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All articles, contributions, and letters on matter 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.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Those who have read the evidence which has been given from day to day before the Lachine Bridge Commission must by this time be pretty well convinced that Canadians have no need to turn to the United States, or France, or any other foreign country, when they wish to study striking examples or object lessons, showing the way in which popular governments, that is, the tax-payers, who happen in this case to be themselves, are made, through "political influence," the prey of the dishonest. We have no wish to anticipate the report of the Commission. It is to the credit of the Government, or of the Public Works Department of it, that this investigation is being made at its own instance, and not under pressure from a keen-eyed Opposition, though it is not greatly to its credit that abuses of confidence so flagrant and so glaring and unscrupulous, should have gone so long undetected, with the result of robbing the public funds to an amount which, it seems likely, must be

counted by hundreds of thousands. The report of the commissioners, who seem to be doing their work very thoroughly, will, no doubt, be an interesting document. Whether the punishment of the dishonest servants will be as inadequate, not to say farcical, as it has been in the case of most of those whose frauds were brought to light by the Parliamentary investigation two years ago, remains to be seen.

The situation created by the overbearing course of France in the Siam affair is, at the time of this writing, decidedly threatening. The result of interviews between Lord Dufferin and the French Minister of War is awaited with interest not unmixed with anxiety. So far as the question at issue relates to the alleged outrages committed upon French by Siamese officials, or even to legitimate questions of territorial delimitation, the British Government is not likely to feel called on to interfere, however they may disapprove of the arbitrary course of the French Ministry. But it seems impossible that England can permit a wholesale seizure of Siamese territory by France, especially when such seizure would have the effect of bringing the French into dangerous proximity to her own Indian territory. The readiness of strong nations to bully the weak is not a pleasing characteristic of the times. Germany, France, the United States, even Great Britain herself, all in turn show themselves ready to take an attitude with weaker peoples, incapable of defending themselves, which is in strange contrast to the patience and deference they show to each other. But, so far as can be judged from the imperfect information yet to hand, it is doubtful whether any other modern power has taken a weak people so unceremoniously and ruthlessly by the throat, as is now being done by France in the case of Siam. A little while ago there seemed some reason to hope that the bitter national humiliation caused by the Panama scandal might have a salutary effect and lead to a great purgation in Parisian public life. But the incident has passed without serious change, and it is now painfully evident that the spirit of demagogery and national jealousy is still in the ascendant.

According to late reports, Mr. Tarte says that he has accepted the invitation of Mr. Laurier to accompany him in his Ontario tour. Mr. Laurier must be a brave politician, indeed, if he is not afraid to have Mr. Tarte as his companion in travel and oratory. We know not what Mr. Laurier's

idea may be in the matter, but it seems strange that after having been so eloquently non-committal in regard to the burning question of the Manitoba schools, he should be willing to have his freedom compromised by his fiery lieutenant, Mr. Laurier, who is constantly declaring from the same platform, not only that the Catholic minority have a right to their separate schools, but that the Dominion Government has the power to act in the premises and restore those schools. The hope of the leaders of both parties, no doubt, is that the Supreme Court will dispose of the troublesome question, by deciding that the Federal Government cannot now interfere, but should the decision be the opposite, and should the Liberals come into power through the tariff-reform agitation, Mr. Tarte's present utterances would make the situation very uncomfortable for Mr. Laurier. We assume, of course, that the latter understands the situation too well to suppose that the permanent imposition of either a separate school or a dual language system upon the new communities of the North West is out of the question, and that the attempt to interfere with the self-rule of these communities, in that respect would wreck any Government that could be formed by either party. The net result of Mr. Tarte's controversy with Archbishop Tache seems to be to make clear what everyone pretty well understood before, viz., that Mr. Chapleau gave "solemn pledges to the Archbishop, but took care to say that he was doing so in his individual capacity, not as a member of the Government." Whether a member of a responsible Government can properly make such a distinction is a question for political casuists.

"In armour plate we are in the van, while in projectiles we certainly lead the world," exclaims a New York paper at the close of an account of a contest between projectiles and armour plate which was made a week or two since, and which is declared to be such as never before was witnessed in that or any other country. We have not sufficient knowledge of the exact character and results of all the experiments of a similar kind which have been made by other nations and especially by Great Britain to be able to judge as to the correctness of the boast, though very similar experiments are being continually made by other nations, with varying results, the victory being now with the plates, again with the projectiles. The contest was be-

tween nickel-steel targets and two kinds of projectiles, the Holtzer, weighing 250 pounds, and the Carpenter, weighing 850. A plate nine inches thick was penetrated by the Holtzer projectile, but did not crack, thereby passing the test for acceptance, but failing to win the premium of \$30 per ton in addition to the contract price. The feat of the Carpenter projectile, as described in the account before us, is well-nigh incredible, and if accurately reported may justify the boast in regard to projectiles. The Carpenter shell, fired with an initial velocity of 1858 feet a second, is said to have gone clear through not only the nickel-steel plate, seventeen inches in thickness, but also through thirty-six inches of oak backing and through the entire embankment, and then to have either plowed into the river hundreds of yards, or buried itself in the woods of a distant hillside. The plate did not crack and therefore stood the test for acceptance of contract, though it failed to win the premium for impenetrability. The experiments are of interest to Canada, establishing, as they probably do, the superior toughness of the nickel-steel plates. But the recent Victoria catastrophe suggests a grave doubt as to the utility of those very heavy armour plates. A vessel sheathed with metal plates seventeen inches in thickness would carry her crew to the bottom with terrible suddenness, should she receive a full-speed stroke from the ram of a Camperdown.

A recent number of the London Spectator suggests a change in the English School Law which would bring the educational system there into harmony with the theory which underlies that of Ontario. At the last annual meeting of the National Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke hopefully of the future of Church schools, but several prominent laymen took a gloomier view of the outlook. There is a large standing deficit as the result of the operations of the past few years, and the most strenuous efforts have not done much to reduce it. The requirements of the Education Department for the Board or National schools in the way of accommodation and equipment become virtually obligatory on the Church and other denominational schools, but the Board Schools are provided for by general taxation, while the denominational schools have to depend on voluntary subscriptions. These subscriptions must be increased if the children are to be retained in the Church schools, but to increase them means to hamper other and equally important denominational undertakings. In view of these facts, the Spectator suggests that the various denominations which support voluntary schools, unite in an appeal to Parliament to place on the rates all schools that are efficiently maintained. Its argument amounts to this, that if all are supported by the community now, the amounts at

present levied in the way of voluntary subscriptions might as well be collected as compulsory rates and distributed among the schools. The reason is specious, but by no means convincing. The effect would be to establish permanently the vicious system of denominational schools supported by public funds, thus reversing the process which the new Act is designed to favour. As nearly all the voluntary schools are in reality Church schools, the scheme would be equivalent to endowment of these schools. To this the Nonconformists would most strenuously object. The fact that the system would be analagous to that in Ontario, in so far as the Catholic Separate Schools are concerned, would be its chief condemnation in the eyes of many of the most intelligent Canadians, Catholics, we believe, included. The denominational system—for such it is, so far as one Church is concerned—of Ontario is the result not of choice, but of compromise. The principle is embodied in the constitution, and must be observed; but were the people of Ontario now free to choose the system they deemed absolutely best, there can be little doubt that all state-aided denominational schools would go by the board.

Lynch law is but another name for mob murder. When it so happens that it can be proved by incontestable evidence that the victim was innocent of the crime imputed to him, the atrocity of the thing becomes more apparent and appalling, though the barbarousness of substituting vengeance for justice and the inflamed passions of a mob for the dispassionateness of a court of justice is scarcely greater. The prevalence of these mob murders in certain sections of the United States has long been the reproach of the nation and of American republicanism. Two recent cases, in which clear proof of the innocence of the victim has been brought to light, after the merciless instincts of the mob had done him to death in the cruel fashion in which such deeds are accomplished, may, it is to be hoped, set even the lynchers to thinking. One case is that of Robert Harper, the son of John Harper, who is said to be "a humble, honest negro." Robert was hanged by a mob at Bowling Green, Ky., on December 28th, on a charge of assault. The father has now published a pamphlet giving the whole story and testimony in the case, that which the mob had not time to hear, as well as that which was heard. The Independent says that it is enough to read the testimony of the person assaulted to see that it completely and absolutely exonerates Robert Harper from possible guilt; and it is substantiated by all the other evidence. Another case of a similar kind has very recently happened in Kentucky. The later reports agree that an alibi has been made good and that this victim, too, was innocent of the crime for which he was put to death. Some passions are, we suppose, less ignoble

than others, even when unrestrained, else it would be hard to make any distinction between the guilt of the real perpetrators of the crime which it is sought to avenge, and that of the would-be avengers. One would be disposed to feel pity for those who took part in the hangings, in view of the remorse and anguish which they might be disposed to feel on discovering that they had slain the innocent. But such sympathy would probably be wasted. Had the mobs desired specially either to do justice or to deter others from crime, they would have taken some pains to sift the evidence. Evidently their revengeful rage demanded a victim and was not to be balked of its indulgence by any little deficiencies in the proof. Yet the effect of the revelations upon the general public can hardly fail to be salutary in hastening the downfall of the revolting practice.

The controversy which has been raging for months over the question of the opening or closing of the World's Fair at Chicago on Sunday has had a remarkable denouement. The local Directory, who had proved impervious to all arguments derived from the religious sentiment of the country, the obligations laid upon them by the acceptance of the large sum voted by Congress on the express condition that the Fair should be closed on Sunday, and the silent protest of the States and nations which refused to open their buildings or display their machinery and other products on that day, was at last obliged to succumb to the strong logic of finance. The same mercenary influence which was all-powerful in the face of all those opposing forces, so long as they were persuaded that the Sunday receipts would be a source of profit, became irresistible on the other side as soon as the Directors became convinced, by actual experiment, that the Sunday opening was in reality a losing speculation. We ventured to suggest at an early stage of the discussion that it was possible that the loss resulting from the refusal of multitudes to attend if the fair were opened on Sunday, might more than counter-balance the gains to be derived from the entrance fees of those who would attend on that day but on no other. The result has justified the forecast to a far greater extent than we had supposed possible. Added to this was the further disappointment arising from the fact that the hundreds of thousands of working men who were supposed to be only waiting for the opening of the fair on Sunday, to crowd in with their entrance fees, failed to present themselves. In short, a few Sunday-opening experiments sufficed to make it clear that the sentiment of the country in favour of a seventh day of rest was far mightier than even the friends of Sunday closing could have anticipated. The result was that the same Directors who were so determined to have the Exposition open on Sunday, in spite of their obligations to Congress and the Christian

timent of the country, decided a few days since, by a vote of twenty-four to four, that, beginning with last Sunday, the gates should henceforth be closed on Sunday, because the want of patronage proved that the people did not wish them open, and no pecuniary reason remained for depriving 16,000 employees of their day of rest.

Touching the general question of Sunday and its observance, a thoughtful writer in the "Christian World" makes a remark which should be pondered by those who are disposed to think that society and humanity would lose nothing were what is called the Sabbath to become obsolete. He admits, as we may all readily admit, that a stage of human progress is conceivable in which the necessity for the moral and religious teaching to which the day is specially consecrated, shall have passed away. We should be disposed to go further and claim that the highest type of religion will not have been realized until that stage is reached in which all days and all doings shall be alike religious, and the necessity for a seventh day devoted specially to sacred uses will no longer exist. But, as the writer referred to says, "Whatever may come in the future, the need of a moral and spiritual propaganda such as it (the Sunday) alone can furnish is all too palpable to-day." This is a most suggestive reflection. We have maintained, and still maintain, that with the strictly religious uses of the day Governments and City Councils, as such, have nothing to do, and that the case for the enforcement of the rest-day can be amply made out on physical and moral grounds. But we should be far from laying the whole emphasis upon the word *physical*, absolutely essential to the general well-being as we deem the periodical rest for muscle and brain. We do not see how any thoughtful man can doubt that the moral influence of the day and its uses, even as commonly observed, and in spite of all abuses and desecrations, makes it one of the great saving agencies which are, happily for humanity, at work in the world. "An acute observer, who some time ago was making enquiries as to the works of philanthropy and human renovation in the nation at large, was astonished to find how meagre a percentage was to be found outside the sphere of organized religion." There is, no doubt, great truth in this observation, and its application is obvious. In the same line is the profound remark of Guizot, quoted by the same writer, "Social stability requires character; character requires religion; religion requires worship; worship requires a Sabbath." Because a Government or a City Council may not, and cannot, promote religion or enforce worship by statute or by-law, it by no means follows that it should not, in accordance with the profoundest sociological principles, recognize the relation of religion to well-being, and the relation of rest and worship to re-

ligion, and so the expediency of giving the fullest opportunity for the development of the religious faculty, and the play of religious agencies and influences. Thoughtful citizens of Toronto will do well to follow out this train of thought to its legitimate conclusion before voting for a Sunday car service.

SPECIALIZATION IN EDUCATION.

Dr. W. R. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, is reported as having said, in a recent address at Chautauqua, that he stood ready to assume responsibility for the statement that as many men have been injured as have been helped by college training, and that the cause of the injury in nine cases out of ten has been the inflexible routine of the college curriculum. He went on to propose his remedy as follows:

"How much better it would be if one institution devoted its strength and energy to the development of history and politics, another to the development of the biological sciences, another to throwing all its efforts into the great field of electricity. As it is, a tenth-rate college in a remote locality announces courses in every department of human knowledge, and students are compelled in self-defence to dabble in everything, rather than do work in a few things."

Dr. Harper's proposal is but the carrying to its extreme and perhaps logical result of an idea and a practice which have been for some time past steadily gaining ground in educational circles. Before subscribing to his view we should wish to ask a good many questions, and to have a good many points made clear by careful definition. The first and most fundamental inquiry would be one touching the stage in the educational process at which these specialized institutions would begin their work. Every one who has had much to do with the work of higher education knows well that the first, the most important, we had almost said the largest, part of the educational process is that which concerns itself with teaching the student how to use his tools, or, to use a form of expression which better suits the idea, to train him in the use of his powers. The length of time required for this purpose varies greatly with individuals and can no doubt be greatly shortened by the use of better methods in the preparatory schools. It is, in fact, a process which should be commenced in early childhood and carried on through all the years of primary, intermediate and high school life. But with our homes and schools as they are and child education as it is, it is doubtful whether in the majority of cases the point can be said to have been fairly reached much before the period at which the ordinary undergraduate college course usually ends. If Dr. Harper's meaning is that the specialized courses in an institution equipped for the teaching of the particular subject or class of subjects for which the tastes and abilities of the individual student have been found to be best adapted, should be entered upon only after

such preparation, we might readily agree with him as to the great benefits to be derived from such specialization. But this makes the question one rather of preparation for specific life-work than of the bestowment of that broad culture which is generally had in mind when we speak of educational institutions and their work. It becomes a question of professional training rather than of an education proper.

If, on the other hand, Dr. Harper's idea is, and there seems good reason to suppose that such it is, that this highly specialized work in a class of institutions such as he describes, shall be substituted for the kind of work ordinarily done in the colleges of the day, we should beg leave to demur. There is, in fact, good reason to doubt whether the tendency to specialization in university courses has not already gone beyond the limit of highest utility. Even from the view point of success in a certain line of work or investigation there can, we think, be no doubt that, other things being equal, the chances are in favour of the man of broad general culture as against him whose whole attention has, almost from the first, been directed in the line of his special pursuit.

This is, however, but a single phase of a broad question. And just here will be felt the necessity of agreeing upon some general conception of the goal on which we should keep our eyes constantly fixed as the true end, or at least the chief end, of an educational course. This end should surely be something broader than mere expert qualification in some special line of work. It should be higher than financial success or even high achievement in a narrow field of scientific investigation. Every day's observation shows that it is not only possible but easy for one to "make his mark," so to speak, in some narrow range of study or experimentation and yet be lamentably deficient in the broad general culture and diversified intelligence which ought surely to mark the educated man. One of the highest uses of university education should be to furnish its possessors with a certain wide range of intellectual interests, philosophic, literary, and scientific, not to add artistic, which should enable them to profit by each other's society and to contribute to each other's enjoyment, irrespective of specialized tastes and pursuits. They should also be prepared to take an intelligent survey of the world's history, condition and progress and to understand the bearings of the greater questions which from time to time come to the surface and agitate the minds of its thinkers. Educated men should, in short, be brought by virtue of their mental development, into the enjoyment of a common heritage of intellectual interests. Their sympathies should be so broadened that each might be able at any time to adopt the sentiment of the noble old Roman and feel with him, "I am a man, and esteem

nothing which affects the well-being of humanity foreign to my sympathies." One can easily contrast with such an ideal as this the kind of men whom we might expect as the product of such institutions as Dr. Harper has in mind. "Save me from the man of one book!" exclaimed a certain philosopher. May we not all with equal fervour exclaim, Save us from the man of one science, be it politics, biology, electricity, or whatever you please.

