

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

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Saturday, May 7th, 1887.

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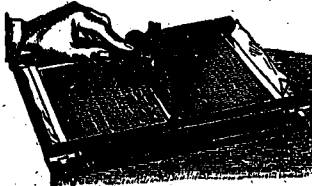
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## Editorial Notes.

### O'BRIEN AND HIS MISSION.

THE editor of *United Ireland* is on his way to America on the fastest of all fast steamers, and, unless he loses time in New York, we may confidently look for him in Canada in the course of next week. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. O'Brien's mission, but, in the face of his impending visit, that opinion cannot be too often repeated, and even emphasized. In attempting to drag Canada into a quarrel which in no wise concerns her he is a mischievous agitator, and should not only meet with no encouragement at the hands of the Canadian people, but should, if necessary, be most unmistakably sat upon. The resolutions recently passed by the Dominion and Local Legislatures were a direct encouragement to Irish "patriots," but we are decidedly of opinion that those resolutions did not voice the prevailing sentiment of the people, and that they in fact savoured largely of impertinent interference. But again: this mission of O'Brien's has special reference to our Governor-General, who is to be "bearded and denounced at his palace gate." Why? Because he is an absentee landlord? No, but because he has refused to yield to pressure on the part of selfish, grasping rack-renters who have grown rich by despoiling their Irish sub-tenants. This is altogether a private matter between Lord Lansdowne and his tenants, with which, under ordinary circumstances, we should have neither the right nor the inclination to interfere; but as O'Brien and his coadjutors are seeking to rouse our feelings on the subject, we make so bold as to say that his Lordship has acted with exceptional moderation under very trying circumstances, and that his conduct deserves commendation rather than denunciation. His tenants have much to thank him for, and, so far as we have been able to learn, nothing wherewith to reproach him. We want no firebrands coming

among us to create a spurious sympathy for spurious wrongs, and if Mr. O'Brien is well advised he will not attempt to carry out his threat of denouncing Canada's Governor-General from the platform in every important city of the Dominion. Should he do so he will probably be forced to the conclusion that he has made a mistake. The best course for sensible people to pursue with reference to him would be to leave him severely out in the cold, and this course, we hear, not a few respectable Irish Canadians have resolved to follow.

### THE PARNELL LETTER.

UP to the present hour Mr. Parnell has taken no action whereby he may prove the innocence which he protests in regard to the letter published by *The Times*. He has simply denied the authorship of it. His denial has been vigorously endorsed by all his supporters in and out of Parliament, and has moreover received the opinion of Mr. Gladstone in support of his bare assertion. There was a time when Mr. Gladstone's opinion carried great weight with even his most bitter opponents. To the world at large who are outside the unsavoury atmosphere of Irish politics, one of two conclusions will be drawn regarding this famous—or infamous—letter. Either Mr. Parnell did really write the document, or he is afraid to face the searching enquiry that would be made in a British court of justice. Except with those who blindly follow Mr. Parnell's leadership from motives of interest or sympathy, the cause of Home Rule for Ireland will suffer a severe blow from the bolt that fell in a clear sky from the responsible hands of "The Thunderer."

### CANADA'S ADVICE TO BRITAIN.

AS we anticipated, the resolutions passed by our Legislatures in connection with the Coercion Bill have been nearly unanimously condemned by the English Press as gratuitous and insolent interferences in matters entirely outside of Canadian concern. No attention was attracted by them, and they will not carry the slightest influence with anyone except extreme partisans and members of the National League. We believe in redressing, so far as possible, all the wrongs from which Ireland has suffered. We believe that much has been done of late years to this end. But we also believe that the present system of organized opposition to British law and order must be effectually stopped before any radical benefit can accrue to suffering Ireland. The present Government and the Liberal Unionists are both ready to take up the question of Home legislation for Ireland; but not before that country is in a fit condition to adopt changes in her constitution. A man would scarcely

be liberated even from false imprisonment who continually swore to shoot someone when he left gaol.

#### THE C.P.R. MAIL SERVICE.

IN spite of the ridicule cast upon the British House of Lords, in that they do "nothing in particular, and do it very well," the unanimous manner in which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's tender for the Western mail service was supported by the upper crust of British statesmen shows that those gentlemen are not indifferent to the interests of either the Mother Country or the colonies. The Earl of Harrowby made an exhaustive statement of the claims presented by the C.P.R. in their tender, and showed from all grounds of Imperial, military and business policy that the Canadian offer was far preferable to that of Mr. Holt. Half a dozen noble speakers followed in similar terms, and the Earl of Onslow, replying for the Government, gave hope that a realization of this great compact between England and Canada would be ratified. The London press is united in voice and sentiment on the matter, the *Times* being especially strong in its support. From a Canadian point of view the advantages would be numerous should such an arrangement be effected, and the only question is that of obtaining the best possible terms.

#### SHOP AND TAVERN LICENSES.

THE Toronto License Commissioners—two of them, at least—have "built themselves an everlasting name," but of a kind altogether different from that erected for herself by Lady Godiva. If they had been bribed by the liquor interest to bring reproach upon the temperance cause, they could not have more effectually carried out their instructions than by acting as they have. The true interest of the public was evidently the very last thing taken into consideration; or it would probably be more correct to say that the public interest was the one thing which was not considered at all. One of the Commissioners could see nothing in his appointment but a means of favouring his co-religionists. The other—but we refrain from peering too curiously into the motives by which the other was actuated. It must of course be understood that Mr. Rose stands acquitted of all complicity in the shameless conduct of his colleagues. His position was an unenviable one, and must have been a sore trial to his nerves and temper, but, notwithstanding the result, we have good reason to be thankful that he was on the commission. If they do these things in the green tree, what would they have done in the dry? If, in spite of Mr. Rose's presence, they could manage things thus, what would have been the result if the third Commissioner had been one like unto themselves? A public meeting is to be held to protest against this most culpable abuse of petty power. Let every honest man in the community attend, and show by his presence and his voice what he thinks of the judicial methods of Messieurs Thwaite and Cassidy.

#### THE SHRIEVALTY OF YORK.

THE appointment of young Mr. Mowat to the shrievalty of York can only be characterized in one way. It was an act of gross favouritism and injustice: favouritism, inas-

much as it made large and life-long provision for a man who has never done anything to deserve such a windfall of good fortune; and injustice, inasmuch as it nullified the claims of deserving men who have strong claims upon Mr. Mowat and his government. This single act will do more to smirch the high reputation of Ontario's premier than any or all which he has committed during his many years of office. With what face can he or his government henceforth censure Sir John Macdonald or Sir Charles Tupper? Neither of those gentleman has hitherto done anything quite so indecent as this. At any rate they have not done it openly, and as though it were not a matter to be ashamed of or apologized for.

#### OUR CHRISTIAN EXEMPLARS.

PROBABLY the greatest cause of the spread of so-called infidelity in these times is the gross inconsistency apparent between the teachings of Christianity and the lives and conduct of some of its duly-authorized expounders. A tree is known by its fruits. We do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, and when we see a tree bringing forth nothing but sour crabs year after year, it is not to be wondered at if we refuse to believe that the original graft was a *Dulce Pomum*. In like manner, when we see persons who claim the right to be addressed as "Reverend" holding up the life of Christ as an example to mankind, and whose own lives are nevertheless such as no honest or decent man can contemplate without disgust, it is not strange that we should pause and reflect upon such wide divergence between profession and practice, or that we should find ourselves beset by harassing doubts as to the quality of the tree which brings forth such fruit. It is perhaps illogical that such doubts should intrude themselves. We shall be told that a tree should be judged, if not by its choicest products, at least by their average quality, and not by the blasted and abortive specimens of a partly-decayed and worm-eaten branch. All of which is perfectly true; but the taste of one acid crab into which we have inadvertently set our teeth will for the time obliterate all memory of the rich-flavoured golden pippins which graced the desert-table last winter. So, likewise, when we find the professed minister of Christ going about inculcating indifference to worldly things, carelessness of place and pelf, truthfulness and straightforwardness in word and deed, honour and integrity in all the relations of life, charity in judging the acts of his fellow-men, and forgiveness towards those who have used him despitefully—when we behold all these things, and when we see the self-same personage living a life much nearer akin to that of Judas than to that of Jesus: when we see him greedy, self-seeking and mean almost beyond conception: when we discover that he can lie as glibly as Ananias, and that no one who knows him has any confidence in his truthfulness or integrity: when we find him going about secretly maligning and lying about his betters: when we learn that he is possessed by a filthy imagination which revels in the contemplation of salacious stories—stories which he relates under the hypocritical pretence of being inexpressibly shocked thereby: when we find

that his heart is filled with rancour and hatred against those who have detected and exposed his rascalities: when we find that he has a ferocious temper, over which he has no more control than a wild beast: that he rushes into print with shrieks of hysteria whenever he finds himself held up to the scorn which he knows himself to richly merit—then, is it any wonder that we are led to ask if such miserable creatures as this really have any faith in the religion which they profess?

