



17 JORDAN ST., + +
+ + TORONTO.

TANSY PILLS!
Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox, Breedon Co., Phila., Pa.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.
THE GREAT INVIGORATING TONIC
FOR
LOSS OF APPETITE, LOW SPIRITS,
SLOW DIGESTION, MALARIA,
ETC., ETC. ETC.
BEWARE OF THE MANY IMITATIONS.

4 DECADES
HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE THE SUP- FERERS FROM COLD, COUGHS, LUNG TROU- BLES, AND WERE FIRST CURED BY THE USE OF WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, AND YET IT TIES NOT OF CURING. SEE THAT "I. BUTTS" IS ON THE WRAPPER.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing Friday, July 3rd.

THROUGH SLEEPERS

FROM

TORONTO

TO

PORTLAND

OLD ORCHARD

ON THE MAINE COAST,

AND TO ALL

WHITE : MOUNTAIN : RESORTS

EVERY TUESDAY and FRIDAY,

RETURNING, LEAVE OLD ORCHARD EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY, RUNNING THROUGH TO TORONTO DURING SUMMER SEASON.

A special U. S. Officer at Union Station to examine baggage.

For rates and full information apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent. City Ticket Offices: 118 King St. West, 24 York St., Board of Trade Building, and 1216 Queen St. West, Parkdale.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE & STOUT

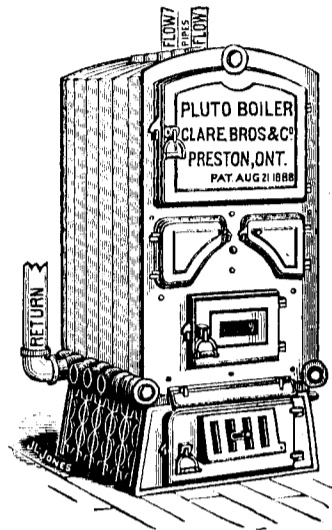
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL

AT

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, JAMAICA, 1891.

Only Gold Medal awarded for Ale to Canadian or United States exhibitors.

JOHN LABATT, - London, Canada.



PLUTO HOT WATER BOILER

Patented, Aug. 21st, 1888.

Economical, Durable and Efficient.

FULLY TESTED and pronounced by experts to be SUPERIOR to any other boiler on the market. Will BURN LARGE, ROUGH WOOD with as good results as with coal. Soft coal can also be used. Suitable for all parts of Canada. The Pluto is SECTIONAL in all its parts, and is EASILY CLEANED and REGULATED.

We also manufacture a full line of coal and wood HOT AIR FURNACES, REGISTERS, Ranges, Stoves, etc. Send for illustrated catalogues, prices and full particulars.

CLARE BROS. & CO.
PRESTON, ONT.

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES
DESIGNED & ENGROSSED
By
A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A.
53 KING ST. EAST.
TORONTO

FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
COAL AND WOOD.

HEAD OFFICE: - 90 KING STREET WEST.

BRANCH OFFICES: - 409 Yonge Street, 765 Yonge Street, 552 Queen Street West, 44 Queen Street East. YARDS AND BRANCH OFFICES: - Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street; Esplanade foot of Princess Street; Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.

HEALTH FOR ALL!! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless. Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE.

EVERY THURSDAY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION AND COMMENT UPON MATTERS OF USE AND INTEREST TO THOSE CONCERNED IN CANADA, CANADIAN EMIGRATION AND CANADIAN INVESTMENTS.

Edited by THOMAS SKINNER, Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year Book," "The Directory of Directors," "The London Banks, etc.

SUBSCRIPTION, - 18s. PER ANNUM.

LONDON, ENGLAND:

1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, E. C. OR MESSRS. DAWSON BROTHERS, MONTREAL.

Exhaustion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

The phosphates of the system are consumed with every effort, and exhaustion usually indicates a lack of supply. The Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, thereby relieving exhaustion, and increasing the capacity for labour. Pleasant to the taste.

Dr. A. N. KROUT, Van Wert, O., says: "Decidedly beneficial in nervous exhaustion."

Dr. S. T. NEWMAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "A remedy of great service in many forms of exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

CANADIAN INDIAN RESEARCH AND AID SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the C. I. R. A. S. and the Indian Conference which were to have taken place in Toronto on May the 14th and 15th have been postponed till September next.

The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE OF AUTOGRAF OF STEWART HARTSHORN AND CO. THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

NASAL BALM

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, feeling sense of smell foul breath, yawning and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1.00) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

CATARRH

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

THE WEEK.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1891.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Eighth Year.
Vol. VIII., No. 39.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00
Subscriptions payable in advance.
Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid,
on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances
by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the
Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in
number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for
six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per
insertion for a shorter period.
No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R.
CLOGGEB, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Are Members of Parliament Sufficiently Remunerated?	619
What of the Future?	619
The Patronage System	619
The Maritime Provinces	619
An Injured Man	620
A Question of Business Ethics	620
A Question of Treaty Interpretation	620
Capital Punishment by Hanging	620
An Unique Experiment	620
MR. CARNEGIE'S COMPARISON OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES	621
CANADA. (Sonnet)	621
CANADA AND FRANCE	621
OTTAWA LETTER	622
ON LAKE ROSSBAU	622
PARIS LETTER	624
TO ONE AT HOME. (Poem)	625
THE EXPOSITION OF THE HOLY COAT	625
THE RAMBLER	625
THE ILSE. (Translated from Heino's "Hartz-Reise.")	626
AGONY DAYS	626
ART NOTES	626
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA	627
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	627
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP	628
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED	628
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE	628
CRISIS	631

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

ROUND Robin, it is already whispered, will be likely to make its appearance before the close of the long session at Ottawa. This term suggests reproach. It certainly does not comport well with the dignity of members of the Commons and Senate of the Dominion to enter more or less slyly and shamefacedly into agreement to support each other in demanding and receiving from the public funds entrusted to them a larger sum than that to which they are legally entitled, and which, by the very fact of seeking and accepting election, or appointment, they tacitly agreed to accept as remuneration for their services. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether, in helping themselves, should they do so in this way, to an additional allowance from the public funds of which they are the trustees, they would not come perilously near to a betrayal of trust. On the other hand there is much to be said in favour of a more liberal remuneration of our members of Parliament. One thousand dollars is certainly a very inadequate equivalent to a successful business or professional man for the time and money spent at Ottawa during a three or four months' session. The primary question is, we suppose, that of the principle on which this allowance is given. Is it in payment for services, or simply an indemnity for loss? Indemnity is, we believe, the favourite term, and the theory is, we suppose, that the one thousand dollars is given simply as an equivalent for actual outlay in the public service, implying that the patriotic citizens who aspire to serve the State in the high capacity of Senators, or Commoners, would scorn to accept vulgar cash as payment for their services. But is not such a theory wrong in principle and mischievous in practice? There are, of course, many members of both Houses whose time is so valuable, in the pecuniary sense, that it would be out of the question for the State to attempt to pay them an equivalent. Such members can afford to serve their country at their own charges. But there are many others—and these not always the least useful—who can ill afford to spend so large a portion of their year at Ottawa, without some reasonable equivalent. Ought she to be willing to accept their services at

an actual pecuniary loss to themselves? Can the country not afford to pay the man whose annual income, as the result of his labour, is, say \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year, a fair average equivalent for his time and services? And would it not, as a matter of policy, be in her own interest to do so? Does not the consciousness that he is making a pecuniary sacrifice which he can ill afford tend to dampen the energies of many a member, and render him less diligent and punctual in the discharge of his Parliamentary duties? May it not, in some cases, even add to the temptation to try to make something indirectly out of the position? We throw out these questions in the interests of justice to all concerned. It may be that Canada could not afford to pay her members of Parliament on so liberal a scale as her wealthy neighbour, viz., \$5,000 a session, and that it would be unwise to do so, if she could. But is there any good reason why she should not double the present allowance, or even be as liberal as Australia and make it \$2,500 a year? Would not a fair remuneration like that tend to bring into public life an abler and better class of men—many of whom cannot afford the sacrifice involved under present conditions?

THERE is no indication, save perhaps in the Committee of Privileges and Elections, that the processes of investigation which are prolonging the Parliamentary Session are nearing their end. On the other hand rumours are still rife touching new charges to be formulated, new investigations to be demanded. Meanwhile, though no one can foretell in what state the passing of this spasm of purification will leave Ministers and parties, it is not too soon, perhaps, to begin to enquire, What of the future? It is all very well and very right that all the light possible should be thrown upon whatever is wrong or rotten in the management of the present administration, and that wrongdoers should be exposed and punished without regard to social position or political affiliations. This is what Premier Abbot has declared himself and his Cabinet resolved to do. But effects indicate causes. It is obvious that the disgraceful state of affairs revealed in different Departments must be the result of radical defects in the system of which the disgraceful doings are the outcome. It would be comparatively useless to expend so much time and money in unearthing the consequences, if the fruitful causes are to continue to operate unchecked. Realizing, no doubt, this fact, the Premier laid before the Senate the other day, in brief outline, the course he proposes to pursue in order to effect a permanent reform in the public service. So far as appears, the two main features of his plan are the appointment of a Commission to investigate thoroughly the system or systems at present in vogue, to report on their defects and to recommend the changes which they may find to be necessary for the protection of the public interests and the national honour, and the appointment of a permanent Inspector, or Overseer, who shall be in a position somewhat like that of the Auditor-General, in respect to official independence, and who shall have power to enquire into, oversee and direct the business methods of the departments. These measures may be very good so far as they go, but they fail to go far enough. The value of the Commission will depend entirely upon the kind of men who may compose it, but there can be no doubt that the report of a competent board of enquiry would be of immense service to a Government honestly bent on reform.

THERE is room for difference of opinion with respect to the second proposal. Some may doubt whether the best way to secure greater departmental honesty and vigilance would be to take the burden of responsibility off the shoulders of the Heads of Departments and transfer it to an outsider. But be that as it may, it is pretty clear that such a remedy would not go to the roots of the disease. Those roots are embedded in the patronage system, of which even Mr. Senecal bitterly and justly complains. So long as individuals are chosen for positions, high or low, in the public service, on any other grounds than those of merit, which includes, of course, moral character, so long it will be vain to hope for a thoroughly honest and competent public service. Nor is it too much to say, in view of the debate which took place in Committee of Supply the other day on

certain items for post-office buildings—and we refer to this as simply a minor illustration of what is well known to be going on continually in the matter of appropriations and subsidies, all over the Dominion—that it is useless to attempt to reform the offices at Ottawa, while the public funds are being distributed on party principles and for political ends by the Government itself. Like Ministers, like subordinates, may be accepted as a safe political maxim. The Minister, or the Government, that recommends an appropriation from the public funds or any other ground than that of the public interest, pure and simple, is doing the same thing, only on a vastly larger scale, as the engineer who recommends a contract in return for a "consideration," or the Superintendent who accepts a commission on the amount of a purchase. Herein is one of the inherent and seemingly ineradicable vices of the party system. So long as it is in the power of the Government of the day, by means of its partisan majority, to reward faithful adherents, or to bribe vacillating electors, by offices of honour and emolument in the case of individuals, and by appropriations from the National Exchequer in the case of constituencies and Provinces, it is almost useless to hope for justice or purity in political life. The temptation is too strong to be resisted by any but the phenomenally virtuous politician, and even his judgment will often be at fault under the influences brought to bear to sway it. We submit, therefore, that the first and fundamental problem for a Government Commission on political reform to solve should be that of devising some competent and impartial Board, or Bureau, some permanent Committee or Commission, or some other practical device, for the initiation of all kinds of appropriations and subsidies. Reform in the use of patronage in appointments might be secured by the simple method of abolishing such patronage and leaving all appointments to the public service absolutely in the hands of an impartial Civil Service Commission, subject to fixed laws governing examination and promotion. But *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who can devise a plan to prevent the Ministers themselves from betraying their trust as keepers of the national purse and manipulating the public funds in the interests of party? This is the "crime of crimes" in our national politics. This is the perennial source of corruption and demoralization in our public life. What is the Government going to do about it? What does the Opposition propose?

"THAT paradise of Nature" was the strong expression used by Col. Howard Vincent, in his address before the Toronto Board of Trade, to characterize the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. The phrase is, of course, hyperbolic, as we suppose it was intended to be, yet it fittingly and opportunely reminds us of the fact that in the Atlantic Provinces of the Dominion there are natural beauties of sky and landscape rivalling those of Italy, and natural resources of soil and mine, river and sea, which need only fuller development in order to make that section of Canada one of the richest and most progressive portions of this rich continent. Hence it is a wise policy of the Government which has brought it about that two farmer-delegates of high standing and reputation are just now visiting those Provinces on behalf of the agriculturists of England and Scotland. The report of these visitors, after full investigation, will supply the needed supplement to that of their predecessors, who embodied the results of their tour of observation over the Western Provinces of the Dominion in the excellent reports which appeared a few months since. The westward tendency of the populations of the older sections of both Canada and the United States is the result of natural laws and influences too strong to be counteracted by any forces which society or the State can bring to bear. Nor can there be any doubt that the tendency of the movement is, on the whole, beneficial. What is needed to make it thoroughly salutary in building up the nation is that the places left vacant in the older Provinces by the many who obey the westward impulse, shall be promptly filled by incomers of the right stamp. Considering the great stream of immigration that is constantly flowing towards this continent from the Old World, there seems to be no good reason why two thrifty families from the United Kingdom should not be

ready to take the place in the older Provinces of everyone that leaves for the West. Those who have had experience and training in the older Provinces are, as a rule, the very best settlers for the great North-West, while a large proportion of those who come to us across the Ocean are much better fitted for life in the older Provinces than in the younger. There are thousands of farmers and farm labourers in England, Scotland and Ireland who would gladly better their condition by coming to Canada if the way were open, who would dread going far inland, and would vastly and wisely prefer, for the sake of old associations and for other good reasons, to settle down not far from the shores of the "sounding sea." To such Messrs. Davey and McQueen will, we cannot doubt, be able to report, after full investigation, that in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island there are abounding opportunities for skilled farmers not only to reap as rich returns for their labour as in the Old World, but to become their own landlords and acquire broad and fruitful acres to be bequeathed to their children.

DID ever, we wonder, anyone who in a position of trust yielded to temptation, realize clearly that in so doing he was stooping to a dishonourable deed, and forfeiting his claim to be ranked among honest men? Probably not, in the first instance. We have no doubt that everyone who has been dismissed or suspended from the public service during the Ottawa investigations considers himself an injured man. This tendency of human nature is brought out with peculiar and almost amusing distinctness in the form of the resignation which was tendered the other day by Mr. Senecal, Superintendent of the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa. Mr. Senecal's case is a particularly glaring one. He seems to have made no scruple of laying himself under large pecuniary obligations to those with whom he, in his position of trust, had extensive dealings, and in regard to whom it was his first duty, as a point of honour, to maintain a position of the most absolute and scrupulous independence. And yet Mr. Senecal evidently feels that he has been treated with great harshness. He is, in his own estimation, an injured man. True, he received money, and that in considerable sums, for personal uses, at the hands of those from whom he was making large purchases on behalf of the Government. But the material was, he claims, "purchased at low rates, and those who talk of commissions are simply calumniators." It is very likely that Mr. Senecal is perfectly sincere in this plea. It is very likely, too, that the goods may have been purchased at as low rates as those which rule in ordinary transactions. But we wonder if Mr. Senecal has ever thought to ask himself how he would deal with a steward or housekeeper in his own employ, whom he should find to be in the habit of asking and receiving liberal presents of money from the grocer or butcher from whom the family supplies were purchased. Bringing the case home to himself in this way he might possibly come to see that business men are not accustomed to sow their cash in this liberal fashion without very good prospects of reaping a harvest. Nothing can be clearer to the disinterested than that the merchant who can afford to make a present of a hundred or a thousand dollars to the agent who secures him a large order, could just as well afford to deduct the given amount from the sum total of his bill, and that he would do so rather than lose the order and the prospect of more to follow. This is, of course, simply a business view of the transaction. Still weightier reasons for summary dealing with such agents are those derived from the proverbial tendency of a gift to injure the moral eyesight; and the subsequent inability of the individual who has once accepted such a gift to assume an independent attitude in regard to all future purchases. The very fact that Mr. Senecal and others of that ilk cannot see that they have done any wrong is the best possible reason for replacing them with men of clearer moral perceptions.

SOMEONE has well observed that such transactions as those of which Mr. Senecal and other public servants have been guilty imply two parties, and that the giver of the bribe shares the guilt with the receiver. This is certainly true to some extent in every case, since every man of sufficient intelligence and ability to be at the head of a large business must know, to say nothing of the legitimacy of his own motives, that he is sapping the foundations of integrity in the man with whom he is dealing—assuming that the latter is not already unprincipled—and so, by weakening his moral defences, doing him the worst kind of injury which one man can do to another. It is true to

the fullest extent in such cases as that of Murphy, in his dealings with Perley, in which the giver of the bribe becomes the tempter and forces his gifts upon the recipient, while the conscience of the latter is still more or less feebly resisting. The moral aspect of the affair is somewhat changed when, as in the case of Senecal and his subordinate, the favours are asked for by the receivers, since it is conceivable that, apart from his own selfish interests or sinister ends, the dealer may, in the kindness of his heart, find it hard to resist a pitiable appeal. Of course it is not in the power of the Government to punish the party of the second part, save, possibly, by putting the firm on a black list, representing those with whom the Departmental officers are forbidden to deal. But as a matter of business ethics, it would be interesting to know just how such methods of securing custom are regarded by the average business man. Is there any written or unwritten code governing such transactions? It was obvious that some of the business managers or heads of firms who gave evidence before the Public Accounts Committee at Ottawa saw nothing wrong in the bestowal of gifts, so far as they themselves were concerned, though we may have a shrewd guess as to what were their private opinions of those who solicited and accepted them. It may be pretty safely assumed that in the cases, now so common, in which the dealers in certain lines of goods agree to fix the same prices and terms, the purchase of custom by gifts of money or other articles would be regarded as dishonourable evasion. We do not know whether there is a "combine" among the dealers in printers' material or not. But apart from that question we should really like to know, and so, we have no doubt, would many of our readers, what view of the ethics of the matter prevails in business circles.

THE *Monetary Times*, whose opinions on such questions are usually pretty sound, assumes that Canada will not immediately feel the effect of the treaty between Spain and the United States, affecting the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico, because of the "most favoured nation" clause in the treaty between Great Britain and Spain, which clause includes Canadians in common with other British subjects. The number of the *Times* from which we quote is dated the 21st August. Hence the paragraph must have been written subsequently to the reply given by Sir John Thompson to a question on the point in the House of Commons. Sir John's view, fortified by the opinions of the highest authorities in both Great Britain and the United States, clearly was that the clause in question does not apply in cases in which special tariff concessions are made to another nation in return for equivalent concessions in favour of the nation bound by the treaty, and that hence its provisions could not be invoked for the protection of Canada in the present instance, save on the impossible condition of offering compensating advantages similar to those conceded by the Islands in question. Nor can it be denied, much as we may wish otherwise, that this seems the reasonable interpretation. Any other would put it out of the power of the treaty-making nation to make special commercial arrangements with any other nation, no matter what advantages might be offered in return. True, Sir John Thompson stated further that fuller information was expected from the High Commissioner, implying apparently that the question cannot be considered as fully decided until that information is received, but it was evident that there was in his own mind little or no doubt that the decision would be as indicated. Notwithstanding the above facts the *Empire* of Monday takes the same ground as the *Monetary Times*, saying that there seems to be good ground for believing that Canadian products will be protected by the most favoured nation clause during the year which must elapse before Spain's notice to terminate the treaty takes effect, and adduces in support of this opinion the fact that Spain has made only a provisional arrangement with the United States till the expiry of the treaty, as if she recognized its force in the matter. Has the Minister of Justice received some new light which has modified his opinion, but which has not yet been given to the public, or do these journals decline to accept his high authority in the matter? The question is one of considerable importance to Canada, especially to the Maritime Provinces, whose trade with the above-named Islands has hitherto been considerable.