"But what are we to do?" we can fancy the perplexed educator crying out, almost in despair. Time was when the motto "something of everything and everything of something" might have served tolerably well as a guide to effort. But with the multiplication of the sciences and of the range of possible acquirements in a thousand directions, the youth who is kept at a general course until he knows something of everything will be in danger of becoming grey-headed before he is ready to commence the herculean task which remains. We quite agree with those who maintain that there is often a sad waste of time at our schools and colleges. Dr. Harper's statement is strong and probably extravagant when he says that as many men have been injured by college training as have been helped, but we do not doubt that a good deal of positive injury often results from wrong or defective methods at college, to say nothing of enormous waste of time in barren work. But we are persuaded that a good deal of the contempt showered by Dr. Harper and other representatives of the great universities upon the tenth-rate colleges is misdirected. To our thinking, based upon some observation, the opinion of another is much nearer the mark, who says that the "small colleges often do better work for the boy than the more pretentious university." But we often find ourselves disposed to question seriously whether the college is not made altogether too much of an educational fetich in these days, with the rigidity of their courses and the multiplicity of their professors. The idea that there can be no liberal education apart from college and university is itself a mistaken and mischievous one. It may be questioned, too, whether the specialist is not taking the place of the educator, to a most injurious degree, for it is notorious that the specialist is often the man least fitted by mental structure and habit for the work of education proper.

All such questions, interesting and pertinent as they are, would carry us far beyond our assigned limits. Within those limits we can only hint at what seems to us to be the direction in which the answer to the practical problem we raised a moment ago is to be found. Specialized colleges and courses in universities, as many and as thorough as possible, for the trained student in the pursuit of a special science or other study, but not for general liberal education. For the latter, which should

always be preliminary to the former, it should not, after all, be difficult to select a certain list of what are in their nature pre-eminently adapted to be used as culture studies, and the more interesting and practical these are the better. But, above all, for English students the English language and literature, the language incidentally studied as necessary to the literature, will afford material and scope for an almost ideal culture. The English literature happily covers the whole field of science and philosophy in itself. Happily, too, college tutors and professors, though very helpful when of the right stamp, are by no means indispensable to the acquisition of this culture. The only thing really necessary is to read the literature, to read it intelligently and to read it widely. The two processes which will thus be carried on *pari passu*, of thinking great men's thoughts after them, and thinking one's own thoughts beside theirs, are the really essential educational processes, and whoever will may use them.

RECIPROCITY BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—II.

PRODUCE OF THE FARM.—It is in connection with this branch of the commerce between the two countries that special interest is displayed, and many different opinions are held as to the probable effects and balance of advantage likely to result to either country from a new reciprocity treaty.

Agricultural products (exclusive of animals and their products). During the last year of the former treaty, 1865-66, the value of farm produce exported from Canada to the United States was \$13,298,008; consisting of wheat and flour, \$6,718,272; barley and rye, \$4,618,868; oats, \$908,158; peas, \$328,070, and other lesser articles. During the year 1866-67, although the treaty had expired, and customs duties had been imposed by the United States on almost all kinds of farm products, the exports of these commodities amounted to \$11,185,227, or nearly as much as during last year of the treaty. These exports consisted of wheat and flour, \$5,897,287; barley and rye, \$3,780,788; oats, \$492,175; peas, \$512,528, and other articles.

Wheat and flour. The large exports during these two years were attributable partly to effects of the war, and partly to deficient wheat crops in the United States, owing to which that country imported from Canada more wheat and flour than it exported to Europe. Conditions have completely changed, the productions of wheat in the United States having increased so enormously that, during the years 1891-92 and 1892-3, it has exported in wheat and flour equal to about 400 million bushels, and is carrying over into next season an unprecedentedly large surplus of old wheat. The quantity of Canadian wheat taken for consumption in the United States in 1890-91 was only 5,404 bushels, and in 1891-92, 9,308 bushels; of flour in 1890-91, 623 barrels; in 1891-2, 527 barrels. During the six years, 1886-87 to 1891-92, Canada has imported from the United States for home consumption, 452,231 bushels wheat, and collected duties thereon, \$67,837; flour, 742,341 barrels, collecting duty thereon \$398,220.

Reciprocity or free trade in wheat and flour could not possibly now produce such sales by either country to the other, as would affect prices in either market. It might possibly create a larger interchange, especially of wheats, as millers in either country might find it advantageous to import special qualities for the purpose of blending with their own wheat. In this respect free trade would be advantageous to both countries. At present the millers of Ontario and Upper Provinces have almost the exclusive supply of flour for Quebec and Maritime Provinces. Under free trade they would be exposed to keen competition from Western States millers and from the flour dealers in United States seaboard cities. It is very doubtful whether they would obtain from free access to American markets for their flour an equivalent compensation for the competition in trade with the Lower Provinces. A decided advantage resulting in free trade in wheat and flour, would be in the release of exporters and millers from the vexatious delays and petty expenses now incurred in their shipments in bond to Europe.

Barley and Rye. During the years of reciprocity, and even for some time afterwards, the trade in barley in Canada was not considered of sufficient importance to require special entry in the customs returns, and it was combined with rye. There is a great deal of erroneous impression among the farmers of Canada with respect to the barley trade. The large crops and high prices are generally supposed to belong to the reciprocity years. On the contrary the first barley crop of much importance, as to extent and value, was that of 1865, which both as to yield and quality it far surpassed that of any previous year, and owing to partial failure in crop of United States, it brought good prices. Even then, the total quantity of barley and rye exported during 1865-66 was only 6,355,191 bushels, average value per bushel, 73 cents. In the following year, 1866-67, the crop in Canada was again large as to yield, but of poor quality. The exports of barley and rye were 6,882,776 bushels; value, 59 cents. The exports to United States were not all made there, and from one-fourth to one-third of this quantity was exported to England for feed. These seasons for the highest prices for barley in Canada were 1868-69, 1873-74, 1874-75 and 1878-79, during all of which the United States duty was 15 cents per bushel. Owing to the generally favourable returns for the barley crop, its production in Canada rapidly increased until, in 1889-90, the United States imports from Canada had risen to 11,827,065 bushels barley and 213,185 bushels malt. Simultaneously with the increase in production in Canada there had been also a large increase in acreage in the United States. The production had begun to exceed consumption; prices declined; and the exports in 1889-90 averaged 50 cents per bushel. In the spring of 1890, Canadian farmers very generally reduced the barley acreage, so that the imports into the United States during 1890-91 reached 5,076,471 bushels. The McKinley Bill went into operation in October, 1890, and caused another reduction in Canada's barley acreage, so that the imports into the United States again fell off, being for the year 1891-92 3,144,918 bushels, price averaging about 40 cents per bushel (of which only 2,384,000 bushels were taken for consumption), the balance being exported to Europe. In

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spring of 1892 another reduction in Canadian acreage took place. The returns of imports into United States for 1892-93 are not yet complete; but from 1st July, 1892, to 31st May, 1893, they only amounted to 1,954,617 bushels, while during same period the exports of barley from the United States amounted to 2,555,109 bushels. Three years have effected a wonderful alteration in the barley trade of that country. In 1889-90, it imported from Canada, in barley and malt, 11,540,187 bushels; in 1892-93, it has exported to foreign countries 600,492 bushels barley more than it imported from Canada. Its barley crop in 1892 was hardly an average one either as to yield or quality. The deliveries at the western lake and river ports from 1st August, 1892, to 1st July, 1893, were 29,308,528 bushels as compared with 31,301,662 bushels in same period in 1891-92. Although the out-turn of beer has kept up its usual annual increase, the use of substitutes for barley malt has increased so greatly that even a deficient crop has proved more than sufficient for brewers' requirements. The barley market has been very dull all season, and the average price in Chicago for all grades, since 1st January has hardly reached 45 cents per bushel. There is said to be considerable old barley still held in farmers' hands in North-west States, but there is no demand for any except for feeding purposes at 30 to 35 cents; it has proved fortunate for Canadian farmers that they anticipated the condition of the American market, and reduced the production as much as they have done. It is very clear that if Canada had continued to export to the United States from 10 to 11 million bushels per annum, as they were doing three and four years ago, such exports would have completely broken the market there to prices equal to export value for European markets. Owing to special adaptation of Canadian soil and climate to the production of barley, superior to the general run of United States barley for malting purposes, Canadian barley would command a premium of 5 to 10 cents per bushel for a limited quantity. That free trade in barley or even a moderate rate of duty would increase the sale and value of Canadian barley is unquestionable; but, on the other hand, it is folly to expect that the demand would be as extensive, or the prices as high as they were some years ago.

Oats. It has been shown that in 1865-66 and 1866-67, shortly after the war, there was considerable demand in the United States for Canadian oats. Conditions have changed. During the last six years, Canada has purchased a great many more oats from the United States than it has sold to that country. In 1889-90 these purchases amounted to 351,965 bushels, although subject to a customs duty of 10 cents per bushel. Owing to the uncertain tendency of spring wheat and the rapidly declining disposition on the part of both American and Canadian farmers to reduce wheat acreage and increase that of oats; so that both countries have had during last two years a considerable surplus for export to Europe. During 1891-92 the United States exported to foreign countries 9,425,078 bushels American oats; and the Dominion exported 6,414,329 bushels Canadian oats. It is not at all likely that reciprocity or free trade in oats would affect prices in either country.

Rye. The exchanges of this grain between the two countries for some years back have been about equal. The value is almost invariably regulated by prices in Europe, and the exceptions to this rule are so rare that reciprocity would hardly ever affect the trade.

Peas and beans. With respect to beans there is no doubt that reciprocity or free trade would largely improve their value in Canada. The quantity exported to the United States in 1891-92 was 313,643 bushels. The section of Canada in which beans are profitably raised is of very limited extent. It is difficult to form any opinion as to the increase of quantity which would be produced, if prices were advanced. This season there has been an unusually large quantity of beans imported into the United States from Europe, and it may be that high prices will create such an increase in supplies from that quarter as would lead to a sudden decline in values. The exports of peas to the United States in 1891-92 were 527,932 bushels, part of which were not taken for consumption there, but were exported to Europe. Most of the peas shipped for use in United States are for seed, a large proportion of them being grown by Canadian farmers from seed furnished by United States seedsmen. As American dealers must pay for their peas, whether for seed or other purposes, prices equivalent to those paid for export to Great Britain, it seems absurd that they should impose customs duties on such an article, especially where most of the imports are required for seed. The export of peas to the United States forms a small proportion of Canada's pea export trade; the total quantity exported to all countries in 1891-92 being 4,432,291 bushels.

Indian Corn. Canada purchases largely from the United States in corn and corn Meal. During the six years 1886-87 to 1891-92, Canada imported for home consumption, 14,952,196 bushels corn, from which it derived a customs revenue, \$1,121,460; and corn meal, 810,716 barrels, customs revenue, \$324,696. In considering the question of free trade in corn, there are two considerations, (1) loss in revenue; (2) whether the lower price of this article would result in a general advantage, equivalent to the depreciation in the value of Canadian corn and other feeding stuffs.

Hay. The imports of Canadian hay into the United States for consumption there, were: in 1889-90, 105,372 tons, subject to a duty of \$2.00 per ton; in 1890-91, 28,989 tons, and in 1891-92, 79,772 tons, the duty in these two years being \$4.00 per ton. Doubtless, under free trade, the sales could be largely increased, and at better prices. It is very doubtful whether large exports of hay are advisable or judicious. Under the vigorous and wise efforts of the Dominion and Provincial Governments towards the extension and improvement of cattle and dairy products, it is to be hoped that very soon all the hay produced in Canada will be fed at home, to the great advantage of the soil.

Potatoes. The quantity of potatoes imported into the United States from all countries in 1891-92, was 197,709 bushels; in 1890-91, 5,363,707 bushels; duty in these two years, 25 cents per bushel; in 1888-89, 883,385 bushels; in 1889-90, 3,415,920 bushels; duty in these two years, 15 cents per bushel. The quantity imported from Canada was in 1889-90, 1,326,457 bushels; in 1890-91, 3,948,087 bushels; in 1891-92, only 68,976 bushels. In 1892-93, the quantity imported from

Canada has been small, owing to deficient crop in the Dominion in 1892, and high general range of prices. The imports this season have been large from other countries, nearly all from Europe. From 1st June 1892, to 31st May 1893, they have amounted to 4,138,272 bushels, as compared with less than 200,000 bushels in same time 1891-92. The production and value of the potato crop in the United States vary so much as to afford a very unsafe reliance for Canadian or other producers.

Other vegetables, fruits, garden and field seeds, trees, plants, and shrubs. In all these articles, Canada purchases much more largely from the United States than it sells to that country.

ANIMALS, LIVE, AND THEIR PRODUCTS. — During 1865-66, the last year of the old reciprocity treaty, the value of live animals and animal products exported from Canada to the United States was \$11,184,741; consisting of horses, \$2,590,505; horned cattle, \$4,312,142; swine, \$319,774; sheep, \$570,194; butter, \$1,254,436; pork, \$534,041; wool, \$753,113; eggs, \$240,907, etc. During the following year, 1866-67, the exports of these commodities declined to \$3,686,191; the value of horses being \$599,951; horned cattle, \$1,190,798; swine, \$41,350; sheep, \$149,976; butter, \$601,509; pork, \$34,450; wool, \$495,368; eggs, \$310,847, etc. This rapid decline in one year could not result from the moderate rates of duty, but was rather owing to the rapid recovery of the United States from the effects of the war.

Horses. The number of these animals in the United States is rapidly increasing. In 1860, the number was 6,429,174; in 1870, 7,145,370; in 1880, 10,357,488; in 1890, 14,213,837; in 1883, 16,206,802; the average value in 1893 was \$61.00. The small increase in numbers from 1860 to 1870, as compared with other decades, was evidently due to the losses and waste caused by the war. This naturally created a large demand for Canadian horses. Owing to the recent rapid increase in numbers, and the great falling off in employment of heavy horses, owing to extensive use of electric power, there has been a large decrease in the demand for Canadian horses, which are now only imported for special purposes.

Horned Cattle. The numbers of oxen in the United States have increased from 17,034,284 in 1860, to 35,954,196 in 1893; average value in 1893, \$15.25; in milch cows, from \$8,581,735 to \$16,424,087 in 1893; average value in 1893, \$21.75. The United States exported during the year ending June 30, 1892, cattle valued at \$36,099,095, and beef products, \$34,436,169. As Canada is also an exporting country, it cannot be expected that free trade in cattle and beef would result in much larger sales by either country to the other. The exchanges would be rather a matter of local convenience than of necessary requirements. According to the statistical abstract of the United States, the quotations for oxen and cows do not afford any promising inducements, nor do its figures for fat cattle, as they show that the average price in Chicago market during the year 1892 for good to choice native steers of 1,200 to 1,500 lbs., was \$4.12½ per 100 lbs.

Sheep. The number of sheep in the United States has increased from 22,471,275 in 1860, to 47,253,253 in 1893; average value in 1893, \$2.66. As Canadian lambs are in great favor in that country, it is pretty certain

that a much larger trade would be done in these, and better prices obtained under reciprocity or free trade. The imports into the United States from Canada were in value, in 1889-90, \$1,135,357; in 1890-91, \$1,082,930; in 1891-92, \$1,318,685.

That the general run of horses, cattle, and sheep is not dearer in United States than in Canada, is evident from the fact that, although subject to duty, large numbers of them are annually imported from the Western States into Manitoba and North West Provinces.

Swine and Pork. In 1865-66, Canada exported considerable value in swine and pork to the United States, about \$800,000. During last six years, the trade has been largely the other way; Canada's imports from the United States have amounted to \$7,120,897, from which it derived a customs revenue of \$1,709,169. With the exception of the present season, prices of all hog products have been much higher in Canada than in the United States. Under reciprocity or free trade, Canada would not only lose a large amount of customs revenue now derived from these products, but the reduction in value would probably lead to a great curtailment of production of what is now one of the most profitable of all its farm produce. The consumption of pork and lard in the Dominion is estimated at over 40 lbs. per cap., equal to two million cwt. About one-half of the quantity is sold off the farm. One dollar reduction in price per 100 lbs. means a loss to farmers of one million dollars per annum on their pork.

SUMMARY.

In reviewing the list of raw products, it is seen that on the whole the exchanges between the United States and Canada are of about equal value. Under reciprocity or free trade the commerce would undoubtedly be largely increased, but the relative position in respect of equality would, in all probability, be maintained. The general interests of both countries would be largely benefited, although in a few instances there might be loss or disturbance of minor interests, as must always happen under any extensive alterations of tariff policy.

