" and "In All Shades" have been perhaps the most popular. As he is obliged, on account of his health, to spend most of his winters abroad in the milder climate of the Riviera, Egypt or Algeria, he has availed himself of the varied material these wanderings have supplied to add colour and interest to the scenery of his stories. The vivid descriptions of nature in which they abound form one of their most attractive features. His fertile imagination not only supplies him readily with plot and incident, but enables him to grasp the characteristics of even unknown scenery, so that the description of an Indian jungle in a short story called "Kalee's Shrine" might pass for that of one who had seen the jungle for himself.

This sketch is not intended to be a criticism, yet it must be said, that like all writers, he has "*les défauts de ses qualités*." The very quickness and vividness of his imagination are apt at times to mislead him and cause him to mislead others, by too hasty generalization and by the very intensity with which he holds his favourite theories, assuming, as he is apt to do, that plausible hypotheses are already proven facts. The extreme views which he holds on some points are due partly to this habit of mind and partly to the influence of the philosophy he has adopted as his guide—a philosophy that, while it illuminates certain fields of knowledge, does not recognize its own limitations, and overlooks the deepest facts of human consciousness, with the inevitable penalty of falling short of the profoundest truth, and of robbing our human life of its true spiritual glory; and ignoring those strongest forces which have inspired humanity to its noblest victories in the past as they alone can do in the future. Those who hold this conviction must necessarily regret the influence, in certain directions, of the Spencerian philosophy on Grant Allen's writings, and through him upon his readers.

Mr. Allen's personal qualities are most attractive. A man of singularly amiable and genial temperament, he is also a brilliant talker, whose social amenities are much appreciated in the literary "set" in which he chiefly moves. He is a devoted husband and father, and has a charming home at Dorking, where a second "Grant Allen"—his only son—is growing up in profound admiration of his gifted father. Mr. Grant Allen occasionally visits Canada, and has a warm regard for his native land and all her natural charms, including the wild flowers that are interwoven with the memories of his childhood. He is, of course, a Liberal in politics and a sympathizer with Mr. Gladstone's policy, and belongs also to the socialist school of which William Morris and kindred spirits are members. His career has its significance for young men in being a striking example of what may be accomplished by talent, energy and industry united, even amid all the fierce competition of this almost too literary age.

#### FIDELIS.

"WHAT a delightful people our French fellow-Canadians are," writes a gentleman who recently paid a visit to Quebec. "There are really none more so anywhere. An educated Quebec gentleman is the embodiment of genial intelligence, an educated Quebec lady is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And how intense their pride of race is! They are the aristocracy of America. Their lineage is almost uncontaminated. In the United States and English-Canadian Provinces immigration has so mixed up families that you cannot possibly tell who or what anybody is by descent but up in Quebec you will not be astray, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if you seek in some humble Jean Baptiste a descendant of the chivalrous adventurers who, with the blessings of the Church and the smile of their sovereign, set out two centuries ago to conquer the new world for the Cross and La France."—*The Colonies and India*.

## THE WEDDING OF CLAIRE DE L'ECHELLE.

A STORY OF OLD QUEBEC.

THE summer sun shone brightly down on the ancient castle, white cliffs, steep-gabled houses, and busy wharves of Dieppe. The harbour was thronged with craft of all sizes from great merchantmen to the humblest of fishing-boats; but the eyes of all the watchers on the quay were fixed upon a rather small, out-going vessel, bearing the name of the *Bonne Ste. Anne*.

Her deck was crowded with young girls in short, bright-coloured skirts, white aprons, and high caps, with here and there amongst them a black-veiled nun, or a priest in sombre robes. Towards the prow of the ship was gathered a knot of young gallants, whose falling ringlets, feathered hats, ruffled shirts, frilled trousers and silken sashes, put to shame the simple finery of the peasant girls. The hard-handed weather-beaten sailors and toil-worn labourers looked on these plumed and scented "gentil-hommes" with a mixture of contempt and envy; but they were perfectly satisfied with themselves, and talked in loud and somewhat boastful tones of the exploits they meant to achieve in the New World, interrupting themselves now and then to wave a laced handkerchief to some friend upon the fast-receding shore.

But it is not with them that our story has to do. Among the girls—who wept, laughed, or chattered in the excitement of the moment—was one, sitting a little apart from the rest, wrapped in a long, dark cloak. Since she came on board, she had sat thus, neither speaking to any of her fellow-passengers, nor being spoken to by them. She knew no one amongst them; nor did she seem to have left any friend upon the quay, for she uttered no word of farewell, and made no sign, but sat there like a statue, while the air was rent with cries of "Au revoir!" and "Bon voyage!"

More than one of her companions began to watch her either with interest or curiosity. She was a beautiful girl, tall and lithe in figure, with wavy, dark hair; large, liquid, brown eyes; a pretty mouth and chin; and a dark but healthy complexion. Her abstracted gaze rested on the now dim outlines of the town, and her thoughts seemed far away from the scene going on around her.

"My daughter," said a voice at her side, "grieve not over much for what thou art leaving. It is weakness and folly to set our hearts too closely on anything of earth!"

The girl looked up, then rose respectfully, and bent her head; but made no reply.

The priest who had addressed her was a small, spare man, whose black eyes glowed with a suppressed fire, in singular contrast to his thin, bloodless face. He spoke in a low, weak voice, but every word was intensely earnest. In many a mark and scar he bore the tokens of his mission-work among the Indians. "My daughter," he continued, "thou canst not begin too soon to mortify thy fleshly love of ease and pleasure; count it a blessed thing, if thou hast been called upon to give up all thou holdest dear, for it shall be to thy more abiding welfare. But the king hath commanded that the maids who go forth to New France must do so of their own free will—how then comest thou amongst them?"

The air of authority with which he spoke was not to be gainsaid. "I came, Father, to save myself from a yet more evil fate!" she said.

"Explain yourself, daughter—but first, what is thy name and station?"

"My name is Claire de l'Echelle. My father was a gentleman, and served long under Maréchal Turenne; but married beneath him, and at his death my mother returned to her own family. While I was yet an infant, she wedded again with a tradesman in Dieppe yonder; and he hath never liked me, but hath always looked on me as a burden." She paused, but the priest signed to her to go on. "A week ago he told me that a friend of his, one Hilaire L'Oiseleur, a man older than himself, a dwarf, ill-tempered and strangely hideous, had asked him for my hand. M. L'Oiseleur is wealthy, but I could not wed him; my step-father insisted, but I would rather have died. He reproached me with being content to live so long upon his charity, and last night he came and bade me choose, once for all, whether I would marry at his bidding, or go out to Quebec to be a farmer's or a soldier's wife."

"Did he tell thee of the many dangers and hardships there—of the fierce savages—and the terrible cold? And dost thou not fear that he, who will choose thee for his bride, may be yet more distasteful to thee than M. L'Oiseleur?"

"Nay, Father, that could not be!"

"Daughter, thy choice was blind; but yet, I trust the holy Virgin will watch over thee, and bring for thee good out of evil."

"Is the life in New France so very hard?"

"Harder than aught thou hast known. Privation, and cold, and terror are light things compared to the good of an immortal soul, but they are grievous to the flesh; therefore, while thou art at leisure, my daughter, I bid thee prepare thyself by fasting, prayer and meditation that thou mayest endure without flinching or faltering in the hour of trial."