WE have more than once had occasion to note the marked and growing tendency of public feeling in Great Britain to revulsion against hanging as a mode of execution. This feeling has been greatly strengthened by

the horrible bunglings which have of late years been so frequent in the Mother Country. It is not wonderful therefore that the hideous scene at the recent Conway execution should have caused a fresh outcry and agitation throughout the Kingdom. Nor can it be denied that the feeling is, to some extent, the natural and legitimate outcome of present-day civilization. There is something in the thought of the violent destruction of the life of a human being, under sanction of law, however necessary such destruction may be deemed for the protection of society, which is at the best harrowing to refined sensibilities. Why then should Governments persist in inflicting the death penalty by a mode which is peculiarly revolting at the best, and which is constantly liable to have such shocking accompaniments? No student of human nature can doubt that the effect of capital punishment as a deterrent—which is probably the chief or only ground on which it can be justified—is lessened rather than increased by any associations of needless horror which may accompany it in the public mind. It is not surprising that in many instances the question of mode at first raised is quickly merged in the larger question of the necessity of capital punishment itself. Many jump to the conclusion that when a law leads even occasionally to such results, it must itself be based on wrong principles. Without entering into that broader question we may pretty safely say that one thing is becoming evident. It behooves those who regard the execution of the murderer as one of the indispensable safeguards of human life, to consider speedily whether some less objectionable mode of inflicting the dread penalty cannot be found. We question whether it would not be wise on the part of the British Government, and of the Canadian Government as well, to appoint a competent commission to consider the subject, and, if possible, recommend a less objectionable mode for the taking off of those who have forfeited their right to live.

THE results of the unique experiments which are being made by the Scientific Expedition which has been sent out by the United States' Government to test the possibility of causing rain in arid districts by explosions in the atmosphere will be looked for with interest all over the world. The theory on which these experiments are based is by no means so absurd as many may be inclined at first thought to suppose. The demonstration of the power of man to produce artificially the electrical or other atmospheric conditions which cause rain, and so to bring showers at will, would be but another step in the discovery and utilization of the laws in accordance with which Nature performs her manifold operations. The *modus operandi* would be far more easily understood by the common mind than that which governs the application of electricity for the production of light and force. Of course it by no means follows that the proof of the correctness of the theory would render the method immediately available for practical uses. The question of expense, for instance, suggests formidable difficulties. Yet the history of the applications of scientific discovery to practical purposes in other matters would warrant the belief that the relation of cause to effect being established, economical and workable modes of utilizing the knowledge would sooner or later be found. The possibilities suggested are stupendous. Among the alleged facts which give support to the theory is the statement that many of the great battle fields of modern history have been deluged with rain very soon after the cannonading. It is also said, on the authority of Senator Sanford, that when the Central Pacific Railroad was being built through a mountain region where rain rarely fell, the heavy blasting was followed almost daily by copious showers, and that these totally ceased when the work was ended. If this be so the builders of the Canadian Pacific should be able to give us some corroborative facts.

In the *Revue Internationale des Falsifications*, Dr. Kornauth, of Vienna, writes on saccharine. As the results of his experiences, he lays down the following items: 1. Pure saccharine contains very weak antiseptic qualities. 2. A long use of saccharine, even in large quantities, has shown no injurious effects in the case of dogs, ducks or pigs. 3. The nutritive powers are lessened by its use. 4. The dislike which animals are said to have for saccharine is confined to individual cases. Dr. Kornauth found that dogs refused foods mixed with sugar as well as those which contained saccharine. But as soon as they were used to the sweet taste they ate both.

THINK well over your important steps in life, and having made up your mind never look behind.—Thomas Hughes.

MR. CARNEGIE'S COMPARISON OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT WITH THAT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is a clever and energetic Scotchman naturalized in the States, and is probably the richest ironmaster in the Union. A short time ago the *New York World*, when giving a list of the wealthiest Americans, stated that he was estimated to be worth fifteen millions. The following will show his mental status: He contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* an elaborate and original paper on "The Advantages of Poverty." The title should have been "A Millionaire on the Advantages of Poverty." All the rest of us fail to see the advantages of poverty, but, on the other hand, an overwhelming majority are keenly alive to the advantages of wealth. Mr. Carnegie is an ultra-Protectionist, and has recently written another article in the *Nineteenth Century* upholding the McKinley tariff, which latter caused the disastrous defeat of the Republicans at the last fall elections. There is no doubt that a large proportion of his huge fortune—at least one-third—has resulted from the high tariff maintained by the United States during so many years. Practically, American citizens have been taxed to the extent of five millions to add to his great wealth; to that which he would have acquired had free trade or even a moderate tariff prevailed. Had he carried on his business in monarchical Britain he would not have been allowed to tax the people for his own benefit to the extent of a dollar. In the States it is notorious that wealthy rings, by their influence on legislation, often tax the people in very large sums, a course which cannot even be attempted in England. A Mrs. McEwan, the widow of a Scotchman who served in the U. S. army during the civil war (and who recently died in Scotland), applied unsuccessfully for a pension. Mr. Carnegie kindly took the matter in hand, and procured her one of twelve dollars a month. He then, apparently being deeply impressed with the superiority of a Government which has enabled him to levy taxes upon his fellow citizens—which has protected him and other millionaires against Americans anxious to buy in the cheapest market—wrote to her explaining that her obtaining a pension was "one of the many differences between a Monarchy and a Republic—the first being 'the government of a class' (numbering in the United Kingdom nearly six millions of voters), and the Republic being the government of the poor." If he had said that the Republican form of government enabled the millionaires to prey upon the poor, he would have been more exact. If one of Mr. Carnegie's workmen had worked for him from 1861 to 1865, then left his employ and had recently died, would he consider it to be his duty to allow his widow a pension, and would he make that his rule of conduct? Those Americans who have opposed the recent indiscriminate system of pensions, assert that it has been done to get rid of the cash surplus, and to avoid a reduction of the protectionist tariff, and also practically to buy votes for the Republicans. When there is a surplus in England taxes are reduced. During the last seven years the reductions have amounted to very large sums, although owing to the increasing prosperity of the country the annual revenue has not thereby diminished. According to Commissioner Raum in the *North American Review*, the total of the pensions will ultimately amount to \$150,000,000 per annum, a sum far exceeding the interest on the British national debt. There are now on the American pension-rolls 478,356 soldiers, and 122,522 widows and dependents, besides a total of 1,095,099 pending claims. It is well known that a majority of the ex-soldier pensioners are men in average health, and do not pecuniarily need state assistance. A short time ago a well-to-do German, in robust health, residing in Germany, but who had served in the Civil War, received a pension and he gave a humorous account of the affair. After he had failed to discover any reason why he should obtain a pension, his correspondent enquired whether he had ever caught cold while in the army; and on his remembering that he had, and filling up all necessary forms, he was pensioned. But the *New York Nation*, a journal on the lines of the *London Spectator*, has capped this, for it showed that a man, by special legislation with the sanction of the President, obtained a pension under the following disgraceful circumstances: He had enlisted but had never been in active service, having spent nearly all his time in hospital. He had lost his eyesight through a disgraceful complaint, and the medical officer certified on his discharge that he was not a proper subject for a pension. Yet he obtained one by special legislation with the President's consent, although a former President had rejected the application. This pensioner, although he only obtains thousands where Mr. Carnegie obtains millions, doubtless agrees with the latter, that what he wrongfully gets is an instance "of one of the many differences between a Monarchy and a Republic." Such a case could not happen in Britain. Take the administration of justice. It is notorious that it is almost impossible for a poor man in the States to get justice against a wealthy corporation. Theoretically he can, but not practically. Unless a man has means he can be harassed and pecuniarily ruined into "grinning and bearing." The following is "one of the many differences between a Monarchy and a Republic": An appeal case has recently been heard before the House of Lords—*Johnston (pauper) v. W. H. Lindsay and Company*. A and B, two separate contractors, were engaged in different operations in the same building. Johnson, A's workman, was injured through the negligence of B's

workmen. According to the rule of law, if Johnson had been injured through the negligence of his fellow-workmen, *i. e.*, those working for A, the latter would not have been liable. The House of Lords held that B's workmen, through their negligence causing the accident, B was liable just as if Johnson had been one of the outside public passing along the street, so that he recovered damages. The plaintiff, having sued *in forma pauperis*, he has been enabled to successfully carry the case by appeal to the highest court without the expenditure of a dollar for lawyers' fees. Here was an instance of a poor man, without spending anything for law costs, carrying his case from court to court until the highest tribunal was reached, and defeating a wealthy firm. The latter were not seeking to oppress the plaintiff, but they held to the general understanding of the old rule of law, but the House of Lords has decided that there is to be a distinction in future in such cases. Practically they have made new law. Will any well-informed man contend that a poor man in the States, under similar circumstances, could, without outlaying a dollar, carry his case by appeal to the highest court and vanquish a wealthy corporation? One great difference between the British Monarchy and the American Republic is this: In the course of centuries the British political system has, like the oak, slowly and naturally grown, "broadening down from precedent to precedent," until now it is practically a Republic with a Monarchical head; which latter exercises a silent, moderating influence between the political parties. For instance, it has been recently shown in the biography of Archbishop Tait that the Queen largely helped to get the Irish Disestablishment Act passed without a collision between the two Houses, and that had it not been for her tactfully exerted influence on both sides, the Bill would, for the time being, have been wrecked. In the States, instead of political growth coming naturally, the abrupt wrench of 1776 led to premature measures being adopted, including some cast-iron limitations, which experience has shown have interfered with the moral growth of the nation. Had there been no Revolution of 1776, the slavery question would have been settled fifty years earlier and without the horrors of civil war, and the inevitable separation from the Mother Country would have been gradual and peaceable. Referring to the repeal of the Corn Laws forty-five years ago, cited by me in THE WEEK for June 12, has there been any instance at Washington of the majority of either House voting like the House of Lords for a measure which they firmly believed would cause them individually great loss? It was one of the noblest political passages of arms in all history. Now the instructive spectacle is seen—to quote Carnegie sarcastically—that "one of the many differences between a Monarchy and a Republic" is that the former is, in its Legislature and rulers, the superior in conscientiousness, although 120 years ago probably the reverse was the fact.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

CANADA, 1891.

Now mercy's eyes are turn'd ; that day is fled
When base informers may atone their crime ;
Stern Nemesis comes back in her due time
To strike revenge upon each traitorous head
'That stain'd our country's arms and tarnish'd
Her name and fame when in their budding prime.
Drown'd are the vipers in their own vile slime,
Infected by the poison they have bred.

Samson-like Justice hath the temple razed
And buried in the ruins of their greed
The Mammon-mongers. Canada! take heed
Volcanoes slumber that have fiercely blazed,
Yet are not dead—such sleep but gives them power
To belch more ruin in a later hour.

SAREPTA.

CANADA AND FRANCE.

FRANCE is, though late in the day, thinking about Canada, and French Canada has filial piety enough to think a great deal about France. "We are French by heart and language," M. Mercier said when in Paris, during May; "and I shall be frank with you, and add, we are (abandoned as we were by you) *French in spite of France*." The Prime Minister of Quebec had (at the banquet given by l'Alliance Française) adopted M. Fréchet's words declaring that "we respect the English flag, and are proud of it and grateful to it, but the other flag—ah! *il faut le baiser à genoux*"; and at a large students' club, "le cercle Catholique des étudiants," he explained to his entirely French and Catholic audience of men and women, what he would have them think about Canada, "a country which will never belong to you politically; for Canada aims higher than being a dependency of any European power, it aims at independence." This speech, beginning in a stiff frozen manner, very unlike the readiness and spontaneity of modern France, but gradually thawing and spreading warmth and inspiring enthusiasm, was made at the close of the lecture, "L'émigration Française au Canada," by M. l'abbé Lacroix, a member of the Parisian clergy, distinguished at the university by his learning, and among the people by his devotion to the interest and welfare of the poorer classes. One at least of the lecturer's audience went expecting to hear an historical account of the 10,000, who became 70,000, and

who have become 2,000,000; but the subject was a more "practical" one; it was the emigration to Canada to-day. English-speaking Canadians may sometimes half dread a continued and increasing immigration from France—and I mean even those English Canadians who are really capable of appreciating advantages of variety in a nation's spiritual, mental and physical development—because this immigration may add to the difficulties of every day public existence in the country; still, unless such difficulties are thought insurmountable, more so than they have been found to be in Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, or Scandinavia, it will be gratifying to English readers to know in what a liberal spirit Frenchmen and French-Canadians together spoke of that new country which is, but which is not, French to-day. There was a saying of that good Liberal, Sydney Smith—he uttered it about Ireland—which one often thinks ought to find an echo in Canada, where indeed its truth has been so many times proved: "the man who there makes a friend of a fellow-countryman not of the same religion as himself, be he Catholic or Protestant, should be considered as a public benefactor." Certainly an English-speaking Canadian came away from this lecture and this speech in Paris with an increased sympathy for the generous ideas of others, with no less devotion to his own, and with new enthusiasm for Canada at large. M. l'abbé Lacroix's lecture was due to a young French lawyer's visit to Canada a few months ago; this young aristocrat came back a devotee to Canada, east and west, and has been making converts ever since; he is one of those in "the Old Country," who, by speaking, by writing in books and newspapers and by organization, are now preaching faith in Canada and its future. This modern French emigration, due so much to Mgr. Labelle and M. Mercier himself, has now reached perhaps about 2,000 this last year; those who are advised to go are small shop-keepers with their French habits of neatness, order, and careful attention to lesser details in business, and above all tillers of the soil. "The large business concerns," the lecturer reminded his audience, in this "réunion de propagande," "are almost altogether in English hands. And none shall go out for the liberal professions; and no workmen ('ouvriers') should go. Let a young man go out as a farm hand to Manitoba." And here he had to warn his hearers, troubled with aristocratic thinking, that in the new world of America, relations between "master" and "servant" are not exactly as they are in Europe. The objections he considered they had to meet were three: (1) the climate is too severe; (2) why not emigrate to our own colonies? (3) why emigrate at all, when the population in France is at a standstill or is diminishing? As to the first M. Mercier afterwards said enough to enchant all who might hesitate to leave damp Parisian cold. As to the second objection, M. Lacroix said that "it is our own French colonies which really for the most part are the places unfit for Europeans to live in." And as to the third, "apart from the fact that it is in religion that the true remedy will be found, life according to Christian rules results in families being prolific, apart from that, the fact that the peasant knows there is an outlet for his numerous sons and daughters will be a cause of increase in country peasant families; and of course it is the countrymen who must go, and not the dregs of town populations; instead of drifting into towns to swell these last in number, let the young French peasants go to Canada." "There," M. Mercier added, "is a country where we have all the liberty a Christian people can wish for. And so though French we are loyal." Loyal, one supposes he means, to Canada first, to its confederation, to its British institutions, looking indeed to a future independence, but looking to a quite friendly separation from England. "We have the greatest respect, too, for the English Sovereign under whose reign these liberties have been secured to us. That is the country I invite you to come to, if indeed circumstances force you to leave your beautiful France; for I will be frank with you again, and will say that if I were you I should not leave this beautiful land unless by necessity." And yet, the Frenchmen of old France, seeing more closely the trials and the miseries even of the tillers of the soil at home, had drawn a few moments before a fair picture of happiness on the Canadian prairie as contrasted with suffering on the old scrap of land in France. But the Canadian did not speak of one misery they would be spared in the west; "there is no war, no war is possible. It is not that you do not willingly give your children to fight for France, it is not that we do not rejoice in your victories and sorrow at your defeats; but how terrible war is, how grievous to lose the hopes of your old age, to see those fall who were to carry on your name and its traditions. And as to our climate. Now, really, if my companions and myself are not very handsome men, we are well made fellows enough"—there was no denying it. The Quebec premier from this on had quite got out of ministerial decorous attitude, and was in touch with his audience. One was going to say the first attitude was something *American*. Is it not a fact that in the new world in general there is an effort in formality, when formality there is; and that half-laughing at oneself and one's dignity is a thing the most essentially foreign on both sides of our border line? "Why," he went on, "in the mud here, you have no idea what a grand thing it is to be brought up in the dry snow, and what a healthy thing it is too. And as to pleasures—what do you think of a winter when young men and women go off together for the most delightful excursions in sleighs over three feet of snow through the woods, and monsieur says a thousand sweet things to mademoiselle

who answers him, and all as honourably as possible; and the two come back and announce to their parents that really they are seriously thinking of getting married? And snow-shoeing, and its delight too—fastening a lady's 'shoe' (M. Mercier tried to describe a 'raquette' to the Parisians), but not quite too tightly, and so fastening it again, and perhaps many times; and then off in parties of hundreds even, with happiness and health. Is that a very dreary sort of winter? I am wearying you perhaps"—his audience was thoroughly delighted, and therefore protested against such a notion—"well, I agree with the lecturer, that in coming to us you will be doing a really patriotic work; you will be spreading abroad what good things France has to give the world; you will be joining with other races in establishing a great people, which will be French enough to claim from all America respect for French nationality." "Très-bien," said an old man at the close, "il a beaucoup de cœur."

W. F. STOCKLEY.

OTTAWA LETTER.

MR. THOMAS MCGREEVY is, in the language of the police, "wanted," but the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms could not find him in Quebec, though an unofficial visitor from Ottawa is said to have seen him there at that time. Before Colonel Smith could get back to report that his sword had not been drawn, Mr. McGreevy had sent in his resignation to the Speaker. But he had overlooked the little fact that a member cannot resign if his election is contested, and so Colonel Smith again went after him in vain. He will probably be expelled now without further ceremony; and it would be a very bitter partisan who would not be glad to be spared the sight of one of the oldest members of the House of Commons, a popular and respected one, too, in his time, brought to the Bar for sentence. His shame is heavy enough as it is, and his punishment may be made still severer if the law as to members sharing in contracts is enforced, as it may be at the instance of any informer. His counsel, Mr. Fitzpatrick, has done all that can be done for him, and really managed a plausible defence. But it is impossible to separate Mr. McGreevy, the Harbour Commissioner, from Mr. McGreevy, the Member of Parliament, in respect to the gravamen of the charges against him. Mr. Fitzpatrick had to admit it was no use denying that money had been taken from contractors for election purposes, and to remind the Committee that few of them were in a position to throw the first stone at his client.

Counsel for the Department of Public Works have put in their written arguments. It is said they follow Sir Hector's lead in making a scapegoat of Mr. Perley. Mr. Fitzpatrick, on the other hand, scouted the idea of corrupt motives on the part of Mr. Perley or the late Mr. Boyd, who was Resident Engineer of the Quebec Harbour works. Certainly it does seem unlikely that if a man could be corrupted and knew he could get thousands enough to make his future safe pecuniarily, he should risk ruin and disgrace for the sake of a little plate and jewellery.

Sir Hector Langevin's statements about the withdrawal of Mr. Starrs' tender for some public work was flatly contradicted by Mr. Starrs. Though this was merely an incident, it left an impression. But the Committee seeing that there must be an end to all things—even to Parliamentary investigations—closed down on further evidence. By the end of this week they ought to be pretty well advanced in the consideration of their report. They have accumulated the fifteen hundred printed pages of evidence, of which it is safe to say two-thirds are irrelevant or unnecessary; and as for documents, plans and account books, there are boxes full of them. Theoretically the perusal of all this stuff will cause delay; practically there will be nothing to do so except the fear by one party or the other that some advantage may be gained or lost by going straight to the point. Next week, however, may see this long drawn out affair transferred from the Committee Room to the House, where it is sure to secure a hot debate.

The Tarte charges have of late lost nearly all interest compared with the doings at the other end of the building. Since last week the Senate Railway Committee has held several sittings, and Mr. Barwick has supplied missing links in his chain of evidence. Where not absolutely proved, as a Court of law would understand proof, irresistible inferences come in to bring home to Mr. Mercier and his *entourage* the worst that has been charged against them. But very little has been left to be "understood," as the old grammarians say. The facts are plain. The evidence of Mr. John J. Macdonald, a contractor who was negotiating with the Quebec Government about carrying on the railway before the new syndicate supplanted him, leaves no doubt at all about the position occupied by the redoubtable Mr. Pacaud towards that Government. Mr. Barwick has now closed his case, but the investigation has taken another turn, and the Committee will probably have to look into the application of the Dominion Subsidies by the Robitaille-Riopel directorate. To do them justice it must be said that the Committee have stated their readiness to go to the bottom of alleged Conservative misdoings as thoroughly as they have dealt with the charges against Mr. Mercier and his friends, and have called upon Mr. François Langelier, the Counsel for the Quebec Government, to make his accusations. These are denied in advance, and most flatly too, by the Honourable Mr. Robitaille, who by the way is not only a Senator but a member of the Committee.

One odd complication in these proceedings is that Mr. François Langelier was the Ontario Bank's counsel at one stage of them, and Mr. Cockburn, according to the reports, stated on oath that Mr. Langelier had advised him not to oppose the passage of the Bill, or bring forward the matter of the diversion of the subsidies from their proper use.

The latest "scandal" is a charge against Mr. Cochrane, M.P. for East Northumberland, of trafficking in the patronage of his constituency. Mr. Malcom Cameron has taken the House responsible of making it from his seat in the Senate. It is to be hoped that there is some mistake, for this would be the worst of a series of blows at the credit of Canadian public men. It is to occupy a special Committee as a special case, the Privileges and Elections Committee, to which it should go as a matter of course, being so much occupied with the McGreevy-Langevin business.