In view of all the circumstances of the trade between the two countries, especially in view of the fact that Canada purchases annually United States manufactures to the value of from twenty-two to twenty-four million dollars, it is difficult to understand the action of Congress in passing the McKinley Bill in 1890, containing so many clauses destructive to the Canadian trade. Some of the arguments urged in favor of these clauses were disingenuous in the extreme. One or two objectionable items of the Canadian tariff were selected and referred to in justification of the proposed action. This was very unfair. Congress had in its possession a special report of its own chief of the Bureau of Statistics, prepared in 1888, apparently for the very purpose of showing the probable effect of reciprocity with Canada, Mexico and South American countries. That report showed that during the year ending June 30, 1887, Canada imported from the United States merchandise valued at \$44,802,732; of which \$30,578,332 was dutiable, and \$14,224,000 free of duty; that the amount of duty levied under the Canadian tariff was \$7,265,136, averaging 16.22 per cent ad valorem; that the amount of duty which would have been levied upon the same merchandise if imported into the United States

from Canada under the then United States tariff would have been \$9,025,598, averaging 19.79 per cent. ad valorem.

It might have been expected that the report would have induced Congress to adopt a liberal policy toward Canada. On the contrary, Canada was specially exempted from the operation of the general reciprocity measure then adopted; not only this, but the rates of duty upon the principal articles imported from Canada were increased to prohibitory figures.

It is not to be expected that Canada will continue a liberal trade policy towards any country which refuses to reciprocate in a like liberal spirit. Canada always has been, and is now, willing and anxious to promote its commerce with the United States by any reasonable and equitable measure which can be mutually agreed upon, either by treaty or legislation. It confidently expects that the Cleveland administration will employ its influence in promoting a better understanding between the two countries. If such an understanding cannot be accomplished, Canada will very naturally feel compelled to adjust its tariff with special regard to those countries which are willing to deal with it on fair and liberal terms.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

CANADA AS A FIELD FOR THE ARTIST. I.

It has been the misfortune of Canada to be known to the public of other lands, chiefly as a land where winter holds vigorous sway for a great part of the year, and where snow is the chief object of contemplation for the inhabitants. Only a few acres of snow, said the French couriers to Louis 15th, to console him for the loss of the country; and many of our southern neighbours who used to attend the Montreal Carnivals, have reiterated the remark, with variations. But Canadian scenery has more aspects than one worthy of contemplation, and the country must receive more than the cursory inspection afforded, by a flying visit before its charms can be known and appreciated.

To the visitor from England, or from any European country, the striking features peculiar to Canada, seem, at first, so strange and different from their own homes, that they are not attracted by them, nor do they perceive the picturesque that is detected by the artist, and by those whose affections are stirred by birth or long association with the country.

It must be confessed, also, that even the artists who, every spring delight and instruct the picture-loving public with their works, have cast too often a longing, lingering look behind, and even when rendering subjects purely Canadian, have treated them too much as if the Canadian element were not too much to be insisted on, and some, among whom may be mentioned J. A. Fraser, Homer Watson, and Lawson, have forsaken the rocky coasts and the rural valleys of Nova Scotia and Ontario, for Scotch moors and English river scenes, certainly no more picturesque, and not half so interesting as our own. Few, indeed, have followed the good example set by the pioneer among Canada's adopted artists, Krieghoff, who, although a German by birth, identified himself with the land he lived

in, and spent his later life in illustrating the salient points of Indian and French-Canadian life. The Indian squaw, loaded with baskets or mocassins, on her way to market; the Indian Chief leaning on his rifle and contemplating the distant locomotive threading its way through his old hunting grounds; the Habitant jogging along the snowy road, with his sleigh-load of wood and shaggy little horse, or returning on a gallop, with two convivial companions pursued by a wrathful toll-keeper defrauded of his rightful dues; these, and other kindred studies of his time and country, are known and recognized as Krieghoff's subjects, and, in spite of his bad habit of repeating himself, are valued to-day at prices from five to ten times greater than the sums he received for them.

Considering that we have, as a field of operations, a country comprising the larger half of the continent of North America, it would be surprising indeed if we could not find material worthy of being painted, and it seems strange that our landscape painters, at least, should turn their backs on their own land in favour of any other; between Cape Breton on the east and Vancouver Island on the west, every kind of scenery can be found. Wild, rocky shores, and flat, far-stretching sandy coasts, undulating pastoral lands, quiet lakes studded with wooded islands, thundering water falls, including Niagara, or the best view of it: mountains of every description up to the majestic Mount Henry, higher than Mont Blanc, and covered with perpetual snow; the endless prairie plains, with their grand opportunities of sky study; the rugged pine forest of Northern Ontario, and the lofty cedar and spruce woods of British Columbia, all are here to choose from, and now that the trans-continental railway, which may be said to be no less an artistic than a military road, has made them all accessible, what necessity compels our artists to seek fresh fields or pastures new, when these have not only been exhausted, but many of them, in their varying phases, are absolutely untouched?

As to figure-painters and the Canadian subjects awaiting them, they are many and varied, comprising the yet extant wild races of men, picturesque enough in their own way, and employed about their own homes and pursuits, the Esquimaux, clad in deer skins, and struggling to pull in a seal with his line, or fighting the walrus in his lightly-built kayak. The various tribes of Indians from the quiet Crees and Chippewas of the North, to the wild but athletic Sioux and Blackfeet of the plains, and the stunted Siwashes of British Columbia, each with their own methods of following their peculiar mode of life, but all picturesque and waiting for the artist's eye and hand to perpetuate their peculiarities. How picturesque do the Siwash Indians of the Fraser River appear when fishing with net or spear from the frail scaffold of spruce poles jutting out over the rushing river, and looking so insecure that few white men would care to mount them; and what fit subjects for pictures may be found among the nomadic Blackfeet camping high up in the Rockies, stalking mountain goats at dawn, tracking the cariboo deer, watching behind a crag for a shot

at a grizzly, or fording a river on their parti-coloured ponies in single file, all these and many other subjects are awaiting the coming man as the present painters of figures seem to be too busy painting such cosmopolitan subjects, as "Boys telling Stories," "Mortgaging the Homestead," "Interior of a Studio," "A Negro's Home," none of which are unmistakably Canadian.

How much more it would appeal to a Canadian public, and tend to build up a Canadian Art feeling, nay, how much might be done by artists, to knit the various provinces into one whole if, on the walls of our exhibitions we saw portrayed the life of the hardy fisherman of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, with the old red sandstone cliffs of the north shore in the background; or life, as it appears in the lumber camps and in the pine woods; the hewing, the felling of the pines, the hauling on sleds through the snow, the dumping down the slide to the river, the rafting and life on a raft, the jam of logs, with all its concomitant but picturesque dangers; and then the settler's life—who has painted the bustling bee; or burning the brush; and again, the woods on fire, with the hardy settlers fighting the flames, or fleeing with such goods and chatties as they could carry away; then again, the early farm life, with the unique log barns; the straw stack, used also to shelter the calves—feeding the cattle in winter—or watering cattle or horses where the ice has to be chopped away at the river drinking place?

Besides, the older, long-settled parts of our country have a character all their own, valuable for artistic purposes. Some of the old farmers of Nova Scotia, settled generations ago by Scotch people, are still Scotch to all appearance, and one finds old people still talking in the Gaelic tongue, to young and old (especially in Cape Breton) and just as these are still Scotch, so many of the old stone houses of the French-Canadian Seigniors are as French as if they were standing in old France instead of Canada. The houses, with their curved roofs, the huge barns comprising in one building the various erections usually found in an English barn-yard, the oddly shaped carts, all have a character of their own that, although changed in some respects to suit the climate, and the exigencies of the winter, proclaims itself "adapted from the French."

To complete the list of foreign examples, it is only necessary to turn to our own county of Waterloo, which was largely settled by Germans, and there we shall see many features of the builders, tools, costumes, and habits of the Fatherland; while, in many parts of Ontario, we find English farmers adopting the style and manner of their own beloved country.

All, however, are modified by the necessities of the Canadian climate, and all would provide material for pictures equal to the same class of subjects in other countries; while we have, in addition, not only the log buildings of the kind spoken of above, but a style

of farm building which has arisen from the improved means of the Canadian farmer to adapt himself to the country. I allude to the so-called bank barn, which, in its improved shape, is not only picturesque outside with its covered galleries and stone foundation, but provides fine interior effects in its lofty basement interior, and spacious lofts of hay, clover or straw. But farm life, however picturesque, is only one feature of our many-sided life; incidents of everyday life on the lakes, and in the little back country villages, have many points of interest. The writer saw the other day, a fine subject, at a little country place near Collingwood: the villagers waiting for the mail, where the post office was a diminutive cottage, with a platform in front where the rural visitors waited in company, with a home made table on which were set out a variety of crocks, pails and milk pans to dry in the sun; beneath stood the swill tubs, handy, to the front door; the front room which contained a large stove, and was the living room as well as the post office. A large boiler stood beside the swill tubs, used last spring for sugar making, also a saw-horse and a big iron pot on a bench. In front, on each side of the path, grew masses of flowers, scarlet lychins, white mallow, orange lilies, roses, poppies and sweet william. The background was formed by the barn-yard and straw stack, with cherry trees along the fence, the whole making a subject which would attract attention at the Salon or Royal Academy, if only justice were done to it by a competent artist.

But many such instances could be given. Suffice it to say, that subjects abound, in all respects quite equal to those of other countries, and, although our country cousins have no peculiar national costume, still the ordinary work-day costume of our farmers, including the wide-brimmed straw hat, is quite as artistic as is the appearance of the sunbonnetted, bare-footed, girls who fetch up the cows, and milk them, and, although we may deplore the loss of the old scythe, as to be preferred to the mowing machine for pictorial purposes, still, even the mower will be found in time to have its good points, and forms a pleasing picture when drawn by two good horses (one a gray) driven by a red-bearded farmer in a dark blue blouse and straw hat, through a rich field of clover, the background being a bush pasture, separated from the field by an old-fashioned rail fence.

Of the landscape and its great varieties, in the various provinces which go to make up the noble country of Canada, I shall endeavour to speak more in detail in following papers; here, I am only trying to draw attention to the fact that there is no lack of subject, or of variety in subjects for pictures, and that Canadian artists need not make long journeys to other lands, to look for models from which to produce their pictures, and to remind them that the artists who have become greatest have been those who used the material that was accessible, as we may recollect when we think of Hogarth, Rembrandt, Frankhals, Corot, Rousseau, Miller, Wilkie and any number of others.

T. MOWER MARTIN.

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

After a brief survey of the English leisure classes, M. Taine, in his "microscopic" History of English Literature, takes us across the Channel to France, that is to say, to Paris. England is all very well; M. Taine has been affable, not to say kindly, in his criticisms; but then Paris is—well, Paris—and the Frenchman foregoes his minute analysis and launches forth into something which almost resembles enthusiasm. He shows us those keen, sharp faces, sceptical perhaps, as to old beliefs, but unprejudiced towards any one who may be willing to voice a new. Keen Parisians that they are, who have learned that the secret of intellectual life as well as of other life is motion!—motion, feverish, wayward motion, but still movement—the faster the better. And the object, to forget the burden of living, to choke ennui.

In the heart of Paris surely it is possible to kill this subtle poison of our century; but stay, there was De Musset who died of it! Cluster closer together, weave yet another fancy, strange and horrible, if you will; it may live for an hour, for the moment; at any rate it is new. Another flash of persiflage, some new stroke of irony; but no, it is stale already; give us pity for a change, pity is never old.

New phases of art spring up, mushroom like in birth and in death. New forms of literature arise with an energy that comes not from spontaneity. Zolaism and Wertherism struggle hand in hand; but ennui triumphs above them all.

No, we cannot get rid of our shadow, but it might be possible to forget, to be for a time unconscious of it. This is not the least serious problem of our age, but it is one which each must solve for himself uninfluenced by external rhetoric, be it even the rhetoric of Rousseau. Of one thing, however, we may be certain—the remedy, if remedy there be, must be natural and not artificial, must come from within and not from without.

And if this be true, and it is no dogmatism to say that it is, can it be by this sharpening process, which M. Taine attributes to the cosmopolitans of Paris, that men may learn the real lesson of life, apart from that of restlessness and pain? There is another method, that which Count Tolstoi would teach us; but Tolstoi is an extremist who calls for sincerity of thought and action, in short a man whom it is easier to admire than to follow. And yet, perhaps, this system, which includes solitude and simplicity, rather than the extreme polish of the intellect and the straining of the nerves, is the wiser, the saner system.

For in this "rubbing" of mind against mind there are more things lost than crudeness and dogmatism; sincerity and faith go with them.

There is a solitude which is free from oppression, a calm which does not spring from sterility; an unconscious answer to the enigma of life. An answer that is found perchance on the bank of a river, or in the heart of a mighty forest; one that is never analyzed and sifted in the tortuous shiftings of the mind, but which is dimly felt in the heart. For, face to face with the calm of nature, the self-questioning soul is answered at the very moment when it forgets to question. And

in the presence of the solitude of nature, that solitude which speaks of no loneliness, that silence which is without sorrow, the most restless experience, something akin to awe. Into the heart of some "child of the century" (ominous phrase that carries its own story) suggestions, unborrowed from the cosmopolitan atmosphere of a great city, will rise. And in the simplicity of immensity the vague whisper of Wonder will be dimly caught.

Everything is no longer faded and tainted with the weariedness of self. Wonder transforms each common object with a touch that Midas had never learned. The wind whistling through the trees tells new stories, wilder and fresher than those old "sensations" with which the jaded nerves are already sated. The sunlit waters mirror more wondrous pictures than those artists who have insulted art by defacing nature. And into this new world there seems to dawn an earnestness laden with that burden which is beyond pleasure-purpose. Universal purpose in which the individual's aims are absorbed but not crushed; limitless, inexorable purpose, co-equal with time and space.

Is the recognition of this purpose the secret, or is it a dream of mysticism, vague and profitless as the life-weariedness itself? This we cannot answer, but if it is mysticism, it is also the basis of art, of poetry, of everything fresh and holy, which the spirit of man has seized in its highest and purest moments.

It was such solitude, such mysticism as this, which fired with undreamed-of energy the lonely maid of Orleans. It was such solitude that prompted the dauntless spirit of Marat's murderess with limitless determination, limitless resignation. Perhaps, indeed, the lines of a French dramatist, assigned to Charlotte Corday herself, strike to the very root of the question:—

Celui qui n'a pas su hair la servitude,
Celui-la ne peut pas s'aimer—O solitude!

Substitute for the limited "servitude," of which Marat was the author, the almost universal servitude which springs from introspection, self-absorption. For if real power means mastery of self; real liberty, in a sense by no means insignificant, means forgetfulness of self.

PARIS LETTER.

The terrible heat promises to suspend all labour, save that of swinging in a hammock over a fountain, and sipping some anti-parching beverage, whose base must consist of soda water and pounded ice. Mortals unable to keep down the temperature with these aids, must only find refuge in going to their bed, after executing vengeance on blankets and quilts. Look at the effects of the terrible heat; the orthodox cab-men on strike, when a non-striker occupies their seat upon the box, engage him to drive a select few to the suburbs, then beat the cab-man to within an inch of his life, finishing by smashing the vehicle, and at a moment when Parisians are most in need of the phaetons to drive through the woods in search of cool air till after midnight. So long as the Behring Straits seal fishery debates lasted, citi-

zens enjoyed the discussion, because there were constant allusions to icebergs and polar seas. All that is now finished. It is rumored the Senator Berenger, who has become the public purifier of manners, let it be understood in the proper quarter that the allusions to the increase and multiply powers of the seals, were rather too frequent for Parisian taste, and, perhaps, could only be excused in an indignant Australian when handling the rabbit pest. There is a run on the hoi polloi ice shops, only equal to that on a flash bank. Spoons are discarded; the vendor has only time to wash the ice cups and saucers in a common bucket; the ordinary price of an ice, that the lips draw up from the glass, is one sou; but if a dozen be taken, fifteen will count as twelve. Boys and girls make up parties of a dozen, and draw lots as to who are to receive the extra three. Veterans rely on bad wine and worse alcohol; while there are thousands who are content with a "split," from the Wallace free fountains, and crowd around the "drop scene" like travel-stained Saharians at an oasis.