"Ah well!" she said, "whatever may come it will be better for my mother that I am gone, for my stepmother's unkindness hath been a constant grief to her. At first, I fear, she will miss me sorely, but there are the little ones to console her." Yet at the thought of her mother, Claire's fortitude gave way, and her voice was choked with

sobs. Laying his hand on her bowed head the stern priest blessed her, and went his way, feeling a pity of which he was ashamed, for in his creed pain and suffering ranked rather as good than evil. As he passed among the laughing girls, and lighthearted gallants, a shadow fell on their careless mirth. Instinctively they shrank from him, for he seemed the embodiment of all earth's sorrows.

Strange to say, he had no sooner left her than Claire began to feel a longing for some more human sympathy, and timidly drew near to one of the groups of chattering, peasant girls, whom she had hitherto despised. They, at least, seemed cheerful and hopeful. Presently she joined in their conversation, and learnt that some came from Paris, and some from Rouen and its neighbourhood; and that all had been poor and without prospects at home, and had therefore volunteered to go out to Quebec to be married to such of the colonists as wanted wives.

It seemed to Claire that most of them showed a strange want of imagination. It did not appear to trouble them that they were ignorant of the country to which they were going, but they speculated a good deal on the probable possessions and appearances of their future husbands. Claire did not join in the discussion, but as she listened to it her heart sank. Perhaps the father had only spoken truth, and the husband towards whom she was travelling might be yet more detestable than M. L'Oiseleur. The laughter of her companions jarred on her, and their jesting shocked her. They apparently expected to be happy; but what, in the majority of cases, could come of such marriages but misery and sorrow?

Claire was well read in old tales and ballads, in which the gallant who came to wed the lovely maid was always gentle and courteous, brave and beautiful, noble and true-hearted; but her life had been busy, prosaic and without romance, unless the boyish admiration of a young soldier, whom she used to meet in her rambles on the downs at Dieppe, might go under that high-sounding name. She had been very young then, and he was not much older. She had met him many times before he took courage to address her; and even now she remembered, with an odd mixture of shame and pleasure, the two or three occasions on which she had lingered to talk to him in a sequestered nook overlooking the sunny water. She had hardly known that she was beautiful till he told her so; but the knowledge when it came had awakened in her a spice of coquetry, and she had answered his tender speeches saucily, and laughed openly at his admiration. At last he had left her without warning or farewell, and had never met her on the cliff again. Afterwards, when it was all over, she had wondered whether she had been very wrong to talk to him; and by way of clearing up her doubts on the subject she had confessed all to the priest, who had not only made her undergo a severe penance for her fault, but had required her to promise never to do such a thing again.

The shining light upon the sea brought back to her remembrance those half-forgotten afternoons with a distinctness they had not had for years; and to divert her mind from the heavier thought of the future she allowed herself to dwell on this little episode of the past, when almost for the only time in her life she had been praised and admired, for even her mother feared to show her any tenderness lest she should draw down her husband's wrath.

She tried to recollect exactly when it had happened; but the weeks and months had passed so monotonously that there was nothing to aid her memory; and then with scarcely better success she endeavoured to recall the features of the young soldier to her mind. He had been good looking, she thought, and had had a merry, pleasant manner; but perhaps she might not think him handsome now. He had belonged to a good family she knew, but if she had ever heard his full name she had forgotten it, and thought of him only by the Christian name of Léon.

She had sometimes wondered whether he would have gone away so suddenly if he had known that she was not the peasant girl she seemed. Who can tell?—if one little thing or another had been different she might have been a great lady, and would not have had to cross the seas to seek a home in the savage wilds of New France. But the past was past and unalterable—it only remained to make the best of the future. Perhaps (and a gleam of hope crossed her mind!) she might find no favour in the eyes of any of the colonists; they were said to approve best of strong country girls who could do their share of labour in the fields, then she would take refuge with the good sisters of Ste. Ursule. She was sanguine by nature, and did not despair of discovering some means of escape from the fate that threatened her.

The *Bonne Ste. Anne* set out with favouring winds and fine weather, but she had scarcely left the coast of France behind when a storm came up against her and drove her from her course. From that day her passengers scarcely knew an hour's comfort or safety. For thirteen weary weeks they were tossed on the Atlantic, threatened continually with disaster, but slowly making way in the teeth of the elements across the tumultuous ocean to the unknown and dangerous country where they meant to make their home.

So many times were they delayed and driven back, that Claire almost ceased to think of the dreary ending to their toilsome journey. It seemed to her, as to the rest, that it would never end; but at length they passed the bleak coast of Labrador, and beating slowly up the broad St. Lawrence were gladdened by the sight of its green and forest-clad banks. The sun was setting as they came in view of the white falls of Montmorenci and the yellow cornfields bordering the Isle of Orleans. The ruddy light

made a bright pathway along the rippling bosom of the river, but the great rock with its little crown of buildings rose up between them and the glowing sky in dark, forbidding majesty. Beneath it nestled close together a knot of small log-huts, clustering round the towers of the Government store-houses.

The light was waning fast, but they could see the townspeople gathered at the landing-place, eager for news from home and ready to offer a cordial welcome to the newcomers; but none of the girls went ashore till the morning, for before the vessel was moored darkness had fallen over the scene.

Towards noon on the following day they disembarked, and were led to a disused dwelling on the brink of the river. It had been hastily arranged for their reception; and a knot of young men, who had come in search of wives from their lonely settlements in the forests, looked critically on the little procession as it advanced. The clear September sun shone down kindly on the girls in their bright-coloured attire, and when they reached their destination and ranged themselves on the benches round the walls they looked as gay as a parterre of flowers. The black-robed priest took up his station beside their lady-guardian on the hearth-stone of the yawning, cavernous fireplace, which contained the charred remains of several huge logs. There was a little bustle in getting them all seated in their places, and much chattering and laughter at which the grave churchman shook his head reprovingly, then the door was thrown open, and there was a moment's silence. The forty girls (more or less) who lined the hall looked with interest and anxiety towards the door—all except Claire de l'Echelle, who did not even deign to turn her head, but sat in perfect stillness among her excited companions.

Hers was perhaps the only beautiful face amongst the number, but it was clouded with annoyance and unhappiness, till it was almost sullen in expression. Her hope of escape from her impending doom was wearing away. She had tried to interest the lady who took charge of them on the voyage in her story, but she was so much worried by the many complaints and requests of the damsels under her care that she refused to listen to anything they said. There was no one else to whom Claire could appeal, and now it seemed that the last act of the drama was to be played out with some suddenness, for the priest and notary were both at hand.

The silence was of short duration. Heavy boots clattered on the rough, wooden floor, and a throng of men pressed in, to wander slowly round the room, and look sheepishly, impudently or critically on the assembled girls.

The criticism was not all on their side, however. Many a whispered comment passed along the ranks of maidens, as to the appearance and manners of some of these bachelors. One or two, who were clad in a compromise between the dress of a French peasant and that of an Indian chief, provoked much laughter; whilst others called forth admiration by their handsome, sun-browned faces and stalwart forms.

Claire, sitting by the narrow window, and looking out on the flashing waters that swept past the great rock, would not turn her head, but was forced to hear.

"My pretty damsel," said a voice at her side, that made her start in fear lest the words should be addressed to her, "what is your name?"

"Barbe Michellon," was the answer. "What is yours, Monsieur?"

"Jean Porteur. I have come here, as thou wilt guess, to seek a wife, and none of the damsels please me so well as thou."

"Nay, but Jean, have you a good farm and a house?"

"Yes, I have both. The fairest bit of land in all Beaupré is mine. Ask Monsieur yonder, he will tell you that both farm and house are more than good."

"Ah, well then, I am content, Monsieur Jean Porteur. It shall be as you will," said the girl graciously, and immediately she began to enquire of her fiancé the names and conditions of his acquaintances around them.