#### CLERICAL SCOUNDRELS.

We have been led into this train of reflection by an examination of the columns of the newspapers which have reached this office by a single day's post. In the ordinary course of things, one can hardly take up a newspaper without coming upon some more or less serious delinquency committed by a minister of religion; but of late the crop of clerical shortcomings has been of exceptional quality and abundance. Within the last few days three pastors have been brought to account in the city of New York alone for conduct which, if proved, ought forever to exclude them from the society of decent men and women. Other cases of a like nature have simultaneously come to light in *fourteen different localities* in the United States. Well, it may be said, all these things happen across the lines, where a looser state of things prevails than is to be found among us. There is certainly more clerical misconduct in the States than there is in Canada, inasmuch as the population of the former is about fifty millions, whereas our own population is not more than one-tenth as large. But one need not go outside of Canada, or even outside the godly city of Toronto, to find ministers of religion and ecclesiastical officials who are guilty of acts unbecoming to Christian men. A single day's issue of the Toronto papers last week contained two cases in point. One was the case of an elder of a church, who appeared at the Police Court charged with obstructing his minister from entering the sacred edifice for the purpose of conducting divine service. The same elder was further charged with using insulting language towards a member of the congregation. The case has not yet been heard, and it may be that the accused will be found innocent of the offence laid to his charge. But the newspapers which recorded the foregoing circumstances also contained a letter from another clerical personage—the Rev. William Inglis, of Toronto—which, assuming the writer to be in possession of his senses, would seem to demand the attention of the Presbytery. The subject of the letter is an epistle written by a brother-minister, the Rev. Mr. Macleod, of the Central Presbyterian Church. Mr. Macleod's letter we have not seen, but it appears that he therein characterized Inglis as a "party-writer, pre-eminently distinguished for truthfulness." This was more than the reverend journalist could stand. Was it because he resented the imputation of being truthful? Or was it consciousness of his own shortcomings that led him to assume that Mr. Macleod had written ironically, and meant to charge him, by implication, with being *untruthful*? But the manner of the letter in reply is as objectionable as the matter. It is one sustained shriek of impotent rage

from first to last. The writer winds up by denouncing his clerical brother as a "conscientious calumniator"—an expression which, translated into good English, is neither more nor less than "wilful liar." How a man of mature years, and the most ordinary discretion or common sense, should have been betrayed into pouring forth such a windy, incoherent half-column of hysteria, passes comprehension. His only excuse must be that he was for the time consumed by such a howling tempest of malicious rage as not to be fully responsible for what he was doing. A bad excuse is proverbially said to be better than none at all, but it must be admitted that such an excuse as this comes with singular gracelessness from a professed follower of Him who taught the doctrine of forgiveness in all its plenitude. Is it not a pity, in the interest of himself and his family, that this sweet-tempered cleric had no wise counsellor to stay his hand.

#### BLACK SHEEP.

BUT let us be just. There are ministers and ministers. A very small proportion of them, we believe, would bring reproach upon themselves in the stupid and senseless manner above indicated. There are black sheep in every flock and if some of them are also scabby, the majority, we honestly believe, are white and wholesome. The Christian ministry contains many grand and noble men in its ranks—many men who are spending their lives in doing such good as comes to their hand, and in trying to leave the world better than they found it. The clerical calling, to anyone who entertains a just idea of its grave duties and responsibilities, is perhaps the most trying and arduous of all professions. But it is only to such conscientious and high-minded persons that the calling is a specially trying one: whereas, to those who merely see in it a medium for getting through the world without doing any hard or useful work, it offers strong temptations. The wonder perhaps is, not that there are so many scabby sheep in the flock, but that healthy ones are not as rare as were righteous men of old in the Cities of the Plain.

#### A NATIONAL LIBRARY.

If Canadian literature is to take its place in future history among the literatures of the world, it is of the highest importance that such works as have already been produced by our own writers should be preserved. It is the rule in many European countries that copies of all new books be sent to some central national library, such as the British Museum or Bibliothèque Nationale. As to the aid which such collections of national literature must be to authors and students, no discussion is necessary. There is so much excellent general literature produced all over the world at the present day that cosmopolitanism in reading is apt to crush out the desire of maintaining a national independence in this respect. Would it not be well that compulsory care be taken of the Canadian books published from year to year? They may now be regarded as ephemeral, but in years to come, when this great Dominion shall have accomplished her destiny by becoming a great nation, such a collection of literature would be of inestimable value.

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JOHN CHARLES DENT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## SECRET SOCIETIES.

AN opinion is becoming widely prevalent that the secret society business is considerably overdone, and there are well-informed persons in this city who do not hesitate to say that the influence of those societies is becoming decidedly pernicious, if not absolutely dangerous to the public weal.

Such remarks as these are made, not by cranks, or by those claiming to be suffering from chronic grievances, but by liberal-minded persons of the highest intelligence, who are not given to talking at random or making extraordinary charges without having facts to support them.

Direct testimony is of course very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in such cases, but there is a large accumulation of circumstantial evidence which cannot be ignored, and which is being quietly collected with a view to ultimate publication.

We have recently had an opportunity of examining a considerable portion of this evidence, and we frankly confess that we have been more than a little surprised at some of the revelations which the examination has forced upon us. Very little of the testimony is of such a character as to be available before a legal tribunal, even if there were any means of bringing it to such a test. But much of it is of a kind to carry conviction to the mind of anyone who gives it serious and dispassionate consideration, and who has no object but to get at the plain truth. And if a tithe of what is alleged is susceptible of verification, it is high time for the community to awaken to the danger by which it is threatened.

It is said that persons who belong to secret societies exercise an altogether unjust discrimination as against outsiders in dealing with the business and social affairs of every-day life.

Some of the facts brought forward in support of this assertion are such that the conclusion forced upon the mind is simply irresistible. Specific instances are given, with names and dates, and a good deal of light is thrown upon certain contracts and public events which have hitherto been enveloped in an air of mystery.

It is even beginning to be whispered pretty loudly that, in the lodges of some of the higher degrees, political and other appointments are discussed and determined upon, and that, when necessary, pressure is brought to bear in various quarters to force the hands of those having the power of appointment.

Some of the appointments in connection with the School Board and the Public Library are thus for the first time made intelligible.

We are informed, moreover, that this is no new thing, but that it has of late assumed dimensions which it never before attained, at any rate in this country.

It is possible that the Church of Rome, in setting her face against secret societies, may have been acting not merely in her own interests, but in the interests of society at large.

We shall return to this subject at an early day.

## AN HOUR AT THE EDUCATIONAL MUSEUM.

HAVING been unwillingly absent for a long period from all artistic associations, save a few books and the great canvas of nature, I was glad to refresh my memory of some of the greatest Old World pictures the other morning by viewing the copies at the Museum of the Education Department. I procured a catalogue and started at once for the Italian schools. Among my first discoveries were the facts of many pictures being unnumbered or wrongly numbered, and of others being hung either in dark spaces between windows or in corridors where a gloomy coloured light and plenty of darkness prevented one from seeing them at all. In the relations between spectator and picture, chiaroscuro is all very well, if the latter be in the light and the former in the shade. When the case is otherwise, everything—soul, sense and object—is entirely in the dark. In Normal buildings one is tempted to expect normal methods. However, the majority of the copies are as fairly placed as possible, although the necessity for economy of space has so crowded them together as to destroy the possibility of any chronological arrangement. Nor can a scholastic grouping be expected. Where there is little art one must make great allowance, and in a city of incongruous architecture and inconsistent morality, too much taste cannot be expected. Which remark is not intended as a sneer.