There are phenomena still. I was riding on an omnibus, a few mornings ago, for cabs are rare, and Victor Hugo indulged in no other kind of locomotion, so one may be excused, and had for neighbours two excellent farmers, with faces as bronzed as the features of a Rameses, that had just arrived by train from the centre of France. They soon struck up a conversation; and, to my natural question, if any green fields or green leaves existed in the provinces, they looked at me as if I had pocketed the war indemnity of five milliards. Then they burst into a laugh; when one laughs one is disarmed. As for their part, they were never so contented; even Martin's wife after being thrashed by her lord and master, could not be more so. Their wheat was more than fair; if the straw was short, the ear was well-filled; the potatoes were excellent; as for their vineyards, the difficulty is to obtain empty wine barrels to contain the vintage. Beet was weak, but not a failure, while forage promised to be as rare this winter as silver rupees in India. However, the profits from other crops would more than cover losses. The farmers have renounced sending their starving cattle to the fairs, where no price could be fetched; so they kill them and salt the meat in wine barrels, for their own or local use. My bucolic co-voyagers were even content with the Ghadrach and Co. weather. I suggested they ought not to profess that idea too strongly in Paris, when so many young persons carried penny thermometers in their hats, to register the external heat, or, perhaps, that of brain temperature. France will not have to import large stocks of grains to cover the supposed deficit in the harvest, calculated at one-fifth. There is more home-grown wheat offered than can find purchasers, so Canaanites may come to Egypt for corn. Despite the calculations of M. Licht, that the annual sugar crop of the world will be short by one-fourth, half a lump daily less put into our cups and glasses, would more than conjure the sugar famine.

The French commence to perceive that Siam may prove a difficult nut to crack, and that they have shown their hand too

fully; that they are not at all ready to rush a solution, while the Siamese will have time to make ready, present, and fire. M. Lanessan is blamed for bungling, and it is hinted, that the only result will be, to set Siam in a blaze, provoke attacks on the foreign devils—the English being in the majority, when the British will simply bombard, land men, and take over Siam, as they have Egypt. That solution is not improbable. Of course, England will not permit any European power to pass over her interests in Siam. And France admits she has not the class of ships on the spot to follow out her plans. It was herself inaugurated this new system of diplomacy in China, and recently at Tientsin when she placed a gun boat at Tientsin, for every one the English anchored there.

A great abuse has been unearthed, the various public establishments owned and occupied by the State, affording house accommodation to thousands of officials, while the museums are declared to require enlargement for exhibits, rooms are occupied by clerks etc., and their families. These free quarters represent a rent value of hundreds of millions, and necessitate an annual expenditure of many other millions. It was about 1833, that the invasion of the Government premises commenced; since the occupation has extended like a plague. As the evil has been indicated, a commission will be appointed to weed out those households whose presence is of no necessity in the building. Hence, there is terrible walling and gnashing of teeth. The reform should not be so much fixed on ejections, as the making it impossible for the ejected, or others, to take root afresh.

Since British India has smashed bimetalism, and compelled the shutting down of silver mines, the money market is in a terrible state of perturbation. Not a few early birds have seized the occasion to file their schedules. Many creditors have utilized the incident to stay payment, assuring their shop debtors, that as soon as the metal crisis is over, they will have their bills paid. It is difficult to drain pockets of gold, where there is no gold. Not long ago, M. Clemenceau, in full Chamber, accused the Government of being forgers, because they coined silver five franc pieces that were really not intrinsically valuable for two-thirds of the amount they represented at the selling price of silver. India having resolved to put an end to the fictitious value of silver money, the latter has "dropped" fifty per cent. On 29th June last, the Bank of France had in its cellars gold to the value of 1,717 millions frs, and silver, 1,280 millions frs. If the latter pile can only fetch 640 millions frs. when sold as old silver, provided buyers can be found, the loss will be sensibly felt. In France, a five franc silver piece will always have the purchasing power of five francs in gold—but beyond the frontiers, the coins, and those of other countries as well, must rank in value with silver forks, spoons, and cover dishes.

It is refreshing to pass an evening at the Neuilly Fair, outside Paris, where even Mrs. Grundy tolerates the harmless nonsense of visiting the penny gaffs, the infant prodigies, and all the wonders of the age. It is the comic epilogue always

of the Paris season. The fair stretches a good mile in length; down the broad avenue, on each side, there are exhibitions of every kind, and a few popular novelties. There is an ambulatory band, where women play the brass instruments; one lady performer hangs her chignon on the cylinder, but the weather is very warm, besides, "Beauty draws with a single hair," what must be the attractive force of a chignon collection. A blind man, with a patriarchal beard, called Belsarius, grinds an asthmatic organ; on which a dog and a monkey sit, clashing a cymbal, in claymore fashion. There is a collection of "the most lovely and the most hideous specimens of lady humanity;" entrance fee, two sous, but you bind yourself to pay an extra coin for every laugh you indulge in. The creatures are all in wax. There is an anatomical museum which boasts to have "nothing German;" two "infirm peits" claim the support of patriots, as the two dwarfs assert they have been born and reared in France, and have no relationship with foreign uldgets. In another shanty is a performer, who drinks 80 glasses of beer in fifteen minutes, plus any extras the public may present him with. That means a total of 600 glasses of beer in a performing day, and explains why the excise officers keep an eye on him, to claim the octroi dues. The doctrine of "metempsychosis is explained and illustrated;" you place two sous on a plate, the artist orders a bottle of beer, hands the collection to pay for it, and drinks long life and happiness to his scientific supporters. "Euler," is both a catching and a warning epithet. However, for four weeks, it is worth once in a way to see him. There is satan on his throne, surrounded by his imps; he judges the latest arrivals; a lawyer is invited to defend his own, after acting for so many bad causes; an apothecary is upbraided with preparing ointment against "burns;" two Beelzebub stokers are called and lead him to experiment his salve on himself. Then Satan, after a time rises, delivers this speech from the throne: "Ladies and gentlemen, do not forget to send your families, your friends, and your enemies to the D—."

"RAMPANT DEMOCRACY.

In the June number of the North American Review, the author of "Triumphant Democracy" prints a fresh chapter which is to be added to a new and forthcoming edition of his work under the title, "A Look Ahead," and the gist of the twenty-six pages which it covers is nothing more or less than the annexation of the British Empire to the United States of America. This is not the form in which the proposition is expressed. He is careful to speak of it as "a re-union of the separated parts and once again a common citizenship." But then he also says, "England . . . could expect to dominate," and his meaning is quite plain when he adds that "the citizen in part of the new federation, by means of the telegraph, really will sit within the precincts of the Capitol"—videlicet of Washington. His arguments, if inflated, are not without some little ingenuity. He first shows how both Great Britain and the colonies were separated in 1776. No doubt this is History will some day prove that the

separation of 1776 was brought about more by actual agitators and heedless acts, first of violence on the one side, and then of retribution on the other, than by any theoretical dissensions on abstract questions of taxation without representation. Nevertheless, sentiments a hundred years old have little real influence now, pleasing as they may appear on paper. Mr. Carnegie then urges the community of race. How valid such an argument is when the race is divided may be seen in the case of Athens and Sparta; in the case of the Italian Republics, the ultimate unification of which was the outcome of of infinite effort; of the houses of York and Lancaster; of England and Ireland, the dissensions between which to-day cannot by any manner of means be defined as racial; and of the Northern and Southern sections of Mr. Carnegie's own adopted country only thirty years ago. And one would think that the United States, (to say nothing of its seven millions of blacks), would be the last to speak of the community of race. Next Mr. Carnegie scorns to regard the Atlantic Ocean as a natural barrier. But is not the Rhine a barrier, and the Danube, and the Save, not to mention scientific frontiers, merely lines on paper? Since nations are artificial collections of peoples, talk about natural boundaries is for the most part folly. A purely natural boundary one sees in the Pacific and Indian Oceans which gird Australia, but in the island itself the boundaries chiefly follow lines of latitude and longitude, about as artificial a method as could be devised. The fact is the causes that go to define a frontier are complex as the conditions under which such frontier is defined, into which war, and trade, and relative strength, and physical configuration and many another element enters. Mr. Carnegie's third argument is the agglutinating influence of the telegraph. Why not preach this doctrine to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, which are connected not only by telegraph lines but by express trains? Fourthly, the omnipotence of such a confederation is held up as a paramount advantage, and as tending to do away with the arbitrament of the sword. To many it would seem more probable that the hand of such an Ishmael would be turned against every man and every man's hand against it. As it is, the trade policy of the United States has not conduced to make that nation a bosom friend of the powers in Europe or anywhere else. It has offended Germany, displeased France, narrowly escaped more than passing friction with Italy, incessantly annoyed England, bully-ragged Canada, and quarrelled with one after another of the South American Republics. Mr. Carnegie's fifth argument is his strongest, namely, that re-union means free trade. But the free trader asks for free trade without re-union; and many a free trader would consider re-union a very high price to pay for free trade. Besides, with the innumerable examples of the obsequiousness of Congress to monopolies, does Mr. Carnegie think it an easy matter to bring about free trade, even if accompanied by the annexation of the British Empire? The probabilities are in favour of believing that the monopolists would fight against re-union if re-union meant free trade, till they had spent in wire-pulling the last dollar they could borrow. The nature of the sixth batch of arguments may be learned from the opening sentence of the paragraph: "The influence upon the individual citizen of

power in the state and especially of power used for great and good ends is immeasurable." It is sentences like these that warrant the characterization of much of Mr. Carnegie's assertions as inflated. Mr. Carnegie then proceeds to say of Canada, of the United States, of Ireland, and of Scotland, that they "are ready" for this proposed annexation, an assertion not worthy a denial. And the only impediments he sees are Britain's pride in her colonial empire, the present condition of India, the monarchical form of government, and the Established Church, all which the writer thinks are surmountable, but about all which he speaks in the vaguest possible manner; as, for example, when he says of India, "British occupation of that vast country is necessarily temporary." The problem of England in India is not one to be solved in a sentence, least of all by an American manufacturer. Nor is the monarchical form of government to be glibly dismissed in a paragraph. The very words, "colonial empire," too, point to a fact of which throughout his article Mr. Carnegie seems to have lost sight, namely, that "Great Britain" does not mean an archipelago of small northern islands, with a population of some thirty-seven million souls, but a world-wide Empire of some three hundred millions of people. So much for Mr. Carnegie's article.

There is a side to the question of a reconciliation between the divided branches of the English-speaking race, that nor Mr. Andrew Carnegie, nor apparently any other of its advocates cares to consider, and this is briefly that the tone of the New World branch is one thing and that of the Old World branch quite another thing. The very word tone, with its subtle and indefinable combination of moral, intellectual, and artistic signification seems to be unknown in the cis-Atlantic branch. What the moral, intellectual, and artistic tone of this branch is, any reader of its press, any participant in its "business," any observer of its politics may see. Its press is simply infamous. To Mr. Matthew Arnold its best newspaper seemed to contain chiefly "news for the servants' hall," and probably Mr. Matthew Arnold never had put into his hands a copy of the Detroit "Sunday Sun," to say nothing of "Broadway," which imitates without French taste the French culte of the goddess lubricity. It is nothing to the question to point to the "Nation." It is really a little too much to ask that one righteous periodical should save the whole of that journalistic Sodom and Gomorrah. The same plea is urged with regard to the tone of social life, and equally ineffectually. The cultivated American, we all know and all heartily and delightedly admit, is delightful. But the cultivated American has generally obtained his culture out of America, and at the very most the influence that he wields over his America is next thing to nil. Surely that influence would be detectable did it exist. As to American politics, their tone may justly be judged by the class of men that enter that sphere, and of this class all that need be said is that American cultivated gentlemen leave politics to politicians, with what results such legislation as the Silver Bill, the Behring Sea seizures, the Pension Regulations, the McKinley Tariff, the Hawaiian troubles, and the Chile dispute show. Is this tone to be taken no account of in a proposition to bring together two divided branches of a great race? It lies at the very root of the character of the nation, it is its very sap and nutriment, and according

as it is wholesome or vicious will the nation's growth be healthy or deformed. How such a tone came to be what it is in that great nation to our south is altogether another question. Those who please may trace it to the ancient sophistries imbedded in the Declaration of Independence which assert the equality of all men; or to the want of a high-born ruling class, maintained at a high level of culture and morality, both by the freedom from the cares of livelihood which it enjoys on the one hand, and the responsibilities of the cares of state which are thrust upon it on the other hand. Or they may go deeper and trace it to that want of history and tradition, of ancient usage and honoured custom which, in the course of eight hundred or a thousand years, has brought about those habits of veneration and restraint, of discipline, of the recognition of, and subordination to, moral and intellectual worth and power, which distinguish the serene and majestic mother of nations. Or they may go still deeper and, combining climatic influences with new-formed youthful habits of recklessness and hardihood, trace this colonial lack of tone to the race for life and the unsettling effect of gain; to the want of homes and of paternal governance; to the spread of cheap knowledge cheaply bought, to the low level of the people where the people rule. But to whatever this low standard of national character may be traced, its existence is undoubted, and when Mr. Carnegie suggests that honoured and hoary-headed Great Britain should link its fortunes with this, it offshoot, he knows not what he asks. National greatness consists not solely in the possession of square miles of territory, or scores of millions of population, though even by this standard the United States are nowhere when compared with Russia or China. Were it otherwise, how could be explained the greatness of Greece at the time of the Persian Invasion, the expansion of Rome under the Empire, the far-reaching influences of the Venetian Republics, the trade of Holland, and the power and extension of this same United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland which a day's journey suffices to cover?

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

LIFE'S PENDULUM SWINGS.

An owl in an elm broods sad and grim,
With hunger her owlets cry,
As the eerie light of the moon grows dim,
And the white morn draweth nigh.

An old gray mouse with her children three,
In her home all under the dew,
Sleeps in peace at the foot of the tree,
As if sorrow she never knew.

Through the dusky light of the dawn
Two soft wings fan the grass;
A swoop—a thud—a beak all blood,
And the hours unheeding, pass.

And now at the foot of the tree
Falls a shade from the shaggy nest;
And the sun-rays, coming; see
The owl, with her owlets, rest.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

Plover Mills, Ont.

A pound of rice contains 86.09 per cent. of nutritive matter, against 82.54 per cent. for wheat, 82.79 per cent. for rye, 74.2 per cent. for oats, 82.97 per cent. for corn, 23.24 per cent. for potatoes, 46.03 per cent. for fat beef and 26.83 per cent. for lean beef.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY.

A grand opportunity to mark an era in Christian conduct, lies before the Committee who are to confer with Professor Campbell; and also before the body who are to "try" him. The painfulness of such charges and discussions of doctrine, as the Campbell and Briggs cases, arise, not so much from the alleged illiberality of views of those who usually form the majority in such Assemblies, as from the thoughtless over-zeal and unnecessary bitterness displayed. There is something quite defensible in the position of a body of men who say: "In this communion, we, or our forefathers, have established fixed and definite standards, to which all teachers subscribe. We demand that he who no longer holds to these standards, shall cease to speak authoritatively for and among us." The student who has found his way to different ground, may claim that they ought to reform the standards, or await the revolution which he looks for in public opinion; but, if his fellow-members refuse, there is plenty of argument on their side which has claim to the respect of mankind. A certain conservatism of doctrine has by no means proved useful in the history of religion.

But the treatment of the disagreeing individual, is a very different subject. The painfulness of a "heresy trial" lies in a thoughtless lack of consideration for the feelings of the brother-Christian whose views are in question, which ought not to exist in this age of enlightened sympathy.

First, the terms used are offensive. "Heresy" by its nature implies an arrogant claim, however much the partisan sophist may excuse it. It contains at least an assumption, not at all expressive of simple, prayerful faith in the doctrine at issue. "Tried," implies that the man is "accused," and is "guilty," a "culprit;" when, as a matter of common-sense, it is the man's views alone which should be spoken of as tried, and found, or not found to correspond with the standards of the denomination. It is all very well for a few individual Presbyterians or Methodists to claim that this is the real meaning of the language:—it is at least not the evident acceptation nor that conveyed to the world at large. The Presbytery of Montreal have it in their power to formally place on record at the beginning of the Campbell inquiry, a recommendation that these terms now so out of date in their spirit, and so directly descended from the Holy Inquisition, be removed from the vocabulary of the Church at large. Such a recommendation would, we doubt not, attract favourable comment throughout the whole world, and assist the cause of religion.

Another point is the thoughtless hue and cry raised in cases of the kind. The greatest care not to make the "heretic" feel that the world is all against him, is the duty evidently dictated by a Christ-like spirit to the whole denomination, and especially to those who differ from him most. This matter is not so easy to reform as the use of criminal terms. But the most substantial wrong, almost universally done to him, is the deprivation of his means of support in the event of an adverse "verdict." Instead of his receiv-

ing credit for taking a manly and self-denying step, frequently facing the loss of his earthly all, in revenue, friends, associations, and reputation, in obedience to the voice of his conscience, he is cast out without a shadow of sympathy for his material needs. Picture the state of mind of a man with a family to keep, turned adrift from his old occupations at a time of life of which hope and elasticity are not the usual marks, and seeing nothing to replace his salary. Is this Christian; is it ordinarily just as a practice? If Professor Campbell's views should receive (which they, of course, may not), the disapproval of the Presbytery, may we once more, in friendly spirit, suggest a course. It is that they should say, in substance, by resolution, "Dear brother, you have arrived at conclusions from which, in our judgment, the standards of our Church materially differ. We cast no doubt upon your honesty, and respect your obedience to your own conscience. We are to part as fellow-teachers of this Presbyterian body, but we remain still bound together in the great kingdom of our Master. You leave us with our good wishes and blessings, and we shall see, also, that arrangements are made, so that, for a fair time to come, at least, you shall not suffer in substance by your loyalty to your individual conception of duty."