Claire turned for a moment from her window to glance at the motley crowd in the room. She saw with alarm that very few of the suitors appeared to have reached a decision as soon as Jean Porteur. Several were in the act of bargaining with their respective charmers; but the more cautious amongst them were still wandering about, and studying the faces of the girls with an air of anxious consideration that was fully justified by the occasion. Amongst all the men, there was not one whom, at that moment, Claire regarded as any great improvement on M. L'Oiseleur. They belonged to the peasant class, and were all farmers or soldiers; but any unbiassed observer would have said that they presented a very wide diversity in appearance, which was, of course, the only way of judging them. They were short and tall; handsome and plain; dark and light; shambling and erect; good-humoured and bad-tempered; young, middle-aged and old; and yet, in her impatience at her position, Claire felt that Hilaire L'Oiseleur gained by comparison with them.

To her dismay, she fancied that a short, dark-faced man in a blue capote, and plentifully-beaded leggings of Indian make, was looking at her with an eye to business, and she turned towards the window again, but not in time! The dark-faced man came up; unceremoniously requested her to be his wife, and was obviously much astounded at her prompt and uncompromising refusal. The hubbub of many voices talking at once continued, and indeed increased, for the concourse of eligible bachelors was constantly growing larger, and the business of

the day brisker; but Claire, having dismissed her first suitor, was left unnoticed in her corner, where she sat revolving plans for her escape.

If she had dared, she would have tried to slip away through the open door; but she feared to draw attention to herself by moving. She saw, with relief, that the girls still outnumbered the settlers, though the discrepancy was continually growing smaller; and she devoutly hoped that they might all find wives amongst her companions.

Barbe Michellon had vacated the seat at her side, and was now promenading the hall, leaning on Jean's arm and making his acquaintance, while they waited till their friends were also ready for the marriage ceremony. Barbe's seat was soon taken by a fair-haired, blue-eyed little orphan girl from Rouen, who looked nearly ready to cry in her timidity and nervousness. Her life had been a hard one, poor child. She had never had a home, or received anything worthy of the name of love; and Claire, by a few trifling words of kindness, had entirely won her heart. "What shall we do," she whispered, "if no one wishes to marry us, Claire?"

The tone of alarm and disappointment in which this was spoken was not to be mistaken. Claire looked at her with a mingling of surprise and contempt, but said consolingly: "Grieve not thyself, Lucine; there is no danger that we shall escape! Doubtless there are more of these settlers yet to come."

Lucine sat silent, in troubled effort to solve the difficulty she had suggested to Claire—now murmuring a prayer under her breath to her patron saint, and now looking with envy at the bolder, more dashing girls who had already secured their partners for life. Once she followed the direction of her companion's eyes, and looked out of the window. In the distance a long, birch-bark canoe was approaching. She watched it with a faint hope that it might contain the answer to her prayers. Nearer and nearer it came, till at last the dip of the paddles in the water sounded plainly, and she could see the faces of the crew. They were all white men but one, from the size of his figure and the redness of his hair, especially attracted her attention. They jumped on shore just opposite the window, and hurried up from the bank as if they feared that they might be late. Lucine watched the red-haired man, who stood head and shoulders above his fellows, still vaguely thinking of that prayer to Ste. Thérèse.

She turned to see the big man enter the room. Poor, little, friendless orphan! it would grand to have such a husband, so strong and so brave! The very sound of his sonorous voice, and hearty laughter, as he greeted his friends, and replied to their jests on his tardiness, did her good.

"Eh, bien, Thibaud Sommelier!" exclaimed Jean Porteur, "if thou art come to seek a wife, thou hadst best make haste, we are all waiting for thee, lad!"

"Patience, patience!" replied the giant, good naturedly. "I did not hear till this morning that the *Bonne Ste. Anne* was in. One cannot choose for a lifetime in a moment." So saying, he set out on his tour of inspection in a peculiarly leisurely fashion.

Lucine watched him anxiously. As he came near she unconsciously clutched Claire's arm, making her look round with a start. Lucine's pale face and mild blue eyes seemed colourless beside her companion's dark beauty. Thibaut paused opposite to them, looking from one to the other in odd bewilderment. Lucine dropped her eyes; but Claire, with ostentatious indifference, affected to be still interested in the prospect of the river. At last he moved away, and once more made the round of the room, studying the faces of the unengaged girls, with an air of perplexity pitiful to see; but returned again to his old station in front of Claire and Lucine.

In his own way, Thibaud Sommelier had an artistic admiration for beauty in any form; and the longer he looked at her, the more beautiful Claire de l'Echelle appeared; but he had also, like many a big, brave, rough fellow, a wonderful tenderness for anything weak and small; and Lucine was pathetically weak and small. Slowly he walked up and down before them, with his face drawn into queer knots and wrinkles, in the earnestness of his cogitations.

He fancied his little log-cabin glorified by the presence of this queenly, dark-eyed beauty, and then he thought of the poor, little, lonely girl among strangers, far from home. Which should he ask to be his wife? He turned towards them again; he looked long and pitifully at Lucine, but Claire's loveliness had cast a spell over him, and at last he spoke the words that crumbled Lucine's hopes to dust. "Mademoiselle, wilt thou be my wife?"

Claire dared not refuse a second time. Without speaking, she bowed her assent, and Thibaud took up a position beside her, with an air of proprietorship, that was less annoying for being silent.

Lucine still sat beside them, holding fast to Claire's hand. She felt sad and disappointed. It was clear now that Ste. Thérèse had not deigned to aid her, for no new suitors had appeared during the last half hour, and those in the room had at last come to a decision. Nothing now remained but to perform the marriage ceremony as quickly as possible, for the sun was already low in the west, and a heavy bank of clouds on the horizon suggested coming storms.

The priest, in spite of the lateness of the hour, and the unusual circumstances of the case, was determined that "all things should be done decently and in order," and he spent much time and patience in arranging the twenty-five or thirty couples to his liking. The notary, seated at

a little table with pen and ink before him, was growing impatient; but the good father still delayed, instructing brides and bridegrooms as to their parts in the ceremony.

At length he returned to his station at the end of the room, and was concluding his preliminary exhortation, when a sudden shriek rang through the building, followed by wild whoops, and distant cries of "To arms! to arms!"

Forgetful of bride, priest, and the religious ceremony in which he was to bear a part, Thibaud Sommelier uttered a loud answering shout, and, drawing his weapon, pushed his way through the crowd behind him, and rushed out to seek the scene of conflict, followed by most of the settlers present.

Thus deserted, the trembling maidens clung to each other and the priest, and wept, and wrung their hands at this inauspicious beginning of their new life.

Claire, still aloof from the rest, remained a moment where she had been left; then, with a sudden hope, passed quickly through the crowded entrance and ran towards the town. The priest, who was a deliberate, slow thinking man, roused himself from his amazement, and, hurrying to the door, cried out to her to stop.

She did not turn or heed him, and after one or two vain efforts to gain her attention, he devoted his energies to barricading door and windows with the benches from round the walls, muttering: "Her blood be upon her own head!"

Meanwhile, Claire had fled towards the nearest building, under a wild impulse to escape at all hazards from her distasteful lot. It was an utterly foolish thing to do, and if she had known more about the savage Iroquois, she would not have dared to risk falling into their hands. As it was, she did not much care whether she lived or died, if only she could avoid marrying poor Thibaud.