Sir John Thompson in the Commons and the Premier in the Senate have spoken with no uncertain sound as to the determination of the Government to push to the utmost the investigations into the conduct of evil-doers, be they Ministers, members or civil servants. In the Public Accounts Committee last week a serious charge against Mr. Chapleau came out as an incident of the enquiry into the management of the Printing Bureau. It was hardly formulated, however, and was left to be inferred from the evidence. He and his colleagues present took the ground that it should be definitely made in the House, that the Committee should not go into evidence for the sake of finding whether the charge would lie. Sir Richard Cartwright brought up the question at once in the House in the form of a succinct resolution declaring the undoubted right of the Public Accounts Committee to investigate all circumstances connected with the payment of public moneys, and enouncing the principle that no evidence should be refused because it may disclose improper conduct of a Minister. To this the Minister of Justice fully assented, only deprecating fishing for evidence. The terms in which he spoke left nothing to be desired. There was an absolute disclaimer of any desire to hide behind technical objections as to the relevancy of evidence, and an assertion of determination to see any enquiry which the House had asked the Committee to undertake continued to the end no matter how fatal it might be to anyone. After that it does seem reasonable enough to ask that any charge made shall be made on the floor of the House, on the responsibility of the member making it, and then that it be referred to the Committee to hear any testimony bearing upon it.

Mr. Abbott's pronouncement was brought about by a question from Senator MacInnes, of Hamilton, as to the Government's intentions about reforming the Civil Service. The Senator was a member of the Civil Service Commission, whose report led to the establishment of the existing system, which however was only a step in the direction of the recommendations made in that report. Mr. Abbott announced the intention to appoint a Commission to investigate the whole system and to report some plan of conducting public business on the same lines as private business, and of securing the same efficiency and economy. He also stated that there was an idea of having an Inspector, independent of Government control or political considerations, as the Auditor-General is with respect to money matters. So much for the Civil Service. But Mr. Abbott evidently had more highly placed offenders in his mind, and left no uncertainty as to his intentions about them before he had done speaking.

Mr. Chapleau was rather sanguine when he said the other day that the commission system had not reached his department yet, and now the partisans of Sir Hector Langevin are rejoicing over the disclosures as to the doings of Messrs. Senecal and Bronskill, heads of the Printing and Stationery branches respectively. That is they were heads one morning, but by two in the afternoon Mr. Bronskill was dismissed and Mr. Senecal suspended, and he has since resigned. Both owned up to taking commissions on orders for supplies, their only defence being that it was understood that their business at all events was to be managed on "business principles," and "business principles" mean commissions. Bronskill was a comparatively small offender, measuring by money received, but Senecal had the purchasing of supplies, without tender, too, to the amount of \$50,000 or \$60,000 in a single transaction. His letter of resignation is an odd ignoring of any wrong doing and a cool deprecation of the misconception wrought by undue public excitement. There is a good deal in this, by the way, but nobody seems to think the general principle applies in this particular instance. That Mr. Senecal is a brother of "the Senecal" ought not really to raise any prejudice against either him or Mr. Chapleau, but it does, such is the suspiciousness of human nature, and the tendency to believe that history repeats itself. One immediate effect of the affair is to spoil Mr. Chapleau's chance of getting the Railway and Canals Department. The report is now that it will go to Mr. Tupper, at present Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Mr. Amyot, the discoverer of "Bancroft," made that discovery the occasion of a want of confidence motion. There have already been plenty of these, so that the Session bids fair to rival a famous one in the Quebec Legislature when twenty-nine of them were moved in succession. Sir John Thompson's defence of the Government was masterly and will serve them in good stead in election times of trouble. There is nothing like a difficult case to bring out the abilities of a great lawyer.

Towards the end of last week the Estimates were

advanced a good bit, and many of them concurred in, a proceeding which usually indicates a move towards closing the Session, though in this instance it does not count for much. There was a good deal of political criticism of the Canal Estimates, which were ably handled by Mr. Bowell, and with uncommonly good temper. This may seem faint praise, but anybody who has watched a Minister "getting his Estimates through" will understand what it means, especially when the Estimates were not those of Mr. Bowell's own Department. To paraphrase a Gilbertian parody, the function of an Opposition as regards estimates is

To annoy the Ministers in the mode conventional,
And find out sin where sin was unintentional.

X.

ON LAKE ROSSEAU.

I.

"NO," Arthur Lewis was saying in the tone of a man who is accustomed to find his views at variance with those of most people, "I by no means think that all the good literature of this century was written in the first three-quarters of it."

"Oh! I did not mean to say that," said Miss Mabel Murney with an arch suggestion in her manner that she was a little inclined to "hedge"; "I was, perhaps, moved to extravagances by hearing you compare Howells to the immortal Scott."

"I should be surprised if 'Silas Lapham' does not wear quite as well as 'Meg Merriles,'" rejoined Lewis with a thoroughly convinced air that never fails to be contagious. "Do you know," he went on, turning his eyes from the passing scenery—for they were on the deck of a Muskoka steamer—full upon hers, "that this man, Howells, has compelled the old foggy critics to ignominiously desert their old standards of excellence—one they must have acknowledged him master? Every one remembers the time-honoured canon that made that one the best novelist who held the clearest mirror up to nature; and now they complain of Howells that he is too exact, that he photographs too faithfully the meaner details of life. Then there's Stevenson, writing in our time; what comparison is there between the suggested horror of 'The Master of Ballantrae' and that of, say, 'Bill Sykes' or 'The Murder of Amy Robsart'?"

The strong, tense eyes of Lewis released with a conscious volition the blue ones of Miss Murney from what seemed to be almost a commanded attention, and again wandered off over the sparkling waters and the wildly wooded islands.

The blue eyes still scanned his face, though they were partially blinded by inner thoughtfulness.

"Then why is it," she asked in a moment, "that these later authors are not studied in the schools instead of Scott and—Macaulay?"

"For the same reason," he replied coming back with more than the sparkle of the lake in his eye, "that the whole school system of the present day is wrong-headed and blundering."

"What do you mean?" and the interest deepened in her face.

"Because—," began Lewis.

"Aw! how d' do; Miss Murney; lovely day!" interrupted a voice that would have been pleasing were it not for a clumsily assumed drawl, always put in it by the owner when addressing ladies.

Miss Murney agreed a little impatiently as to the character of the day and Lewis let his face fall into the proper expression of boredom.

"Just now as I was coming up," went on the interrupter, "your friend, Mr. Lewis, looked just as if he were—ah—addressing a meeting in the park,—ha-ha!"

"Mr. Lewis was interesting me very much," quickly returned Miss Murney, noticing that the speaker's idle gad had touched Lewis on a sensitive spot.

"Yes," put in Lewis with a blush under his eyes and honest disgust in his tones; "I am always making a bore of myself—always talking like a lunatic when"—he could not help this return shot—"society merely demands vacuity."

The newcomer, Thompson, felt the pellet but did not see how he could reply so long as the presence of a lady compelled him to deal in conversational caramels; but he was relieved by the surging up to them of a group of campers full of talk about the coming private theatricals at the Paignton House. This fragment of conversation had taken place upon the deck of the steamer *Nipissing* just after it had left Port Carling, where the fantastic loops of the Muskoka lakes are drawn together in a central knot. To the right, the hotel at Oaklands lifted its bare and deserted upper storeys above its be-vined and verandahed ground floor, for all the world like an abnormal baldhead above a pair of merry, social eyes; and off to the left, Ferndale was hiding in its cove. All about rippled the bright soft waters of Lake Rosseau, and ahead what one fancied was the mainland seemed to be constantly breaking into islands with winding canoe channels between and gaily painted summer pavilions glancing through the foliage. They call it "Venetia" up there, and even old Shylock of the Rialto could find no ground for a libel suit.

The groups on the steamer deck struck one as exceedingly varied and yet the varieties were easily classified. There were the campers and other sojourners in Muskoka marked by their bronzed faces and camping costumes.

There were evident tourists making the round of the lakes wearing light overcoats, armed with opera glasses and very studious of fluttering maps. Then there was but a third class—the newly arrived and intending campers who had relapsed from city dress into partial Muskoka array—having got into camping shoes and shirt and here and there even donned a "blazer."

To this latter class belonged Arthur Lewis, as his array of baggage and his face all unspotted from the outer world testified. He was a journalist by profession and a thinker by choice, and, strange as it may seem, his dual occupations did not clash. He was strong fibred both in mind and body, and yet with a delicate appreciation of the refined and poetic. A lacrosse player and a canoeist, he liked to read aloud "The Lady of Shalott," and laughed most deeply at the delicate humour of Washington Irving. So strongly opinionated was he that his talent for argument was a standing joke among his friends, though it was rapidly becoming no joke to him. He could never trust himself alone with a hearer and a question. It was not at all uncommon for him to find himself at an evening party, where merriment and gaiety should reign, with a group around him listening to his arraignment in picturesque language of the tyranny of custom, of the enemies of "single tax" or of any other body or thing with which he had a quarrel. It is to be said, however, that the blame was hardly ever his. Men—and women, too—liked to hear his vivid, epigrammatic sentences, and purposely tempted him on the side of this, his besetting sin. He had always been frankly fond of feminine society from his earliest youth up and was fairly popular there, although the possessor of but few of the graces of a "ladies' man." Still, he could sing, and liked to talk sweet nonsense to a pretty face—and these things count.

Miss Murney had brought him an entirely new experience. He had met her some weeks ago at the house of her clergymen, whom he had called to see on a newspaper errand. That was a bare introduction—nothing more; and nothing would have come of it, had she not taken the Niagara boat, alone, to visit a friend at the Queen's Royal on a morning that he took the same trip on inevitable business. Then the two accidents of formal acquaintance and loneliness brought them together as design would never have been inclined to do, for the barrier of Midas was between them, and their paths were not parallel. A steamer is a great familiarizer; whether it is that the motion tends to run people together mentally, or that they are freer in the unvalled air of the wilds of water, or whatever the reason may be, it certainly is true that one hour on a steamer is worth ten in a parlour for getting hold of the spiritual palms of people. Hence on the deck of the *Cibola* these two learned rapidly the character-geography of each other, and found that they were in that relation to one another—neither negative nor yet positive—that superinduces mutual attraction among mortals.

And there it had rested. Lewis had accepted invitations that he usually declined, because they gave him a chance to dance or chat with her; and these meetings had confirmed him in the unwilling belief that here was the one woman who would sympathize fully with his aspirations, keep step with his mental stride—even allow for and doctor his mental dyspeptics—but they had not so much as lit by a single ray the vision of hope—hope of possession. Not that his gloom was reflected from any shadow upon her face, for there the brightest smile assured him of his welcome; but in spite of himself he admitted that the old feeling of the melodrama was strong upon him. His pride would not permit his asking that which would bestow so much more than was asked. He would have dared like a hero for the white hand could it come to him bare and helpless, but he would not ask its burden of her father's jewels. It is freely admitted that his was perhaps not a usual character in our time. We have now a lofty pride among us which ignores all such accidents as wealth and position; and, indeed, so sterling is the metal of it that it is more ready to climb them as obstacles than to descend their easy slopes. Arthur Lewis was of an older school. He had an obsolete notion that his wife should lean on him, and not he on his wife. He was ambitious of position, of wealth as a stepladder, of many things; he was not too haughty to accept aid from many sources, but something checked him when he thought of tossing his wedding ring—though fashioned loyally in love—over the storied stick of gold.

II.

Lake Rosseau lay asleep in the sunlight. For the most part, it shone as placidly as the face of a babe, but here and there a mischievous little breeze tickled it into dimpled smiling in its sleep. The delicious languor of an August day dominated the scene. The group upon the piazza of the Paignton House were disjointedly debating the relative coolness of their present position with that offered by the hammocks swaying under the trees.

"Oh! don't talk hammocks to me," Tommy Bennett was saying with the air of one to whom experience had taught much; "They may be all right for a gymnast—or a woman, but I never saw a Christian man who could ride one—that is, without damaging his morals."

"They are just as easy as can be," said little Miss Jones, the school teacher, with a peaceful smile suggestive of having convinced many a boy that it was "nice to do questions."

"I used to like a hammock before I was married," said Mrs. Castana, a gay young American lady, who had

a boy of ten with her and a husband somewhere in the great United States.

Bennett viewed her with interest. "And has Hymen a quarrel with hammocks?" he asked.

"Well," she replied reflectively, and just a touch of diablerie in her "merry, merry eye," "I've known Hymeneal quarrels about hammocks."

The party laughed and Bennett was so affected that he volunteered her a caramel.

"What is your opinion on this momentous question?" went on Mrs. Castana, turning her laughing eyes on Lewis.

"My mind is barren as to this matter," he confessed, "catching" her contagious smile, "but there is another upon which I have pronounced views. Here is a party of rational beings pledged to entertain, no one knows how many islanders to-night with private theatricals; and what have we done toward preparation?"

"Nothing," responds Maudie Mayburn, tragically, clasping her brown hands and shaking back her black hair.

"Oh! yes, we have," protests Mrs. Castana; "I've decided to wear my cream dress, and do my hair high."

"No, no," insists Miss Mayburn laying her dark head back into Mrs. Castana's lap; "wear that delicious satin of yours and be 'Beauty,' in 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"Are we to have that?" Bennett asks darkly.

"Why shouldn't we?" demands Miss Mayburn in truculent tones.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" hastily replies the abject Tommy; "Only I was fearful lest some of our guests might have seen it before. It—Oh!—it has been done, you know," he added doubtfully.

"Well, what if it has?" continues the warlike maiden.

"Did you expect that we had a new Gilbert and Sullivan for this?" "No, they don't collaborate now," calmly replies Bennett. Then the talk becomes more business-like, and soon blossoms into action and all are at work arranging tableaux, improvising charades or constructing a mimic stage. Lewis, who at once against and with his will, has accepted an invitation to take tea with the Murneys at their island and come over with the party afterward to the "High Jinks at Paignton House," goes down to the wharf about five and rows out into the lake. A half-hour later he draws in to the boat landing at "Murney Isle" and is invited from the verandah by bluff old Capt. Murney to "stable his water horse and come aboard." He does so and is soon floating with the idle tide of the summer day chat. The group is a small one for a Muskoka cottage. There are Capt. Murney and his two daughters, Mabel and Alice; a couple of old friends of the Captain's; a college chum of Miss Mabel's—a Miss Morrow; and Macdonald and Hill, two young scions of wealthy Toronto houses who are camping near.

Macdonald, as often as he can, disintegrates the general conversation so that he may talk direct to Miss Mabel, beside whom he has seated himself. As Lewis finds himself across the piazza from this couple and within the circle of the lively Miss Morrow's brilliancy, he is naturally opposed to this division of the talk and exerts himself to keep the big ball rolling. When in the calm and brave reason of solitude he tells himself that he would not for the world hinder so eminently proper a match as that which all the world believes is being made between Macdonald and Miss Murney. Some days when the spirit of romantic self-sacrifice is strong upon him, he pictures a rôle for himself in which the loved one shall know in the future years of his unspoken passion and pity him—oh! so much!—for it; and sometimes there is a hint of a sequel in which he consoles a bereaved widow—not too desolately bereaved, of course—and learns his sweetest reward in her trusting eyes. Yet when he sits within the sound of her voice, watches her soft warm hands crossed in her lap and sees her lifting her face to—Macdonald's gaze, the martyr within him dies in the grip of the lover.

Capt. Murney, who was the leader of the orchestral conversation, has now lost himself in some reverie of the past which he seems to be drawing from the bald summit of a granite island opposite. Miss Morrow is demanding all Lewis' attention to an endless account, studded with superfluous interrogations of a school girl dance in which Mabel seemed to be constantly whirling in the arms of a dark-eyed unknown; and Mabel herself is listening to Macdonald's chat about the doings of society people as if her whole soul were centred in their stupid comings and goings. But Mabel is not so absorbed as she looks. She has read the suicidal discontent in Lewis' eyes and decides to dispel it.

"Mr. Lewis," she said, looking across at him, "Did you not tell me that you were a connoisseur in mosses?" "Hardly that," replied the delighted young man, briskly catching the conversational line thrown him, "but I am very much interested in mosses."

"So I thought," remarked Mabel, "and I have some that I want to show you on our island."

It was not likely that they would have gone alone had not the fates at this very moment brought Capt. Murney back from the past with the old, old story of a boyish prank with Macdonald's father on his lips. Macdonald, junior, had heard this innumerable times before, but the Captain always told it to him personally as a sort of family disclosure in which he must, of course, be vitally interested. This detained Macdonald; and who else had a motive to leave the cool verandah? So the couple disappear around the cottage and are soon following a soft carpeted path through the wood toward the other end of the island.

Nature has been left pretty much undisturbed on most Muskoka islands, and that fond old dame is passing kind to lovers. True, Lewis and Miss Murney were not labelled "lovers," but Dame Nature's spectacles are not good, and when a young man and maiden come out to her bower she gives them craggy slopes to help each other up and mossy trees to climb over together, and leaves the rest to the perspicacious sprite and his blindfold archery. The witchery of the Woodland was strong upon the poetic nature of these two and they learned more of romance than science from the soft mosses. White fingers are never whiter than in a bed of vivid green; and then specimens must be passed from hand to hand, eyes will meet eyes—well—what wonder that they were kinder far than ever with each other and all the world when they reluctantly turned back again.

Tea had come and in the dining room she took him next to where she sat behind the neat brass urn and the barricade of tea cups, while the unfortunate Macdonald was banished to the other end. The brightest pictures have other sides, unlovely with knotted cords and unplanned boards. All this sunshine playing around the happy Lewis had set Macdonald at the ignoble task of learning how rude he could be without breaking the canons of polite society. And at last he thought he had hit upon an arrow that could be tossed into the air as a toy, but still would find its way to the sensitive pride of Lewis.

"Do you remember Miss Polson, of Brantford?" he asked, addressing the presiding genius of the tea-urn, "she was at Rutherford's dance last winter."

"Oh, yes," said Mabel, after the explanatory sentence. "Did you hear about her 'love-in-the-cottage' marriage?" he continued, with a smile suggestive of irony.

"No," returned Mabel, "I've heard nothing of her since that night when—a touch of mischief shone in her eyes—she wore the bright sash."

"Oh, yes," remarked Macdonald, "that was almost Oriental. Well,"—and now he had the attention of the whole table—"she married last week a young lawyer in Brantford with neither money nor prospects. He courted her with persistent fidelity, made love to her, they say, in language as eloquent as a mortgage covenant; and now talks of giving up his business and travelling for his wife's health." Macdonald let a little venom get into this last sentence.

"Poor girl," said Miss Morrow abstractedly.

"How much was she worth?" asks Hill.

"About \$60,000 in her own right and will get more on the death of her mother," returns Macdonald shortly.

"His marriage certificate made a fairly paying brief," commented Hill.

"Rather," drawled Macdonald, and then with indolent carelessness he let fly his arrow "a good many young fellows now-a-days blessed with a collegiate-varnish, are following Josh Billings' advice—'Mary fur luv, young man, but it is ez easy to luv a girl with muneey ez yer washer-woman's daughter.'"

The arrow went home and quivered. An easy laugh followed the sally and no one noticed how the blood left Lewis' lips and the lines of his mouth tightened to steel. So unconscious was Mabel Murney of the thrust; so free was she from any thought of Lewis as a mercenary lover, that she now turned to him who had been so long out of the conversation and sought with sweet innocence to bring him into it by asking:—

"What light, Mr. Lewis, does your social economy throw upon the problem of marriage for money?"

This question affected him like a copious douche of cold water. Macdonald's sneer had only pricked his temper but now that was gone and he felt the calm helplessness of one suddenly drenched in an unsuspecting moment. What was there to be done—to be said! It was all over. The dream he had allowed to shadow itself all across his future, commending meantime his moral courage, poor fool, because he did not paint it in more vivid colours, had been suddenly wiped out and there was no reason for doing anything. Mabel Murney thought of him as a mercenary adventurer. Had it been different she would have resented that attack of Macdonald's, the import of which must be plain to everyone; but she laughed at it and then turned to probe his wound. For the moment during which these thoughts were dominant in his mind, the world seemed to have stopped for him. There was nothing to do but sit there in dumb silence until the end came. She—they would all understand. Would they? The question opened an avenue of light right across his mental chaos. They might judge him guilty and hence shamefully silent. "Never show feeling to the world," he had been told, and at this crisis he would wear his best sheath. So, trifling with his napkin-ring and assuming the air of one who had taken a moment's thought before replying, he said:—

"Marriage for money is a contradiction of terms. Marriage is concrete love. The kind of thing that is denoted by the former phrase is a mere ledger transaction; to which, for decency's sake, the parties purchase the sanction of the church." He had trusted himself to say at first only these stereotyped things, but the sound of his own voice restored him to a proper feeling of confidence and he went on with a ring of scornful defiance in his tones.