If the Presbytery of Montreal will take hold of the present occasion to say or recommend such things, and will act altogether in like spirit, the benefit to the cause of Christ everywhere cannot but be very great, and their Church will have set an example greatly to its honour.

ALCHEMIST.

SELLING OUR BIRTHRIGHT FOR A MESS OF POITAGE.

The announcement that eight hundred of the "Thousand Islands" are to be sold—without condition and without reserve—has called forth a good deal of comment from journals of various shades of politics—but apparently without avail. It should call forth a vigorous protest from every enlightened and patriotic Canadian who knows of how great value it is to any country to retain possession of such a natural and national park as these same islands should be to Central Canada. They have been long preserved in their unspoiled natural beauty. It has been reserved for the present Government to undertake to sell—out and out—the greater number of the Canadian islands, without the slightest guarantee that the purchaser shall not utterly and irretrievably ruin the noble heritage, kept hitherto intact through the chances and changes of centuries of our history! Heretofore, only small batches at a time have been leased, and that only for a limited period and under conditions. Now, it seems that these eight hundred beautiful islands are to be sold without the slightest provision that they may not pass into the hands of aliens, or be utterly defaced and despoiled by speculation who care only to make out of them some immediate profits. The superior beauty of the Canadian channel has long been a subject of remark. Its rich masses of foliage, its quiet leafy nooks and romantic coves, stand in such refreshing contrast to the tea-garden trans-

mation that has passed over so many of the American ones. We do not want the beautiful windings of Fidler's Elbow and other romantic spots turned into a street of suburban villas, hotels, and boarding houses. Yet this is the fate which a soulless Government seems to be preparing for them. It may take some time to spoil them, but spoiled they must ultimately be, if they become private property. And of course they must also be closed against the numbers of young men and other campers who have hitherto found, amid their quiet recesses, a healthful and happy camping-ground, pitching their tents there for a few weeks in summer, but, as a rule, leaving them uninjured by their stay. Of course, owners of islands will not welcome campers, and many of our young men, who cannot afford to buy islands or build summer cottages, will sadly miss the enjoyment they have had in the past among the islands. Possibly they may think of this at election time.

It is to be feared that the Government have been too much influenced by interested supporters of the vicinity, who have "axes to grind." Is it too much to hope that better counsels may yet prevail, and this natural park of Central Canada be kept as it ought to be, for the public use, as the American Government, following better counsels than in its management of the American Islands of the St. Lawrence, is now carefully preserving as a national possession—the beautiful islands of Lake George? In a recent report of the New York Forest Commission we read the following statement regarding these islands:—

"These islands are open to all. Any one may occupy ground as a temporary camp, free of charge, the only requirement being that no trees shall be injured, and that certain rules regarding the use of fire shall be observed. They are held by the State for the benefit of the public."

So should our St. Lawrence Islands, which have so long been "a thing of beauty," noted everywhere for their picturesque natural charm, to be held by the State, for the benefit of the Canadian public, under regulations which would preserve their charm unspoiled, instead of passing into hands unknown, with not the slightest guarantee that they will not be despoiled, defaced and altogether hopelessly vulgarised? Have we not taste and patriotism enough among us to rise and say—This wrong shall not be done to the Canadian people.

FIDELIS.

WAGNER AND HIS WORKS.*

Around no name in the past century has the battle of controversy waged more fiercely than that of Richard Wagner. Plerce and long has been the struggle in the world of music between the friends of the great "meistersinger" and his implacable, unyielding foes. The incomparable Liszt has written of him, "He achieved the grand and noble in the art of our time." Of the Impression made, even on the professional impersonation of his drama, Niemann, the accomplished tenor, has said of his performance of the third act of "Tristan," "Strong as I am, I am not ashamed to confess that on several occasions, in this act, my singing has been marred by sobs and tears which I could not suppress."

* Wagner and His Works: The story of his life with original comments by Henry T. Finck, with portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto: William Briggs, 1893.

to mention many others, arrayed against him. It is the common lot of all great reformers, it matters not in what field of human activity, to be espoused and opposed alike by their great as well as small contemporaries. To but few men, however, is it given, even in a century, as it was to the son of Friedrich Wagner, one time police officer of Leipzig, to have kings send memorial wreaths to his bier, and to have unnumbered admirers deplore his death the wide world over. We find a Wagner critic, in the midst of his limitations making the following admission: "Nevertheless, the germs of truth which he discovered and fostered with such care will live and flourish." There can be little doubt at this day as to the permanency of the fame of the author of "Tristan and Isolde," the "Meistersinger," and the "Nibelung Tetralogy." Of books upon Wagner there have been many, dealing more or less fully with his life and work; among them may be mentioned those of Jullien, Glasenapp, Hueffer and Praeger. Others there are with which our readers will be familiar, such as those of Nohl and Tappert. We now find Mr. Henry T. Finck paying his tribute to the great composer, in two volumes, comprising about one thousand pages. Mr. Finck has set himself a large task, but he has some essential qualifications for creditably completing it. He is an enthusiastic appreciator of Wagner and his work, and for many years has been assiduously collecting material for such an undertaking. He has a competent knowledge of music, and has, by permission, availed himself of the numerous kindred works which have already appeared, such as Serviere's Wagner Jugend in France: the letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Fischer, Heine, Theodore Thomas, Frau Wille, and those referred to in Oesterlein's Wagner Catalogue—numbering, including documents, some 30,000. To the industry requisite for such a task he has also allied the discrimination necessary to interweave the old material with the new, and by a fresh and, in many respects, attractive presentation, to interest his readers without wearying them. The method adopted has been to connect the life and work of his subject with the various places in which, from time to time, he lived; biographically to sketch his life; to show the gradual development of his work; to introduce the persons with whom he was associated, and in a measure to indicate their influence upon him and his upon them. Thus we follow him, beginning with his early days in Dresden, where when eight years of age he says: "I imagined that I would become somebody," and so on from place to place, and work to work. At Mendon, near Paris, he, then an obscure, struggling musician, composes the "Flying Dutchman"; at Dresden, "respected and looked up to as a man of some importance," the success of "Rienzi" was so pronounced, its reception by the audience so brilliant, that Wagner, with one stroke, became the hero of the hour. And so to London, Vienna and many a lesser place, till the end is reached at Venice, through the varied and attractive incidents which went to make up the life story of this extraordinary man, we are led. Most effectively does Mr. Finck tell the story of his hero's dramas, and other compositions, examining them carefully and discussing them

critically. In speaking of his reforms he says: "They extended to everything connected with the stage—the music, the drama and its subject, the singers, the actors, the orchestra, the scenery and stage management, the ballet, the theatre itself and even the audiences and their behaviour. An influence like his has never been exerted by one man in any art." Of his poetic achievements: "he introduced an entirely new world on the operatic stage—not only new forms, but new subjects, new atmospheric effects, new charms of local colour, in place of the worn-out plots that had so often done service in romances, plays, operas and burlesques. * * He adapted neither the poem to the music, nor the music to the poem; he cast them both into the same crucible, and they came out fused in material and form." We cannot enter at all fully into the details of this large and important addition to the biography and history of this great musical reformer, and his much controverted work. It must prove a welcome addition to every well-selected musical library. We wish we could speak favourably of the author's style and language; the former is too often lacking in dignity, and the latter abounds in the veriest commonplaces. There is also wanting the judicial tone, which gives distinction to the treatment of a great subject. Too often we find evidence of equally bad taste and judgment. In a work of such pretension, we neither seek nor relish the spleen of the heated partisan, nor the objectionable insistence of intemperate advocacy. Surely Wagner and his work will live without their ill-timed aid. It would be well were all eager partisans to remember that Time, the great arbiter, it may be slowly—yet none the less surely—rights the wrongs of the present in the great assize of the future. Facts inevitably tell their own story, and Truth is often best served by silence.

BUTLER'S RANGERS.*

Since no official historian has yet been appointed by the Dominion Government, or by any of the Provincial Legislatures, it is satisfactory to know that one able Canadian, Capt. Cruikshank, of Fort Erie, is picking up the scattered threads of our past, and preparing them for use in that splendid web, which at some future time shall be recognized as our richest possession.

The volume of 114 pp. which Mr. Cruikshank has just added to our historical literature, already so much enriched by his pen, is one which will increase its author's literary reputation, and also prove of great value to Canadians. Particularly valuable is it to the student of the period called the Revolutionary War: that uprising among the English Colonies in North America by which they threw off their allegiance to the Crown; and which led to the United Empire Loyalist settlement in that portion of the Province of Quebec, which had already received from traders and others the name by which it was eventually set off as a separate province—"Upper Canada."

* Butler's Rangers. The Revolutionary Period. By C. Cruikshank, author of The Battle of Lundy's Lane, The Battle of Queenston Heights, &c., &c. Published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Toronto: Rowell & Hutchison.

The preface is addressed to the "Many thousand descendants of the brave men who formed Butler's Rangers, now living in Ontario and other British Provinces." "To them," says the author, "I feel that no apology is necessary in presenting a narrative which will not be found unduly eulogistic. . . . It may be said, that these were hard, fierce, and revengeful men, but it should be remembered that they lived in a stormy time, in a hard, fierce, and revengeful world."

Beginning with the year 1774, when "His Excellency William Tryon, Esq., was Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Province of New York, and the Territories depending thereon in America, Chancellor and Vice-Admiral of the same." (Lond. Doc. XLIV). Mr. Cruikshank sketches the state of the province, which, though "the wealthiest, and undoubtedly the most flourishing of the British Colonies in America, did not contain a free population much exceeding a quarter of a million. Of these, 39,000 were freeholders entitled to vote at elections." Outside of New York itself, Albany, with a population of 5,000, was the largest and busiest town. "The valleys of the Mohawk, and its principal tributary from the south, the Schohariekill, were frequently termed the 'Garden of the Province, being composed of rich, deep virgin soil, easy of cultivation, and yielding enormous crops of grass and grain. Stretching for some fifty miles along either bank of the Upper Mohawk, but nowhere more than two miles in width, lay a fertile tract, called from the nationality of its inhabitants 'The German Flats.' The neighbouring hillsides were clothed with majestic pines, and the hum of the sawmill was heard on every petty creek. A numerous fleet of small sailing vessels was constantly employed in carrying the various products of this region to the sea-coast. So marked was the general prosperity of the province during the twenty years preceding the revolution, that a regretful Loyalist has termed this period 'The Golden Age of New York.'"

"By far the best known, and most influential man in the province was Sir William Johnson, Superintendent of the Northern Indians." The author proceeds to describe Sir William Johnson, his mode of life, and the means by which he gained the unbounded influence he enjoyed over the Indians.

In view of another valuable work "Glengarry in Canada," by Mr. J. A. Macdonell, of Alexandria, Ont., recently published, it is interesting to learn that Sir William Johnson could trace his descent from the same clan. "Though born in Ireland, and bearing an Anglicized name, he traced his descent in the direct line from the MacLan branch of the Macdonnells of Glencoe. A feeling of kinship prompted him to enter into a correspondence, which led to the immigration, in 1773, of the McDonnells of Aberchallader, Collichie, Leek and Scottus, in Glengarry, with many of their relatives and dependents, forming a body of more than six hundred persons."

It was John McDonnell of Aberchallader who was the first member for Glengarry, in the first Parliament of Upper Canada, and elected first Speaker of the

House. He had been the friend and companion of Walter Butler, who fell at Butler's Ford, immediately previous to the Battle of Sandusky, during some random firing between the enemy in a fog.

A great light is thrown in this narrative upon the employment of the Indians by both sides, and the difficulties in dealing with them are detailed.

After Sir William Johnson's death no other officer had so great an influence over the Indians as Colonel John Butler, and it is instructive to find that in each case such influence arose from the high moral qualities of the man. The Indians found that the word of each was his bond, and they acted accordingly.

The terrible necessities of war, which involve the destruction of the enemy's supplies, the burning of settlements, and all those terrible means by which nations at war have to cripple each other's resources, are here given, and of themselves form a study for the thoughtful and wise. The magnificent endurance, bravery, loyalty, and patience of the splendid corps of Butler's Rangers, which, before its dissolution attained to ten companies, must ever strike a chord of proud content in Canadian hearts; and little less enthusiasm will be evoked by the account given of the first beginning of that peaceful agricultural industry which has made the Niagara peninsula the "Garden of Eden" it is to-day.

S. A. C.

ART NOTES.

Until this week, Mr. J. W. L. Forster's sketching class might be met on a Wednesday on a sketching expedition, sometimes in High Park on the Humber, or any one of Toronto's pretty suburbs which can furnish so many subjects fit for brush and pencil. The last trip was to Mimico creek, where some charming sketches were made, some of which we may see at a future exhibition.

The official catalogue of the Fine Art Section at Chicago is now nearly ready. Very few English pictures have been reproduced in its pages. The more important examples of the modern English school—some forty in number—will ere long be reproduced in Goulligravure by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co., who are preparing the illustrations for a catalogue to be published by Messrs. Appleton.

Mr. Thos. Brock, R.A., has consented to act as English judge in sculpture in connection with the Fine Art Section at the Chicago Exhibition. The other judges are, for works in oil, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A.; for water-colour drawings, Mr. A. W. Hunt; for works in black-and-white, Mr. F. Short; and for architectural examples, Mr. MacIvar Anderson, P.R.I.B.A. The task before these gentlemen is anything but a pleasant one; and, inasmuch as only £150 has been allowed to each for travelling expenses, it will in most cases entail a very considerable pecuniary loss.

In a very interesting article, "The Japanese vs. The Western Artist," by John La Large, in the July Century, the writer makes the following comparison: The greater part of our "decoration" is carried out just the contrary way to that of the Japanese. Our artists accept as a momentary curse, the fact that to live they may have to draw patterns, or work in glass, or paint or model subsidiary ornamentation. They look forward to the glorious time when they may wreak their lofty souls in the dignity of paint mixed with the sacred linseed oil, or in the statue done in bronze or carved in

marble by other hands than theirs. And yet if their nature be not too far removed from ours, the habit of doing less than their best, the habit of doing poorly, the scorn of anything but the fine clothes of a fine material, will never be gotten over, and throughout this little cheapness of soul, this essential snobbishness, will be felt to puzzle and disconcert those who wish to admire.

That is to say, that they too often do not look to the end, but to the means, while to the artist, the means are a mere path—as with the Greeks, their work will live, even if its very physical existence is obliterated, because it is built in the mind, in the eternity of thought. So Greek art existed, and has lived, and lives the most flourishing and richest that we know of—with less to represent it than we turn our daily. So it lived, when it had no longer anything of its own body to represent it, in every thing that was done in every country which kept its lessons; and still lives without examples to refer to, even into the very painting of to-day. It is the principle of the proper place of means that makes the little piece of Japanese metal-work—for instance, the sword-guard of the knife-handle—an epitome of art, certainly a greater work of art than any modern cathedral. And as certainly we shall never even produce good ordinary ornamental work until we feel the truth that I have lamely indicated.

WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT, IX.

Of the number by Robert Vounoh, none are better than "Bad News," which tells its story in the attitude of the old woman and the letter just read. All the six pictures by Edwin L. Weeks, are oriental in subject. "Marble Court at Agra," with well done marble; "Three Beggars of Cordova," low in tone; "Two Hindoo Fakirs" on their last voyage down the Ganges, and several others. With all his wonderful ability, J. Alden Weir often fails to please, not only the average picture gazer, but even the cultivated taste from the way his canvas is loaded with paint. It distracts one's attention from the real value of the work. Few will have as good a chance again of seeing such a number of pictures by George Innes, and having once seen them, could fail to recognize the manner of the old master in the landscape, or his influence as seen in the work of others. He gives us nature at all times in the day, as well as varied in landscape. "Evening, Village of Grez," by Carlton Wiggins is an old-fashioned village street with the light of the dying sun on the upper part of the house. The effect of the hour is wonderfully reproduced. Horatio Walker has a stable interior that is very good.