Puffs of smoke and a constant and most horrible outcry showed her that the combatants could not be far away. She paused a moment behind the storehouse towards which she had fled. Alas, there was no chance of hiding herself within it, for doors and windows were all fast barred. For an instant she thought of returning, but, happening to look towards the river, she was horrified to find her retreat cut off by a number of Indian braves, who were landing from a large canoe. Hastily drawing back, she crept cautiously forward towards the further corner of the building, from which she saw a sight that made her almost forget her own danger. Between the river and the houses a fearful struggle was going on. The redmen and the settlers were fighting hand to hand. Conspicuous among them, towered the huge form of Thibaud Sommelier, as he rushed hither and thither among the half-naked Indians, hideous in their war-paint and feathers, and dealt blows under which they sank down like children. But, even while she looked, the giant suddenly staggered and fell, shot by a bullet from an unseen hand.

A howl of triumph rose from the throats of the savages, but their joy was shortlived. Down the hill from the castle came a little band of soldiers, well armed and disciplined, though few in number. With a cheer that echoed from the heights, they charged upon their foes. The Iroquois did not await their coming, but scattered to right and left, leaving the dead and wounded on the field; but firing now and then, with terrible effect, from their lurking places among the trees and buildings.

The Frenchmen followed by twos and threes, striving to force them into the open ground again, but only partially succeeded. Their leader was a young gentleman, in the handsome though somewhat effeminate style of dress affected by the gallants of the period. His curled hair, lace and velvet, however, did not prevent his doing some very rough and ghastly work that day, for wherever the fray was hottest there gleamed his unerring sword. Claire watched while she could, then sank on her knees, bowed her head and tried to pray.

Suddenly she looked up over her shoulder. To her dying day the agony of that moment was never forgotten. Behind her, slowly crawling with noiseless step along the wall, was a being so foul and hideous that Claire first thought it to be an apparition from the nether world. The feathered head, claw necklace, streaks of paint, and, worse than all, the horrible scalp fringes, and fresh smears of blood, looked demoniacal indeed!

Shrieking "Léon! Léon! save me!" she sprang up, and rushed towards the young officer. Startled beyond measure, Léon St. Arnaud looked up. The face, the voice were well remembered still, but it was no time to give or receive explanations. "Fear not, Claire," was all he said, "I will save you."

He led her to a house close at hand, and leaving one or two men to guard her and the wounded, he pursued the wily Indians from one shelter to another, killing some and taking many prisoners, till at last they drew off to their canoes, and made the best of their way up the river.

The rudely interrupted marriage ceremony was not celebrated that evening; for, of the expectant bridegrooms, several were wounded, one was dead, and another, brave Thibaud Sommelier, lay at the point of death. The terrified brides were conducted from their uncomfortable prison-house by a torchlight procession of the townsfolk, to the convent of the Hospital nuns, where they could rest in safety for the night.

Claire de l'Echelle was not among them; but, when the fighting was over, was escorted by St. Arnaud to the Castle of St. Louis, there to be petted, and made much of by the Governor's lady, who admired her beauty as much as she was interested in her story.

On the morrow St. Arnaud begged for an interview with her, declaring that he had never ceased to love her, but that his friends alone were to blame for their long separation. "They told me you were wedded, Claire," he said, "and how could I but believe it when you never replied to any of my letters."

"I never received them, Monsieur; but, though not wedded then, I am promised in marriage now!"—and she told him about Sommelier.

St. Arnaud frowned and talked of his earlier claim, but Claire was firm.

Meanwhile, Thibaud, struggling between life and death under the care of the kind nuns, forgot his fiancée, but thought often of Lucine, for he sometimes saw her little figure flitting about among the patients as she helped the nuns in their onerous task of nursing the many sick and wounded: and when, after weeks of illness, he prepared to return to his neglected farm, he asked Lucine to accompany him as his wife. The light came into her blue eyes but faded instantly. How could he have forgotten that he was betrothed already? When she reminded him, he went at once to the Castle to see Mademoiselle de l'Echelle. St. Arnaud had just left her in grief and anger, and she met Thibaud with a face of misery.

The great, rough, backwoodsman stumbled woefully over his errand, and yet Claire understood him, and sent him away happy. Lucine became his wife on the morrow, and of all the brides of that disastrous day, none was more fully contented with her lot than the timid little orphan.

A week latter, the chapel of the Jesuits was decked for high mass; and the Governor, and his wife, and all their glittering train, clad in costumes that mocked the autumn woods for splendour, attended to do honour to the wedding of Claire de l'Echelle. EMILY WEAVER.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN CRITICISM.

LITERATURE is an art, and therefore submits itself to the law of beauty which supplies the test of art; but it is also a revelation of the spirit of man, and there is to be found in it something more than the perfect felicity and unbroken serenity of the most finely tempered souls. The buoyancy of Homer is one of our great possessions, but there is something to be learned also from the despondency of Leopardi; the mastery of Shakespeare over all the materials of his work is inspiring, but there is something significant also in the turbulence of Byron; the amplitude of culture opens the heart of the modern world in Goethe, but the provincial sincerity of Mistral has something to teach us; Dante's majestic strength makes us feel the identity of great living and great art; but there is something for us in the pathetic felicity of De Musset and the often unavailing beauty of Shelley. In each writer of any force and genius there is not only the element which makes him amenable to the highest law of criticism; there is also something which appeals to our individual consciousness and is distinctly personal, something which is the impress of the inheritance and larger circumstance of the time, and is therefore historic, and something which lets us into the soul of a generation of men, or of a period of time, or a deep movement of faith and thought. A great piece of literature may be studied from each of these points of view, and to get to the bottom of its meaning it must be so studied. Every enduring literary work not only affords material for, but demands, this comprehensive study—a study which is at once critical, historic, and personal.

Now the study of literature in these larger relations, these multifarious aspects, has never been so earnestly pursued as during the present century. Never before has such a vast amount of material been accumulated; never before have there been such opportunities of using on a great scale the comparative method. This pursuit has become a passion with many of the most sensitive minds, and we have as a result a body of literary interpretation and philosophy in the form of criticism so great in mass and so important in substance as to constitute one of the chief distinctively modern contributions to the art of letters. For this study of books and the men who made them is not the pastime of professional Dryadusts; it is the original and in a large measure the creative work of those who, in other literary periods and under other intellectual and social influences, would have illustrated their genius through the epic, the drama, or the lyric. Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Coleridge, Carlyle, Sainte-Beuve, Arnold, Amiel, Emerson, have not been students of the work of other men simply from force of the scholarly impulse; they have been irresistibly attracted to the study of literature because literature has disclosed to them the soul and the laws of life and art. Each literature in turn is yielding its secrets of race inheritance, temperament, genius; each related group of literatures is disclosing the common characteristics of the family of races behind it; each literary epoch is revealing the spiritual, moral and social forces which dominated it; each great literary form is discovering its intimate and necessary relation with some fact of life, some stage or process of experience. All this we owe to the modern critical movement—a movement not so much of study and comparison for the purposes of judgment by fixed standards, as of investigation for the purpose of laying bare the common laws of life and art; of making it clear to us that literature is always the vital utterance of insight and experience.





point in the character of the Queen. Recognizing, whatever her personal shortcomings may have been, that she is the royal representative of a mighty nation, she—especially of late years—suffers no belittling of the customs and prerogatives of the Crown, but insists that the proper ceremonial shall always be displayed, nor does she fail to have out her best dinner service, *i. e.*, of gold plate, when that haughty young Teuton, her grandson Wilhelm, appears. His taunt as to tradesmen masquerading as volunteers is so exasperating to Englishmen that I wonder he does not get as good as he gave—and a little better. Yes—we may trust Her Majesty to hold her own.