It seems a little strange that Angelico's art—so important as being the earliest effort of the pre-Raphaelites and the most spiritual product of the pietist painters—should only be represented by a small reliquary, stuck away at the top of a dark corner, where nothing is distinguishable but the blaze of gold groundwork on which the Virgin is seen *en masse*, with surrounding figures. It may have been placed there by accident, or because it is small and not very distinct, on which latter account it should certainly occupy a light and discernible position. Of this purest of religious painters, perhaps the best example would be a copy of one of his Annunciations or Crucifixions, which should be placed in the best possible position in veneration of the holy monk who made it, and of the earliest and purest devotional paintings. The example at present in the room is completely useless as a type of Fra Angelico's power and purity even if one could see it.

The one copy of him nicknamed Ghirlandajo—a "Holy Family"—is an excellent example of his style. The figure of the Child Jesus is especially fine, though not comparable with Carlo Dolci's beautiful infant figures, and still less with

those of Raffaele. The landscape on the left is worth studying, being extremely peculiar and crude in treatment. The catalogue gives the date of this artist's death as 1498. Did it not occur in 1494? Ministers of Education should at least be accurate in dates. Of the works of Baccio della Porta, better known as Fra Bartolommeo, three good copies are hung. The portrait of Savonarola, his spiritual master, is striking and strongly handled. The peculiarly dull green ground gives a gloomy character to the portrait of the great monk, in whose heavy jaws and full lips love and determination are firmly blended. Il Fratere's colouring is peculiar. He loved gloomy greens and light sickly reds, as shown in both the St. Catharine and Mary. The drapery is very finely managed; but this was an especial object of his patient study. Both these figures belong to the same period, and the faces are not altogether pleasing. The left hand of the Virgin at first seems strange; but is due to the folds of the overlapping drapery.

The Medusa's Head, attributed to Leonardo Da Vinci, and copied from the alleged original in the Uffizi Palace at Florence, is so unlike anything of this artist's work as to be considered by most critics spurious, and the work of a later hand. A note of this should have been made in the catalogue. The statement, too, that Verrocchio relinquished painting on account of his pupil's (Leonardo) superiority is also known to be incorrect. The story affixed to "The Medusa's Head" seems to refer to another lost picture, in which a dragonic beast was compounded of horrible shapes. Whether the Medusa be genuine or not, it is a remarkably horrid painting. The livid blue and red tints and the ghastly stare of the half closed eyes are certainly of powerful and weird effect, and the intense gloom over it all, unbroken except for the little light glittering on the almost metallic coils of the hair-snakes, adds to its horrible fascination. It is a relief to turn and admire the tones in the copy of "Vertumnus and Pomona," which are wonderful. The flesh is especially fine in modesty, and the hands are most beautifully drawn. The great variety of colouring in this picture is so perfectly harmonious that one looks around in vain for anything approaching its delicate handling. It is not brilliant; neither is it subdued; but the harmony is most perfect and the effect most pleasing. This is one of the best copies in the room, and worthy of all possible study. The drapery is beautifully finished and well reproduced. Undoubtedly this is one of the gems of the collection, and recalls the great power of that many-sided genius who has been aptly termed the Faust of Italian Renaissance, and whose influence was felt long after he ceased to produce such masterpieces of colour as the one reproduced here.

SAREPTA.

THE book about Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, by his chaplain, Dr. Koch, which was announced some time ago, will be published shortly in London. It will contain the Prince's own explanation of the submissive telegram he sent to the Czar after his return to Sofia, showing that he thus personally humbled himself in order, if possible, to save Bulgaria from the further consequences of the Czar's anger.

## Poetry.

## HOW THE BABY CAME.

THE Lady Moon came down last night—  
She did, you needn't doubt it—  
A lovely lady dressed in white :  
I'll tell you all about it.  
They hurried Len and me to bed,  
And Auntie said, "Now, maybe  
That pretty moon up overhead  
Will bring us down a baby.

"You lie as quiet as can be :  
Perhaps you'll catch her peeping  
Between the window-bars, to see  
If all the folks are sleeping.  
And then, if both of you are still,  
And all the room is shady,  
She'll float across the window-sill,  
A pretty white moon-lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,  
You'll see her shining brightly,  
Until she comes to mother's door,  
And then she'll vanish lightly.  
But in the morning you will find,  
If nothing happens, maybe,  
She's left us something nice behind—  
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,  
For Auntie's always chaffing ;  
The tales she tells to me and Len  
Would make you die a-laughing ;  
And when she went out pretty soon,  
Len said : "That's Auntie's humming ;  
There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,  
Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,  
And yet I wasn't certain ;  
So I kept quiet in the crib,  
And peeped behind the curtain.  
I didn't mean to sleep a wink,  
But all without a warning,  
I dropt right off—and, don't you think,  
I never waked till morning !

Then there was Auntie by my bed,  
And when I climbed and kissed her,  
She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,  
You've got a little sister !  
What made you shut your eyes so soon ?  
I've half a mind to scold you—  
For down she came, that Lady Moon,  
Exactly as I told you !"

And truly it was not a joke,  
In spite of Len's denying ;  
For just the very time she spoke  
We heard the baby crying.  
The way we jumped, and made a rush  
For mother's room that minute !  
But Auntie stopped us, crying, "Hush !  
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe in,  
And keep as awful quiet  
As if it was a mighty sin  
To make a bit of riot.  
But there was baby, anyhow—  
The funniest little midget !  
I just wish you could peep in now,  
And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe its true,  
(He isn't such a gaby),  
The moon had anything to do  
With bringing us that baby.  
But seems to me it's very clear,  
As clear as running water—  
Last night there was no baby here,  
So something must have brought her.

THE latest acquisition to a dime museum is a man who has a spiral neck, shaped something like a corkscrew. It is supposed that he sat in a theatre behind a high hat, and twisted his neck out of shape in trying to get a glimpse of the stage.

### Literary Notes.

THE recent biography of Charles Reade by his brother and his nephew is a wretched piece of literary work, contemptibly inadequate to the subject, and altogether lacking in those qualities which made Charles Reade himself so effective whenever he had a pen in his hand and a congenial theme to work upon. To begin with, it is clear that the writers are the rawest kind of entered apprentices at the literary craft. The subject before them was one of surpassing interest. Charles Reade had a strong individuality, and what Dr. Johnson would have called the "anfractuosities" of his intellect made him a tempting subject for biography. Then, there was more variety in his life than falls to the share of most writers in these nineteenth century times, and a skilful pen could have made a book about him which would not have fallen far short of Boswell himself in point of interest. In spite of the incompetence of the authors, indeed, the book is interesting, but it is so amateurish and so grossly inadequate to its theme that one's appreciation is disturbed on almost every page. For the sake of the dead author's fame, it is much to be regretted that the preparation of the work was not entrusted to competent hands—to the hands, for instance, of Walter Besant, who knew and loved Charles Reade; who is a wise and just critic, and who is master of a pleasing and withal scholarly style. He would have done full justice to his subject, and have given us a book which would have taken rank among the great biographies of English literature; whereas the actual production is enough to make the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* turn over in his grave.

PROFESSOR BRYCE had a vigorous letter in last Saturday's *Globe* on the *Week's* so-called criticism of his *Short History of the Canadian People*. He disclaims, and with perfect justice, the imputation of being unpatriotic in his references to Canadian literature. "As a Canadian born and bred," he writes, "I desire—yes, intensely desire—to see a representative Canadian literature, but I maintain that the way to obtain this is not to call base metal pure gold. To gain this the standard of literary criticism must be raised high, the bustling penny-a-liners and mere literary hacks must be scourged out of the temple of truth, and the devotees of dulness given their due reward. . . I for one refuse to put Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas into the lists, and call them Geraints or Galahads." This reproof from Professor Bryce is well-timed. The miserable little clique of half-educated scribblers who for several years back have been trying to puff one another into notoriety must be severely repressed before the literary calling can hope to win respect in Ontario. Persons who have no educational or other fitness for literary pursuits, and who would find their proper vocation in some much less ambitious sphere, have contrived to push themselves into notice, and now have the assurance to pose among those who know no better as "literary men." Some of these have already found their true level, and have sunk utterly out of sight. The rest will follow in due course, and the sooner the better. Meanwhile, Professor Bryce's much-needed rebuke may perhaps have the effect of stopping the mouths of some of the most noisy and blatant of the whole batch.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has in the press an original series of prose and verse compositions issued under the general title of *Latter Day Leaves*. Each portion will be complete in itself, and published at a low price, with illustrations. The first "leaf" is called *Thro' the Dark City*, and is illustrated by Mr. Peter Macnab.