Last, but by no means least, we come to France. In size, its gallery ranks next to that of the United States. In other respects, its rank will vary with the taste of the individual, but in the opinion of many, it is second to none. For many reasons the description of this gallery will have to be short, but not because it is not worthy of all the space it is allowable. "Japan," by Louise Abbema, is an emblematic, or allegorical summary of that country, firmly, and yet softly rendered; odd in its composition. Ernest Baillet has two beautifully soft views of the Seine; one a morning effect and the other, "First Lights on the Seine," both charming in colour. In one of the earlier papers, Paul Bosnard's "Ponies Harassed by Flies," was referred to; an example of the extreme of impressionism, violent and harsh in colour, but showing power of a high order. After quite a hunt for the three pictures by Beaulieu in Constant, and finding only one with some French sailors volunteered the desired information, they proved what of a disappointment, being in no way good examples of the great man's work. One might scarcely pause before "The Triumph of Christopher Columbus," but for the name in the corner of the canvas. "The Ribbon-Maker," by Er-

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nest Bordes, glows with the light from the forge, veritable fire, throwing into relief the figures of the half-naked workmen to the front of it, and lighting those at the sides. A splendid example of Rougereau is "The Women at the Tomb." Amazed and frightened, and yet with a great gladness, they look into the glory of the tomb beyond. The picture has a beauty of feeling and a delicacy of rendering, very remarkable in the transparency of flesh, not often equalled, and that, of course, does not appeal strongly to all. A slight mention has been made of Raphael Collins' "On the Sea Coast," a group of nude figures dancing so gracefully, so delicate in colour, so altogether charming! Near it hangs "In the Sunshine," by Tourie, a number of rollicking figures chasing each other through the woods. It looks so hot and heavy and altogether coarse after Collins', and yet very few have better caught the effect of sunlight on flesh, and shrub and grass. "The Poor People," by Edouard Dautan, shows a woman with a lantern just entering a most poverty-stricken hut in which the mother lies dead, apparently on the bed, while two children lie in one cot. The contrast between the buxom, sturdy appearance of the rescuer and the forlorn look of everything else is very striking. Bonnet's portraits are three, beautifully modelled and fine in colour, of course. If the work on that of M. Kenan's is not a disappointment, at least the subject is. Not for any sentiment expressed, not for mother or child, but yet for its tender, beautiful colour and wonderful composition, one is drawn to look long at the "Virgin's House," by Lubufe, fils. Down the white steps of a white house the virgin comes, holding the babe in her arms, herself clothed in white, while two white doves come fluttering down. The last beams of the low sun send a red glow over all. "High Noon in Provence," by Julien Gagliardini, is a sparkling, brilliant, noontide scene with the blue sea in the foreground and the white houses of Provence clustered on the coast. A strange idea, rather it was to give, "An Eclipse of the Moon," by Eric de Fonvielle, and without reference to a catalogue would not easily be understood. A very well-rendered effect of stagnant water and reeds, is "A Swamp in April," by Rene Fath, hung rather to be well seen, though.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is a curious fact that man, by some strange constitution of his nature, sometimes delights to turn his eyes from the truth, and prefers to grope in darkness and uncertainty, seeking for an explanation where none is required. Paradoxes have always had a certain attraction for some minds; it is notable that those who find pleasure in this form of intellectual diversion are often persons who boast of having received an academic training, and ought to have mastered the Aristotelian principles of logic, and be able to translate that into practical use for everyday life. Is this condition of mind a moral twist? or, is it one of the features of that perverse self-deception which sometimes afflicts us all, of which there may be other reasons for preferring to the simple truth, self-interest, with a desire to champion a faulty friend, the wish to be singular, or the dislike to be as others; each and all of these conditions may be factors in that strange love of paradox. In the case of art, the perverseness may be mixed up with what we call "taste;" on this point we cannot dogmatise, and it is vain to dispute the art of music is one peculiarly liable to declare another to be heavenly; many composers, rather than from a mental analysis of the music itself. In cases where the music has distinct individuality this adherence to one school or style is by no means an uncommon form of the paradox disease. Tell a pronounced Mendelssohnian who hears for the

first time a piece of, say, Brahms (when Brahms happens to be simple, natural and not indefinite and strained), that the music is by his special idol, and he will accept it joyfully; *per contra*, if only the name Brahms be whispered, the judgment would go quite the other way. Most of us are creatures of prejudice.

The battle of the schools, the fights over styles in opera, the never ceasing contention between the emotional and the scientific sides of music proceed from primary psychological causes too mysterious for us to understand, but the results of which are distinctly apparent. Perhaps one of the strangest forms of musical paradox is to be seen among the devotees of Gregorianism. These persons profess on grounds of religious archaeology to consider the ancient crude tones as alone fit for chanting the psalms. This is an intelligible position to stand upon—though by the way it involves a subsidiary paradox in at the same time accepting and employing the most modern form of all other arts used for religious purposes, from architecture and stained glass, to printed books and gas. But what are we to think of these people when, instead of being content to sing these chants in the bare ancient unison, they employ organs, and use extreme modern chromatic harmony to accompany the chants! It is a form of the musical paradox, art and logic are not admitted into the consideration. To the ears of most of us, these uncouth relics of a long past age sound terribly harsh and distressful, and we protest against such an illogical worship of ugliness. So much for the blind admiration of ancient music, but, as we shall presently perceive, similar paradoxes exist in more modern forms of the art. There are thick and thin admirers of all the great composers, and it seems a canon of these people to accept and exalt every bar which their several idols have written. Their music is always wonderful and unapproachable, despite what the critics say: these enthusiasts do not recognize the truth of the old aphorism, *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*; they may be all very well for others, but in the case of their hero, it does not apply. And thus it comes to pass that even downright ugliness, melodic intervals, and progressions that all trained ears are compelled to pronounce harsh and abominable, have to be somehow defended, and then comes into view the paradox. Lewes has told us that "Beauty is one of God's gifts," certainly that is a truism that does not find universal acceptance in the musical world.

A remarkable example of this condition has occurred this week, and the event may serve to direct attention to this particular form of illogical hero-worship. In a recent issue of the London *Times* appears a vigorous criticism of Mascagni's "I Rantzau." Of the merits of the new opera we do not propose to speak here. According to our contemporary it is as all round bad as music can be. Its dull libretto, feeble laying out, melody, harmony, orchestration, and colourless characterisation of the several vocal parts are all touched upon with a freedom and boldness quite refreshing to read when we recall the usual colourless operatic notices served up to the public. The able critic of the *Times* says that as next to nothing happens from one end of the opera to the other, "the attention is never diverted from the music, and every ungainly progression makes its full effect upon the ear."

The writer then goes on to observe: "In the Wagnerian trilogy there are to be discovered isolated passages where ugliness is used with artistic intention, as one of the dramatist's resources. In M. Bruneau's 'Le Réve,' hideous sequence of notes are the rule rather than the exception, but they are employed with a logical purpose which cannot but command respect, however little we may enjoy the thing as music."

Now, here we get a startling paradox, coupled with a bold claim that "ugliness" is commendable, and should command our respect, when it "is used with artistic intention." Surely an astonishing assertion to put forth! Not that the idea is quite new. It is a cardinal point of the Wagner cult that their hero is immaculate; the only trouble has been to convince the scoffers at the dreariness and poly-

phonic condition of some of the prophet's music that these so-considered defects are no defects at all, indeed, we are instructed that they are blessings in disguise, rather than blemishes. The *Times* writer has now come to their rescue; he says that in the Wagnerian trilogy all this is done with "artistic intention," and declares, *ex cathedra*, that "the hideous sequence of notes" we find in Bruneau's tiresome "Le Réve" are employed "for a logical purpose which cannot but command respect," and so the matter appears settled. There is no further need of argument, or of appeals to the ear or, for the matter of that, to the intellect of the trained contrapuntist. Thus, ugliness is put upon a pillar, and set up for public worship. The old theory that music is a beautiful, a pleasing, an emotional and logical art is abandoned; "artistic intention" effectually balances patent defects; and "however little we may enjoy the thing as music," we are bidden to set down the peculiarities to this convenient excuse, and respectfully bow our heads, at least, in the cases of Wagner and Bruneau. For, be it observed, no such absolute is accorded to Mascagni's "ungainly progressions"; he is only a young Italian composer, a representative of a school stated to be dead; of course, he cannot be permitted licenses accorded to a Wagner and a Bruneau. Some will say this is not quite fair, and ask how are we individually to perceive and differentiate so indeterminate a thing as "artistic intention," from what some might term an entire absence of inspiration. We cannot answer, save on the thick and thin admiration system.

Perhaps we may be permitted to wonder what would be said to the painter or the sculptor, who advanced by way of excuse for an arm out of drawing and improperly set on to the trunk, that the imperfection was an "artistic intention," purposely done to form a contrast with the fine pose of the head!

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters this sentiment: "You undergo too strict a paradox, striving to make an ugly deed look fair." Has music advanced to that point of complete development that nothing more that is fresh and pleasing can be accomplished with the twelve sounds of our scale; and so, in order to exalt the newest composer we are to call his defects virtues, and henceforth to laud cacophony? If so, the present art-mysteries of music are very different from the ethics which obtained in the time of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.—Ernest Landlaw, in Musical News.

LIBRARY TABLE.

WOMEN OF THE VALOIS COURT. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Price \$1.25. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1893.

We have spoken so highly of M. de Saint-Amand's previous works on the famous women of the French Court, in the Revolutionary period, that it might seem unnecessary to do more than chronicle the appearance of a volume going back to an earlier time. We must, however, declare that, in some ways, this volume is more interesting than any of those already noticed. Readers of French history will remember that the House of Valois was the second of the great Capet Houses, ending with Henry III and succeeded by the House of Bourbon in the person of Henry IV. Certainly there is no lack of interest in the subjects selected for treatment. First comes Margaret, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I, grandmother of Henry IV, and the author of the celebrated Heptameron, which has been thought to contest the palm with Boccaccio's Decameron, for literary ability and indecency. There is, however, a good deal in the author's plea for this book. "The form," he says, "is licentious, but the foundation is moral. The contrary is true of many productions of our own epoch." This is very reasonable, and the author justifies his statement at length. Still, the Heptameron is a little stronger than we like from a woman. Next come Catherine de' Medici and her

contemporaries—a very striking company. To Catherine, more than to any one else, we fear, must be attributed the discredit of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Along with her comes the wonderful Diana of Poitiers, a kind of second Cleopatra, never losing her power of fascination; then poor Mary Stuart, who is represented here as Dauphiness of France, certainly the happier, perhaps the only happy period of her life. Besides these there are Jeanne d'Albert, Elizabeth of France, once affianced to Don Carlos, afterwards marrying his father, Philip II, and Marguerite de Valois, the sister of that Elizabeth and the wife of Henry of Navarre. There is not a dull page in this book.

THE DRAMA. By Henry Irving. \$1.25. New York: Tait, Sons and Co.

The publishers of this dainty little volume of 200 pages have in it made all who are in any way interested in the drama their debtors. It comprises four addresses on his favorite subject, by one of the greatest living exemplars of the actor's art. The addresses were all delivered to cultivated audiences, and, as might be expected, in them we find Mr. Irving at his best, and that is good indeed. The first and last dealing with "The stage as it is" and "The art of acting" were delivered with an interval of ten years between them respectively, at the sessional openings of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the years '81 and '91. The second on "The Art of Acting" was addressed to the students of Harvard University in the year '85, and the third on "Four Great Actors" was delivered at the University of Oxford in '86. Those who have read one or all of these addresses will be glad to have them in their present charming, collected form. The longest, and to the general reader, perhaps the most attractive, will be the Oxford Lecture, in which Mr. Irving deals with the famous English actors, Burbage, Belterton, Garrick and Kean, and deals with them as only such a consummate artist as he is can. We commend this volume most heartily. The characteristic frontispiece, by Whistler, is striking and effective.

EL NUEVO MUNDO: a Poem by Louis James Block. Chicago: C. H. Ken & Co 1893.

This poem, as its title declares, celebrates the discovery of the Western Hemisphere; and it really is poetry and thought as well, although both are perhaps a little inflated; so that it has not to be merely endured, like so much of what passes for poetry. Introduced by a quotation from Schiller, apostrophizing the great sailor, it is dedicated "to the women of America," in lines of energetic hope, ending:

"O golden land of ours! Arise and strive to be,
Time's purposes attained, Freedom and Victory."

It is divided into four parts: The Old World, The Man, The Deed, The New World—divisions that speak for themselves. One stanza which begins Part I and closes Part IV, with the alteration of a single phrase—the past in the latter being substituted for the future in the former—will sufficiently indicate the spirit of the whole poem—

God's thought rose clear before him and he said:

Lo! I will fashion for mine eyes to see

The mighty miracle of Liberty;
Unto my will shall many wills be led,
With mine own life shall lesser lives be fed,

With mine own being filled and wondrous fire,
The increasing light by which all hearts are led

Unto the summit of supreme desire:
From glowering suns and stars,
From elemental wars,

From interflux of powers and savage ire
That bid the engirding wight pause and admire,

From anguish and despair, the wordless brood

That haunt the expanse of forests primal—rude,

I will bring forth that mine unenvying soul may know

The lofty love wherewith but Freedom's self can glow."

ART FOR ART'S SAKE. By John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893.

Most persons would like to increase their knowledge of art, and many who know but little, would like to know more of it: while to such as are well-informed, there is always interest and advantage to be derived from the clear, and well-considered views of one who has made of art a special study, and who adds to his enthusiasm for it, breadth of view, and sobriety of statement. In this admirably printed and appropriately illustrated volume of 249 pages, the author has gathered together seven lectures, delivered as he says, before the students of Princeton, Columbia and Rutgers Colleges. The lectures deal with such subjects as Colour, Tone, and Light-and-Shade, Linear and Aerial Perspective, Values, Drawing and Composition, and Textures, Surfaces and Brush Work. There are 24 full page representations of pictures by famous artists. Mr. Van Dyke is no novice; these lectures prove him to not only possess a love of art, but to have also been a painstaking and thorough student of it both in theory and practice. He has acquired such a knowledge of his subject in its varied phases, and acquaintance with its great exponents and their characteristic methods, as enables him to speak with confidence and authority. Hear him on the moot point of colour and line: "Colour may, indeed, be considered the symbol of life. For so associated is in our minds with animation, virility, growth, power, that its absence means to us the presence of death. But while colour gives the show of life, it is perhaps little more absolute or independent than life itself. True, form may exist in a way independent of colour, as in charcoal work, etching and engraving, and so the blue of the sky, the gray of the atmosphere, the drift of smoke and cloud, the greens of the ocean, the sheen of a silk or a rug may be expressed with little or no line; but in the main, one is dependent upon the other, and both are necessary features of painting." In this excellent volume the author has well kept the promise of his preface: "I shall speak of painting as practiced by the painters of to-day and yesterday; and as nearly as possible, I shall attempt to treat the subject from the point of view of the artist. . . I shall call your attention. . . to certain well known pictures, pointing out their good and bad qualities, and making my remarks apply as much as possible to modern art, of which we have, perhaps, too poor an opinion."

PERIODICALS.

Book Reviews for July, besides the usual useful notes and book notices, has College references and papers on W. G. Ward and Marianne North.

The latest numbers of "Electrical Engineering" present matters of timely interest—especially so to students of this advancing and most useful branch of science.

Blackwood's for July, has a most attractive table of contents, and though the advice may smack of the literary gourmand, we cannot do better than suggest that our readers will fail to find an uninteresting article between its covers, and to advise all who have it, to read

from "The Religion of Letters, 1750-1850" to "Marriage Bells," by M. O. W. O., and all who have it not, speedily to remedy their "sin of omission" in that regard.

"Canadian Finance and the Home Rule Bill" is the title of the article with which H. H. L. Bellot begins the July Westminster, in which the writer says of Canada: "In spite of the serious disadvantages, this mixed population has succeeded in rearing a fabric which constitutionally and financially is a complete success." Thanks, Mr. Bellot, many thanks! The remaining papers deal with "Scientific Aspects of the Temperance Question," "The Criminal," "South African Labour," "Alaska," and other subjects.

Professor Ryle, in noticing Montefiore's Lectures on the origin and growth of religion, as illustrated by the religions of the ancient Hebrews, in the Critique Review for July, takes issue with the author in attack on St. Paul. Professor Macalister says of Professor Max Muller's lectures on "Theosophy or Psychological Religion": "that it is not likely to commend itself to the thoughtful student of the Gospels." An interesting article in this number is that by Dr. Rudolf Buddensieg, on "Wyclif Literature." Many other scholarly and critical papers appear in this number.

Jerome K. Jerome opens the Idler for July with a thrilling Norwegian ghost story: "The Woman of the Saeter." Marie Adelaide Belloc has a paper on the French novelist, "Alphonse Daudet at Home." Then follows Robert Buchanan's poetic satire on "The Disdain Throne," with a characteristic prose note at the end of it. I. Zangwill sustains the interest of the First Book Series, by his readable contribution. Sophie Wassilieff has a stirring paper in her "Memoirs of a Female Nihilist." The other contributions diversify the interesting contents of this number of the popular and entertaining Idler.

The July number of the "Art Amateur" is almost entirely taken up with matters concerning the World's Fair, all well illustrated. The frontispiece is Detailed "The Passing Regiment," in the loan exhibition there. Articles on "French Sculpture," "German Paintings," "Women's Work in the Fine Arts," and "The Loan Collection," are all rendered more intelligible, by reference to the illustrations. Beyond this, "My Note Book gives the news of the art world, "The Salon of the Champs de Mars," an account of French work, and "Two New York Exhibitions" of work on this side of the water. The usual space is given to lessons in various branches of decorative work, oil painting, etc.