With over 1,000 singers, 200 clergy, a procession interspersed for the first time with banners, a magnificently rendered service, and a congregation that filled the vast building from end to end, the London Gregorian Choral Association celebrated its coming of age on Thursday evening, June 4, at St. Paul's Cathedral in a right royal manner. The service book was one of the best, if not the best, ever put forth by the Association. The execution of the music was in many respects a great improvement on any previous anniversary, and the presence of banners (of which there were thirty) gave to the procession that orderly and finished look which it certainly never possessed before. The classification of the singers was as follows: Trebles, 348; altos, 55; tenors, 326; basses, 365; the voices being sustained by four cornets, three trombones and a few clarionets, in addition to the organ, which was played by Dr. Warwick Jordon.

#### AT PARTING.

BESIDE the garden in the evening dew,  
I stay a little longer; I forget  
The reason of my coming; eyes are wet  
With salt sea brine of sadness as I view  
The walks where I have wandered oft with you,  
In days of pleasant weather; wild regret  
Is over all; the moon is rising—yet  
It brings the hour of going, so adieu.  
Remember all the pleasing words I said  
In golden conference; my way I know  
Will be to mount where aching feet have led,  
In other days; 'tis steep and dizzy, so  
I leave my heart behind and trust my head  
To pilot me through the eternal snow.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

Ray's Crossing, Indiana, U.S.A.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE CRIMEAN WAR.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—A few words about your article on Mr. J. R. Thursfield's Life of Sir R. Peel. The author is a writer in the *Times*, and has earned his bread with his pen since he took honours at Oxford, and was a fellow and tutor of his college. But in England a purely literary life, or struggle, precludes a man from entering into political society or gaining much knowledge beyond what he can acquire from newspapers; and the *Times*, notoriously, never published anything behind the scenes. A reviewer of books also seldom makes an accurate historian, as he gets into the habit of reading a page here and there, and not regularly through.

Now, forty years ago and less it was a very common accusation to make against Lord Aberdeen, that he unwittingly caused the Crimean War, because the newspapers said so. But no one who was acquainted with the late Mr. Charles Greville, clerk of the Privy Council, or with even the writings only of Baron Beust and Count Vitzthum, the Prince Consort's friends, could say that with truth. According to these authorities the German clique in London, headed by the Prince Consort before the revolutions of 1848, used to discuss the dissolution of the friendship between Austria and Russia, for the sake of pushing Austria out of her place as heir of the old German Empire, and putting Prussia in Austria's place. Prussia, it must be recollected, was then hardly a first rate power, with no sea-board except the Baltic ports, which are frozen in the winter. The small Protestant German States, except Hesse Darmstadt, adhered to Prussia, and the Prince Consort was essentially a small Protestant German statesman. The Hungarian statesman, Kossuth, has related how the Emperor Nicolas interfered to prevent war between Austria and France in 1851, and again between Austria and Prussia in 1852, and the Prince Consort was greatly disgusted at the last interference, because a war between those powers was the very opportunity he was waiting for. His daughter, though a child, was even then destined to be the wife of the heir presumptive to the Prussian crown, and what Vitzthum called the Prince Consort's deep but silent personal ambition, made him hope to wield through them the destinies of Europe. But man proposes and God disposes. The Crimean War was fiercely denounced as unnecessary bloodshed by the present Lord Salisbury when Lord Robert Cecil, in the House of Commons in 1854; for the present British Premier, being well read in history, knew the horrors of war and its uncertainties better than a drawing-room soldier like the Prince Con-

sort. The last planned as the result of the war, pushing Austria into Russia's southern provinces, and into Roumania, and taking in exchange for Prussia the German provinces of Austria, including Vienna. But all his letters, which would fill a volume, and even the offer of Russia's Baltic provinces in addition, to King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, would not induce that wily Prince to declare war against his brother-in-law, and there is now no existing result save bitter memories of brave men slaughtered nominally to keep a Mahometan power in Europe of the Crimean War, which cost England one hundred and forty millions of pounds. The Crimean War was planned seven years before it broke out, and Greville, Beust and the Prince Consort's own letters show that there was no loop-hole left for the Emperor Nicolas to avoid it. Our ambassador at Constantinople at that time, by disobedience to official instructions, brought it on as his secretary and letters have pointed out. He was in direct correspondence with the Prince Consort, and the hush money as their pensions have been called, given to his widow and daughters on the ground of poverty when they had sufficient means of their own to keep footmen, coachmen, carriages, etc., has long been one of the scandals of the civil pension list. A writer on the *Times*' staff is possibly bound to endorse its views, but, with the facts I have quoted on the personal testimony of those concerned, we may leave off the old "cuckoo" cry that Lord Aberdeen caused the Crimean War. The Prince Consort seems to have had all the desire of a young, irresponsible dabbler in military matters, bred in times of peace, to see what a real war was like.

All the Emperor Nicolas claimed before the Crimean War was the right of his fellow-Christians in Turkey to exercise their religion in conformity with the treaties exacted from the Sultans by his predecessors and himself; for, until those treaties were made, the Greeks for 200 years had been permitted to have a place of worship in Constantinople, where the magnificent mosque, known to Christians as the Church of S. Sofia, still bears impress of its former use by the crosses and emblems of the Holy Trinity to be seen in the roof. The Emperor of Austria had sent an ambassador only a month before the Emperor Nicolas sent his to claim the right of protecting the Roman Catholic Albanians, and England had not objected to the concession, because, owing to Austria's geographical position, we could not have well fought with her alone. But the last sanguinary Russo-Turkish war was the sequel and nothing else; the reversal of the picture or transition scene of the war of 1854-5. We have never trusted even our Maltese and Levantine subjects to be judged before a Turkish court. VERITAS.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE closing and graduating concert of the Conservatory took place on Monday evening week, the 29th ult., in Association Hall; a large audience filled the hall in all parts. The programme on this occasion was above the average in point of merit, all the piano numbers being concerted and of an advanced nature. Notwithstanding their difficulties, technical and otherwise, the pupils showed great excellency in their performance. We cannot give space to particularize the different numbers; all were rendered with good musical expression and exhibited much command of technique. In the violin department two solos were contributed by Misses Lena Hayes and Maude Fairbairn in a decidedly artistic and praiseworthy manner. The vocal numbers by pupils of Signor d'Auria and Mrs. Bradley were also examples of very finished and careful training; the voices were good and held in fine control. Two elocutionary numbers given by pupils of Mr. S. H. Clark gave much satisfaction to the audience and showed good natural ability combined with careful training. The result of the year's work was seen in the large number of graduates who had distinguished themselves in the different departments and who had the diploma of the institution presented to them by Hon. Justice McLennan. In his remarks the honourable gentleman referred to the good work the Conservatory is doing, complimented the graduates on the success they had achieved in their studies and congratulated the Conservatory on the progress it had made since its establishment. The concert was thoroughly enjoyed from beginning to end and reflected credit on all who took part in it.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Torrington a large audience assembled in the College of Music Hall on Monday Evening, June 29th, to listen to a programme of classical piano and cello' music, rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Doering, assisted by Miss Scrimger. The programme opened with a sonata for piano and cello' by Rubinstein, a work of much originality and merit, and received an excellent interpretation, the two artists having that sensitive sympathy so necessary for the refined performance of ensemble music. The attraction of the evening was undoubtedly the artistic cello' playing of Mr. Doering, who comes from Leipzig and more recently from Halifax with enthusiastic notices of his artistic playing of that difficult instrument the cello'. Being gifted with a musical temperament and a highly developed and finished technique, his playing at once commands attention, not only for his broad tone, but for uniform crispness and brilliancy. His rendering of Schumann's "Traumeri," and Popper's "Spinning Song," which he played as an encore number, was really excellent. Mrs. Doering-Brauer

studied in Berlin and was a pupil of Deppe. She has a well-developed technique, and a musical nature; her playing of chords and octaves was excellent, as was also her *legato*. She played (in addition to accompanying her husband's solos) Schubert's impromptu in A flat, and a fantasia by Liszt, the latter piece being exceedingly well played. Miss Scrimger gave a very creditable performance of Haydn's "With Verdure Clad" and Bishop's "Bid Me Discourse," her voice being of excellent quality, and very well cultivated.