THE Society of Authors, says the *Athenæum*, have certainly succeeded in making themselves talked about, and, they have at any rate, interested the public in their case. One charge, however, has been made by them which is hardly fair to their hereditary foes. We believe no publisher of standing refuses to show his books to an author who has a joint interest in any work he has published. Of course, it would be rash to make a general statement when the contrary has been confidently asserted; there may be firms of high reputation who decline to permit an inspection of their accounts; but we can positively say that Mr. Murray, Messrs. Macmillan, and some others who might be named, have never made any difficulty in opening their books.

THE Americans are not to be outdone in evidence of their admiration for Thackeray, in spite of the recent criticisms on his art by Howells, James and some others of their own writers. They are preparing a little volume of unpublished sketches and drawings, mostly contributed by Thackeray to the albums of friends during his stay in America. The volume will however include reproductions of some early drawings prepared for, but not published in, *Fraser's Magazine*. These have recently been discovered in the late Mr. James Fraser's own copy of the magazine, and comprise an interesting drawing in pen-and-ink of the immortal Charles Yellowplush, signed "Y<sup>e</sup> obeajnt Servnt, Cha<sup>s</sup> Yellowplush," and an engraving intended for *Catherine*, called "The Interview of Mr. Billings with his Father," which, so far as is known, though actually engraved, was not issued in the magazine. This volume will be published by Messrs. Benjamin & Bell, of New York, under the title of *Thackeray as an Artist*.

THE first number of a new two-dollar magazine entitled *Home Knowledge* has reached us from the office of publication in New York. The letterpress consists of sixty-four well-printed pages of excellent general matter. Two of the articles have commended themselves to us for early reproduction in these columns. We notice a timely article on Henry George, contributed by F. T. Jones, a former resident of Toronto, where he was for some time editor of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine*. There are also papers by Julian Hawthorne, Don Piatt, A. W. Gundry, and other well-known writers. A word of commendation is due to the cover, which is a model of neat and tasteful design.

A NEW author named John Beattie Crozier has just published a book which he calls *A Study of English Democracy*. The writer is greatly scandalized that such a man as he deems Lord Randolph Churchill to be should have risen to his present commanding position in the political world; and to make it "difficult or impossible" for another having only like qualities to achieve the same success he has written these pages. What Mr. Crozier thinks of his subject may be gathered from the fact that he holds Lord Randolph to have used "cheap expedients," and "a licentious and unbridled tongue," to attain to his present position. As an orator he is not equal in ability to a "third-rate cogger," and as a statesman he is famous for his "tricks" of personal abuse and exaggeration. In the published speeches of Lord Randolph Mr. Crozier is unable to discover any evidences of originality, comprehensiveness, initiative, or "central observations on human life generally." If the reader asks, how came it then that such a man has risen to power? the answer is ready. It is the Press, the wicked, deluded Press that has done it. If the sentences in which this book is written were not so long—many of them occupy a whole page—it would be spicy reading.



## THE STORY OF A GAME LEG.

MAJOR GRANT, of Massachusetts was returning home from Moosehead Lake, where he had been to look after one of his newly-purchased townships, and to sell stumpage to the loggers for the ensuing winter, when he stopped for the night at a snug tavern in one of the back towns in Maine, and having been to the stable, and seen with his own eyes that his horse was well provided with hay and grain, he returned to the bar-room, laid aside his cloak, and took a seat by the box stove, which was waging a hot war with the cold and raw atmosphere of November.

The major was a large, portly man, well-to-do in the world, and loved his comfort. Having called for a mug of hot flip, he loaded his long pipe, and prepared for a long and comfortable smoke. He was also a very social man, and there being but one person in the room with him, he invited him to join him in a tumbler of flip. This gentleman was Doctor Snow, an active member of a temperance society, and therefore he politely begged to be excused; but having a good share of the volubility natural to his profession, he readily entered into conversation with the major, answered many of his inquiries about the townships in that section of the State, described minutely the process of lumbering, explained how it might be made profitable, and showed why it was often attended with great loss. A half hour thus passed imperceptibly away, and the doctor rose, drew his wrapper close about him, and placed his cap on his head. The major looked round the room with an air of uneasiness.

"What, going so soon, Doctor? No more company here to-night, think? Dull business, Doctor, to sit alone one of these long tedious evenings. Always want somebody to talk with; man wasn't made to be alone, you know."

"True," said the doctor, "and I should be happy to spend the evening with you; but I have to go three miles to see a patient yet to-night, and it's high time I was off. But luckily, Major, you won't be left alone after all, for there comes Jack Robinson, driving his horse and wagon into the yard now; and I presume he'll not only spend the evening with you, but stop all night."

"Well, that's good news," said the Major, "if he'll only talk. Will he talk, Doctor?"

"Talk? yes! till all is blue. He's the greatest talker you ever met. I'll tell you what 'tis, Major, I'll bet the price of your reckoning here to-night, that you may ask him the most direct simple question you please, and you shan't get an answer from him under half an hour, and he shall keep talking a steady stream the whole time, too."

"Done," said the Major; "'tis a bet. Let us understand it fairly, now. You say I may ask him any simple, plain question I please, and he shall be half an hour answering it, and talk all the time too; and you will bet my night's reckoning of it."

"That's the bet exactly," said the doctor.

Here the parties shook hands upon it, just as the door opened, and Mr. Jack Robinson came limping into the room, supported by a crutch, and with something of a bustling, care-for-nothing air, hobbled along toward the fire. The doctor introduced Mr. Jack Robinson to Major Grant, and after the usual salutations and shaking of hands, Mr. Robinson took his seat upon the other side of the stove, opposite the Major.

Mr. Jack Robinson was a small, brisk man, with a grey twinkling eye, and a knowing expression of countenance. As he carefully settled himself into his chair, resting his lame limb against the edge of the stove-herth, he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor, laid his crutch across his knee, and looked round with a satisfied air, that seemed to say, "Now, gentlemen, if you want to know the time of day, here's the boy that can tell ye."

"Allow me, Mr. Robinson, to help you to a tumbler of hot flip," said the major, raising the mug from the stove.

"With all my heart, and thank ye too," said Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler. "I believe there's nothing better for a cold day than a hot flip. I've known it to cure many a one who was thought to be in a consumption. There's something so—"

"And I have known it," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "to kill many a one that was thought to have an excellent constitution and sound health."

"There's something so warming," continued Mr. Robinson, following up his own thoughts so earnestly that he seemed not to have heard the remark of the doctor "there's something so warming and so nourishing in hot flip, it seems to give new life to the blood, and puts the insides all in good trim. And as for cold weather, it will keep that out better than any double-milled kersey or fearnot great coat that I ever see.

"I could drive twenty miles in a cold day with a good mug of hot flip easier than I could ten miles without it. And this is a cold day, gentlemen, a real cold day, there's no mistake about it. This norwester cuts like a razor. But tain't nothing near so cold as 'twas a year ago, the twenty-second day of this month. That day, it seemed as if your breath would freeze stiff before it got an inch from your mouth. I drove my little Canada grey in a sleigh that day twelve miles in forty-five minutes, and froze two of my toes on my lame leg as stiff as maggots. Them toes chill a great deal quicker than they do on t'other foot. In my well days I never froze the coldest day that ever blew. But that cold snap, the twenty-second day of last November, if my little grey hadn't gone like a bird, would have done the job for my poor lame foot. When I got home I found two of my sheep dead, and they were under a good shed, too. And one of my neighbours, poor fellow, went into the woods after a load of wood, and we found him next day froze to death, leaning up against a beech tree as stiff as a stake. But his oxen was alive and well. It's very wonderful how much longer a brute critter will stan' the cold than a man will. Them oxen didn't even shiver."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, standing with his back towards Mr. Robinson, "perhaps the oxen had taken a mug of hot flip before they went into the woods."