In the North American Review for July the R. v. C. A. Briggs, D. D., in discussing "The Future of Presbyterianism in the United States" looks for the day when there will be a high and grand union including the Roman and Greek communions. A home-loving, earnest paper is that by the Countess of Aberdeen on "Ireland at the World's Fair." Short, but sensible, is Mr. Edward Atkinson's article, "How Distrust Stops Trade": "The proposal to coin silver dollars without limit and to force people to take them by an act of legal tender, is an intolerable fraud," says this clear-headed, honest financial authority—and he is right. Col. R. G. Ingersoll argues against the exclusion of the Ohio from the United States, and the Hon. J. Geary for it. This number contains a hitherto unpublished speech by Abraham Lincoln.

The International Journal of Ethics for July has some able philosophical papers. Professor Royce's suggestions on some psychological aspects of moral training are open to question. But we agree with him, when he says, "Do not wait early to let the child feel what he cannot hope to understand, that is a problem, and still, for all that, is sacred." In discussing "The Place of Industry in the Social Organism," Dr. William Smart applies ethics to economic

Professor C. N. Stareke, criticises certain positions in E. Westermarck's "History of Human Marriage." Professor S. Alexander has something new to say on "Character and Conduct." An article is also given founded on Dr. George Simmel's forthcoming second volume of *Einleitung in die Morawissenschaft*.

Henry Norman discusses "The Future of Siam" intelligibly and forcefully, in the *Contemporary* for July. An important paper is that by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P. This is followed by a reply in the Ulster discussion, by Thomas Sinclair, which bristles with facts and figures. To most readers Pere H. Loyson's paper on "My Testament" will be an attraction. "The Spencer-Weismann Controversy" is pursued with scientific acumen by Professors Romanaes, Spencer and Hartog. Archdeacon Farrar, in his article entitled "Undoing the Work of the Reformation," continues the controversy begun by him in the *Contemporary* of July, '92. A. F. Leach's contribution, "Winchester College, 1393-1892," is replete with interesting reminiscences of that historic public school.

Very interesting is the statement of Maurice Block, in the July number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, of the "Progress of Economic Ideas in France," which he holds to be in a transition state. Professor Mavor founds his paper on the "Relation of Economic Study to Public and Private Charity," largely on a considerable investigation in London. Professor Walther Lotz, in discussing the "Monetary Situation in Germany," deems a further fall in the price of silver the most probable thing for the next few years. There is food for serious thought in Mr. R. T. Colburn's paper on the "Taxation of Large Estates." Arthur B. Woodford's historical treatise on the use of silver as money in the United States, is timely and elaborate. The minutes of proceedings of the 18th session of the Academy in this number, will be welcomed by all students of political and social science.

The frontispiece of the Magazine of Art for July is a beautifully soft reproduction of "An Egyptian Slave," by Nathaniel Sichel, a German artist of Berlin, who, we are told later on, has executed a number of pictures, orient in character, which have met with great favour. The Academy continues his criticism of the Royal Exhibition, which he does not consider contains many works of great merit. In his article on "British Etches," Frederick Wedmore takes up in turn other modern etchers. Perhaps, to many who have enjoyed the artist's work for years, the most interesting article will be "Thomas Faed, R. A.," of whom Marion H. Dixon writes most appreciatively. "The Meissouler Exhibition," is ably and fairly criticised by Claude Phillips. For the rest, Britten's illustration of Swinburne's poem, "The Tate Collection," and the "Illustrated Note Book," have their usual interest. In the latter, a cut is given of George E. Wade's statue of Sir John Macdonald, recently erected in Hamilton.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Professor James Bryce delivered a valedictory address on June 10th, at Oxford, on resigning the chair of civil law.

Professor Scartazzini's Handbook to Dante, translated by A. J. Butler, the well-known Dante scholar, will appear shortly.

All of Wordsworth's important prose writings will be included in a forthcoming volume, edited by Prof. Knight, of G. Andrews's, for the Scott Library.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, is preparing to bring out a volume of essays dealing with various phases of character and thought in Puritan New Eng-

The new novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of 'The Gates Ajar,' is entitled 'Donald Marcy,' and is published this week in a single volume, by Heinemann.

Prof. Dowden has been appointed to the Clark Lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, Prof. Hales' tenure of the post having come to an end.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, has a paper in Harper's Weekly about the new Governor-General of Canada, which ought to please Lord Aberdeen, if he likes being flattered.

A new story by Alphonse Daudet, will shortly appear in L'illustration, on the conclusion of Jean Rameau's "La Rose de Grenade." The title of M. Daudet's romance is, "Soutien de Famille."

The Paternoster Press announces a work entitled 'Church and Dissent,' by the Rev. Richard Free, B. D. It consists of lectures delivered by Mr. Free at St. Michael's Mission Church, North Kensington.

Messrs. J. Baker and son, will shortly publish a volume entitled, "New Studies in Tennyson," including a Commentary on Maud, by Mr. Morton Luce, late assistant lecturer on English Literature at University College, Bristol.

Mr. Henry James' new collection of essays, to be published in England, will bear the title, "Essays in London and Elsewhere." These essays are mostly critical, and include Mr. James' papers on Fanny Kemble, Mr. Lowell, and Pierre Loti.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's dramatic works are being edited by Elkin Mathews and John Lane. The first volume, "Lady Windermere's Fan," will be followed by "A Woman of No Importance." Mr. C. H. Shannon has designed a separate title-page and cover for each volume.

William Wilfred Campbell, the "Poet of the Lakes," has been appointed to a permanent position in the Civil Service at Ottawa; and we are glad to be able to add, that his new position will afford him opportunities to use his literary talent under more favourable circumstances than hitherto.

Mr. John Littlejohns, of Ferndale, has written a novel entitled 'England against the World.' It is described as intended to advocate Conservative principles, and to show that, in spite of an illustrious statesman's opinion that she 'stands in need of discipline,' England has done very well so far.

Mr. Ruskin's American publishers, Maynard, Merrill and Co., announce for immediate publication, "The Elements of Drawing, in Three Letters to Beginners," for which Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has just written an introduction. This is the twenty-second volume of the authorized Brantwood Edition.

Dr. Bourinot, C. M. G., has been chosen as the Vice-President for Canada of the Egypt Exploration Association, who have their headquarters in London. The well-known author, Mr. Dudley Warner, is Vice-President for the United States, and Dr. William C. Winslow, a clever writer and scholar, of Boston, the secretary.

The satirical brochure, 'In Darkest Ecclesiastical England,' published anonymously for reasons that may easily be understood, is the work, we are informed, of a clergyman of the Church of England. The author does not regard the cartoons in which the Premier is so prominent, as in any way offensive to that statesman.

Mr. Paget Toynbee, who has been engaged for some years, in the intervals of other literary work, upon a dictionary of the Divina Commedia, has decided to divide the publication into two parts.

The first, which will be complete for the whole of Dante's works, Latin as well as Italian, will contain the articles dealing with the proper names. The second will comprise the vocabulary proper. Mr. Toynbee hopes, eventually, to supplement the latter with the vocabulary of the *Convito*, *Vita Nuova*, and *Canzoniere*.

A contribution entitled "The Commune of Paris—Twenty Years After," by Mr. Wm. Trant, J. P., of Gotham, Assa., will appear in an early issue of the "Century." The article is in reply to one by Mr. Archibald Forbes, and the contention is that on the suppression of the Commune there was no organized attempt to burn Paris; and that petroleurs and petroleuses were the offspring of an excited imagination, and had no existence in fact. Both Forbes and Trant were in Paris at the time the events referred to occurred.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the English Review of Reviews, has some vigorous words to say about the Sunday newspaper in England. As is well known, the people of England are able to exist without the blanket sheet on Sunday. This is the way Mr. Stead puts it: "Speaking for journalists on this side of the water, we should be inclined to regard the newspaper proprietor or editor, who first ventured to introduce seven day journalism into this country, as an enemy to the human race, who would deserve to be pole-axed, without the benefit of clergy, in the nearest available backyard."

Among the numerous poems evoked by the recent calamity to our fleet, we like the brief one that follows, which furnished the subject of a striking picture in last week's Queen:

England expects that every man
Who wears the glory of her name,
Shall do the little that he can
To hold from Fate her hoard of fame.
He perished—so the world may know
That peril pales not English pride,
Nor loss can lay our England low,
While die her sons as Tryon died.
It is signed 'Douglas Sladen.'

The third volume has just appeared of the dainty edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, with Mr. Gainsbury's introduction, forming part of the series of the Tudor Translations, which is now being issued under the editorship of Mr. W. E. Henley, and published by Mr. David Nutt. It contains some of the most characteristic of the essays—the famous one, to wit "Of Three Commercies and Societies," the rambling but delightful chapter on "Coaches," and the extraordinary disquisition, "Upon some verses of Virgil," which is strictly not *Virginius puerisque*. This third book is emphatically an old man's gossip. It needs that a reader should have got at least within sight of the fifties to taste its full flavour. It may be reckoned as one of the compensations of old age to be able fully to appreciate it.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Cumming, E. C. Nature in Scripture. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
- Hunter, Wm. Howard, B.A. The Dominion Conveyancer. Toronto: The Carswell Co. (Ltd.)
- Kingsford, Wm., LL.D. The History of Canada. Vol. VI., 1776-1779. \$3.00. Toronto: Rowse & Hutchison.
- Maginnis, Arthur, M.I.N.A. The Atlantic Ferry. London: Whitaker & Co.
- Mather, Frank. At the Rising of the Moon. New York: Tait Sons & Co.
- Pendleton, Edmund. A Complication in Hearts. 50c. New York: The Home Publishing Co.
- Americans in Europe. New York: Tait Sons & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

RONDEAU.

Be self-contained—for absolutism lies
In those few words from all the world de-
clines:

From envy, from dependance, carking
care,

The weariness that waiteth on despair,
From disappointment, dulness, sad sur-
prise.

And with it comes forbearance, sweet and
wise,

While noble thoughts on noble silence
rise;

Untrammelled and unafraid, you dare
Be self-contained.

It holds and helps when fondest fancy dies;
Though hard to win, this knowledge
ripe and rare

Is worth the wooing, stern and calm and
fair:

You see it in the great gods' solemn eyes,
And find it in the stillness that replies,
Be self-contained.

—D. M. B., in the Speaker.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE BIBLE.

No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. It was as yet the one English book which was familiar to every Englishman: it was read at churches and read at home, and everywhere its words, as they fell on ears which custom had not deadened to their force and beauty, kindled a startling enthusiasm. . . . The power of the book over the mass of Englishmen, showed itself in a thousand superficial ways, and in none more conspicuously than in the influence it exerted on ordinary speech. It formed, we must repeat, the whole literature which was practically accessible to ordinary Englishmen; and when we recall the number of common phrases which we owe to great authors, the bits of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Dickens, or Thackeray, which unconsciously interweave themselves in our ordinary talk, we shall better understand the strange mosaic of Biblical words and phrases which coloured English talk two hundred years ago. The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books, our fathers were forced to borrow from one; and the borrowing was the easier and the more natural than the range of the Hebrew literature fitted it for the expression of every phase of a feeling. When Spenser poured forth his warmest love-
notes in the "Epithalamion," he adopted the very words of the Psalmist, and he bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride. When Cromwell saw the mists break over the hills of Dunbar, he hailed the sunbursts with the cry of David: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered. Like as the sun riseth, so shalt thou drive them away!" Even to common minds this familiarity with grand poetic imagery in prophet and apocalypse gave a loftiness and ardour of expression, that with all its tendency to exaggeration and bombast we may prefer to the slipshod vulgarisms of the shopkeepers of to-day. (Green's "Short History of the English People.")

THE MORAL RESULTS OF READING.

The moral results of reading are large, even though only secular books are read. Thomas Hood said: "A natural turn for reading preserved me from the moral shipwrecks so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage." We met a father of four boys and two girls in the public library of his village a few months after it was opened. "This is a great thing," he

said; "I know where my boys are evenings now." They were at home reading with their sisters. The moral effect of breaking up their patronage of the streets after dark for the inspiring habit of reading, may have been worth to them all that real manhood is worth. Education being the proper development of the physical, mental and moral nature, is indirectly, if not directly, religious.

It is purely intellectual only as far as it makes the pupil familiar with the philosophy of his own mind. It is moral so far as it brings him to understand his relations to men. It is religious, so far as it introduces him to his relations to God. All this may result in a measure, from the careful reading of the best secular books. Hence, it has begotten in many youthful hearts of both sexes, a noble aim, which has borne them onward and upward in correct and useful lives. clergyman of our acquaintance, desired to break the habit of several of his young men, who, once a week, availed themselves of the "theatre train" to enjoy "the play" in the city. A popular book for youth had just been issued, showing the elements of true manhood, and how to cultivate them; he purchased several copies and presented them to as many young men.

There was a stirring chapter in the volume upon the dangers of theatre-going. This chapter arrested the attention of one of the young men particularly, all of them becoming more or less interested in its drift. The upshot was that it not only broke up their patronage of the theatre train, but the first-named young man soon became a Christian, and was followed into the new life by twenty or thirty of the young people of the town. Before reading, they were becoming like the fast young man who exclaimed: "If I were the owner of a million sterling, and by laying it at your feet, I could be transformed into a true Christian, I would do it cheerfully; and yet, before to-morrow, I may be enticed away by two shillings worth of sin." After reading, they could adopt the language of Hood, just quoted, "reading preserved me from moral shipwreck."

Robert Southey's test of the moral effect of reading a book was this: "Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that that which you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you hitherto have been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, young man, young lady, though it should have been the gift of a friend! Away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase." —Boston Daily Traveller.

The secret of making one's self tire-
some is not to know when to stop.—
Voltaire.

Goodness answers to the theological
virtue charity, and admits no excess but
error. The desire of power in excess
caused the angels to fall; the desire of
knowledge in excess caused man to fall;
but in charity there is no excess; neither
can angel or man come in danger by it.—
Bacon.

Canada's Book Store.

Wm. Foster Brown & Co.'s List.

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NEW EDITIONS,
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A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

DR. LEWIS BLUNDIN'S STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

Afflicted With Paralysis for Twenty-five Years—
Pronounced Incurable by the Foremost Physicians
in America—A Case of World Wide Interest.
From the Philadelphia Times.

Many survivors of the late war left the ranks unwounded, but with broken constitutions: an instance in point is Dr. Lewis D. Blundin, a resident of Hulmeville, Bucks Co., Pa. In relating his experiences, and what he had suffered in consequence of the hardships he had encountered, Dr. Blundin said:—

"I was born at Bridgewater, Penna., in 1841, and went through the war as private, sergeant, and hospital steward in Company C, 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers. My service was active, and while in Georgia, I had an attack of typhoid fever, which left me weak and a ready victim for future disease. My kidneys were then affected, and this finally developed into spinal trouble, which lasted through my army service. In 1866 I was mustered out with an honourable discharge, and entered the Jefferson Medical College as a student. In due time I graduated, and removed to Manayunk. One day, after I had graduated, I was lying on a sofa at my home in Manayunk, when I felt a cold sensation in my lower limbs, as though the blood had suddenly left them. When I tried to move them, I was horrified at the discovery that I was paralyzed from my hips to my toes. The paralysis was complete, and a pin or a pinch of the flesh caused me no pain. I could not move a muscle. I called in Dr. William Todd, of Philadelphia. He made a careful and exhaustive examination of my case, sounding and testing, and finally announced that my trouble was caused by inflammation of the spinal cord, and that I would likely have another stroke of paralysis. I consulted Dr. I. W. Gross, and Dr. Hancock, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, with the same result. I called in Dr. Moorehouse, of Philadelphia, who said that no amount of medicine would ever prove of the slightest benefit to me.

"One day last September I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I sent for one box. I had always been troubled with a sort of vertigo after my first stroke of paralysis, to such an extent, that when I got out of my bed my head would swim, and I had difficulty in saving myself from falling. My appetite was bad, digestive organs ruined, and no assimilation of food. In addition to my many other ailments, rheumatism held a prominent place. By the time I had finished the first box of Pink Pills, I was comparatively free from these minor ills. My appetite returned, the digestive organs got down to their daily grind, and the rheumatism disappeared. I was much encouraged, and immediately sent for half a dozen boxes of the Pink Pills. Relief followed upon relief with astonishing rapidity. First, one ailment would disappear, then another, until the pills got to work upon the foundation stones of my trouble—paralysis. I felt a sense of exhilaration, and the general effect was beneficial, becoming more so each day. Noting this fact, I increased the dose from one to two pills after each meal for a few days. Before I had taken

the six boxes of pills, I was sitting in my chair one afternoon, when I felt a curious sensation in my left foot. Upon investigation, I found it had flexed, or, in other words, become movable, and I could move it. From that time on my improvement was steady, and it was not long before I was walking around on crutches with little or no discomfort. It was three years before taking the Pink Pills that I had been able to use the crutches at any time. My health is daily improving, and I feel sure that Pink Pills have done me more good than all the doctors and all the medicine in the country, and, as they are not costly, I can easily afford the treatment."