"The most ignoble species of this branch of trade is where two people, neither of them touched with the divine fire of love, marry that they may unite their wealth. That they casually like each other in no way softens the brutal barter. Compared with this, the marriage of poverty with wealth, with love on one side, at least, is a fairly good thing."

Macdonald looked a little uncomfortable at this turn. There was in his mind a little brown head in an humble parlour of one of his college chums that he might have loved if—but no! Mabel could best keep his pace in the world.

"If I loved and were loved in return," Lewis continued, "I would marry regardless of money, its absence, or its presence; and"—his eyes turned to those behind the tea-urn—"I would not forego my manhood's prerogative to seek its mate to woo as all men do, though I had to kneel at a throne with my proffer." The eyes behind the urn dropped and their owner thought, "If he loves me, he will tell me so"; and Lewis, as his fingers played on with his ring, felt that he had asserted his manhood and could now leave that circle forever and carry his self-respect with him. Thus do we mortals who think to read each other through the eyes mistake the very alphabet of one another's hearts.

III.

Eight o'clock had come at Paignton House, and thence had gone again with astonishing celerity. The audience had gathered from all the isles of "Venetia," and had moored their varied flotilla of boats at the little wharf and along the bathing beach. The programme written in straggling characters and nailed to one of the pillars of the verandah had been read, and its summer-time jokes duly laughed at. But still the curtain did not rise; or rather was not pushed jerkily to one side by anything but spirit hands. The audience were not wholly in the dark, however, at to the cause of delay, for certain sounds issuing from the direction of the "stage"—ten tables in a row—told of riot and anarchy in the dressing rooms. What they did not know was that the disturbance was largely due to the efforts of "the Company" to dissuade little Miss Jones from appearing as "Evangeline in search of her Lover" in a gay little bonnet and an opera cloak, and Miss Jones' determination to wear those gems of her wardrobe, even if she had to take Tommy Bennett's suggestion and change her robe to that of "Camille." But just then the attention of the gusty, chatting, laughing assemblage was invited to centre itself on the familiar figure of Mr. McPhail, a jovial, good-hearted Irish school-master of sixty, on a holiday. Mr. McPhail was the acknowledged head of the house. Did any of the guests find themselves at cross purposes with their neighbours, the post office, or any other of their surroundings, why what could they do but go to Mr. McPhail? He seemed born for pouring oil on troubled waters, and his oil can was seldom idle in Muskoka. Hence it was fitting that the welcoming speech should come from Mr. McPhail. Then came the first charade. When the curtain was got back and its perspiring managers had withdrawn the obstruction of their persons, a scene not unlike that with which "Patience" used to open, presented itself. About upon the stage reclined, in most uncomfortable attitudes of studied ease, a half dozen young ladies, some knitting, some reading and all visibly struggling with a mighty desire to laugh. In the rear of the group stiffly lounged a young man made up as a Mexican cow-boy, and not unlike a corner-grocery loafer, who was trying to act as if chatting with the hysterical young lady beside him. Just when it was plain that the stage party could dam back the torrent of laughter no longer, an old lady appeared with a young face and dainty high-heeled boots, and in a marvellously shrill and querulous scolded the group for wasting their time. Then the amateur stage hands marched across the front of the platform with their curtain, and the audience burst into laughter and talk. For the second scene the curtain was not removed. The acting appealed only to the ear. There was a rushing about upon the stage as if a man were trying to catch a mosquito in a furniture-cumbered room without a light. After a pause, Mr. McPhail appeared and announced that they had decided not to play the "word" as a whole. They had now given it in two parts and would let their guests guess. For once the conventional charade was too much for the sharpest guesser present. None had ever seen the like of it. The good Mr. McPhail dropped hints that would have misled a Scotland Yard detective; and, when they gave it up in despair, pronounced in triumph the name of a neighbouring camp, from which many of them came—"Idlewild." Music, another charade and some readings followed; and at last after an unusual delay, the curtain was drawn back to reveal Mrs. Castana reclining in a dim light on a low couch, a dream of beauty. The stage was hung with richly coloured drapings and carpeted with heavy rugs. The couch was a yielding mass of crimson softness. Mrs. Castana was dressed as nearly like an Eastern *hourri* as the united wardrobe and moral excellence of Paignton House would allow. Her dark, rounded arms flashed with tinsel jewels, and on her bosom lay massy chains of gold. Her form seemed swathed in clinging folds of scarlet and soft cream, and about her superb shoulders fell her dark hair in wavy profusion. She may not have been the "Zelica" of Tom Moore's dream, but she was a picture of entralling beauty. Then came through the drapery at the rear of the stage, a figure that was recognized at once as "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." He proved to be the possessor of a well-toned voice, and spoke the lines that everyone remembers in Lalla Rookh with good effect. "Zelica" listens submissively to her fate, and swoons in touching abandon when Mokanna unveils his horrid (charcoal and rouge)

face. Now the story is trifled with a little, and there comes through the drapery, after the Prophet has gone, a

—Warrior youth
With silver bow, with belt of broidered crape
And fur bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

It is Arthur Lewis as "Azim," and a stalwart, handsome "Azim" he makes. He rejoices over his found "Zelica" in the musical lines of Moore, which an affection for the poem prompted him to learn some years before, and now he does not have to read them as did Mokanna. He plays the lover well—too well, thinks Mabel in her seat—and leans passionately over the beautiful woman on the embracing couch, as he pleads with her to fly with him.

"With thee! Oh bliss!" breathes Mrs. Castana. "Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this," and with the remaining lines of her impassioned reply these new editors of Moore close the scene.

"It's horrid to have them separated at the last," Maudie Murney has said, and so the story is cut short with Mrs. Castana flung upon Lewis' breast, her beautiful arms clinging about his neck and her face looking up into his. The curtain worked clumsily that time, but the audience hardly breathed as they watched the exquisite tableau, so full of the passionate abandonment of love.

Mabel Murney had not a word to say as all about her every one was gushing into rapturous praise. A cruel hand seemed to have been laid upon her heart. Was it that she was jealous of Lewis? She had never been sure yet that she loved him, though her heart had modestly whispered its secret many a time. No, she was not jealous—that was an ignoble passion; but what right had that married woman to cling to him and look at him in that way?

"Who was the lady?" some one was asking behind her.

"An American lady," was the response. "She is married, but her husband never comes here."

"She looks well with Lewis, does she not?" put in another.

"I should think," laughed the first speaker, "that that scene had required a great deal of rehearsing."

But now Mr. McPhail was announcing that the programme was over and they were clearing the room for a dance. She let Macdonald claim her for the first which proved to be a waltz; but watched the room abstrusely for something she seemed to expect. Presently it appeared, and it brought her all the shock of a surprise; there came whirling down the floor Lewis and Mrs. Castana still in their Persian costumes. She said petulantly to Macdonald: "I think keeping on that absurd costume is stupid."

"They're posing for effect," sneered her partner. She did not like the coupling of them as "they," and hence Macdonald's effort availed him little. The dancing did not last long, but Lewis appeared twice with the beautiful American and with no one else. Presently Macdonald came to where she was talking to a late partner and said that their party were going home.

"Very well," she said, and wondered whether Mrs. Castana and Lewis were now out on the verandah, and if she would see them there.

"I would like to row you home, if you would let me," said a familiar voice at her ear. She turned and saw Lewis now reduced to the every day dress of a Muskoka camper.

"I am going to the city to-morrow and may not see you again," he continued.

"Very well," she repeated, hardly knowing whether she was pleased or not. He had just put her in his boat and pushed off, when Mrs. Castana's voice called out to another party:—

"Good-bye, folks; I'm going home to-morrow, you know."

The swift, strong beat of his oars drew them out of the shadows of the shore into the clear moonlight that flooded the lake everywhere.

"I know now why you are hurrying home to-morrow," she said presently. She was so careful of her voice that her enunciation was jarringly precise.

"Yes," he assented, thinking only of the scene at her tea table. "I have nothing to keep me here now."

She paled a little at this in the moonlight, and then said in a tone that was quite sisterly:—

"Do you think it wise to—to think so much of a married woman?"

"What!" ejaculated the astounded Lewis.

"That may be too strong—yet," assented the somewhat frightened girl, "and I have no right to lecture you anyway." This last with an attempt at airiness that was rendered an abject failure by a pathetic break in her voice.

Lewis began to see the drift of the stream. "You have been talking of Mrs. Castana," he said.

"Certainly"—quite coldly now.

"You think, then, that I am not only mercenary, but am plotting to rob another man of his wife." He was talking editorial in his turn.

"No, no," she said, not catching the first part of his sentence; and then it came to her. "Who said you were mercenary?" she asked, with a dim feeling that in some way she was to blame.

"You implied it this afternoon—when you supported Macdonald's innuendo." The editorial tap was still on.

"Oh, no! no! Oh, Arthur! how could you think it!" She moved toward him in the moonlight, her wonderful eyes moist with pleading tears. Arthur's heart gave a great throb. He knew now that she loved him, had called

him "Arthur," and that she was more beautiful in the caressing moonlight than he had ever seen her before. The past and the consistencies thereof were as nothing. He had her in his arms in a moment, in the swaying boat. The kindly spur of an island sheltered them from the eyes of their little world, and they had so little to say in this first rapture that the air did not think it worth carrying.

"But," said a soft voice somewhat later, from where you would expect only the ticking of his watch, "you said you would expect, most emphatically, that you would not forego your manhood's prerogative to woo for all the world; and I think I ver-y ne-arly proposed myself in this case. Therefore it isn't regular—its—" but he stopped this first controversy of theirs with a—well, as lovers may and husbands might, and added in a tone that the pink ear might have lost if it were not luckily so near:—

"I will exercise my prerogative all my life."

The head sank nearer his heart and was satisfied.

A. R. CARMAN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE mission of the unfortunate M. Paul Crampel is stated to have had two aims, to connect the French Congo with Lake Tschad. Having "conquered," according to M. Alis, this lake region, Paul Crampel was to work westwards over the Sahara and join Cardinal Lavigerie's armed monks. But it was no secret that he was at liberty to penetrate eastwards from Lake Tschad, make his way into untraced Soudan—that no man's hinterland—and execute arm-blood signed treaties with tribal chiefs. In the meantime the Russian Lieutenant, Mashkoff, would exploit a passage from Abyssinia towards the same hinterland, laying in stocks of chieftain treaties as he advanced. Thus Egypt would be attacked by the big back door, and Persia and Afghanistan relieved from British activity by the diversion of Russia in Equatorial Africa. This explains why Italy and Germany intend to at once take in hand the hinterland region of the unclaimed Central Africa. England is already locking the back door.

There is room enough in Africa for all the powers; it is in the development rather than in the annexation of land-grabs that civilization feels interested. Paul Crampel was private secretary to M. de Brazza; he was twenty-seven years of age, and left France in March, 1890, three months after his marriage, upon his fatal expedition. Part of the route—the Oubangui—he had been over before, and to agree with the natives, he took for infant school fiancée, "Pahouine," daughter of a tribal chief, and married her *à la mode* Oubangui. Stanley never fell back on matrimony as an exploring agent. Napoleon when in Egypt declared he was a Mahomedan, but that did not avoid the necessity of his invoking the Forty Centuries to look down from the Pyramid upon him he whacked the Mamelukes. Abercrombie, later, had his turn at the Forty Centuries. The French found their historical rights to Egypt on Napoleon's invasion, and the English theirs on the expulsion of the French. What's the ruling of Gro-tius and Puffendorff in such a case? Back to our sheep. Little Pahouine, after receiving lessons on the piano, and it is hoped the use of the globes, lessened as interpreter with Crampel, to her native heath. In September last the explorer had to chastise—as if a Stanley—natives at Bangui who opposed his march. At a place called Chari his expedition was annihilated; it does not appear to have been properly equipped; besides, the French think they can make their way into unknown Africa by Quaker doctrines and cotton pocket handkerchiefs. Colonel Archinard showed he had no confidence in such ways and means. Since Crampel's death the world counts a hero less; happily the stock of exploring heroes is everywhere large.

Now that the lights are fled and garlands dead of the Cronstadt deserted banquet hall, public opinion commences to take a business inventory of the event. Not much importance is attached as to whether or not a treaty has been signed, sealed and delivered; the fact is neither authoritatively affirmed nor denied, but left in glorious uncertainty like—the law. Besides, treaties, no matter even if drawn up in the name of the Holy Trinity, are only respected till they can be conveniently smashed; they are about on a par with "Interviews." An unexpected event, defeat at the opening of a campaign or the accession to a side of a new power, would knock the bottom out of the holiest of treaties. France gains by nestling in the bosom of Russia, strength in diplomacy, and perhaps reliable support in war. But, above all, she will be forced to shake off her wild politicians, to maintain stability in her government, and to indulge in no day-dreams about recasting the map of Europe. The profit is not so clear for Russia. If she enters on a campaign of diplomatic thwarting, such pin-cushion war can be carried into her own camp. She has not much to reap by a commercial treaty with France, for her best client is, and must be, England; Russia being an exporting country.

The antagonists of autocracy ought to rejoice that France has introduced that "Psalm of Life" the *Marche-laise*, into Muscovy, and that the Czar saluted the hymn of the Revolution. Carlyle says the French are a "Mes-siah people"; now there is no divine right, no Louis XIV. absolutism, no Syllabuses, represented by the tri-colour. Where the French enter, the principles of 1789, be assured, will filtrate after them. When Lafayette and Rochambeau brought with them a protest against the tottering absolutism of Louis XVI., and which swept it speedily away.

It is devoutly to be wished that in their alliance the Russians will catch all the liberties, equalities and fraternities the French practise, plus what they profess. The Menus-Plaisirs at Cronstadt may yet turn out to be the States-General for "overground" Russia, which is not all devoted to Pobiedonostzeffism. The visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth will partly repay the gracious amenities of the French towards Queen Victoria when doing her rest cures; it will prove that England means to be free to welcome Montagues or Capulets; to be friends with imperialists, royalists, and republicans, and to allow the jolly tars of both nations to indulge for a few days in an exchange of "shiver my timbers." A grip of the hand may be as material a proof of brotherly love as the kisses of jaws or the rubbing of noses as in Africa.

The life of a deputy after the prorogation of Parliament is not enviable. I met one of the Solons, a friend of long standing, and expressed my surprise at his being still in Paris and not enjoying his vacation. He replied that his vacation, his rest, was to remain as long as possible doing committee work at the Chamber. That excused him from running down to visit his constituents—a trip synonymous with martyrdom. Every elector is expected to be called upon and honoured with a "How do you do?"; you have to listen to their family histories; pat or kiss the children; admire the cattle, the workshop, or the factory; answer to the whispered demands for decorations; hear the complaints of officials against one another, or against their superiors; inaugurate concert halls; lay the foundation stone of a church or a school; speak in favour of a charity; sign marriage contracts; become sponsor for children; attend Masonic balls, agricultural clubs, district councils, and farm show dinners; undergo a series of "hecklings" by crotchety voters or patriots on the mad; explain the augmentation of the budget; execute a few grinds about the new tariff; indulge in a hosanna for Russia, and condemn the Government for not alleviating local taxation, and executing local public works. After lightening his purse by subscriptions to all good undertakings, by giving dejeuners and dinners, and promising day after day to join his family at the sea side, he finds that he has not a moment to lose to regain Paris for the opening of the new session, where, if he arrives late, his constituency will meet and pass a vote of blame on him for neglect of duty, and all that for 25 frs. a day!

Pending that M. Flammarion established a telegraphic communication with the planet Mars by an electric current, that all the dynamo-magnetic machines in the world would not be able to generate, M. Jansen is more soberly occupied at Chamouni, taking soundings to ascertain if the ice be sufficiently solid on which to erect an observatory. There would thus be a structure in altitude nearly equal to sixteen Eiffel Towers on top of one another. A year ago M. Jansen demonstrated the existence by spectrum, etc., of oxygen in the atmosphere embraced by the solar atmospheres of the other planets, that resemble our earth in so many respects, contain also oxygen in their atmospheres. If they possess that gas so indispensable to life, there can be no doubt the sunlight ought to produce creatures analogous to those surrounding us, and be inhabited by beings at least as perfect, as virtuous, and as ingenious as ourselves.

M. Jansen will also utilize the latest marvellous discovery of Edison, the microphone—that telescope of acoustics—to register the voice of the heavens. There will be nothing of civilization to trouble the glacial echoes on the summit of Mount Blanc, the repercussions of the sounds of the firmaments. We may yet be able to hear the prodigious emissions of the sun, that are only visible during total eclipses of that star. If these solar vibrations be too distant to be transmitted, at least we may expect to hear the noise our own earth makes on turning daily on its axis with a rapidity twenty times greater than a gigantic cannon ball. At the least we might hear the grinding of the nearer moon's revolutions, the whifflings of shooting stars, and the last sighs of expiring worlds, whose debris often fall into our atmosphere to be pulverized. Certainly we should be able to listen to the rustling of the aurora, as balloonists in the Polar regions have—that Memnon melody to the rising sun.

In the troubled commercial and social period which France is now passing through, the following extract from an authoritative lecture by M. de Flaix, delivered a few years ago, will be in season: "All the trials through which France has passed are directly traceable to wars, disorder, despotism, or restriction on the liberty of exchange; while, on the other hand, she owes the whole of her success and prosperity to the influence of peace, respect for the rights of all free institutions, but, above all, to commercial liberty."

The six children of Henri II. had 170 servants to wait upon them; two laundry maids did all the washing for the united household.

The new proprietor of the celebrated vineyard, Clos-Vougeot, before which every regiment that passes by halts and presents arms, has been able to save the vines by an application of sulphuret of carbon and petroleum from the attacks of the phylloxera. The attacked vines have not only been perfectly restored, but the bug destroyed. The antidote is applied in autumn and in July and August. The ingredients are mixed in equal proportions, and, following the nature of the soil, applied at a depth varying from four to twelve inches. Crowds of vineyard proprietors make a profitable pilgrimage to see the miracle.

The sardine fishery, which extends along the coast from the north-west to the south-west of France, is a complete failure this season, which means black misery for 25,000 families. Ordinarily, the sardines arrive in shoals at the end of May—from Newfoundland, it is said. The fishermen, to entice the sardines to stay and feed, throw into the sea the salted roe of cod from the banks, called *rouge*, from its colour. This season nothing tempts the fish in their old haunts; it is said they keep more out into the depths of the Atlantic, where the frail barks cannot follow them. A boat ought to net on an average 10,000 sardines in a haul, which represents 200 frs.; the nets do not now bring up 100 fish. The nets are always cast at sunrise and hauled three hours later, so that the sardines, in order to preserve their delicate flavour, can be in the curing factories before noon. Steam tugs are occasionally employed to run into port with the catch of a sardine fleet. Z.

TO ONE AT HOME.

THE day is gone, the night comes on apace
And myriad stars are twinkling in the sky—
In dreamland's happy hours I see thy face;
In dreamland oft I fondly deem thee nigh.

The night is come and sound of vesper bell
From o'er the hills is wafted on the breeze,
And homeward flying bears with gentlest knell,
Greetings to thee, loved one o'er distant seas.

E. C. MACKENZIE.

Lausanne, Lake of Geneva, Switzerland.

THE EXPOSITION OF THE HOLY COAT.

PILGRIMS, the cable reports say, are pouring into Treves at the rate of twenty excursion trains a day to view the celebrated relic known as the Holy Coat, which is preserved within the Cathedral there, and which is exposed for the veneration of the faithful but once in a generation. The Treves treasure is one of the Church's all but inexhaustible store of sacred relics. At Rome there is the true Cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris; the winding sheet is shown at Turin; at Monza the iron crown is formed out of a nail of the cross, and another nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; but the Coat at Treves, so far as we know, is the only relic the veneration of which has been raised to the dignity of a distinct cult. Whatever it is or is not, tradition, at any rate, asserts of this Coat at Treves that it is the seamless garment of the Saviour, and that it was woven by the Blessed Virgin's own hands for her Divine Son. "The soldiers, therefore, when they had crucified Him, took His garments, and also His coat," or thus reads the Gospel narrative: "Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it whose it shall be." (St. John xix. 23, 24.)