By this time Major Grant began to feel a little suspicious that he might lose his bet, and was setting all his wits to work to fix on a question so direct and limited in its nature, that it could not fail to draw from Mr. Robinson a pretty direct answer. He had thought at first of making some simple inquiry about the weather; but he now felt convinced that, with Mr. Robinson, the weather was a very copious subject. He had also several times thought of asking some question in relation to the beverage they were drinking; such as, whether Mr. Robinson preferred flip to hot sling. And at first he could hardly perceive, if the question were put direct, how it could fail to bring out a direct yes or no. But the discursive nature of Mr. Robinson's eloquence on flip had already induced him to turn his thoughts in another direction for a safe and suitable question. At last he thought he would make his inquiry in reference to Mr. Robinson's lameness. He would have asked the cause of his lameness, but the thought occurred to him that the cause might not be clearly known, or his lameness might have been produced by a complication of causes, that would allow too much latitude for a reply. He resolved, therefore, simply to ask him whether his lameness was in the leg or in the foot. That was a question which it appeared to him required a short answer. For if it were in the leg, Mr. Robinson would say it was in his leg; and if it were in his foot, he would at once reply, in his foot; and if it were in both, what could be more natural than that he should say, in both? and that would seem to be the end of the story.

Having at length fully made up his mind as to the point of attack, he prepared for the charge, and taking a careless look at his watch, he gave the doctor a sly wink. Doctor Snow, without turning or scarce appearing to move, drew his watch from beneath his wrapper so far as to see the hour, and returned it again to his pocket.

"Mr. Robinson," said the major, "if I may presume to make the inquiry, is your lameness in the leg or in the foot?"

"Well, that reminds me," said Mr. Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler, which he still held in his hand, "that reminds me of what my old father said to me once when I was a boy. Says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is, unless you can first tell how it come there.' The reason of his saying it was this: Father and I was coming in the steambat from New York to Providence; and they was all strangers on board—we didn't know one of 'em from Adam; and on the way, one of the passengers missed his pocket-book, and begun to make a great

outcry about it. He called the captain, and said there must be a search. The boat must be searched, and all the passengers and all on board must be searched. Well, the captain he agreed to it; and at it they went, and overhauled everything from one end of the boat to t'other; but they couldn't find hide nor hair of it. And they searched all the passengers and all the hands, but they couldn't get no track on't. And the man that lost the pocket-book took on and made a great fuss. He said it wasn't so much on account of the money, for there wasn't a great deal in it; but the papers in it were of great consequence to him, and he offered to give ten dollars to any body that would find it. Pretty soon after that, I was fixin' up father's berth a little, where he was going to sleep, and I found the pocket-book under the clothes at the head of the berth, where the thief had tucked it away while the search was going on. So I took it, tickled enough, and run to the man, and told him I had found his pocket-book. He caught it out of my hands, and says he, 'Where did you find it?' Says I, 'Under the clothes in the head of my father's berth.'

"'In your father's berth, did you?' says he, and he gave me a look and spoke so sharp, I jumped as if I was going out of my skin.

"Says he, 'Show me the place.'

"So I run and showed him the place.

"'Call your father here,' says he. So I run and called father.

"'Now Mister,' says he to father, 'I should like to know how my pocket-book come in your berth.'

"'I don't know nothin' about it,' says father.

"'Then he turned to me and says he, 'Young man, how came this pocket-book in your father's berth?'

"Says I, 'I can't tell. I found it there, and that's all I know about it.'

"Then he called the captain and asked him if he knew us. The captain said he didn't. The man looked at us mighty sharp, first to father, and then to me, and eyed us from top to toe. We wasn't neither of us dressed very slick, and we could tell by his looks pretty well what he was thinking. At last he said he would leave it to the passengers whether, under all the circumstances, he should pay the boy the ten dollars or not. I looked at father, and his face was as red as a blaze, and I see his dander begun to rise. He didn't wait for any of the passengers to give their opinion about it, but says he to the man, 'Dod-rot your money! if you've got any more than you want, you may throw it into the sea for what I care; but if you offer any of it to my boy, I'll send you where a streak of lightning wouldn't reach you in six months.'

"That seemed to settle the business; the man didn't say no more to father, and most of the passengers began to look as if they didn't believe father was guilty. But a number of times after that, on the passage, I see the man that lost the pocket-book whisper to some of the passengers, and then turn and look at father. And then father would look gritty enough to bite a board-nail off. When we got ashore, as soon as we got a little out of sight of folks, father caught hold of my arm and gave it a most awful jerk, and says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is again, unless you can first tell how it come there.'

"Now it would be about as difficult," continued Mr. Robinson after a slight pause, which he employed in taking a sip from his tumbler, "for me to tell to a certainty how I come by this lameness, as it was to tell how the pocket-book come in father's berth. There was a hundred folks aboard, and we knew some of 'em must a put it in; but which one 'twas, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell. Well, it's pretty much so with my lameness. This poor leg of mine has gone through some most awful sieges, and it's a wonder there's an inch of it left. But it's a pretty good leg yet; I can almost bear my weight upon it; and with the help of a crutch you'd be surprised to see how fast I can get over the ground."

"Then your lameness is in the leg rather than in the foot?" said Major Grant, taking advantage of a short pause in Mr. Robinson's speech.

"Well, I was going on to tell you all the particulars," said Mr. Robinson. "You've no idea what terrible narrow chances I've gone through with this leg."

"Then the difficulty is in the leg, is it not?" said Major Grant.

"Well, after I tell you the particulars," said Mr. Robinson, "you can judge for yourself. The way it first got hurt was going in a swimming, when I was about twelve years old. I could swim like a duck, and used to be in Uncle John's mill-pond along with his Stephen half the time. Uncle John, he always used to keep scolding at us and telling of us we should get sucked into the floome bime-by, and break our plaguy necks under the water-wheel. But we knew better. We'd tried it so much we could tell jest how near we could go to the gate and get away again without being drawn through. But one day Stoeve, jest to plague me, threw my straw hat into the pond between me and the gate. I was swimming about two rods from the gate, and the hat was almost as near as we dared to go, and the stream was sucking it down pretty fast, so I sprang with all my might to catch the hat before it should go through and get smashed under the water-wheel. When I got within about half my length of it, I found I was as near the gate as we ever dared to go. But I hated to lose the hat, and I thought I might venture to go a little nearer, so I fetched a spring with all my might, and grabbed the hat and put it on my head, and turned back and pulled for my life. At first I thought I gained a little, and I made my hands and feet fly as tight as I could spring. In about a minute I found I didn't gain a bit one way nor t'other; and then I sprang as if I would a tore my arms off; and it seemed as if I could feel the sweat start all over me right there in the water. I begun to feel all at once as if death had me by the heels, and I screamed for help. Stephen was on the shore watching me, but he couldn't get near enough to help me. When he see I couldn't gain any, and heard me scream, he was about as scared as I was, and turned and run towards the mill, and screamed for uncle as loud as he could bawl. In a minute uncle come running to the mill-pond, and got there jest time enough to see me going through the gate feet foremost. Uncle said, if he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he should never forget what a beseeching look my eyes had as I lifted up my hands towards him and then sunk guggling into the floome. He knew I should be smashed all to pieces under the great water-wheel: but he run round as fast as he could to the tail of the mill to be ready to pick up my mangled body when it got through, so I might be carried home and buried. Presently he see me drifting along in the white foam that came out from under the mill, and he got a pole with a hook to it and drew me to the shore. He found I was not jammed all to pieces as he expected, though he couldn't see any signs of life. But having considerable doctor skill, he went to work upon me, and rolled me over, and rubbed me, and worked upon me, till bime-by I began to groan and breathe. And at last I come to, so I could speak. They carried me home and sent for a doctor to examine me. My left foot and leg was terribly bruised, and one of the bones broke, and that was all the hurt there was on me. I must have gone lengthways right in between two buckets of the water-wheel, and that saved my life. But this poor leg and foot got such a bruising I wasn't able to go a step on it for three months, and never got entirely over it to this day."

"Then your lameness is in the leg and foot both, is it not?" said Major Grant, hoping at this favourable point to get an answer to this question.