REMEYI, having been absent from cis-Atlantic shores for some twelve years, is to make a tour through America this autumn, accompanied by a small troupe of singers.

PARIS lately opened a competition for the composition of "a new musical work for soloists, chorus and orchestra." No compositions were thought good enough to receive the prize, but one Samuel Rosseau received honourable mention for a work entitled "Meroing," and an allowance of six thousand francs if he chose to present it in public.

HENRY ABBEY, the impresario, has engaged the services of Albani, Melba and Emma Eames, together with Capoul and Jean and Edouard de Reszke, for an operatic tour of the United States, which is to be the feature, it is announced, of the transatlantic world of music for the season of 1891-2. Capoul is no longer a "blushing young tenor." He is about fifty-three years of age, having first seen the light at Toulouse, February 27th, 1839. He has already visited the United States, where his "Paul," in "Paul and Virginia," has been much and favourably commented upon. Capoul says that this will be positively his "last final farewell" to the United States, and to the many good friends he remembers to have met there.—*Musical Courier*.

BRUNEAU, whose opera founded on Emile Zola's "Le Rêve," was produced for the first time at the Théâtre Comique in Paris, on Thursday night, is a pupil of Massenet. "Le Rêve," which is only a *succès d'estime* or a *succès patriotique*, is the second operatic work conceived by Mr. Bruneau which has won him fame, but which has failed to earn money for him. Zola himself, who gave the ambitious composer close and valuable assistance in his task, did not attempt to conceal the fact that he doubted whether the subject Bruneau had chosen for his new opera possessed sufficient dramatic interest for the stage. "Le Rêve," in its operatic form, is of a mythical nature, and contains a remarkable duet, entitled "Passionate Love." Throughout the whole seven scenes of Bruneau's work, there is only one concert piece. On the other hand, the long recitatives with which the opera is marked lack melodic spontaneity.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY. New York: The Century Company. Vol. III, G—L.

In the definitions of scientific and also of metaphysical terms, the compilers of this dictionary have been happier than we think they have been in those of technological terms. The illustrations, too, which accompany so large a number of the scientific definitions, especially the zoological names, are in general admirable. Only one, and that a very minor fault, is noticeable, namely, that in the case of the vertebrates it is difficult to judge of the actual size of the creature depicted. In the *Insecta*, this is always obviated by accompanying lines showing the natural size.

In metaphysics, as might have been presumed from the name of Professor Whitney, the work abounds in good quotations—*immanence*, for example, is enriched with six; *innate* with five; *gnosis* and its derivatives with thirteen; and nearly two columns are devoted to *idea* alone; so that it may quite properly be surmised that this department is amply treated.

This third volume contains some words difficult to deal with—*induction*, *key* (musical), *light*, *liturgy*, *hieroglyph*, *heraldry*, *heresy*, *hundred*, *Lamarckism*, etc. These are very unequally treated, some being discussed at length, historically and otherwise, others being dismissed with little or no amplification of the definition. However, to consider them in detail is beyond the limits of our "library table." This third volume completes just one-half the work.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLS AND STORIES OF THE SAINTS. By Clara Erskine Clemens. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1891.

The chief object of this work, as stated in the preface, is "to provide travellers on the old continent visiting churches, towns, villages, and works of art named after the saints, unknown to the majority of people, with stories of the saints." The first thirty-six pages are devoted to an interesting explanation of symbolical representations of religious subjects. The numerous engravings have an air of originality and exaggeration in harmony with the legends. As we are told: "Though containing much that belongs to history proper, our book does not profess to be in all respects a true history of persons and facts; we are partly prepared for inaccuracies. It is written from a Roman Catholic standpoint, and to members of the Church of Rome this book may prove of great usefulness and interest, for of this legendary lore the authoress truly remarks: "It has often an intrinsic beauty of its own, and is deeply interesting as illustrative of the religious mind of past

ages—ages of faith more ardent than our own, which merited and often won open and extraordinary recompense." The general reader may not agree with or accept the statements and views set forth in their entirety. There is, however, even for him a large amount of interesting matter in the way of anecdote, story and biography. For all who want information relating to the saints and symbols of the Christian religion, this volume will be found useful for reference. The book is well bound and the letter press excellent.

THE illustrations of the July *Outing*, the majority of them reproductions from photographs, are very fascinating, more especially the frontispiece. The articles are varied in quality and subject.

THE *Rural Canadian* for July is replete with articles on most practical matters connected with farm, field, stock-yard, poultry-yard, and garden. This is a style of periodical deserving the widest circulation over Canada's broad acres.

EVERYBODY sees the *Atlantic Monthly*, and everybody knows what quality of material to expect in it. These will not be disappointed in the current number, which contains the names of well-known writers not a few—Rodolfo Lanciani, W. J. Stillman, "Octave Thanet," Frank Stockton, Agnes Repplier, N. S. Shaler, and others.

THE *Overland Monthly* for this month contains some subjects of wide-spread fame and interest—"The California Lakes," for example, by C. H. Shinn, "A Sheep Station in Western Australia," by F. P. Lefroy, and a nicely-written, fascinating sketch of Artemus Ward, that prince of humorists who commands perennial interest, by Enoch Knight.

THE July *Forum* contains some highly interesting articles, the majority dealing with things and theories American, but some crossing the seas in search of topic. It may be remarked that the *Forum* dismisses Mr. Sladen's "Younger American Poets" in a couple of the curtest sentences—a book that the *Spectator* devotes more than as many columns to.

THE table of contents in July's *New England Magazine* shows no less than twenty-one subjects, many of them embellished with pleasing illustrations. We may mention "The State of Maine," by Nelson Dingley, jr., "The Natural Bridge of Virginia," by Katherine Parsons, "A Brief for Continental Unity," by W. Blackburn Harte, "Schliemann's Discoveries in Hellas," by J. L. Ewell, and "Emerson's Views on Reform," by William Saller.

NUMBERS VII. and VIII. of the Ninth Series of the *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science* are devoted to a monograph on "Public Lands and Agrarian Laws of the Roman Republic," by Andrew Stephenson, Ph.D., and the choice is an excellent one, for, as Dr. Stephenson says in his Preface, "Agrarian movements have borne more or less upon every point in Roman constitutional history, and a proper knowledge of the former is necessary to a just interpretation of the latter." These *Studies* are doing admirable work, and they should be read far and wide by such as have to deal with or teach the subjects upon which they bear. Lecturers in Latin and on Roman literature and history, as well as students of Roman law, not to say all who take an interest in land tenure historically and politically, should procure and peruse Dr. Stephenson's monograph.

THE *Andover Review* for this month opens with a short-paper, the reprint of an address delivered last year by Joseph Le Conte. Its title is "The Relation of the Church to Modern Scientific Thought"—a well worn topic, but one which few were as capable of handling as was Le Conte. Miss Vida D. Scudder contributes a long paper on "Socialism and Spiritual Progress," in which it is difficult to catch the drift despite, or perhaps because of, the multitude of words. "I claim," she cries, "that Socialism is no demand for a destructive evolution, but the next step upwards in the journey of the human race. [What need then of socialists?] This is made evident, whether we look at the teachings of science or of faith." Rather shadowy evidence, we would suggest, and teachings interpretable in more ways than one. Nevertheless, Miss Scudder's paper may clear some minds of a proneness to cling to their startlingness. If so, her nineteen octavo pages of long primer will have achieved something. Mention ought to be made of Rev. Charles F. Carter's "Christian Ethics" and "the Simple Gospel" and of a long leader on the proceedings against Dr. Briggs.