The beginnings of the testimony which attribute to this relic so sacred an association are at this day, it need scarcely be said, somewhat dim in character. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, is credited with having discovered it along with other relics of the Passion, about 300 years after the crucifixion, and with having carried it to Treves from the Holy Land; in fact, there is an ivory in the treasury of Treves Cathedral representing the Empress seated at the Cathedral door awaiting a procession that bears a precious relic in a chest, over which is depicted the face of Christ. This ivory is attributed by experts to the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century. Other ancient documents refer to the gift, and a chronicle of the first half of the twelfth century records that the relic was presented by the Empress during the episcopate of Agritius, who held the see from 314 to 334. The translation of the relic from the choir to the high altar, where it has since reposed, is recorded in 1196. In 1512 it was publicly exposed for veneration, and several times subsequently during that century. During the wars of the two succeeding centuries it was removed, for safety, to Augsburg, and in 1810 it was reinstated in the Cathedral at Treves—"with the permission of Napoleon." In 1844 there was a great exposition of the relic, attended by more than a million of the faithful. Amid the thanksgivings and rejoicings of the time, one or two discordant notes were struck, however; and in the end so serious grew the dissensions that a number of once orthodox believers, among them two ecclesiastics, who could not distinguish between the authenticity of the Church and the authenticity of the relic, rejected the first because they could not accept the second. The revenue that accrued to the Cathedral corporation of Treves from offerings and the proceeds of the sale of devotional articles, amounted, on the occasion of the former exposition, to many hundred thousand dollars. The city was crowded to overflowing, as doubtless it will again be this year, lay enterprise, unstayed by any nice considerations of the reverential, supplementing the religious exhibition with a variety of counter attractions in the shape of side-shows, theatres, museums and menageries.

While many thousands of sincere Christians devoutly believe in the genuineness of the claims asserted with respect of the Treves relic, he need be no sceptic who acutely feels the tremendous difficulty involved in the belief that the seamless garment worn by the Saviour should be preserved through the vicissitudes of so many

centuries. The mere question of its preservation, for example, is encased in what many people will be compelled to adjudge hopeless uncertainty and doubt. A little less than forty years after the crucifixion, Jerusalem was destroyed, the walls levelled, the dwellings demolished, the temple burned, Mount Moriah plowed over and the Jews dispersed. That either the tunic of the Saviour or the true Cross, which is also said to have been discovered by the Empress Helena, could have been preserved through all the disasters of this period, is within the bounds of possibility, doubtless, but it may be questioned if any testimony, however obtained or however circumstantial and connected, could place the matter at this day beyond chance and conjecture. Very little that belonged to Shakespeare has been preserved to the world, through comparatively peaceful times and the space of a few centuries.

There is no obligation, it should be said, binding Roman Catholics to believe that the Holy Coat at Treves is the veritable garment that the Saviour wore. It may be believed, or not believed, at discretion, the question being not one "of faith" but a voluntary or popular belief belonging rather to the body of what the theologians term "pious opinions." The late Cardinal Newman in a well-known passage in one of his works, in which he avows his belief in the credibility of relics and in their efficacy as miracle working agents, was content to answer negatively and guardedly respecting the authenticity of the Treves treasure. "I do not see why," he said "the Holy Coat at Treves may not have been what it professes to be." The same remark might perhaps with equal fairness, looking at the question from the point of view of possibility, be said of the rival tunic displayed in the Church at Argenteuil in France, and which disputes with that at Treves the right to be regarded as the seamless garment of the Saviour. The ecclesiastical authorities at Argenteuil contend that the Holy Coat was deposited there and not at Treves, and as this claim is pending in the courts of the Sacred Congregation, it is obvious that there must be a mistake or an imposture somewhere. It is indeed a sufficient, and withal an ironical, comment upon the reports that the cable daily brings from Treves concerning the exposition of the relic which began there last week, with every sign of public interest and of religious ceremony, that at the very time it is being viewed by thousands of pious pilgrims with genuine and evident devotion, and while multitudes of sick people are gathered there waiting to be permitted to touch the garment in the hope of being miraculously healed, the Bishop of Treves and the Archbishop of Versailles have concluded an agreement to submit a dispute of very long standing to arbitration. The Sovereign Pontiff is to be the umpire, and the question at issue, we learn from French and English clerical papers of high authority, is none other than whether the seamless garment at Treves or the one at the Church of Argenteuil has the greater claims to genuineness. The Argenteuil relic is of camel's hair, is hand woven and has faint traces of purple. It was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne in the year 800.

Meanwhile the exposition of the Holy Coat continues at Treves. The event is in its nature a survival of those mediæval eras which have come to be spoken of as the ages of faith, but during which the mass of mankind had no clear conception of the boundaries between faith and superstition, and lived in dense ignorance of man's relations to the physical world around him. As a ceremony in which multitudes of sincere Christians will participate with reverent and simple faith, the veneration of the Treves relic is not to be wantonly scoffed at or derided, even though, as to thoughtful observers must appear plain, it be out of place with modern ideals and aspirations, a lingering evidence, merely, of an age which dead and gone has given place to a higher civilization, and of a credulous and uninquiring faith which has been succeeded by truer and more rational conceptions of Christianity. ADRIAN.

Toronto.

THE RAMBLER.

SPECIAL pleaders may have been charmed by the three papers accepted as Prize Essays by *Public Opinion* on the subject of the Trade Relations between Canada and the United States. I have read them carefully: the first by Mr. Frank Wells, of Toronto; the second by Mr. Macomber (not Micawber), of Buffalo; and the third by Mr. Claude, of Annapolis, Maryland. The latter writer is not in favour of a commercial and social union at present. From a United States point of view any extension or development of trade between the United States and Canada is not desirable, he asserts, and he further suggests that Canada become a free and independent nation first, after which the problem can be more easily solved. But Mr. Claude's remarks as to population are not odifying. He states that while that of the United States is actually and steadily increasing, the population of Canada is decreasing all the time by immigration across the frontier. I should be glad to know if this be really the case, and not having recourse to blue books would be gratified to receive statistics bearing on this matter. Mr. George Johnson could doubtless tell us—is the total population of our Dominion on the decrease as affirmed by the essayist in *Public Opinion*? I have no wish to stir up animosity, nor to provoke those writers who are fond of pointing to the Lower Province and showing how large the Annual Exodus of French Canadians is to the New England States

—my wish is only to "know, you know," like the unfortunate frequenters of the Circumlocution Office. Mr. Macomber, however, is not far from being right when he remarks that: "Moreover, Canadian unity is not only new but far from harmonious. The subsidy scheme, which accomplished the union, did much, yet little in comparison with what a century of time and the struggles of war have done for the United States. It must, therefore, always be taken into account that any contract between these parties is between an old, experienced, conservative, prosperous and unified nation and a young and hardly yet prosperous aggregation of provinces, subject to a foreign nation."

But what has the "Rambler" to do with politics or with Canadian unification, further away to-day than it ever was? Only I should like to have been at "Tourouvre" last week, I should indeed! I would have preferred the sight of the Seigneur of St. Anne's green coat and cocked hat to that other coat of doubtful origin exhibited at Trèves. Horse-cars and the Holy Coat—what an anomaly the present age offers! The age of the telephone and phonograph also supports a Passion Play. Miracles, trance, visions, fêtes, exist side by side with World's Fairs, asphalt, the Koch lymph, and Zola. Realism and Religion, Fear and Freethought, Credulity and Cunning, all hand-in-hand to-day as they were thousands of years ago! And political and journalistic codes just the same, too.

Mr. Davin's brush with Mr. Amyot recalls, does it not, the language of the *Estonswill Gazette* and *Independent*. You remember the scene in the kitchen by the fire, when Mr. Pott read the *Independent* and Mr. Slurk the *Gazette*, each gentleman audibly expressing his contempt of the other's compositions by bitter laughs and sarcastic sniffs; whence they proceeded to more open expressions of opinion, such as "absurd," "wretched," "atrocious," "humbug," "knavery," "dirt," "filth," "slime," "ditch-water," and other critical remarks of the like nature.

"The ribaldry of this miserable man is despicably disgusting," said Pott. "If you can wade through a few sentences of malice, meanness, falsehood, perjury, treachery and cant," said Slurk, "you will perhaps be somewhat repaid by a laugh at the style of this ungrammatical twaddler." "What's that you said, sir?" enquired Mr. Pott. "What's that to you, sir?" replied Slurk. "Ungrammatical twaddler, was it, sir?" said Pott. "Yes, sir, it was," replied Slurk. And so on, Mr. Pott finally branding Mr. Slurk as a man who had placed himself beyond the pale of society, by his most audacious, disgraceful and abominable public conduct, and whom he could only view, personally and politically, in no other light than as a most unparalleled and unmitigated viper.

Readers of the daily Canadian papers—are these apparently highly-coloured sentences overdrawn? I, for one, do not think so. Said Dean Swift: "Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry, for which reason all courts are so full of politics."

I see that Mr. Frederic Boscovitz is announced as shortly taking up his residence in Toronto. His old friends will be glad to see him again, for I suppose it can be no secret that some twenty years ago Mr. Boscovitz was a very successful piano teacher here previous to his going to Chicago. He was, in addition, a fine performer of classical music, being peculiarly happy when interpreting the older suites and pieces of harpsichord character. But is it not to be lamented that we cannot, or do not, support a native pianist in Toronto—some one like Mr. Waugh Lauder, for instance, in whom our interest would be national, local, genuine and lasting? What is the reason of the apathy complained of by many fine executants among us? In this connection I am pleased to note the return to New York from the West Indies of Mr. W. Romain Walsh, late of this city. Mr. Walsh has done good work in a distant land, and has doubtless gained that familiarity with the actual stage and knowledge of stage methods so necessary to the actor. This familiarity will render his future success a certainty, and should he visit Canada shortly we will not forget that he is a Canadian.

Alas for those whose souls cry out for artistic employment—there is little chance of Canada doing much for them. If actors they must go elsewhere; we have not a single stock company in the Dominion. If authors, composers, executants—the same inexorable law must be followed. Only the artists may remain. Painters woo a more tangible Muse. Rich men are continually in want of pictures. Like Mr. Merdle who "bought a bosom to hang jewels on"—they buy pictures in order to show off the interiors of their houses. Therefore the painter hath not such a bad time of it. This with all deference to the enterprising Mr. Blackburn Harte.

The latest addition to the curios at the "Musée" is a reproduction in wax of "Christ before Pilate." I haven't seen, nor do I intend to see, it. I would rather sit in the Queen's Park the whole of a long hot Sunday afternoon and listen to open-air preachers. However, that is my own business, and my readers will retort that what they think of a waxen Christ on Yonge Street is *their* business. So it is. Here are, however, two new presentations of the Saviour which we owe to two rising artists, one a Norwegian, M. Skredsvig, the other, also of Scandinavian extraction, Edenfelt by name, and both contributors to the last Salon. These two painters have taken us very far from the Plain of Nazareth, and the Sea of Galilee. The

first conducts us to the damp verdure of a Norwegian village, in the midst of a little hamlet of wooden houses, the horizon bounded by gentle hills. The Saviour of men has come to see these good people; He is dressed, like them, in the costume of a workman, wearing a heavy beard, badly trimmed, which gives a certain ruggedness to His sweet countenance. The labourers come to Him, telling their troubles, and begging Him for consoling words. They bring Him the sick on stretchers and in wheelbarrows. He places His hand on the foreheads of the little girls and boys. In order to do Him honour they have stretched on the ground an entirely new carpet; and have ranged pots of flowers along His pathway. The peasants remove their hats in speaking to Him. Beside Himself there are three persons in long over-coats, with an important air. It is evident that these are the schoolmaster, the pastor, and the doctor. It is perfectly evident, from their solemn attitudes, that they are hostile to Him, and that they blame, from their "enlightened" standpoint, the simple faith of the humble and the small.

In the second picture M. Edenfelt gives us an entirely new version of Mary Magdalene, who is represented as poor and weary, walking through a forest of hail-beaten birch trees by a sluggish lake which mirrors a pale sun. To this wan figure, racked perhaps by thoughts of suicide, comes Christ, conventional only as to white robe and long hair. The treatment here is original enough, while keeping closely to the traditional aspect of the Man of Sorrows. It would seem as if modern characterization were out of place when dealing with the Saviour. Even Holman Hunt in his celebrated and forcible "Shadow of Death" adhered, on the whole, to the typical head of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who has, perhaps, found his most powerful modern limner in the person of the Frenchman, Doré. When I saw the original of "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" I thought that painting could no further go, and I have not had reason to change that opinion yet.

THE ILSE.

[From Heine's "Hartz-Reise."]

I AM the Princess Ilse,
And in Ilsestein my home.
Come with me to my castle,
No longer joyless roam.

Thy weary head I'll sprinkle,
With mine own crystal wave,
And thy griefs are all forgotten,
No longer sorrow's slave.

In mine arms of alabaster,
Upon my snowy breast,
Of joys of olden story
Dreaming, there shalt thou rest.

And I will press and kiss thee,
With kisses like I gave
To dear Emperor Henry,
Who lieth in his grave.

There's life but in the living,
The dead forever sleep;
And I am fair and blooming,
My laughing heart doth leap.

Come down, then, to my castle,
Down to my crystal hall.
There dance the knights and ladies,
There feast the spearmen tall.

The silken robes they rustle,
The spurs clank night and morn,
The dwarfs play cymbal and trumpet
And harp and braying horn.

But thee shall mine arm encircle,
As it Emperor Henry enwound.
I held his ears whenever
I heard the trumpet sound.

THOMAS CROSS.

AUGUST DAYS.

WITH such unmistakable signs made manifest to the eye and ear, the summer signals its fulness and decline that one awakening now from a sleep that fell upon him months ago might be assured of the season with the first touch of awakening.

To the first aroused sense comes the long-drawn cry of the locust fading into silence with the dry, husky clap of his wings; the changed voice of the song birds, no more carolling the jocund tunes of mating and nesting time, but plaintive with the sadness of farewell.

The bobolink has lost, with his pied coat, the merry lilt that tinkled so continually over the buttercups and daisies of the June meadows; rarely the song sparrow utters the trill that cheered us in the doubtful days of early spring. The bluebird's abbreviated carol floats down from the sky as sweet as then, but mournful as the patter of the autumn leaves. The gay goldfinch has but three notes left of his June song as he tilts on the latest blossoms and fluffy seeds of the thistles. The meadow lark

charms us no more with his long-drawn melody, but with one sharp, insistent note, he struts in the meadow stubble or skulks among the tussocks of the pasture and challenges the youthful gunner. What an easy shot that even, steady flight offers! and yet it goes onward with unfaltering rapid wing-beats, while the gun thunders and the harmless shot flies behind him. The flicker cackles now no more as when he was a jubilant newcomer, with the new-come spring for his comrade, but is silent, or only yelps one harsh note as he flashes his golden wings in loping flight from fence stake to ant hill.

The plover chuckles while he lingers at the bounteous feast of grasshoppers, but never pierces the August air with the long wail that proclaimed his springtime arrival. After nightfall, too, is heard his chuckling call fluttering down from the aerial path, where he wends his southward way, high and distinct above the shrill monotony of crickets and August pipers. The listening sportsman may well imagine that the departing bird is laughing at him as much as signalling his course to companion wayfarers.

The woodland thrushes' flutes and bells have ceased to breathe and chime, only the wood pewee keeps his pensive song of other days, yet best befitting those of declining summer.

The trees are dark with ripened leafage; out of the twilight of the woods glow the declining disks of wild sunflowers and shine the rising constellations of asters. The meadow sides are gay with unshorn fringes of goldenrod and willow herb; and there, in the corners of the gray fences, droop the heavy clusters of elder berries, with whose purple juice the flocking robbers and the young grouse, stealing from the shadowed copses along this belt of shade, dye their bills.

The brook trails its attenuated thread out of the woodland gloom to guild its shallow ripples with sunshine and ladden them with the inverted flames of the cardinals that blaze on the sedgy brink. Here the brown mink prowls with her lithe cubs, all unworthy yet of the trapper's skill, but tending toward it with growth accelerated by full feast of pool-impounded minnows.

Here, too, the raccoon sets the print of his footsteps on the muddy shores as he stays his stomach with frogs and sharpens his appetite with the hot sauce of Indian turnip while he awaits the setting of his feast in the cornfields.

The hounds are more impatient than he for the opening of his midnight revel, and tug at their chains and whimper and bay when they hear his querulous call trembling through the twilight. They are even fooled to melodiously mournful protest when their ears catch the shriller quaver of the screech owl's note.

The woodcock skulks in the bordering alders, and when forced to flight does so with a stronger wing than when a month ago his taking off was first legally authorized. Another month will make him worthier game; and then, too, the ruffed grouse need not be spared a shot, as full grown and strong of pinion he bursts from cover; nor the wood duck, now but a vigorous bunch of pin feathers, be let go untried or unscathed, when from his perch on a slanted rock or out of a bower of rushes he breaks into the upper air with startling flutter of wings and startled squeak of alarm.

Summer wanes, flowers fade, bird songs falter to mournful notes of farewell; but while regretfully we mark the decline of these golden days, we remember with a thrill of expectation that they slope to the golden days of autumn wherein the farmer garners his latest harvest, the sportsman his first worthy harvest, and that to him that waits come all things, and even though he waits long, may come the best.—*Forest and Stream.*

ART NOTES.

AMONGST the more recent acquisitions at the British Museum is a marble stèle which has had a curious history. It was found by Mr. Murray quite recently in the most casual way in the garden of a house at Hampstead where he had gone to inspect some other works. This stèle had been seen at Athens by Spon in 1675, and Fourmont in 1730, and a drawing now in Paris had been made of it by a French artist. Thereafter it vanished from Athens, and must have been acquired by some Englishmen, for its next appearance was made when the workmen were digging the foundations of a house at 67 New Bond Street, and it afterwards came into the possession of Mr. J. Johnstone, who, little guessing its importance, placed it under a tree in his garden. It shows a draped female figure considerably mutilated, but its chief interest to archaeologists has been the inscription which it bears. This is "Epigone, daughter of Moschion of Miletus," and it appears that this is the only instance of the occurrence of this name in Greek inscriptions.

Among the recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery is a life-sized portrait of Sir R. Peel when he was a boy. The trustees, who gave £100 for the picture a few weeks ago, are uncertain who was the painter, but it is believed to be by Romney. "The portrait," according to the official description, "is a smooth-faced youth, with pink cheeks and fair complexion. The head is turned slightly upwards. The blue grey eye in shadow looks to the left and is somewhat raised. The eyelashes are dark, the nose slightly aquiline, and nostrils dilated. The hair is silky pale yellow (straw) and glossy. The ear carefully drawn and coloured with clear red tones. His neck is open, with a plain white falling collar kept beneath the collar of his dark crimson brown coat. Background plain.

dark brown. Light admitted from the right hand side." The other additions by purchase include nine or ten models in plaster by the late Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A. These seem to have been taken as a job lot when the studio was cleared, as in no case was more than £7 given for one of the models. The models are of the Queen, Archbishop Tait, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the first Earl of Idlesleigh, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Napier of Magdala, General Gordon, Sir Henry Cole, John Leech, the caricaturist, Dean Stanley and the late John Bright.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE SAENGERFEST.

THE musical event of last week was the holding of the eleventh Peninsular Saengerfest in Hamilton. For weeks previous to the great gathering the people of that city, without distinction, vied with each other in their determination to make it a success. Every thing that enlightened forethought could suggest seems to have been attended to in order to render the music-loving visitors thoroughly at home during their brief stay in the ambitious city. Männerchors, Saengerbunds, Liederkrantz, Liedertafels, Orpheus and Germania clubs were one and all welcomed with a cordiality that speaks well for Hamilton's hospitality. The musically inclined Teutons took them at their word, and made themselves thoroughly at home. Neither was there any stint of King Gambrinus' liquid favours; the good citizens they everywhere prove themselves to be, was manifested on this occasion, and there was no disorder, all passing off in a most satisfactory manner, to the mutual delight of entertainers and entertained. The Reception Concert auspiciously opened the grand series. The first number was performed by the Thirteenth Battalion Band, under the masterly direction of its accomplished and widely esteemed band-master, George Robinson. The selection was the overture from the "Zaubersflöte," by Mozart, and was rendered with excellent taste and finish. The Hamilton Germania Club sang with fine effect the "Social Greeting." The powerful Hamilton chorus, great in numbers and in the effectiveness of their singing, acquitted themselves with distinction. Their first number was the Bridal Chorus from the "Rose Maiden," charmingly rendered. No less enchanting was their rendition of "The Hunting Song," and "You Stole My Love," while the concluding number of the programme afforded a fine test of their capability in the interpretation of the grand and majestic. It was the chorus, "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat," from Handel's oratorio of Samson. Without invidiousness it may be said that the gems of the evening were the part songs "Fahrender Scholar" and "Spinn, Spinn," by the Buffalo Orpheus Club. The soloists of the evening were Miss Schumafer and Mr. George Fox. The first named sang with exquisite sweetness, fine taste and true expression, "O schöne Zeit, O selige Zeit," for which she was rapturously encored, responding with "Sonnenschein." With equal success she acquitted herself in her rendition of "Ernani Involami." Mr. Fox is a violinist of splendid accomplishment and rare promise. No wonder that a general desire was expressed for a repetition of the Reception Concert—a desire that would have been gratified this week but for the military exigencies that made the drill hall unavailable. The Wednesday concerts were undoubtedly the grandest ever heard in Hamilton. They were under the spirited and competent direction of Professor John Lund, of Buffalo, whose presence is an inspiration. So high was the general standard of efficiency displayed that it may suffice to say that perhaps the most impressive and rousing was Professor Lund's own composition "Germanenzug," with its fiery patriotism rendered by the entire force of the assembled musicians. On Wednesday the distinguished individual performers were Miss Nora Clench and Miss Ida Klein. Miss Clench has attained remarkable perfection in her control of the violin, making it respond to her dextrous and delicate touch with power and beauty. Miss Klein as a gifted singer won golden opinions. The study and practice of music, not among Germans alone, but generally, have received a strong impulse from the meeting of the Saengerfest in Hamilton. It is to be hoped that for the next Saengerfest Toronto may be selected. It can supply all the conditions required for a most successful musical demonstration.