"Oh, it wasn't that bruising under the mill-wheel," said Mr. Jack Robinson, "that caused this lameness, though I've no doubt it caused a part of it and helps to make it worse; but it wasn't the principal cause. I've had tougher scrapes than that in my day, and I was going on to tell you what I s'pose hurt my leg, more than anything else ever happened to it. When I was about eighteen years old I was the greatest hunter there was within twenty miles round. I had a first-rate little fowling-piece; she would carry as true as a hair. I could hit a squirrel fifty yards twenty times running. And at all the thanksgiving shooting-matches I used to pop off the geese and turkeys so fast, it spoilt all their fun; and they got so at last they wouldn't let me fire till all the rest had fired round three times apiece. And when all of 'em had fired at a turkey three times and couldn't hit it, they would say, 'Well, that turkey belongs to Jack Robinson.' So I would up and fire and pop it over. Well, I used to be almost

everlastingly a gunning; and father would fret and scold, because whenever there was any work to do, Jack was always off in the woods. One day I started to go over Bear Mountain, about two miles from home, to see if I couldn't kill some raccoons; and I took my brother Ned, who was three years younger than myself, with me to help bring home the game. We took some bread and cheese and doughnuts in our pockets, for we calculated to be gone all day, and I shouldered my little fowling-piece, and took a plenty of powder and shot and small bullets, and off we started through the woods. When we got round the other side of Bear Mountain, where I had always had the best luck in hunting, it was about noon. On the way I had killed a couple of grey squirrels, a large fat raccoon, and a hedge-hog. We sat down under a large beech tree to eat our bread and cheese. As we sat eating, we looked up into the tree, and it was very full of beechnuts. They were about ripe, but there had not been frost enough to make them drop much from the tree. So says I to Ned, 'Let us take some sticks and climb this tree and beat off some nuts to carry home.' So we got some sticks, and up we went. We hadn't but jest got cleverly up into the body of the tree, before we heard something crackling among the bushes a few rods off. We looked and listened, and heard it again, louder and nearer. In a minute we see the bushes moving, not three rods off from the tree, and something black stirring about among them. Then out come an awful great black bear, the ugliest looking feller that ever I laid my eyes on. He looked up towards the tree we was on, and turned up his nose as though he was snuffing something. I began to feel pretty streaked; I knew bears was terrible climbers, and I'd a gin all the world if I'd only had my gun in my hand, well loaded. But there was no time to go down after it now, and I thought the only way was to keep as still as possible, and perhaps he might go off again about his business. So we didn't stir nor hardly breathe. Whether the old feller smelt us, or whether he was looking for beechnuts, I don't know; but he reared right up on his hind legs and walked as straight to the tree as a man could walk. He walked round the tree twice, and turned his great black nose up, and looked more like Old Nick than anything I ever see before. Then he stuck his sharp nails into the sides of the tree, and begun to hitch himself up. I felt as if we had got into a bad scrape, and wished we was out of it. Ned begun to cry. But, says I to Ned, 'It's no use to take on about it; if he's coming up we must fight him off the best way we can.' We climb'd up higher into the tree; and the old bear come hitching along up after us. I made Ned go up above me, and, as I had a pretty good club in my hand, I thought I might be able to keep the old feller down. He didn't seem to stop for the beechnuts, but kept climbing right up towards us. When he got up pretty near I poked my club at him, and he showed his teeth and growled. Says I, 'Ned, scabble up a little higher.' We climb up two or three limbs higher, and the old bear followed close after. When he got up so he could almost touch my feet, I thought it was time to begin to fight. So I up with my club and tried to fetch him a pelt over the nose. And the very first blow he knocked the club right out of my hand, with his great nigger paw, as easy as I could knock it out of the hand of a baby a year old. I begun to think then it was gone goose with us. However, I took Ned's club, and thought I'd try once more; but he knocked it out of my hand like a feather, and made another hitch and grabbed at my feet. We scabbled up the tree, and he after us, till we got almost to the top of the tree. At last I had to stop a little for Ned, and the old bear clinched my feet. First he stuck his claw into 'em and then he stuck his teeth into 'em, and begun to naw. I felt as if 'twas a gone case, but I kicked and fit, and told Ned to get up higher; and he did get up a little higher, and I got up a little higher too, and the old bear made another hitch and come up higher, and begun to naw my heels again. And then the top of the tree begun to bend, for we had got up so high we was all on a single limb as 'twere; and it bent a little more, and cracked and broke, and down we went, bear and all, about thirty feet, to the ground. At first I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I guess we all lay still as much as a minute before we could make out to breathe. When I come to my feeling a little, I found the bear had fell on my lame leg, and give it

another most awful crushing. Ned wasn't hurt much. He fell on top of the bear, and the bear fell partly on me. Ned sprung off, and got out of the way of the bear; and in about a minute more the bear crawled up slowly on to his feet, and began to walk off, without taking any notice of us, and I was glad enough to see that he went rather lame. When I come to try my legs I found one of 'em was terribly smashed, and I couldn't walk a step on it. So I told Ned to hand me my gun, and to go home as fast as he could go, and get the horse and father, and come and carry me home.

"Ned went off upon the quick trot, as if he was after the doctor. But the blundering critter—Ned always was a great blunderer—lost his way and wandered about in the woods all night, and didn't get home till sunrise next morning. The way I spent the night wasn't very comfortable, I can tell ye. Jest before dark it begun to rain, and I looked round to try to find some kind of a shelter. At last I see a great tree, lying on the ground a little ways off, that seemed to be holler. I crawled along to it, and found there was a holler in one end large enough for me to creep into. So in I went, and in order to get entirely out of the way of the spattering of the rain, and keep myself dry, I crept in as much as ten feet. I laid there and rested myself as well as I could, though my leg pained me too much to sleep. Some time in the night, all at once, I heard a sort of rustling noise at the end of the log where I come in. My hair stood right on end. It was dark as Egypt; I couldn't see the least thing, but I could hear the rustling noise again, and it sounded as if it was coming into the log. I held my breath, but I could hear something breathing heavily, and there seemed to be a sort of scratching against the sides of the log, and it kept working along in towards me. I clinched my fowling-piece and held on to it. 'Twas well loaded with a brace of balls and some shot besides. But whether to fire, or what to do, I couldn't tell. I was sure there was some terrible critter in the log, and the rustling noise kept coming nearer and nearer to me. At last I heard a low kind of a growl. I thought if I was only dead and decently buried somewhere I should be glad; for to be eat up alive there by bears, or wolves, or catamounts, I couldn't bear the idea of it. In a minute more something made a horrible grab at my feet, and begun to naw 'em. At first I crawled a little further into the tree. But the critter was hold of my feet again in a minute, and I found it was no use for me to go in any farther. I didn't hardly dare to fire; for I thought if I didn't kill the critter, it would only be likely to make him fight the harder. And then again I thought if I should kill him and he should be as large as I fancied him to be, I should never be able to shove him out of the log, nor to get out by him. While I was having these thoughts the old feller was nawing and tearing my feet so bad, I found he would soon kill me if I laid still. So I took my gun and pointed down by my feet, as near the centre of the holler log as I could, and let drive. The report almost stunned me. But when I came to my hearing again, I laid still and listened. Everything round me was still as death; I couldn't hear the least sound. I crawled back a few inches towards the mouth of the log, and was stopt by something against my feet. I pushed it. 'Twould give a little, but I couldn't move it. I got my hand down far enough to reach, and felt the fur and hair and ears of some terrible animal.

"That was an awful long night. And when the morning did come, the critter filled the holler up so much, there was but very little light come in where I was. I tried again to shove the animal towards the mouth of the log, but I found 'twas no use—I couldn't move him. At last the light come in so much that I felt pretty sure it was a monstrous great bear that I had killed. But I begun to feel as if I was buried alive; for I was afraid our folks wouldn't find me, and I was sure I never could get out myself. But about two hours after sunrise, all at once I thought I heard somebody holler 'Jack.' I listened and I heard it again, and I knew 'twas father's voice. I answered as loud as I could holler. They kept hollering, and I kept hollering. Sometimes they would go further off and sometimes come nearer. My voice sounded so queer they couldn't tell where it come from, nor what to make of it. At last, by going round considerable, they found my voice seemed to be some where round the holler tree, and bime-by father

come along and put his head into the holler of the tree, and called out, 'Jack, are you here?' 'Yes I be,' says I, 'and I wish you would pull this bear out, so I can get out myself.' When they got us out I was about as much dead as alive; but they got me on to the horse, and led me home and nursed me up, and had a doctor to set my leg again; and it's a pretty good leg yet."