Dr. Blundin tells of another remarkable cure effected by the use of Pink Pills. One of his comrades in the army was Lewis J. Allan, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who has been a sufferer from rheumatism nearly all his life. Mr. Allan is a grandson of Ethan Allan, of revolutionary fame. "I know," said Dr. Blundin, "that Mr. Allan could not lift his arms to his head, or even his hands to his mouth, because of chronic rheumatism. He read in a Detroit paper of a wonderful cure made by Pink Pills and bought some. His cure was sudden and complete. Knowing that I was a sufferer from rheumatism, along with my other ills, he wrote me about his recovery, and advised me to try them. I was then using them. He said he had perfect control of his arms and hands, and could use them freely without experiencing any pain. He added, that as a cure for rheumatism, the pills were the most complete in the world. My case alone proves that, for I am confident that my greatly benefited condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Sworn to before me, this 15th day of May, 1893.

George Harrison, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advan-



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

tage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

That is a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lips of a lion.—Shakespeare.

To follow foolish precedent, and wink with both eyes, is easier than to think.—Cowper.

If we regulate our conduct according to our own convictions, we may safely disregard the praise or censure of others.—Pascal.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Dickens.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give account of my little, than how to make it more.—Bishop Hall.

A wild note pierced the midnight air. It was not the first that had done so, and there was no reason to fear that the air would soon be full of holes. It was the voice of a maiden. It rose and fell in what seemed to be an agony of despair. There was another sound like the destruction of a far-off city; like a monster in agony. The roar and rumble increased momentarily. Then there was nothing heard but the shrill voice of the maiden. Nearer and nearer the startled wayfarer drew. Then he discovered the cause of his dismay. The monster in agony was an upright piano. And the maiden. Alas! the traveller could not fly to her rescue. She could not be saved. Sorrow had entered her soul, and it had come to stay. She was the girl whose stern male parent refused to purchase her a bow-wow.

WILLIAMSON'S BOOK SALE.

OUR NEW STORE is slightly smaller in floor space—so we have decided to reduce OUR PRESENT LARGE STOCK of LIBERAL DISCOUNTS WILL DO IT. During next week OUR SPECIAL PRICES will be a SOURCE OF WONDER and delight to many book lovers.

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Also's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
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It may be years before photography in colours give sufficiently accurate reproductions to be entirely satisfactory to editors of periodicals; but a picture of "Still Life," fruits and vegetables, taken by W. Kurtz, and printed in "Wilson's Photographic Magazine," for May, is interesting as a foretaste of what is almost certainly coming before long.

Gentlemen,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.
Mrs. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.

PUBLIC OPINION.

St. John, N. B., Evening Gazette: The enemies of Canada in the United States are deriving great comfort from the fact that Boddler Mercier is in favour of independence first, and then annexation. Mercier, who claims that he had been financially ruined by his Quebec opponents, seems to have been hired by some Yankee annexation, as a figure-head to represent them, and to force a movement in Canada in favour of annexation. In this dirty work he has the assistance of Laurier, and other enlightened Liberals, such as John V. Ellis, on this side of the line, and all of the newspapers which favour the annexation of Canada on the other side.

The Montreal Gazette: In referring to the indictment against the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Chicago Herald says: "The Canadian road is subsidized by the Dominion Government. Two-thirds of the cost of its construction were at public expense. If it has a deficit in earnings, the Government makes up the full sum. Of course it can underbid American roads for all the through traffic." It is really astonishing to find so much ignorance respecting the relations of the Canadian Pacific to the Dominion Government, in the columns of a leading American newspaper. The Government contributes not a cent towards the earnings of the Canadian Pacific, except in so far as that company may be paid for services performed in the transportation of men, material and mails. As for the subsidy towards the construction of the road, it consisted of a grant of money, and lands not excessive in amount, and the railway has been brought to its present commanding position without a single deviation from the original subvention made in 1880, except the repurchase by the Government of between five and six million acres of the land grant earned by the company at \$1.50 an acre.

Morning Chronicle, Quebec: Mr. Mercier is creating quite a good impression among his compatriots in the United States. But one can hardly, at this distance, understand the object of his mission and his pilgrimage. He cannot hope to do much for the cause of repatriation—a cause which he once had very much at heart—since he tells his exiled brethren that they are in a lovely condition of life and happiness, where they are now. He is not altogether right when he says that the Roman Catholic clergy are not opposed to annexation to the United States. We know very well that annexation is the very last thing that the Reverend Fathers would like to see carried. Mr. Mercier will enjoy his visitations, and, as he is a good speaker, the meetings of his friends across the border, will not be devoid of interest. But they can have no practical value, and their effect on Canadian politics will be nil. In the meantime, the Laurier-Tarte wing of the Liberal party of Canada, is distributing itself along the line of the Intercolonial Railway. The gospel according to Laurier is a very different affair from the doctrine which Mr. Mercier is propagating in Yankeeland, though the goal to which they are both leading may not have many points of difference between them.

Edward Linlef, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of Minard's Liniment cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without Minard's Liniment for twice the cost.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Mr. Cleveland is the most powerful President since Lincoln, who, though a man could be less prone to the assumption of power, was by force of circumstances towards the close of his Presidency a dictator. . . . There seems to be a personal interest about him such as there has not been about any of his predecessors since Lincoln. All his doings and sayings, however trifling, are recorded with the minuteness of a court journal. The sentiment extends to his family, and one is almost reminded of the feeling towards royal families in monarchial countries. Miniature likenesses of the baby, Ruth, Cleveland's little daughter, were being sold in the streets of Washington. The nation wants reform. It feels that of late it has been going astray. It wants to be led back into the right path, and believing Mr. Cleveland to be strong and patriotic, it is disposed to give him a free hand. Very remarkable was the uprising of the silent vote, that index of the reserve force, in his favour at the election. It baffled the calculations of the politicians, none of whom, I think, expected anything like such a majority for Mr. Cleveland.—Goldwin Smith in the Nineteenth Century.

THE FASCINATION OF PRECIPICES.

Chevreul's well-known experiments with the exploratory pendulum and the divining rod, show that, if we represent to ourselves a motion in any direction the hand will unconsciously realize it and communicate it to the pendulum. The tipping table realizes a motion we are anticipating, though the intuiting hand is a real motion of the hands, of which we are not conscious. Mind-reading by those who divine by taking your hand where you have hidden anything, is a reading of imperceptible motion by which your thought is translated without your being conscious of them. In cases of faintness and vertigo, which are more frequent among children than among adults, a movement is begun, the suspension of which is prevented by a paralysis of the will, and it carries us on to suffering and death. When a child, I was navigating a plank on the river without a thought that I might fall. All at once the idea came like a diverging force, projecting itself across the rectilinear thought which had alone previously directed my action. It was as if an invisible arm seized me and drew me down. I cried out, and continued staggering over the whirling water, till help came to me. The mere thought of vertigo provoked it. The board lying on the ground suggests no thought of a fall when you walk over it; but when it is over a precipice and the eye takes the measure of the distance to the bottom, the representation of a falling motion becomes intense, and the impulse to fall correspondingly so. Even if you are safe, there may still be what is called the attraction of the abyss. The vision of the gulf as a fixed idea having produced an "inhibition" on all your ideas and forces, nothing is left but the figure of the great hole, with the intoxication of the rapid movement that begins on your brain and tends to turn the scales of the mental balance. Temptation, which is continual in children, because everything is new to them, is nothing else than the force of an idea and the motive impulse that accompanies it.—Alfred Fouillee, in The Popular Science Monthly.

Tested.

St. Leon Mineral Water has been tested by expert physicians and the general public. It continues to flourish, increasing in consumption from year to year, the contents of over two million bottles being consumed in 1892. Numerous other waters appear on the market, but soon drop into oblivion. St. Leon is just as represented—always relieving never irritates—and is harmless and safe as milk.

Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit.—Ben Jonson.

Unlike the Dutch Process

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Other Chemicals

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W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.



Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The microscopists say that a mosquito has twenty-two teeth.

It has long been known to architects that the perpendicularity of monuments is effected by the rays of the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side upon which the sun's rays fall.

The great Russian Engineer M Inikoff, writes from Odessa to the Smithsonian Institution describing the ruins of an ancient canal discovered in Crimea, which he regards as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly twenty-seven centuries old, and among similar ancient objects of historic interest, is second in age only to the great pyramids.—Washington Star.

A very complete diamond exhibit is made by Cape Colony, South Africa. The exhibit includes 10,000 carats of uncut stones, a large quantity of very fine cut and polished ones, together with all that is necessary to show the process of mining and washing. For this it has been necessary to transport to Chicago 100 tons of pulverized blue earth, 50 tons of unpulverized earth, and a complete washing machine, which will be operated by natives. The exhibit will also include a unique collection of crocidolite and special diamondiferous products.—Scientific American.

There are four systems now in force for the grant of patents: 1, the American, in which the patent is granted after rigid examination into novelty; 2, the British, in which the invention is advertised and the grant is subject to opposition; 3, the German, which is a sort of compromise between the American and British, involving both an examination and an appeal to opposition; and 4, the French, which involves neither an examination nor public opposition, but is a registration merely. All the patent laws of the world can be included in some one of these systems, or partake of their features.—Inventive Age.

Dr. Koch, the renowned bacteriologist, nearly lost his assistant, Dr. Freymuth, in the cholera laboratory at Danzig the other day. He was poisoned by accidentally swallowing some cholera bacilli. He fell sick, exhibiting all the symptoms of Asiatic cholera and his life was saved with great difficulty. It seems that after handling cholera bacilli all morning he sat down to his lunch without going through the formality of washing his hands. Three days later the symptoms appeared—chills, stomach ache, dizziness, etc. The physicians of the laboratory at once took him in charge and barely saved his life.—New York Press.

A curious method was recently used in Illinois to take the foul air out of a well. The well was to be cleaned, but the man that took the job was afraid to go down until he had ascertained the quality of the air at the bottom. He let down a lighted candle, and when it descended to about six feet of the bottom it went out as suddenly as though extinguished by a whiff of air. That was all he wanted to know. He was then sure that the well had poisonous gas in it, and took a small umbrella, tied a string to the handle, and lowered it open into the well. Having let it go nearly to the bottom, he drew it up, carried it a few feet from the well and upset it. He repeated this operation twenty or thirty times, with all the bystanders laughing at him, then again lowered the light, which burned clear and bright even at the bottom. He then descended to explain to them that the gas in the well was carbonic acid gas, which is heavier than air, and therefore could be brought in an umbrella, just as though it were so much water. It was a simple trick, yet perfectly effective.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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- A Talk on American Patriotic Poems. Charlotte Porter.
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From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains

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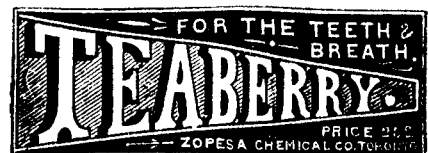
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Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest, PUREST AND BEST purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely.

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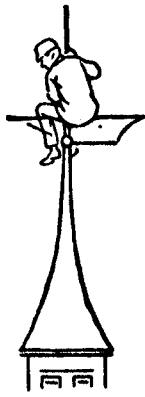
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Sold by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.

LOCAL OPTION.
This term should be applied to the choice every intelligent person has between Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural and certain remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, and bad blood, and the various imitations offered by unscrupulous parties as being "just as good." There is nothing else as good as B. B. B. It is an honest medicine.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE,



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be guaranteed.

If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure. The "Discovery" does this,

as nothing else can. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scurfula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, are completely cured by it.

EXPERIENCE.



"Over a month ago I commenced using ST. LEON Mineral Water. I find it invigorating to the system, and a strengthener of the stomach and liver. Before using it I was affected with periodical attacks of rheumatism, but a few weeks' use of this water freed me from them. I use it daily.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Many a woman will pass for elegant in a ball-room, or even at a court drawing-room, whose want of true breeding would become evident in a chosen company.—Leigh Hunt.

Our desires always increase with our possessions. The knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.—Dr. Johnson.

He that would die well must always look for death, every day knocking at the gates to the grave; and then the grave shall never prevail against him to do him mischief.—Jeremy Taylor.

The same dew, which sometimes on the buds was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, stood now within the pretty floweret's eyes, like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.—Shakespeare.

Pretty electric light shades are now made of paper. They come in the shape of a tulip or lily, morning-glory, are coloured in natural tints, and then slipped over the glass bulbs.—New York World.

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those who can partake our pleasures and our pains in liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this; with it she is triumphant.—Leigh Hunt.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

Gentlemen,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family, when required, ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

Francis Walsh, Dalkeith, Ont.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the shade of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.—Burke.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.—Daniel Webster.

A CHILD SAVED.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate, and got so low that we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and, although he could only bear a few drops at a time, he got well. It saved my child.

Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Campbellville, Ont.

To prevent the corroding or "pitting" of propeller shafts by chemical action with the sea water, brass castings or liners, usually of a thickness of three-eighths to one-half inch, are shank on in lengths. The objections to these have been their liability to burst and for the joints of the various lengths to give way. A Sheffield man has now come forward with an invention, by means of which copper, or an alloy of copper, is electrolytically deposited upon the shafts instead of employing the lining or casings. A suitable thickness of copper or alloy has been found to be about one-sixteenth of an inch. By this means all danger of the lining's giving way is avoided, whilst a great saving of weight is effected, and at the same time the electro-chemical action is entirely obviated.

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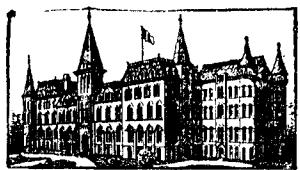
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The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not to have his work despised in his presence.

ANOTHER RECORD MADE.

For nearly forty years, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been the leading and surest cure for cholera, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all summer complaints. It is a record to be proud of.

She (sketching): I suppose I could get your expression better if you sat a little further off. He: On the contrary, I was just going to quote my favourite hymn. She: What is that? He: Draw me nearer.

HAVE YOU HEADACHE?

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon, and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood.

"What I doesn' like," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat'll worry his self sick ober weidah de Worl's Fair is open on Sunday, and nebber thinks once 'bout closin' his own conf-hole in de side walk."

A BATTLE FOR BLOOD

It is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all other troubles caused by impure blood. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Teacher: Are any of your compositions ready? Little Girl: Mine is. "Is it an original composition? Yes'm. Does it tell of your own experiences and observations, as I directed? Yes'm. Very well. You may read it. "I went to a wedding and a funeral an' the bride looked lovely an' the corpse looked natural."

MRS. MILLION'S RIDE.

When Mrs. Million goes to ride she travels forth in state. Her horses, full of fire and pride, go prancing from the gate; and all the beauties of the day she views with languid eyes.

Her flesh in weakness wastes away, her voice is but a sigh. For Mrs. Million is in an advanced stage of catarrh, and all the luxuries that wealth can buy fail to give her comfort. She envies her rosy waiting-woman's pure breath and blooming health. Now, if Mrs. Million of the wonderful merits of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, she would learn that her case is not past help. \$500 reward is offered by the manufacturer for a case of catarrh in the head which they cannot cure.

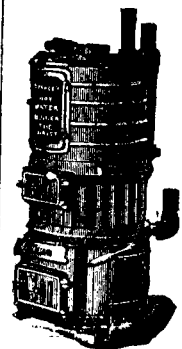
Here is one of those stories which ought to be true: In Emporia, Kan., recently, the Probate Judge issued a marriage license and the papers to admit a man to the asylum. The papers got into the wrong envelope, and when the prospective bridegroom drew forth from his pocket the large envelope containing the license, upon the back was this startling announcement, "Adjudged to be insane."

Commonplace, though it may appear, is the doing of one's duty embodies the highest idea of life and character. There may be nothing heroic about it; but the common lot of men is not heroic.—Samuel Johnson.

In Nature there is no dirt, everything is in the right condition; the swamp and the worm, as well as the grass and the bird—all is there for itself. Only because we think that all things have a relation to us, do they appear justifiable or otherwise.—Auberbach.

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LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.
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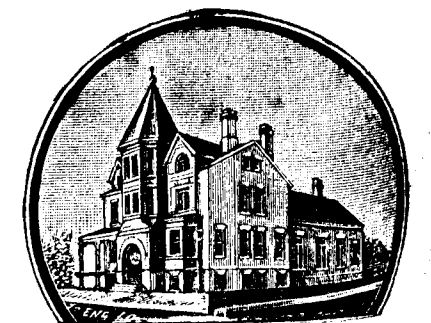
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