MARIE ROZE is living in luxury in London and contemplates bringing an opera company to America before long. She thinks "Carmen" is her favourite opera; and she has a special admiration for Auber, who was the first to develop her talent.

THE Royal Museum of musical instruments in Berlin has been enriched by a gift from Mme. la Baronne van Korff, daughter of Meyerbeer. The acquisition comprises a large number of things formerly belonging to the author of "The Huguenots," whose centenary will be celebrated on the 5th September next. Amongst the objects is a magnificent portrait-painting in oils, representing Meyerbeer at the age of seventy, seated at the piano he took about with him on his travels, and made by Messrs. Pleyel.

CARL HAUPT, the Nestor of German organ composers, is dead. Carl Haupt, whose reputation as an organist extended far beyond the boundaries of Germany, was born in the little town of Cunau, Silesia, August 25, 1810.

He was a pupil of A. W. Bach, Klein and Dehn, and afterward of the two Schneiders. When twenty-two years old Haupt obtained his first organ at the French convent in Berlin, from which he gradually rose to preside at that in the parish church in the city, succeeding Thiele in 1849. So great was Haupt's reputation forty years ago that Professor Donaldson, Ouseley and Willis in 1854 consulted him in regard to the great organ in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. In 1870 he succeeded his old master, Bach, as director of the Koenigliche Kirchenmusik Institut at Berlin, which position he held until his death.

TAUSIG's father, who was himself a music-master, took him to Liszt when he was fourteen years old, hoping that Liszt would receive the little marvel as a pupil and protégé. But Liszt would not even hear the boy play. "I have had," he declared positively, "enough of child prodigies. They never come to much." Tausig's father apparently acquiesced in the reply; but while he and Liszt were drinking wine and smoking together, he managed to smuggle the child on to the piano-stool behind Liszt, and signed to him to begin to play. The little Tausig plunged into Chopin's A flat Polonaise with such fire and boldness, that Liszt turned his eagle head, and after a few bars cried, "I take him!" I heard Liszt say once that he could not endure child prodigies. "I have no time," said he, "for these artists die werden sollen (that are to be)!"—*Friend's Music and Drama*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TALES OF THREE CENTURIES: Consisting of "An Evening on the Hopyor," "The Three Suitors," and "Kuzma Roschin." Translated from the Russian of Michael Zagosin by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 254 Washington Street.

The able translator of these interesting narratives, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, acquired his extensive knowledge of Russ during his long residence in the land of the Tzar, where he was, indeed, at one time, Secretary of the United States Legation; and his well-known literary abilities shine forth in almost every line of the small volume. The typical robber of three centuries, from the age when physical force took what it wished for to the present time, when a resort to apparently invisible modes of annexing property is adopted, is cleverly characterized. Those who revel in ghost stories will find their tastes amply gratified by a perusal of "An evening on the Hopyor"; and the story of "The Three Suitors" may be described as a comedy novelette, whose witty and amusing dialogue furnishes a striking contrast to the other stories and suggests a fitness for stage purposes. We predict an extensive sale for the book.

OUR COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. By John B. Grant, with sixty four plates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Grant has sought in this capital little handbook "to make some suggestions, particularly looking toward the economy of time and labour, which will be of value to the beginner in the art of observing birds." The writer has not attempted to present an elaborate treatise to his readers, but simply to describe in terse and simple terms the name, description and habits of such of the common birds of America as he has observed on Long Island, near Flushing, and at various points upon the Hudson River between New York City and Peekskill. Ninety specimens are described, and the descriptions are accompanied by sixty-four illustrations beginning with "The Acaidian Owl" and ending with "The American Robin." Some pithy and very sensible rules are stated in the introduction for the guidance of intending students of that captivating branch of science, Ornithology. A most interesting and instructive chapter begins the volume, which contains with other matter a bird calendar, classification and nomenclature. Then follow the special descriptions and the illustrations already referred to. Though the plates are not coloured they are very clear photographic representations in characteristic poses of the excellent specimens of a skilful taxidermist. At the end of the book there is a helpful classified alphabetical index. The letter press, paper and binding are in admirable keeping with the subject matter of this excellent handbook.

GREY DAYS AND GOLD. By William Winter. New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

One of the most graceful essayists of the present day is the author of this compact and pleasing little volume of essays and poems. Mr. Winter had no need of apologetic reference to Washington Irving in his preface. It is true that no one of literary taste who has felt the spell of Irving's genius can ever forget the exquisite grace and captivating charm of his pen. Each new generation, however, has its new world of readers who are always ready to welcome the gifted writers of their day. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, do not return to earth it is true, but the touch of divine genius is not withheld from men. The greater orbs have sunk beneath the horizon, but the heavens are still glowing with many a lesser luminary. Mr. Winter deals in his essays with many literary and historic scenes and subjects which were of interest to him in the British Isles, such as "Classic Shrines;" "Old York;"

"The Haunts of Moore;" "The Lakes and Fells of Wordsworth;" "Shakespeare's Town;" "Bosworth Field;" "Highland Beauties;" "Sir Walter Scott." Each essay gives abundant evidence of a refined and cultured taste, of unusual literary ability, of rare descriptive power, and of a thorough appreciation of the great memories, events, scenes and personages of our Mother Land. It is no idle statement to say that Mr. Winter's style and treatment of his subjects, revives the memory of Irving. What a lovely sylvan picture is this from "Up and down the Avon." "The scene around Hampton Lucy is not one to be quickly left. There the meadows are rich and green and fragrant. There the large trees give grateful shade and make sweet music in the summer wind. There from the ruddy village, thin spires of blue smoke curl upwards through the leaves and seem to tell of comfort and content beneath. At a little distance the grey tower of the noble church—an edifice of peculiar and distinctive majesty, and one well worthy of the exceptional beauty enshrined within it—rears itself among the elms. Close by, the sleek and indolent cattle are couched upon the cool sod, looking up at you with large, quiet, lustrous, indifferent eyes. The waterfall sings on, with its low and melancholy plaint, while sometimes the silver foam of it is caught up and whirled away by the breeze. The waves sparkle on the running stream, and the wild flowers, in gay myriads, glance and glimmer on the velvet shore. And so, as the sun is setting and the rooks begin to fly homeward, you breathe the fragrant air from Scarbank and look upon the veritable place that Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote his line of endless melody:—

I know a bank where the wild thyme grows."

Of the all too few poems of the volume, we repeat the last:—

UNWRITTEN POEMS.

Fairy spirits of the breeze—
Frailer nothing is than these.
Fancies born we know not where—
In the heart or in the air.
Wandering echoes blown unsought
From far crystal peaks of thought.
Shadows, fading at the dawn,
Ghosts of feeling dead and gone.
Alas! are all fair things that live
Still lovely and still fugitive.

PROBABLY the most popular article of the *Nineteenth Century* for August is Archibald Forbes' "A War Correspondent's Reminiscences," which we shall further notice. The growing interest in the colonies is shown in Howard Willoughby's "The Seamy side of Australia." Other able contributions make up a strong number of this deservedly popular and ably conducted review. Not the least interesting being the last two: "Identification by Finger Tips," by Francis Galton, F.R.S., and "Frontiers and Protectorates," by Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., K.C.I.E.

THE *Fortnightly* for August opens with an interesting article on "The Future of Portugal," in which Oswald Crawford, C.M.G., in few words gives a clear picture of the present condition and foreshadows the possible future of that country. The literary contributions of Professor Dowden on "Goethe's friendship with Schiller," and Professor Symonds "Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' and the 'English Romantic Drama,'" and Grant Allen's "Note on a New Post," are of unusual interest. It also has other able articles as well such as Professor Smart's, "The Old Economy and The New," and "The Labour Movement in Australia," by Francis Adams.

THE *New England Magazine* for August opens with an account by Colonel Albert Clarke, the Secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston, of "the State of Vermont," past and present, accompanied by pen pictures of all the leading men of the State, a State that was, at one time, very nearly becoming part of Canada; and a good thing for Canada it would have been if it had. It has been said that there is to-day more pure Anglo-Saxon blood to be found in the State of Vermont than in any county in England, and the writer, from his experience, is prepared to endorse the statement. Though one of the smallest States in the Union it was represented in a recent congress by more native sons than any other State. Vermonters are everywhere to be found, usually at the front; and where capability and brains are required, in New York and others of the large cities, the men from Vermont stand out prominently. "A Side Issue of the Campaign" is a story by Mary E. Brush, touching the trials of a country editor and his wife. "The Harvard Commencement Essays" are really valuable literary productions. The paper headed "Hannibal Hamlin" consists of a short sketch of Paris, Maine. "The Literature of the White Mountains" is an illustrated article by William Howe Downes. Eliza Orne White is the author of the story of "Commonplace Carrie." The timely article in view of the coming celebration in Switzerland, entitled "The Rise of the Swiss Confederation," is by W. D. McCrackan. E. A. Start contributes a good paper, entitled "Bennington and its Battle."

WE see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as, in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil.—*Thackeray*.

IN mankind the will appears without its mask only in the affections and the passions. And that is the reason why passion, when it speaks, always wins credence, no matter what the passion may be; and rightly so.—*Schopenhauer*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

T. WHITTAKER AND COMPANY will publish directly Canon Cheyne's Bampton Lectures for 1889, on the "Historical Origin and religious Ideas of the Psalter."

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY have in press "Justice," being Part II. of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Morality," begun some years ago with "The Data of Ethics." They also announce a new edition of Mr. Spencer's "Essays—Scientific, Political and Speculative," in three volumes.

THE Post Laureate has been in London staying as the guest of one of his friends. He has been "doing" the picture galleries and other sights with all his old enthusiasm, and has delighted those who have met him by the vigour, both mental and physical, which he still happily displays.

THE translation of the third division of M. Renan's "History of the People of Israel" (Chapman) dates from the time of Hezekiah to the return from Babylon. The volume shows how the work of the monotheistic prophets acquired such solidity that the terrible blow dealt to Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar failed to destroy it.

THE third edition of "Lapsus Calami" contains numerous omissions and additions; indeed, nearly half the old book is omitted, and more than half of the present issue is new. "J. K. S.," in his modesty, says he will be satisfied "if everyone who bought an original 'Lapsus Calami' buys a revised 'Lapsus Calami,' and if everyone who did not buy the old one buys the new one."

THE recently completed fifth edition of Dr. M. Foster's well-known Text Book of Physiology will be followed at once by the appearance of a sixth and cheaper edition of the work in parts, carefully revised throughout by the author. The addition of much new matter to this edition of the book will permit of taking out a copyright on the American edition, which is to be published by Macmillan and Company, New York.

So much of the economic controversy of the day involves an acquaintance with Ricardo's work that a new edition of his "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation," forming part of "Bohn's Economic Library" (Scribners), is very welcome, especially when, as in the volume before us, an introductory essay is furnished and notes and appendices are added. This matter is supplied by Mr. E. C. K. Gonner, lecturer at University College, Liverpool.

THE announcement by Messrs. Macmillan and Company of "Saints and Sinners," the first of four dramas by Henry Arthur Jones, will be of interest to those who, in spite of critics, retain a belief in the literary future of English dramatic art. Mr. Jones, already known in the United States as the author of "Judah" and the "Middleman," takes advantage of the provisions of the new copyright law which make it possible for him to publish his plays in book form without loss of stage rights.

MESSRS. LONGMAN will publish very shortly the Bishop of Montreal's autobiography; a translation by Mr. Cooke of Professor Ville's "Le Propriétaire devant sa Ferme Délaissée;" Professor Max Müller's "Gifford Lectures" for 1891; and "About Ceylon and Borneo," a book of travel by Mr. Clutterbuck, author of "The Skipper in Arctic Seas." Messrs. Longman will also publish in the autumn a collection of essays, addresses and reviews by Professor Tyndall, to be called "Fragments of Science."

THE work entitled "The Last Great Naval War," which Messrs. Cassell and Company have just published, has already created no small sensation in the limited circle which up to the present is cognizant of its production. The work not only narrates the events which might happen in the next great naval conflict, but assigns positions of command to living personages who would probably be prominent actors on the occasion. The author, whose name is strictly secret, is understood to be a man of the very highest authority in naval and military matters.

OF the two translations of Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens," lately published, it is no forestalling of criticism to say what Macaulay's schoolboy could tell at a glance, that Mr. Poste's (Macmillan) is the more literary, and Mr. Kenyon's (Bell) the more literal. There is considerable also in the attitude of the two translators to the text. Mr. Kenyon is positive that the reappearance of this treatise is the most striking event in the history of classical literature for perhaps the last three centuries; Mr. Poste, more cautious, is not yet quite sure as to its substantive character and interest.

MACMILLAN AND COMPANY announce for publication during the autumn a series of copyright novels by English and American authors. Among the volumes already arranged for in the series may be mentioned F. Marion Crawford's "The Witch of Prague," "Tim," a new story by a new writer, Mr. Shorthouse's new novel "Blanche Lady Falaise," a new collection of Mr. Kipling's stories under the title of "Life's Handicap," and a new novel by the now famous author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," the title of which is "The Exorcism of Cecilia de Noël." "David," a new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," will also be published in the series in November.

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO has in the press a new translation of the "Lettres Persanes," the first published work of Montesquieu. M. Sorel, in his memoir of Montesquieu, remarks that on the death of Louis XIV., sanctimonious in his old age, France, as one man, changed from Tartuffe

into Don Juan; and it is this mocking, enquiring, unspeakably debauched libertine, this France of the Regency, that Montesquieu depicts in the "Persian Letters." Although not a work of such historical importance as his "Esprit des Lois," from a literary point of view it is probably his best. Its composition extended over a number of years; and it was not laboured at, but written as the mood seized him. It was the first unmistakable literary sign of the French Revolution, and it was the most popular book of its time. More than a century has elapsed since it was last translated into English. The version which Mr. Nimmo has in the press will be issued in a limited edition to subscribers.—*The Speaker*.

How little the best English literature seems to be read! In all the columns which have been written about, and *à propos* of, Kaiser Wilhelm (says the *St. James' Gazette*), has anybody yet quoted the beautiful allusion to him thirty years ago in the works of a great master? "Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet . . . and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His eyrie is among the eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little chieftain." Thus wrote Thackeray in his Roundabout Paper "On Alexandrines," just after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in March 1863.

It is a grievous pity *Punch* is so poorly edited. One would imagine that Mr. Burnand had it in his power to surround himself with capable humorists, but somehow he has never succeeded in doing so. Mr. Anstey may be reckoned as the sole literary man of note upon the staff; and though he occasionally contributes some excellent fun in his "Voices Populi"—as, for example, the tale of the embarrassed curate and the magic lantern, of a week or two back—yet, as a rule, he withholds his best. The travesties of Ibsen's plays were poor, redeemed in part by some telling illustrations by Mr. Bernard Partridge, the latest recruit to the artistic staff of the journal. It is rare indeed that a writer who bounds suddenly into notice redeems his promise. Dickens did so, and others have done so; but assuredly Mr. Anstey has not. "Vice Versa" remains his best tale despite the clever struggle of "The Pariah" to be better; and the recently-issued "Tourmaline's Time-Cheques" best proves that we are to look for nothing further from him.—*Literary Opinion*.

"PREACHERS of the Age" is the title of an important new venture which Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company have in contemplation. They have made arrangements for the publication of a group of volumes by distinguished living representatives of the Church of England and the chief branches of Nonconformity. The volumes will be uniform in size, appearance and price, and each will contain some twelve or fourteen sermons or addresses specially selected by their authors for this series. The books will contain five photogravure portraits—in many cases new ones—brief biographical sketches, and a bibliography of published writings. Amongst those who have definitely undertaken to contribute volumes are: The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D.D., Manchester, Canon Knox-Little, the Rev. Henry R. Reynolds, D.D., the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, the Rev. Charles A. Berry, the Bishop of Ripon, and other well-known representative men.

We were glad to see the appreciative article in the *Boston Transcript* on Mr. Lampman from which we have taken the following extract: "The quality of Mr. Lampman's verse is fairly well represented by his sonnet in the August Scribner, entitled 'In absence.' The lines there—

So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light—

suggest the fine imagery that pervades his poetry, and also the melodiousness that is inherent in it. There is something Burns-like in the way that his thoughts seem to flow of their own motion into rhythm and rhyme, though perhaps on the whole his poetry reminds one of Tom Moore more than it does of Burns. But comparisons are out of place in any estimate of a real poet's work. Mr. Lampman is certainly original and distinctly modern: though he does not follow the most modern methods of versification. No one but a thorough modern could have written that short poem, 'Heat,' which is, perhaps, the best known in the United States of Mr. Lampman's verses."

OF Marie Bashkirtseff a writer in *Public Opinion* says: "It is curiously interesting to contrast, in the 'Lettres de Marie Bashkirtseff,' the portrait that young lady draws of herself with that which M. Coppée gives in his introduction to the volume. In one of those endless letters with which she favoured M. de Maupassant (and in one of which she calls M. de Goncourt 'un vieux Japonais en perruque Louis XV.')

Marie, in answer to one of Maupassant's letters: 'Thin? Oh, no, I am not thin, but neither am I stout. Worldly, sentimental, romantic? In what way do you mean? It seems to me that there is room for all this in one individual; all depends on the moment, the occasion, the circumstances. I am an opportunist, and, above all, I am subject to moral contagion: thus it happens that poetry fails me, just as it does you. My perfume? Vir-

tue. *Vulgo*, none at all. Yes, gourmande, or rather difficult to please. My ears are small, not regular, but pretty; my eyes are gray. Yes; I am a musician, but not as good a pianiste as any schoolmistress ought to be.' And here is M. Coppée's portrait: 'I have only seen her once, and for only an hour. . . . I shall never forget it. At twenty-three she appeared much younger. Rather small, but of harmonious proportions, with a round, exquisitely modelled face, fair hair, and dark eyes that seemed burning with thought, and devoured by the desire to see all and to know all; a mouth that was at the same time firm, good, and dreamy, with trembling nostrils like a wild horse of the Ukraine, M. Bashkirtseff impressed one from the first with the rare sensation that with sweetness she combined strength of will; with grace, energy. Everything in this adorable child showed the superior spirit.'

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Carlyle, Thomas. Socialism and Unsocialism. Vols. I. and II. 25c. each. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company.
Croker, Mrs. B. M. Interference. Toronto: William Bryce.
Heinzen, Karl. The Rights of Women. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.
Lanin, E. B. Russian Traits and Terrors. 35c. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.
Moore, Geo. Impressions and Opinions. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

RITUALISM.

THE Salvation Army feels the need of ritual—banners, bands, red coats, etc.—and although it is a ritual of a queer or vulgar character, yet it implies the love of colour and warmth in religion. Why should the Church be compelled to abstain from all appeal to the senses? Once more, the State has her gorgeous ritual, and we do not grudge it her, but why should not the Church be allowed her ritual also? "Fair play is a jewel." There was no lack of ritualism at the entry into London, or at the presentation at the Guildhall, or at the Review. The State carriages of the English Sovereign are grand enough—as grand almost as anything of the kind in Europe; the Guards are a pageant in themselves; the full uniforms of the high officers of the British Army are gay enough, even when compared with those of the first military nation of Europe. If Her Majesty and the Royal Family and the British Government go in so much for State ritualism, is there not a something to be said for the Church doing the same? "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," but we do not want to imitate. Our ritual is older far than that of the oldest monarchy in Europe. We only say that ritualism in both Church and State, well conducted and well ordered, is desirable, and that it suits the order of nature, and accords to the principles of the Divine government of the world.—*Church Review*.