WERE we not sure that the *North American Review* finds its way to the majority of our readers, it would be a pleasure to descant laudatorily and at length on the contents of the July number; as it is we content ourselves with pointing out its salient features. Baron de Hirsch has apparently been asked to give his "Views on Philanthropy," and does so briefly. The next two articles are on the farmer, and the writers view him from different standpoints: the President of the Farmers' Alliance discusses "The Farmers' Discontent," and Mr. Erastus Wiman's article bears the caccophonous title "The Farmer on Top." This is a curious paper. The gist of the argument appears to be as follows: population is increasing faster than the area of cultivated land is increasing, therefore wheat will rise in price, therefore the farmer will get to the top—a process of ratiocination the major premisses of which a good many readers will dispute. We were

once taught that a decrease and not an increase in the price of wheat was the consummation devoutly to be wished by political economists of every hue. Emily Faithful writes a sensible article on "Domestic Service in England," Professor E. A. Freeman on "English Universities and Colleges," Amelia E. Barr on "The Relations of Literature to Society," where she expresses the opinion that the former is not benefitted by the intrusion into it of the latter. Dr. Briggs himself writes on "The Theological Crisis."

THE first forty-seven pages of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* are occupied by Bernard Moses in an elaborate exposition of the Constitution of the United States of Mexico. The other topics broached in this issue are highly timely and interesting, as, for example, "Land Transfer Reform," "The Economic Basis of Prohibition," "International Liability for Mob Injuries," "The Teaching of Political Science at Oxford." Amongst the books reviewed is "The Dominion of Canada: a Study of Annexation," by W. B. Aitken. Of this book the reviewer, Mr. Carl E. Holbrook, of Johns Hopkins University, says: "Mr. Aitken thinks that there are but three alternatives open to Canada if she discards her present government: 1. Imperial Federation. 2. Independence and a new American Republic. 3. Annexation. The description of the first is perhaps as precise as the vague ideas of its advocates will permit. Beyond a certain optimistic view, the author does not venture to decide upon the probability or practicability of the adoption of this grand scheme. He leaves the reader to suppose that it is advocated more as a weapon to ward off annexation than because it possesses any assurance of successful operation. A very clear statement is given of the position occupied by the leading political parties with regard to the question of political independence. We are told that the 'ethnic and religious differences retard the growth of independence and act as a drawback to annexation, for annexation is not likely to take place until after independence.' The question of annexation is treated from the historical and legal standpoint rather than from the political or social. Annexation is a consummation which the author evidently would neither deplore nor enthusiastically welcome."

THERE are some deep subjects not lightly treated in that admirable quarterly periodical the *International Journal of Ethics*; and when may be seen in the table of contents such names as those of Edward Caird, Francis W. Newman and James H. Hyslop, it is not a matter of wonder. "The Functions of Ethical Theory," "The Morality of Nations," "John Stuart Mill's Science of Ethology," and "The Progress of Political Economy since Adam Smith," are the most notable topics, next perhaps to that discussed in the opening article. This is Professor Caird's introductory Gifford lecture for this year, the subject of which is, "The Modern Conception of the Science of Religion." The science of religion the lecturer calls "one of the earliest and one of the latest of the sciences," and this sentence gives the key-note to his remarks, although naturally dealing more especially with later developments of the study. "What is it," he asks, "which has awakened the new modern interest in the science of religion, and has given rise to the persistent attempts which are now being made to investigate the facts of religious history in all times and places? What is it that has made us carry our eyes beyond the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which are directly connected with our own religious life, and beyond the classical mythology, which is immediately bound up with our literary culture—that has set to our scholars the task of analyzing the sacred books of all nations, and seeking for the keys of all mythologies? What is it that has raised the folk-lore which was formerly left to children and old women into an object of keen scientific curiosity?" His answers to these questions, admittedly tentative and incomplete, are, first, that "the idea of the unity of mankind has within the last century become not merely a dogma, but an almost instructive presupposition of all civilized men, and that, at the same time, it has been freed from the theological reservations and saving clauses with which it was formerly encumbered," that there is "the fundamental fact of self-consciousness which unites all [men] to each other," that "the conviction that God has formed of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the earth—interpreted as meaning that, as regards that which is deepest and most important in human nature, men are essentially equal—supplied for the first time a point of view from which human life in all its heights and depths, and in the whole range of its history, could be brought within the sphere of science." To this idea as a main-spring of the modern keen comparative spirit of research into the religions of mankind Professor Caird adds a second and cognate one; "it is not merely," he proceeds, "the bare idea of the unity of man which now furnishes the guiding principle of science in this department, but the idea of that unity as manifesting itself in an organic process of development, first in particular societies, and, secondly, in the life of humanity as a whole." Both thoughts are discussed with an enviable amplitude of historical allusion and their bearing upon the science of religion is well shown in the following fine sentences: "Without as yet attempting to define religion, or to give any precise account of its characteristics, we may go so far as to say that in a man's religion we have expressed his ultimate attitude to the universe, the summed-up meaning and purport of his whole con-

sciousness of things. How and how far he rises above the parts to the whole, how and how far he gathers his scattered consciousness of the world and of himself to a unity, how and how far he makes anything like a final return upon himself from all his fortunes and experiences of things, is shown more clearly in his religion than in any other expression of his inner life. Whatever else religion may be, it undoubtedly is the sphere in which man's spiritual experience reaches the utmost concentration, in which, if at all, man takes up a definite attitude towards his whole natural and spiritual environment. In short it is the highest form of his consciousness of himself in his relation to all other things and beings, so that if we want a brief abstract and epitome of the man, we must seek for it here or nowhere."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RUDYARD KIPLING's sister Beatrice has a novel nearly ready for publication.

CALMANN LEVY, the well-known French publisher, died on the 18th ult. He and his brother, under the designation "Michel-Lévy Frères," founded in 1836, in Paris, one of the best-known publishing houses in Europe.

MR. JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, the editor of the *Boston Pilot*, has written a volume on "The Filibusters of the Spanish Main" for the well-known "Adventure Series." Macmillan and Company are the publishers of the book.

THE second volume of Charles Booth's "The Labour and Life of the People" has just made its appearance in London. It is a large work, which, when completed by the third volume, will, it is claimed, present the most exhaustive study of every phase of existence in the great modern city yet made. It deals exclusively with London.

A LODGE of sorrow for the late Sir John A. Macdonald, who died a mason in good standing, was held at Kingston towards the close of last month by the members of Ancient St. John's Lodge, No. 3, A.F. and A.M., in their handsome and neatly equipped lodge-room in the Masonic building. Principal Grant delivered a long, eloquent, and touching address.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY, the publishers of Mr. Joseph Pennell's well-known work on "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen," will issue in July a book by the same author, descriptive of the River Thames, under the title "The Stream of Pleasure." About ninety illustrations by the author will be included in the work, which will also be issued in a limited large paper form.

G. A. AITKEN, the biographer of Steele, has written a full life of Dr. John Arbuthnot, to be accompanied by a selection from his miscellaneous works. The volume, which will be published in the fall by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, is the first serious attempt to give to Arbuthnot his proper position among the wits of the eighteenth century. It will be furnished with a detailed bibliography and index.