SHALL NEWSPAPER WRITERS SIGN THEIR ARTICLES?

THE question that has been discussed more or less for many years, whether it would be better for writers of the daily press, and particularly writers of what are called "editorials" to sign their names to what they write, has a certain actuality in that the practice of signing is spreading steadily in other than editorial departments. To the question, would signatures be better? a good many excellent judges say "Yes." I am inclined to say "No." Anyone who is at all acquainted with the papers in England, and the few in this country, in which writers sign their names, will hardly say that they are free from scandal, or "sensationalism," or rash assertion, or the gratification of personal grudges, or corruption. They are by no means so free from these as papers not a writer for which is known outside of his own calling. In either case the degree of effective responsibility is, I fear, largely fixed by the conscience and judgment of the editor and publisher, the law for enforcing it being of little use, and, I am inclined to think, incapable of being made very useful.—*From "The Point of View," in Scribner*.

DESIGN FOR A VERY FAST STEAMER.

MESSRS. James and George Thomson, of Glasgow, have modelled a new steamer guaranteed to steam at the rate of 23½ knots an hour, which will enable the vessel to cross the Atlantic within five days. The vessel is to be about 630 feet long, by 70 feet beam. The lines are very fine. The new vessel will have twin screws 22 or 23 feet in diameter, well supported. There are four funnels, and about 200 feet of the length of the ship is left for the boilers and bunkers. The engines are to be triple compound, with four cylinders working four cranks. They will probably indicate 33,000 indicated horse power. Accommodation is provided for 700 first and 300 second-class passengers and about 400 emigrants, and all the arrangements worked out in the plans are far ahead, as far as regards luxury and comfort, of anything yet produced. The plating of the ship is carried up to the promenade deck, which runs from end to end, and a width of about 80 feet on each side is left for walking. On the promenade deck are twelve machine guns, and in other respects the vessel is made suitable for an armed cruiser.—*Scientific American*.

HELIOTROPE.

Go, Heliotrope,
Unto my Sweet and tell
How, like a harbinger of hope,
You come to dwell
Near her, and pray to rest
Upon her breast.

Tell her for me,
In whispers of perfume,
How like the golden sun is she,
To which your bloom
Forever turns its face,
Beseeching grace.

Say, even so
The blossom of my love
Looks from its land of doubt below
To her above,
Waiting one word to slip
Her scarlet lip.

Then if you feel
Her heart with joy beat fast,
Or if with one sweet kiss she seal
Your lips at last,
And leave you stricken dumb
Until I come :

Seeing you there
Upon her bosom, I
Shall know what answer to my prayer
She makes, and lie
Beside you dumb with bliss,
Sealed by her kiss.

—From "Lyrics for a Lute" by Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE CATTLE FARM OF THE FUTURE.

The road from Kimberley to Vryburg traverses a succession of plains wide as the eye can range, bounded here and there by low and regular chains of hills. Scarcely a single tree breaks the endless flat of grass veldt.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura.

The Roman poet must have had Bechuanaland or the Transvaal in his mind when he wrote the lines quoted above, for the two countries perfectly realize his conception. The veldt at the surface has a somewhat sterile and parched appearance, and is covered with patchy grass dried by the sun to the colour of hay. Far and wide it extends, and the traveller sees no reason why he should ever emerge from its limits. Two causes, however, combine to remove the tedium and monotony of such a landscape. The vastness, the apparent illimitability of the surroundings, elevate rather than oppress the mind, and the genial sunshine, the cloudless sky, and the invigorating highland air sustain the spirits at a high level. Nor must it be supposed that these African plains are in any degree wanting in fertility. The heavy rains of the summer and autumn produce an abundance of juicy grass on which are raised large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Both in Bechuanaland and in the Transvaal the amount of live stock is very considerably less than the area and the soil are capable of sustaining, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to assert that if, in the course of centuries, all other supplies of meat for the human race should be exhausted, the African veldt could produce sufficient to fill the stomachs of a starving world. Cattle disease, horse sickness, and the sheep scab at present offer formidable obstacles to the rapid multiplication of live stock. It is, however, highly probable that science and sanitary legislation will before long remove or mitigate these scourges of the farmer. Approaching Vryburg the railroad runs through the "Native Reserve," a large district which has been set aside for exclusive occupation and cultivation by the Southern Bechuana. The soil here is well watered and of great fertility; abundant crops of mealies (maize) can be easily raised, and many other kind of grain, potatoes, and various vegetables might be produced in large quantities were the natives given to industry and agriculture. Report, however, speaks but poorly of the Southern Bechuana; idle and insolent in good years, helpless and mendicant in bad, it is doubtful whether he will be long able or permitted to retain his hold upon a territory which is capable of being transformed into one vast garden.—Lord Randolph Churchill, in the "Daily Graphic."

MORALS OF PUBLIC MEN.

DURING the recent session of the London conference on national morality, a resolution was taken into consideration expressing a desire that a general council of the Churches in all English speaking lands should be summoned to consider the question of the morals of public men, and especially to consider the moral relations of public men and women. No one will gainsay the importance of such a call if it should really be made. The question is one of the gravest of this age as it has been in ages past. The point is whether the race has advanced far enough in moral, scientific and philosophic enlightenment to erect a strict standard. While it would never be desirable to return to a blending of Church and State, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, if the personal morality of public men should be more carefully scrutinized

and more severely punished—not punished by the infliction of sentences, but withholding the honours of officers that should not be desecrated. Past all question the first steps to the abuse of a public trust, nine times out of ten, are lax personal morals of one form or another. It is impossible for a public servant to lay aside his obligation to the public for a moment. All he does reflects credit or discredit upon his country. If he is known to others, he is at least known to himself, and loss of self-esteem is more pitiable, though not so precipitatedly ruinous, as loss of public favour. Every reasonable mind will admit the justice of the decline of Mr. Parnell since the inwardness of his private life has become known. Those who are familiar with public affairs know that, looking through moral glasses, it is almost as easy to find a Parnell as a Gladstone among men of position and office. There is one, and only one, secular hope in the measureable success of a general agitation on this question. No public man or private citizen can consistently oppose its motives. The discussion can do no harm. Possibly the time has come when it may do good.—The Kansas City Times.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

A SHIP has arrived at Liverpool which promises great things for the future. If the whaleback *Colgate Hoyt* fulfils the expectations of its inventor, the name of M'Dougal will deserve to go down to posterity coupled with that of General Wade, the Highland road-leveller. What the General did for wayfarers by land Captain M'Dougal lives in hopes of achieving for those whose hard fate it is to travel by sea. Among the advantages held out by the advent of the submerged ship of the future, the abolition of seasickness will not be reckoned the least. Pitching and tossing and rolling—abhorrent modes of progression so painful to the equanimity of that part of one's anatomy which George Hudson was wont to speak of as his "Midlands"—will be relegated to the limbo of evils vanquished and discarded. On the other hand, the prospect of crossing the Atlantic with a dubious provision of light and air, and the uncanny feeling that one is in rather than on the wave, is hardly likely to commend the new departure to those robust souls who pride themselves on the possession of sealegs. Electric lights and improved windsails are at best but poor substitutes for the free air and clear light of heaven. If the one class go to Liverpool to look and bless, the other will as surely ban as they behold the whaleback of the Great Lakes.

SOCIETY IN MODERN LONDON.

SOCIETY'S scheme of activity has become but ill-suited to the circumstances of modern England. The first thing that one notes on entering the great world is that there are no great men there. We do not speak here of the claret-cup crushes where the people of political taste gather—chiefly before Easter. There, indeed, great men are to be seen in plenty, escorting undesirable wives and still less desirable daughters. But that is not society. It is the vestibule of the Inferno. Society properly so called is a place for boys and girls—a marriage-market. Nothing but the unconquerable instinct of racial preservation can account for the stark courage with which the British *chaperon* faces the sleepless anguish of her calling. Now, unhappily, in a ball-room the girls outnumber the men, and ninety-nine per cent. of them want husbands, whilst as to the "men," eighty per cent. of them are as little able to finance a nursery as to finance the Italian opera. Nothing is looked for from them but that they should keep sober and break to the eye by their black garments the glaring, gloomy banks of unmarried muslin. There are plenty of men in London who can marry and do marry, but when the time has arrived when their circumstances justify the step, they do not seek to enter society in order to choose a wife. They arrange for a three days' holiday and run down to the country, where they propose to the old love of long ago. No average man can truthfully testify that he ever knew a London married woman who was a London girl before she was a married woman. While society is expanding so rapidly and so widely that even the professedly fashionable papers have long abandoned any attempt to maintain the old practice of recording the names of the guests at its chief functions, fashionable marriages have become so rare that all the evening papers and some of the morning papers think them sufficiently remarkable to give each a report of from thirty to sixty lines. The chief reason, then, of the failure of society is that it does not fulfil its *raison d'être*. If the *chaperon* wishes to get at the man who is worth marrying, she must alter her hours, cool her rooms, and simplify her entertainments. It would pay a match-making mother far better to give twenty dinner parties to rising barristers or civil engineers than to entertain four hundred penniless boys at a ball supper. Unfortunately for the *chaperon*, she cannot rid herself of the idea that her daughter's domestic happiness must be based on land. She forgets that the land of England is more heavily mortgaged than of yore, and that it yields thirty per cent. less in gross rental; whilst the number of girls who consider themselves destined to "marry land" is three times greater than it was twenty years ago. Unless the *chaperon* wishes to condemn her daughter to perpetual celibacy, she must seek a husband for her elsewhere than in the London ball-room, for the London ball-room is closed to every man who lives by his own exertions; and as for the "gilded youth" he generally prefers the Café Royal, or Rule's, or Romano's, where indeed he is still in

society, but in a society whose daughters attach no special ethical value to the mere dry ceremonial of marriage.—The Speaker.

MANY changes are shortly to occur in the composition of the North American and West Indies squadron. In August or September next the *Tartar* goes out to take the place of the *Ready* and *Thrush*. The former is to be paid off at Bermuda and converted into a hulk, and the latter returns to England with Prince George of Wales, who, it is presumed, will then be promoted. The *Hercules*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Hopkins, will relieve the *Bellerophon* at the end of the year, and early in the spring the *Emerald* and the *Comus* will be replaced respectively by the *Spartan* and the *Sirius*. This will greatly modernize the station, but will still leave a good many dummies, notably the *Pelican* and *Tourmaline*, followed pretty closely by the *Canada* and *Pylades*. It is extremely doubtful (says a correspondent) if any of these four could make a passage of 1,000 miles, say, at 10 knots, and one of them could not do it at even eight knots.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

WE have just received the calendar of Moulton College. McMaster University is to be congratulated on the success of this academic department. In view of its strong teaching staff, large endowment and charming location the success of the past three years is not surprising. The calendar shows, we are glad to see, that special provision is made for young ladies proposing to pursue a university course. The art department is still under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Dignam. Special attention is given to music, and Miss Louise Saueremann, a pupil of the Conservatory of Music, will enter on her work at the opening of the next session, September 3, as additional resident teacher in music.

THE reason why men and women are so mysterious to us, and prove disappointing, is that we read them from our own book, just as we are perplexed by reading ourselves from theirs.—Meredith.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S
NEW BOOKS.

Now Ready. A New Book by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

LIFE'S HANDICAP.

BEING STORIES OF MINE OWN PEOPLE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING, author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Light that Failed," etc., etc. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

* * * The greater part of the above stories are now published for the first time.

The Adventure Series. New Volume.

THE STORY OF THE FILIBUSTERS

By JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. To which is added "The Life of Colonel David Crockett." With illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

"Mr. Roche has faithfully compared and sifted the statements of those who took part in the various expeditions, and he has also made effectual use of periodicals and official documents. The result is what may safely be regarded as the first complete and authentic account of the deeds of the modern Vikings, who continue to be wonderfully romantic figures even after the gaudy trappings of myth, prejudice and fiction have been stripped away."—Boston Beacon.

New Book by the author of "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen."

THE STREAM OF PLEASURE.

A Narrative of a Journey on the Thames from Oxford to London. By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Together with a Practical Chapter by J. C. LEGGE. With numerous illustrations. Small 4to, \$2.25.

"This book comprises a brilliant story of the lazy, dreamy month which these two passed upon a trip which might have been compassed in a steambot in a few hours. Here and there is a flash of humour; upon every page are dainty descriptions of scenes and views and happenings, which lead the reader on and on in a most agreeable manner. Interspersed are reproductions of the sketches and water-colour drawings made by the way by Mr. Pennell."—Boston Advertiser.

Just Published. New Edition. Fully Illustrated. Large 12mo, \$2.25.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE. With numerous illustrations, chiefly by Herbert Railton. Large 12mo, \$2.25.

"Every American who has been in London loves Westminster Abbey, and all of those who can procure this beautifully illustrated history of it will prize it as one of their dearest treasures. Mr. Loftie writes of it with the devotion of a lover and the fidelity of an antiquarian student."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

MACMILLAN & CO.,
112 FOURTH AVE., N.Y.

THE SOCIAL SECRET.—"Oh, my! How charming you look this morning, Mrs. Cleveland. Do you know, Mr. Redington made us all envious of you by saying you had the most beautiful complexion of any lady at the Brouning Reception. We are old friends, and if I appear a little inquisitive on this matter, pardon me. There are half a dozen of us in our set, of about the same age, while you are the only one who looks positively ten years the youngest of us all. There is some secret in this, as a friend, you should impart it to me."

"My dear Lillian, if I did not know your sincerity, I would surely believe you were trying to flatter my vanity; but, knowing your candor in all of our affairs, I will tell you to what I attribute those charms you mention, and how I was induced to use the great Elixir, Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream. My mother has always been, and is now, a very beautiful woman—her years lending a charm to that beauty, which care and art have preserved by the aid of Gouraud's Beautifier and Purifier of the skin. Although she is now over fifty, she passes for forty, thanks to the 'Oriental Cream' that has been prescribed for nearly half a century to the very elite of American and continental society; it is easy of application and harmless in its effects. By applying the 'Cream' through the day or evening, and washing the face well on retiring, afterwards using Mutton Tallow or Camphor Ice, the skin is given a soft, pearly whiteness, removing all skin blemishes, leaving the complexion clear and bright as crystal, while its certainty and naturalness of operation are such that the use of a cosmetic is not suspected, and, dear Lillian, it is the only preparation that meets the wants of refined ladies, who require a harmless and efficient beautifier, and we all do. You possess, the secret; I follow in the footsteps of my mother."

"Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove."

NATURE provides a remedy for all diseases, and in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, women have a remedy for all those ills peculiar to their sex. Suppressions, bearing-down pains, nervous headaches, etc., speedily yield to their treatment and restore the sufferer to perfect health. Try them. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. a box) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

The great benefit which people in run down state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, purifies the blood, and assists to healthy action those important organs, the kidneys and liver.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

ALUMINUM is down to fifty cents a pound already. Likewise an aluminum boat has been built and successfully launched in Zurich, Switzerland. It is only twenty feet long, and will be exhibited at a Frankfort marine exhibition merely as a miniature of the ship of the future. It is run by a two-horse power naphtha engine, and its hull, screw and machinery are all made of aluminum. The little craft is entirely successful from every point of view. There is all reason to believe that we who now live will behold the ushering in of the age of aluminum. A beautiful shining age it will be, too; better than the fabled golden age.—*Canadian American.*

NEW CHEMICAL COMPOUND FOR TREATING COAL.—A new chemical compound, named "Kem-Kom," has been introduced by the Standard Coal and Fuel Company, Equitable Building, Boston, for treating coal and other combustible substances. The effect upon coal treated by this compound is to increase the heat, economize time and fuel, consume the smoke, destroy the soot, and materially reduce the quantity of ashes. It is claimed that by treating coal with Kem-Kom, from fifteen to thirty per cent. of the coal is saved. It is further claimed that by using this compound on bituminous coal from eighty to ninety per cent. of the smoke is consumed, and that all the obnoxious gases are destroyed.—*Industries.*

RAILWAY ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT.—At the Government dockyard at Port Adelaide there is in course of construction a travelling electric light plant for use on the railways. It consists of an ordinary locomotive engine, a truck upon which is fitted a portable engine and the dynamo, and the weed-stripper, which is used for clearing the railway lines of undergrowth. The plant when completed will be used to enable the navvies to carry on their work as much as possible at night, when their operations will be less hampered by the train traffic than during the day. Telegraph poles, upon which the wires are carried and the lamps hung, will be erected at each halting place where their services are required.—*Electrician.*

It is not utopian to look forward to and strive for a condition of the people in which all shall have healthy bodies—each possessing an organism so developed and built up as to work smoothly in all its parts, conferring that ease (and not disease), vigour and happiness which makes life contented and "worth living," and gradually and eventually, if not at once, confers a stamina and will power in which intemperance and crime too would become rarer and rarer until eventually extinguished. There are many such people now in existence, more probably than ever there were in any previous age of the world. There will probably soon be communities of them. Why not nations? Probably man will never become perfect, physically or spiritually, in this world. Yet there are sensible people who believe that the dragon (which may be disease) shall be overcome by the angel from heaven (which may be hygiea), and that there will then be a "millennium." No one doubts that the human race can be improved. If so, where shall be the limit of improvement?—*Canada Health Journal.*

The new Anthropometric Laboratory in connection with the Medical School of Dublin University was opened the other day by the Rev. Dr. S. Haughton, who in the course of his address stated that from 20 to 25 per cent. of men were colour-blind, and were consequently unfit to be sailors and engine-drivers; and that Lord Wolseley says about one-third of the soldiers in the army are unsuitable to act as signalmen where colours were important. He also alluded to the importance of "thumb marks" as identifying individuals. Anthropometry has been of use in determining our knowledge of the inhabitants of various countries in prehistoric times, chiefly by the accurate skull measurements of crania found in tombs of remote ages; while anthropometry as applied to criminal statistics has been of considerable service, and is much utilized by our continental neighbours. The value of anthropometry for several purposes was pointed out many years ago, but its utility seems to have been only recently recognized in this country.—*English Mechanic.*

WASTED COAL.—A German has made experiments to ascertain the amount of loss that coal undergoes when exposed to the weather. It will, perhaps, surprise many readers to hear that the loss is considerable. Anthracite and cannel-coal, as might be anticipated from their compactness, suffer least; but ordinary bituminous coal loses nearly one-third in weight, and nearly one-half in gas-making quality. From this it will be understood that coal should be kept dry and under cover, and that to expose it to rain or damp is to lessen its quantity and weaken its quality. Here, too, we have an explanation of the inferiority of the great heaps of small coal which encumber the ground in the mining districts.—*Illustrated American.*

CURIOUS FREAKS OF STEEL.—The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction towards the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fibre of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points towards the back, you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition, even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: Leave the razor alone for a month or two, and when you take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—*English Mechanic.*

MUSHROOMS AS FOOD.—The alarming symptoms which occasionally follow the use of fungi when taken as food are familiar to most readers. The risk in this particular, however, is less than it might be. In actual market custom we recognise but a very few forms of edible fungi, though it must be allowed that even in these we are liable to deception of a somewhat dangerous kind. It is, therefore, a matter of some importance that the public mind should be informed as far as possible of the qualities which distinguish the edible from the poisonous varieties. To give a precise definition which would also be comprehensive is, however, no simple matter, and as a matter of fact the number of edible fungi is much greater than is commonly understood. It may be said, however, that a high colour, a scaly or spotted surface, and tough or watery flesh are usually associated with poisonous properties, while the edible species are but seldom highly coloured, scaly or spotted, but usually white or brownish, and brittle on fracture. The former, moreover, grow clustered on wet or shady ground, the latter singly in dry pastures. The common mushroom is known by its pink hymenium or gills. Fungi which have a bitter or styptic taste, or which burn the fauces, as well as those which yield a pungent milk, those of livid colour, and those which on bruising assume various hues, ought to be avoided. It should be remembered also that all plants of this class readily undergo decomposition, and should, therefore, be eaten as fresh as possible.—*Lancet.*

BEER AND HEALTH.—A study made by Dr. J. Seudtner of the duration of life and the causes of death among workers in the beer industry offers an excellent illustration of injurious results from the misuse of alcohol. For an experiment of that kind Munich appears to offer the best field, as more beer is drunk there than in any other city of the world. The yearly consumption for each person in all Germany is 88 litres, in Bavaria 209 litres, and in Munich in particular 531 litres in 1888, and as high as 565 litres in 1889. From obvious causes the workers in the beer business drink more than other citizens of Munich. The almost incomprehensible excess to which a single person can indulge is shown in the case of a brewer in Munich, who had been ill in a Berlin hospital for a long time as a result of drink, having consumed daily about 20 litres. It has long been known that alco-

hol, in its work of destruction, spares almost no organ of the body, but it is only of late years that attention has been turned to the fact that the excessive use of beer is the cause of many diseases of the heart. Professor Bollinger has shown that the astonishing increase of heart disease is an immediate result of the extravagant consumption of beer. From what Dr. Seudtner has now demonstrated, it is easy to see the connection between these two factors in the causes of mortality, both being directly traceable to the excessive drinking of beer. The materials for the statistics were found in the registers of death during the last 30 years. The average age in Munich for something over twenty years has been 53½ years, which is somewhat less than in other parts of Germany; and the average duration of life has been determined as follows: ale-house keepers (male), 51.35 years; ale-house keepers (female), 59.95 years; brewers, 42.33 years; waiters, 35.80 years; barmaids, 26.80 years; wine-house keepers (male), 40.70 years; wine-house keepers (female), 47.40 years; and distillers, 50.00. While the maximum duration of life among the whole population of Munich is from 50 to 70 years for men, and from 70 to 80 for women among ale-house keepers, it lies between the ages of 40 and 50, among brewers between 30 and 40, and among waiters between 20 and 30 years. Among the causes of death heart-disease heads the list. Many more victims among drinkers than other people. The bad forms of inflammation of the lungs among people of this class is well known. The unfortunate terminations of these forms of disease result from the weakening of the heart power, and the consequent lack of resistance in the whole body.—*New York Belletristisches Journal.*

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

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

AFTER diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, or any other severe illness, there is no better tonic than Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Fort Warren

Voluntary Statement from Mr. H. Graham, Ph. G., Hospital Steward, U. S. A.