THE "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" delivered in Edinburgh in 1853 by John Ruskin, which were printed in 1854 and 1855, but have been long out of print, are now to be reprinted uniform with an edition of "The Seven Lamps." There are four lectures, two on "Architecture," one on "Turner and His Works," and one on "Pre-Raphaelitism." Fifteen illustrations by the author will be given.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY announces as in press the long-expected supplement to "Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors," which will appear in two volumes. John Foster Kirk, formerly editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, has prepared this work for publication. It will give the names and history of 37,000 authors and enumerate 93,000 titles, and will be a most valuable and much-needed compilation.

AN important part of D. Appleton and Company's exhibit at the International Educational Convention, and one of special interest and value to teachers, is "The International Education Series," edited by William T. Harris, LL.D., now U. S. Commissioner of Education. The series already numbers seventeen volumes, and more are to be added from time to time. It was projected for the purpose of bringing together in orderly arrangement the best writings, new and old, upon educational subjects, and presenting a complete course of reading and training for teachers generally. Four departments are presented, covering the entire field of educational work, "history, theory, practice and criticism."

THE *Colonies and India* speaks in this strain of the late Premier: Foremost among the champions of Imperial Unity, Sir John Macdonald ever showed himself ready for the fray—ready and able to bear himself as a skilled and dashing fighter when England had to speak with her enemy in the gate. He was a stumbling-block to the promoters of the aggrandizing fiscal policy directed at Canadian trade and industries from below Niagara, and he has left his old colleagues a heritage of successful example with which to continue the fight. The intenseness of the loyalty of the Canadian people to the British connection is to be traced in great measure to the never-failing devotion of the departed statesman to that connection, and he has, in all truth, left his foot-prints on the sands of Time.

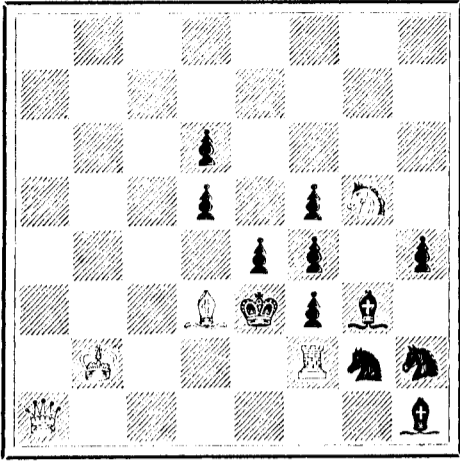
GREAT excitement has been caused in the artistic world of Germany by a book entitled "Who is Rembrandt?" by Max Lautner, who contends that a great part of the





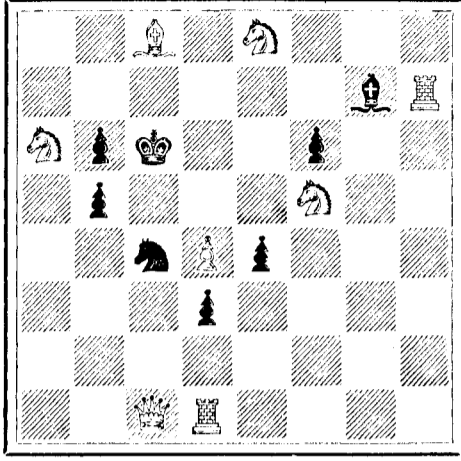
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 581.  
By P. G. L. F.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 582.  
By L. R. De Yong.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 575.

- |            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| White.     | Black.      |
| 1. R-K 1   | 1. K-B 4    |
| 2. R-Q 1   | 2. K-K 4    |
| 3. R mates |             |
|            | if 1. P-B 4 |
| 2. P-B 4 + | 2. K-B 3    |
| 3. B mates |             |
- With other variations.

No. 576.  
B-B 2

In this Problem there should be a Black R on Blacks Q Kt 7 instead of a Pawn.

GAME PLAYED IN THE MANHATTAN CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNEY BETWEEN MR. HODGES AND MAJOR HANHAM.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

- |               |             |               |                  |
|---------------|-------------|---------------|------------------|
| White.        | Black.      | White.        | Black.           |
| MR. HODGES.   | MR. HANHAM. | MR. HODGES.   | MR. HANHAM.      |
| 1. P-K 4      | P-K 3       | 17. K-Kt B 1  | P-B 5            |
| 2. P-Q 4      | P-Q 4       | 18. Kt x Kt   | P x Kt           |
| 3. Q Kt-B 3   | K Kt-B 3    | 19. B-B 4 (f) | B-K Kt 5 (g)     |
| 4. P x P (a)  | P x P       | 20. P-B 3     | P x P            |
| 5. Kt-K B 3   | B-Q 3       | 21. P x P     | B x P            |
| 6. B-Q 3      | P-B 3       | 22. R x R     | R x R            |
| 7. Castles    | Castles     | 23. Q-B 2     | B-K 5            |
| 8. Kt-K 2     | Kt-K 5      | 24. B-Q 2     | B-Q Kt 4         |
| 9. Kt-Kt 3    | P-K B 4     | 25. B-K 2     | P-K Kt 4         |
| 10. P-Q B 3   | Kt-Q 2      | 26. R-K 1     | B-Q 4            |
| 11. R-K 1     | Q Kt-B 3    | 27. B-Q 3     | R x R            |
| 12. B-Q 2     | B-Q 2 (b)   | 28. Q x R     | Q-Q 2            |
| 13. R-K 2 (c) | Q-B 2       | 29. Q-K 2     | P-B 6            |
| 14. B-K 1 (d) | Q-R K 1     | 30. Q-K 1     | Q-R 6            |
| 15. Q-B 2     | K-R 1 (e)   | 31. Q-B 2     | Kt-Kt 5          |
| 16. Kt-Q 2    | P-Q Kt 3    | 32. B-B 5     | Kt x Q, wins (h) |

NOTES.

- (a) B-K Kt 5 is now more generally played at this point.
- (b) We think Q should have been played to B 2.
- (c) We do not fancy this move, and think White might have played Kt-K 5 to advantage.
- (d) A kind of Steinitzian move, which we do not approve of. White has blocked himself in, and Black has by far the better developed game.
- (e) A good move.
- (f) White evidently can not take the Pawn without losing the exchange.
- (g) Black conducts the game from this point to the end in a masterly manner.
- (h) If White takes Queen, Black mates in two moves.

A REMARKABLE STORY

Already famous in Europe, entitled "Four Days," from the Russian of *Garsin* appears in the double summer number of POET-LORE—June 15th. It is a vivid picture of a significant episode in the life of a modern soldier. Two short stories of a very different kind follow—"Faded Leaves," and "Green is Hope," translated from the Norse of *Alexander Kielland*. The same number of POET-LORE contains a hitherto unpublished letter of *John Ruskin*'s on "Wages"; and critical papers on "Two Versions of the Wandering Jew," by *Prof. R. G. Moulton*; "The Text of Shakespeare," by *Dr. Horace Howard Furness*; "An Inductive Study of 'As You Like It,'" by *C. A. Wurtzburg*; and a "Study Programme: Magic, Out-door and Human Nature in Literature," of practical use to Reading Circles or for the home study of Literature.

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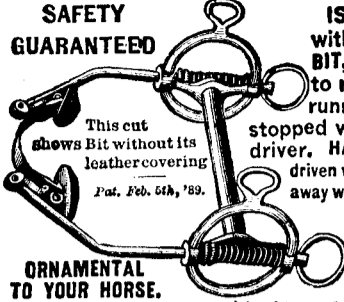
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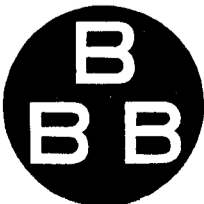
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