"Fort Warren, Boston, June 15, 1891.
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"My wife and child have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past two years and it has done them both an incalculable amount of good. We came here from Florida, one of the yellow fever districts. On arrival they were weak, anemic and thoroughly out of tone in every way. I tried them with iron, quinine, etc., etc, but with no benefit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

was recommended highly by a personal friend in the service, and I can truly say that it is just as good as you state. Will take precious good care not to be without it hereafter.

"You are at liberty to use this letter together with my name for any purpose that you think serviceable, and more especially for those who I know are unhappy on account of ill health." H. GRAHAM, Ph. G., Hospital Steward, U. S. Army.
N.B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic, the best building up medicine.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

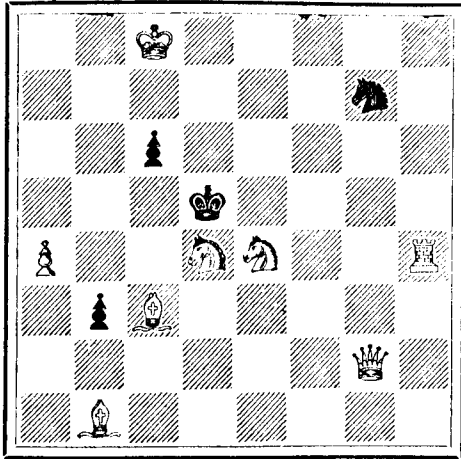
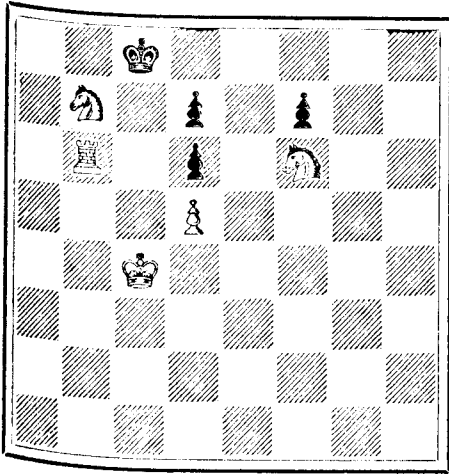


Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the haulton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the most harmless of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
FERD T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.
Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

CHESSE.

PROBLEM No. 593.
By Editor Glasgow Herald.
BLACK.

PROBLEM No. 594.
By J. B. Valle.
BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 587.
White. 1. B-K 1
2. Q-R 6 +
3. Kt-B 7 mate
Black. 1. K-Kt 5
2. K x Q
If 1. K-Kt 3
2. K-B 5
With other variations.

No. 588.
R x P

A LIVELY SKIRMISH PLAYED AT THE MONTREAL CHESS CLUB, JULY 1st, 1891.

FRENCH DEFENCE.

J. Henderson. White.
1. P-K 4
2. P-Q 4
3. Kt-Q B 3
4. P x P
5. B-Q 3
6. Kt-B 3
7. Castles
8. B-K Kt 5
9. K-R 1
10. Kt-K 2
11. P x B
G. Barry. Black.
1. P-K 3
2. P-Q 4
3. Kt-K B 3
4. P x P
5. B-Q 3
6. Castles
7. P-B 3
8. B-K Kt 5
9. Q-Kt-Q 2
10. B x Kt
11. Q-B 2

J. Henderson. White.
12. Kt-Kt 3
13. R-K Kt 1
14. B-R 6
15. Q-Q 2
16. B x Kt
17. Kt-B 5 +
18. Q-R 6
19. R-Kt 4
20. Q x R P +
21. R-R 4 +
G. Barry. Black.
Kt-K 1 (a)
P-K Kt 3
Kt-Kt 2
Q-R-K 1
K x B
K-R 1
R-K Kt 1
B-B 1 (b)
K x Q
Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) Not the best defence at Black's command, but played for the mere sake of variety.
(b) Overlooking the intent of White's last move. He should have taken the Kt.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS, INFLAMMATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ASTHMA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INFLUENZA.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY.

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, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by druggists

Dr. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent

A SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists, 25c a bottle.

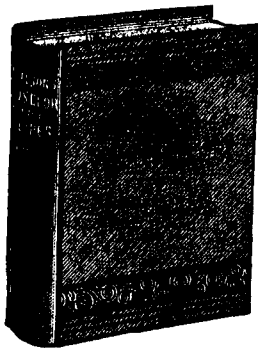
Dr. RADWAY'S PILLS

For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY & Co., Montreal.

HOW TO GET WELL,

KEEP WELL AND LIVE LONG.



Dr. DANELSON'S COUNSELOR

WITH RECIPES.

A TRUSTY GUIDE FOR THE FAMILY. An illustrated book of nearly 800 pages, treating Physiology, Hygiene, Marriage, Medical Practice, etc. Describing all known diseases and ailments, and giving plain prescriptions for their cure, with proper directions for home treatment.

The RECIPES are endorsed by eminent physicians and the medical press. Remedies are always given in a pleasant form, and the reasons for their use. It describes the best Washes, Liniments, Salves, Plasters, Infusions, Pills, Injections, Sprays, Syrups, Tonics, etc. These are valuable to the physician and nurse, making it a manual for reference.

The chapter upon POISONS is exhaustive, and every poison appears in the index, so that the antidote can be readily and, if need be, hurriedly found.

18 pages upon MARRIAGE treat the subject historically, philosophically and physiologically. It should be read by everybody.

67 pages upon HYGIENE, or the Preservation of Health; a chapter of inestimable value. "Everybody wishes to be healthy, and everybody, when they think of it at any rate, wishes to avoid such things as might bring disease and suffering."

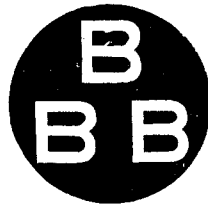
80 pages are devoted to PHYSIOLOGY, giving an accurate and extensive description of the wonderful and mysterious working of the machinery within ourselves, correcting many popular errors, and marking vividly the stumbling blocks where most people, innocently or carelessly, begin to lose health. Truths are stated which to many will be surprising.

500 pages which follow present MEDICAL TREATMENT with Sensible and Scientific Methods of Cure.

Sent, postage paid, on receipt of 25c.

OXFORD PUBLISHING COMPANY,

5 Jordan Street, Toronto.



In Black and White

All statements concerning Burdock Blood Bitters are made on the evidence of testimonials that can not be disproved. They are strictly true.

B. B. B. Purifies the Blood.

B. B. B. Regulates the Liver.

B. B. B. Strengthens the Stomach.

B. B. B. Regulates the Bowels.

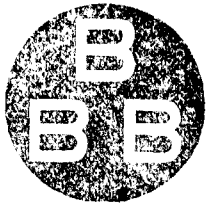
All such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Skin Diseases, etc., are caused by wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Blood, and may be cured by correcting this wrong action and regulating and purifying all the organs, thus restoring perfect health. B. B. B. will do this promptly, safely, and surely. It succeeds where other remedies fail. Even many forms of Cancer yield to its curative powers. Price \$1 per bottle, six for \$5, or less than a cent a dose.

B. B. B. Cures Dyspepsia.

B. B. B. Cures Biliousness.

B. B. B. Cures Constipation.

B. B. B. Cures Bad Blood.



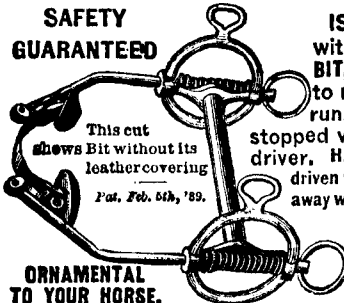
ESTERBROOK PENS

26 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.

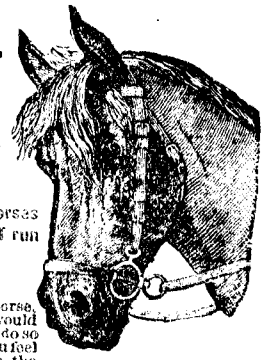
For Sale by all Stationers. ROBERT ESTERBROOK, MANUFACTURER, MONTREAL.

RUNAWAYS IMPOSSIBLE!

SAFETY GUARANTEED



IS THIS POSSIBLE? YES, with the AUTOMATIC SAFETY BIT, any horse who ever starts to run away, be he vicious or running from fright, can be stopped without injury to horse, or driver, HARD-MOUTHED or PULLING horses driven with ease. Your horse CANNOT run away with the Automatic Safety Bit.



ORNAMENTAL TO YOUR HORSE.

Automatic Safety Bit you can drive him and stop him easily without the slightest injury or irritation to the horse. You have a handsome horse you would like to have your wife or daughter drive, but are afraid to do so, for fear they will not be able to control him. With the Automatic Safety Bit adjusted a fifteen year old girl can stop the most vicious horse without hurting the horse or in any way worrying or fretting him. The mechanism for stopping the horse does not act upon the bit proper, but through the outside of the bit on the nostrils, closing them and shutting off the horse's wind, and of necessity stopping him. Absolute safety from running away is guaranteed to anybody using these Bits. Simple in construction, easy on the horse and absolutely reliable. Circulars and testimonials will be sent you upon application to

L. P. BRITT, 37 College Place, cor. Murray St., N. Y.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.



STUDY THIS COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS.

	Johnston's Fluid Beef.	Beef Extract
Albumen, Fibrine, etc. (Nutritious Element)	22.10	none
Soluble Salts of Flesh (Stimulating Element)	33.10	58.50
Mineral Salts (Bone Forming Element)	12.00	21.50
Moisture	31.90	20.00
	100.00	100.00

Beef Extracts are merely stimulants.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF is Real Food.

Confederation Life

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

BUSINESS IN FORCE, \$20,000,000

ASSETS AND CAPITAL

FOUR AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS

INCREASES MADE IN 1890

In Income,	-	\$55,168.00
In Assets,	-	\$417,141.00
In Cash Surplus,	-	\$68,648.00
In New Business,	-	\$706,967.00
In Business in Force,	-	\$1,600,376.00

W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

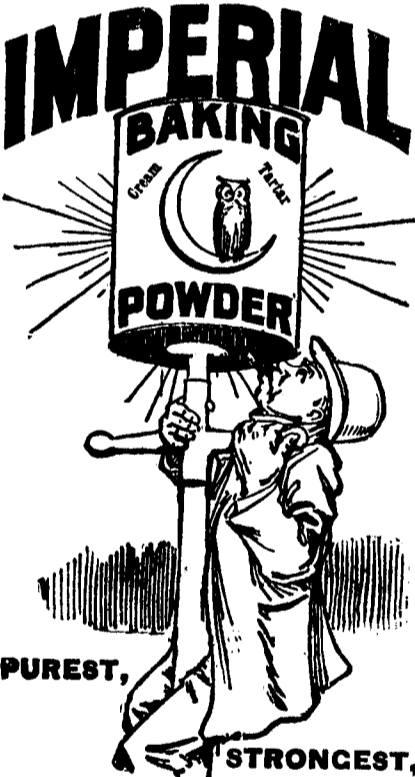
Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not.

Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.



IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST,
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa
 from which the excess of oil has been removed, is **Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.**
No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, **EASILY DIGESTED**, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

WINDSOR HOTEL MONTREAL.

THE WINDSOR, facing on the finest and most central square in the city, stands unrivalled in Canada. Its cool, airy situation, spacious rooms, Palatial Corridors, Parlours, and Dining-Room, hold a world-wide reputation, and place it among the Palace Hotels of the American continent. It is within one minute's walk of the Grand Trunk and new Canadian Pacific Railway depots.

GEO. W. SWETT, Manager.
 Niagara : Falls : Line.
DOUBLE TRIPS DAILY.
St. EMRESS OF INDIA
 Leaves Geddes Wharf, foot of Yonge St., at 7.40 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. for
St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York
 And all points east. Tickets at all G.T.R. and Emress ticket offices and on wharf.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT Co.
 Clyde Built Electric Lighted Steamers,
MACASSA AND MODJESKA,
 BETWEEN
HAMILTON AND TORONTO.
 Calling at OAKVILLE and HAMILTON BEACH. Four Trips each way daily (Sundays excepted).
 Leave Toronto—7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5.15 p.m. Leave Hamilton—7.45 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 5.30 p.m.
 Family Tickets at greatly Reduced Rates. Special rates for pic-nics and other excursions.
F. ARMSTRONG,
 Agent, Geddes Wharf, Toronto.
J. B. GRIFFITH, Manager, Hamilton.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE.
PALACE STEAMERS
CHICORA AND CIBOLA,
 In connection with Vanderbilt system of railways, leave Toronto four times daily (except Sunday) for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains on New York Central and Michigan Central railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and all points east and west. Leave Yonge street wharf 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4.45 p.m. Tickets at all principal offices. **JOHN J. FOY, Manager.**

STEAMER "LAKESIDE."

DAILY TRIPS TO ST. CATHARINES.
 The fine steamer "Lakeside" leaves Milloy's wharf, foot of Yonge Street, for St. Catharines daily at 3.40 p.m., making close connections for Welland, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, etc.

Saturday Trips to St. Catharines.
 The steamer "LAKESIDE" will commence her popular Saturday Trips next Saturday, June 6th, leaving Milloy's Wharf, foot Yonge Street, at 2 o'clock p.m., returning 10 p.m. Tickets good to return Monday. Round trip 50 cts.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.
ALE AND PORTER BREWERS,
No. 1006 Notre Dame St.
MONTREAL,
 Have always on hand the various kinds of
ALE AND PORTER
 IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.
Families Regularly Supplied

A HAPPY TRANSITION.



After five years' suffering from Dyspepsia my wife got entirely cured in one month by the free use of **ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.** We prize it highly. It brings from misery to fine health and permanent. Feel so good and hearty will take pleasure in answering any enquiries.
JOSEPH PRICE,
 349 Dovercourt Rd., Toronto.

Mr. M. A. Thomas is now down at the Hotel, and has everything in first class shape.
St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto.
 Branch Office—Tidy's Flower Depot, 164 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO., L'td. PRESTON, ONT
 Successors to W. STAHLSCHEMIDT & CO. Manufacturers of Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.



Office Desk, No. 5.
 TORONTO REPRESENTATIVE: **GEO. F. BOSTWICK,**
24 FRONT ST. W., - TORONTO.

H. H. DAVIDSON, V.S., V.D. W. M. DAVIDSON
WEST END VETERINARY INFIRMARY, CAB, LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.
TELEPHONE 5006.
 All orders will receive prompt attention


DAVIDSON BROS.
188 STRACHAN AVE.
 LONDON.—Agents for B. J. Nash & Co., Carriages of all kinds on hand.

A REMARKABLE STORY
 Already famous in Europe, entitled "Four Days," from the Russian of *Garsin* appears in the double summer number of **POET-LORE**—June 15th. It is a vivid picture of a significant episode in the life of a modern soldier. Two short stories of a very different kind follow—"Faded Leaves," and "Green is Hope," translated from the Norse of *Alexander Kielland*. The same number of **POET-LORE** contains a hitherto unpublished letter of *John Ruskin* on "Wages"; and critical papers on "Two Versions of the Wandering Jew," by *Prof. R. G. Moulton*; "The Text of Shakespeare," by *Dr. Horace Howard Furness*; "An Inductive Study of 'As You Like It,'" by *C. A. Wurtzburg*; and a "Study Programme: Magic, Out-door and Human Nature in Literature," of practical use to Reading Circles or for the home study of Literature.
 A COMPLETE PLAY—"Harold," by the distinguished German dramatist, *Ernst von Wildenbruch*, will be given, translated into English verse, with the author's sanction, in the second double number of **POET-LORE**—Sept. 15th. This drama is on an English theme, is full of action, and is a marked success on the German stage (copyright applied for). A portrait of the author, and a critical and biographical account of him, will also be given.
 Yearly Subscription, - \$2 50
 Double Numbers, each - 0 50
Poet-Lore Co.,
1602 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA

"THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY" maintains its well-earned reputation for taste in the selection of material and for excellence in composition. Here are things new and old, histories of men, places, states and institutions, in new and attractive styles and phases. Whoever reads this Magazine monthly goes forth a fuller, richer and wiser man than he was, and more so than much of what is popular could make him. The magazine is a blessing to those who aspire to culture.—*Princeton Press, New Jersey, August 1, 1891.*
 "It gives the reader something out of the usual run of monthly periodicals."—*Wheeling Register, West Virginia.*


Magazine of American History
CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1891.
Portrait of Columbus. Frontispiece.
The Spartans of Paris. Leaves from my autobiography, Part II. (Conclusion.) Illustrated. General Meredith Read, Knight Grand Cross of Royal Order of the Redeemer.
Courtship and Marriage of Queen Isabella of Spain. Illustrated. Emanuel Spencer.
Some Interesting Facts about Electricity. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb.
California as an Outpost of Civilization. Career of William Tell Coleman. Hubert Howe Bancroft.
The First English Foundations. Professor B. A. Hinsdale, Ph. D.
A Queen's Undying Love. A poem. Sarah K. Bolton.
Social Life among the Eskimo. De Franz Boas.
A Carolan Bourbon. Yates Snowden.
Governor Bradford's Manorial Rights. Grace Bradford Fairfay.
General Grant on President Lincoln.
Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Book Notices.
 Terms, \$5 a year, 50 cents a number.

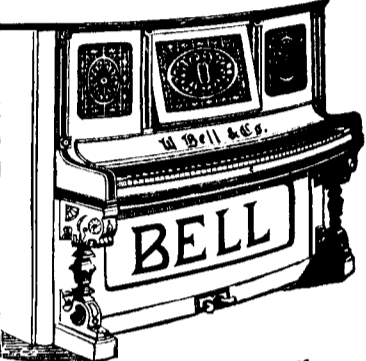
PUBLISHED AT
743 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
 Ask your Newdealer for this Magazine.

COAL AND WOOD

CONGERS COAL CO., Limited,
 General Office 6 King St. East.

MUSICAL COURIER,
 NEW YORK
 ESTABLISHED IN 1880:
 The most Influential and Powerful Musical Weekly in America.
 Contributors in all the great art centres of Europe and America.

Subscription (including postage) \$4.00 yearly in advance
BLUMENBERG AND FLOERSHEIM
 EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS
 Every Person Reads
THE EMPIRE.
CANADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER
 THE EMPIRE has now the largest circulation of any morning paper published in Canada, and is therefore the BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM in the Dominion.
 THE DAILY, sent to any address in Canada, United States or Great Britain one year for \$5.00.
 THE WEEKLY, \$1.00 per year in advance.

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND Scalp of infancy and childhood, whether tormented, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusty, purifying, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, and an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Kidney pains, backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. 30c.

PIANOS!

 For Catalogue, etc., address
THE Bell Organ & Piano Co., L'td.
GUELPH, ONT.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
 Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Bleaching, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds of Soda.
 Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
B. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

CONSUMPTION.
 I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by the use of thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

SAFE BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED VEGETABLE PILLS PROMPT
EASY TO TAKE
INFALLIBLE
SAFE
BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED VEGETABLE PILLS PROMPT