Here, while Mr. Robinson was taking another sip from his tumbler, Major Grant glanced at his watch, and, looking up to Doctor Snow, said, with a grave, quiet air, "Doctor, I give it up; the bet is yours."

#### HATS AS A CAUSE OF BALDNESS.

Of late, frequent reference to baldness has been made in medical and other journals, but none of the articles I have read have given the cause, it seems to me, nor suggested the proper means of prevention. The reasons given are mainly: Wearing a close, warm head-covering, thus rendering the natural one superfluous; the custom of cutting the hair close, living and working indoors, ill-ventilated hats, uncleanness, and heredity. So many explanations indicate an uncertainty as to the real origin. Is it probable that such a uniform result can be due to so many and diverse causes, some of which must operate in one case and not at all in another?

The habit of wearing warm coverings on the head is not of recent date; the armies of Europe, for instance, no inconsiderable number of men, with heads close cropped, have worn for a long period warmer and heavier head-gear than the modern dwellers in cities, without the same tendency to baldness. Nor are the heavy fur coverings of northern races incompatible with luxuriant hair. It is also difficult to understand what injury can result from close cutting, *per se*. The growth is in the hair-follicle, and in it alone; there is no vital connection between the hair outside the scalp and within; it is usually cut closest at the back of the head and neck, where baldness never occurs. Would not close cutting rather stimulate the growth by exposure of the scalp? Such at least is the popular belief. So, too, with indoor life: women, who ought to show it most, whether in the home or in the factory, are never bald as men are; on the contrary, it is most common with men in good circumstances, as Mr. Eaton's statistics show, men who spend a larger proportion of their day time in the open air than the indoor worker.

I believe the common form of baldness is due entirely to the kind of hat that is worn, principally to the high hat and the hard felt hat, but also to any other head-covering that constricts the blood-vessels which nourish the hair-bulbs. To have a clearer understanding of this, we must remember that the scalp is supplied with blood by arteries at the back, sides, and front of, and lying close to, the skull, which diminish in size by frequent branching as they converge toward the top of the head. They are in a most favourable position to be compressed, lying on unyielding bone and covered by thin tissue. Consider what effect must be produced by a close-fitting, heavy, and rigid hat: its pressure must lessen to a certain extent the flow of arterial blood, and obstruct to a greater extent the return of the venous; the result being a sluggish circulation in the capillaries around the hair-follicles and bulbs, a consequent impairment of nutrition, and final atrophy. This pressure is not trivial or imaginary, as any one will admit who has noticed the red band of congestion on the forehead when a hard hat is removed after moderate exercise. If the man is bald, the red pressure-mark can be seen all around the head.

It may be asked, Can the wearing of a tight band around the head for a few hours a day have any perceptible effect on the growth of the hair? That the hair-bulbs are susceptible to disturbances of nutrition is evident from the effect of a continued fever, or any wasting disease, where nutrition is seriously impaired. They (the hair bulbs) suffer with the general system; the hair has been starved to death, so to speak, and comes out in large quantities, sometimes amounting to temporary alopecia. If the hair-crop can be thus destroyed by three or four weeks of constant lessened nutrition, it is reasonable to suppose that the same cause, though slight and intermittent, will in time produce the same result.

The course of an ordinary case of baldness corresponds with this view. We observe usually a thinning out of the hair at the

poll of the head, or part corresponding to the posterior fontanelle of infancy; a patch appears two or three inches in diameter like the tonsure of a priest. Or, instead, the thinness may begin above the forehead, but in every case, the hair disappears first where the circulation is weakest—that is, along the top of the head, the region most remote from arterial force. The sparseness, at first slight, becomes year by year more apparent, and, finally, a bare and polished surface is presented which gradually descends to the hat-band and there stops. Mark this point, it never goes below the rim of the hat. I admit that the line of denudation does not in some cases correspond exactly with the hat-band; it will be noticed that the coincidence is accurate enough at the back of the head from a point opposite the top of the ear on one side to the corresponding point on the other, but in front of this on either side is often a tuft above the horizontal line that still maintains its growth. The explanation is, that the temporal muscle, occupying the hollow space in the temporal bone, acts as a cushion, thus relieving the pressure on the blood-vessels. In men with rounded heads, full in this region, a continuous line will be observed.

Before leaving this part of the subject I would direct attention to the complete change effected in the scalp after the disappearance of the hair. Unlike the thick, stiff, glandular structure it formerly was, it is now soft, thin, and flexible, like that of the forehead or other portions of smooth integument. It has lost a distinct anatomical structure; the hair-bulbs and accessories have withered away. Baldness from disease has no choice of location; it occurs irregularly on any part of the head, or effects the whole surface, quite distinct in this respect from the perfectly regular course of hat-baldness. The latter should not be regarded as a disease at all, but rather as an accident of habit.

It does not follow that all persons wearing these objectionable hats must lose their hair. The outline of the head may be irregular, or the blood-vessels may be protected by a thick growth of hair. Close cutting, from this point of view, is injurious, as it allows close contact with the skin. But, few will escape the evil effects of twenty or thirty years of rigid tight-fitting hats, the destructive process being delayed only by the length and frequency of respites from this tourniquet of fashion. I have never seen a person whose habitual head-covering was soft and yielding suffer from baldness. The agriculturist, whose habit it is to wear the loosest head-coverings during the greater part of his life, has usually more hair than is conducive to comfort; but his son who has taken to city life may be bald at thirty. I think it will be noticed that the most rapid cases are among city men with close-cut hair who wear the high hat. It must fit closer, as from its height it is more liable to displacement.

The accuracy with which the hatter plies his trade is skill and energy in the wrong direction. The little instrument, the "conformator," that marks on paper the outline of one's head by which the band is moulded to press more uniformly all around, is more destructive of the natural head-covering than ever were the scalping-knives of the North American Indians. It is nothing uncommon to see an old negro, who has taken to high hats, with a bald and shiny pate above and an abundant crop of hair below the hat-rim. I have long been convinced, although history is silent on this point, that old Uncle Ned—

"Who had no hair on the top of his head,

In the place where the wool ought to grow"—

was the favoured recipient of his master's old silk hats.

Baldness is not confined to race or occupation, but it is to sex. While forty or fifty per cent. of middle-aged and elderly city men show some stage of it, women are entirely exempt. They are subject to the same laws of heredity, have the same habits and occupations as men, and yet have as much hair to-day as at any previous time in the world's history. This can only be explained by the essential difference in the head-coverings of the two sexes; and yet the head-gear of women has been condemned and ridiculed in various styles of literature, principally by the high-hat sex. It may not often commend itself to one's sense of utility; it may be at one time a mere nucleus for brilliant and varied decoration, and at another an expansive and imposing structure, but it has usually the charm of novelty, sometimes of beauty, and it never destroys the growth of hair.

Man's high hat for many generations has varied within very narrow limits, and has always been ugly and unnatural. Why it should so long have held its sway it is hard to understand. An artist can not make it interesting in his work. It will not compare with the Oriental turban, the Scotch bonnet, or even the slouch hat, for comfort or graceful capabilities; but the average man will wear it long after his faith in hair tonics and restorers with seductive promises has been shattered. Still, let him remember, as he takes his after-dinner repose, that his favourite hat will certainly and inevitably extend the pasture-lands of the domestic fly.—*W. C. Gouinlock, in Popular Science Monthly.*

#### THE MICROBE OF MALARIA.

DR. GEORGE M. STERNBERG has communicated to the Scientific Association of Johns Hopkins University an account of the confirmation, by his own observation, of Laveran's discovery of the germ, or micro-organism, of malaria. Laveran found this microbe in the shape of an amoeboid parasite, in the blood of patients suffering from fever; and also observed that the germs disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered in effective doses. His observations were confirmed by Richard, in 1882, and by Marchiafara and Celli from their researches in the Santo Spirito Hospital of Rome. During a recent visit to Rome, Dr. Sternberg accompanied these gentlemen to the Santo Spirito Hospital, where a most satisfactory demonstration was made to him of the presence and amoeboid movements of the parasite, in blood drawn from the finger of a patient in the first stage of a malarial paroxysm. Marchiafara and Celli have induced types of intermittent fever, in previously healthy persons, by injecting into the circulation a small quantity of blood drawn from a malarial patient during his fever. The presence of the parasite in the injected blood was demonstrated, and it was found again in the blood of the persons subjected to the experiment during the induced intermittent paroxysms. These paroxysms were arrested, and the parasite disappeared from the blood when quinine was administered.

#### SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATIONS OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

No country is more favourably situated for the systematic observation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism and the aurora borealis than Norway. Extending from the fifty-eighth to the seventy-first degree of latitude, it reaches farther north than any inhabited land, and lies nearer to the centre of magnetic disturbances than any other state of Europe. The maximum zone of the northern lights hangs over the northern and northwestern part of the land. The northern and southern districts are connected by numerous telegraph lines and through the telephone exchanges of Drontheim and Bergen. Sophus Tromholt began to organize a system of investigations in 1878, and from September of that year to April, 1879, he recorded 839 observations of 154 northern lights. His idea met with favour, and the method of concerted observations has spread since that time to Sweden, Denmark, and Finland, England, Greenland, and Iceland. The observations of the winter of 1879-80 were much more extensive than those of the previous winter, being 1,600 in number of 249 auroras at 357 stations. In the winter of 1880-81, 5,200 observations were made of about 300 auroras, at 675 stations; and in the winter of 1882-83, 1,500 persons in the North European countries participated in the work. Notices are now regularly transmitted from fifty Swedish and Norwegian telegraphic stations of all electrical disturbances, with exact minutes of time, direction, etc.; observations that are of the more importance, because not a day passes that something of the kind does not occur somewhere in Norway. Mr. Tromholt intends to publish the year's results of these observations cartographically, with notices of associated meteorological phenomena. For the complete registration of the telegraphic perturbations, he has constructed an apparatus which graphically represents the time of their happening, their strength, and direction, which is connected during the night with a north and south telegraph line 1,400 kilometres long, while during the day telephones are used. This enterprise is assuming an extent which places its effective control beyond the power of one man. Mr. Tromholt therefore proposes that the Government establish an in-

stitute at Drontheim to become the central station of the world, to which all observers on land and sea shall transmit their reports.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE PLUMBER'S ART.

A PLEA for a higher recognition of the plumber has been made by Mr. William Halley in an address before the Ohio State Sanitary Association. Of the various craftsmen who assist in constructing dwellings, there is not one, perhaps, whose position in the light of sanitary science is more important and responsible than his. In days gone by he was considered a mere worker in lead to supply the simple wants of his employer, as ignorant as himself of the physical laws of his occupation; but now his work assumes the dignity of a sanitarian's. Yet there are few vocations in which skilful work is so little appreciated as that of plumbing. People are not interested in the work because it has no reference to ornamentation, and is almost wholly out of sight. A great deal depends on the plumbing. If it is perfect, the house is healthy; if imperfect, an unhealthy habitation is the result. It is easy to see that it is the most important feature of a house, to which may be added all the convenience, beauty, and polish of a palace. But first of all, stamp it with the character of health by sanitary plumbing. Even with the best devices it is impossible to prevent sewer-gas at times. There are many accidents by which plumbing-work will become crippled and allow gas to escape. Hence it is advisable to exercise extreme care about its location and quantity. Unfortunately, for the plumber and for sanitary effect, the architect is too apt to ignore plumbing and give undue attention to other matters which serve better to display his aesthetic conception. House-drainage is made secondary and subservient to convenience and display. At the last moment it is remembered that the house must be drained, and plumbing specifications are made to fill in the cubby holes. That is why so much plumbing is worse than useless.

#### THE SISTERS OF AGNES STRICKLAND.

MISS JANE STRICKLAND's memoir of her sister Agnes, author of *The Queens of England*, has just appeared from the press of the Blackwoods. The work had long been in manuscript, but its appearance was delayed owing to the ill health of the writer, who is now eighty-seven years of age. Before the publication of the book, a paragraph appeared in some of the papers of this country, stating that the author was the last survivor of the family. But this is not so. Mrs. Trail, well known to English and Canadian readers, is still living in the picturesque village of Lakefield, Ontario. The family stood thus in order of birth. Elizabeth, Agnes, Sara, Jane, Catherine Parr, Susanna, Eleanore, who died in infancy, and two brothers, Samuel and Thomas. Catherine Parr (Mrs. Trail) and Susanna (Mrs. Moodie) went to Canada in 1832, and settled first in Peterboro, on the banks of the rapid Otonabee, from whence they moved to Lakefield. Mrs. Trail was the first of the sisters who appeared in print. In the summer of 1818, when only sixteen years old, she wrote a little series of stories for children. The manuscript was seen by a friend, and unknown to the author was sent to Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, who accepted it at once and sent her a check. Before she left England she wrote many juvenile books, and since her arrival in Canada her pen has not been idle. Among the best known of her works are *Letters from the Backwoods, by an Officer's Wife*; *Afar in the West*, and *The Canadian Crusoes*. The last is still a very popular book among young readers. It was reprinted by Francis, of New York, and by Crosby, of Boston. Mrs. Trail's latest work is *Studies of Plant Life; or Gleanings by Forest, Lake and Plain*. It was published in Ottawa in 1884. It is entirely original in style, and deals with the native productions, not as a manual of botany, but as the natural history of the forest—in other words it is a readable floral biography. The illustrations are from the hand of Mrs. (Col.) Chamberlain, a daughter of Mrs. Moodie. Mrs. Moodie, who died a few years ago, was the author of many popular stories and sketches. For the past two years Mrs. Trail has been engaged in writing *A Family Record*, which is still in manuscript. Though in her eighty-sixth year, she is full of energy, and of vigorous intellect.—*N. Y. Critic.*

### The Dance of the Gypsies.

THE "flamenco," the dance of the gypsies, is of Oriental origin. It has the impassive quality, the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness belonging to the Eastern performances in the saltatory line. It forms a popular entertainment in cafés of the lower order throughout the southern provinces of Spain. If the reader were one of a visiting party he would be conducted toward midnight to a roomy, rambling dingy apartment in the crook of an obscure and dirty street, where there would be found a number of sailors, peasants and "chulos," with here and there a well-dressed citizen. The order would be to sit at the small tables and drink. In one corner is a stage rising to about the level of the face when seated. On this about a dozen men and women congregate, the latter quite as much Spanish as gypsy, and some dressed in tights. The star danseuse, the chief mistress of the art "flamenco," dresses in a voluminous calico skirt that does all it can to conceal the amazing skill of muscular movement involved.

At last the moment for the "flamenco" arrives. The leader begins to beat monotonously on the boards, just as Indians do with their tomahawks to set the shytun, the guitar striking into the strain. Two or three women chant a weird song, and all clap their hands in a peculiar measure, now louder, now fainter, and with pauses of varying length between the emphatic passages. The dancer still retains her seat, seeming to demand encouragement. The others call out "Olle" (a gypsy word for bravo), and smile with nods of the head to draw her out. All this excites a lively curiosity in the spectator, who wonders what is coming next. Finally she arises, smiling scornfully, her eyes light up, she throws her head back, and her face is suffused with an expression of daring and energy. Her arms are thrown out and up, and she snaps her fingers and makes easy passes with her hands before her face. Her body is also in gentle motion, there being a sort of vibration, while the feet beneath the flowing skirt take up a repressed rhythmic figure.

Slowly the dancer advances, then circles, without appearing to step. The music goes on steadily, the cries of the other performers becoming more and more animated, while she continues the gestures with the arms and snapping of the fingers. Her feet go a little faster, and can be heard tapping on the floor as they weave out the measure, but there is not the slightest approach to a spring. The progress is sinuous, gliding, shuffling.

Forward again! The dancer gazes intently in front as she advances, looking triumphant, and perhaps with a spark of mischief in her eyes. She stamps harder on the floor, the others clap their hands more enthusiastically, and cry out with increased zest:

"Olle! olle!"

"Bravo, my gracious one!"

"Muy bien! muy bien!"

The dancer becomes more impassioned, but in no way more violent. Her body does not move above the hips. It is only her eyes that twist and turn and bend. The crowning achievement is when the hips begin to sway, too, and while she, advancing and receding, executes what appears to be a rotary movement. All at once the stamping and clapping and twanging strings are stopped, the dancer ceases her gyrations, and the whole thing is over.

### Stones Laid in Blood.

HERE is a ghastly story given by Thiele in his "Danish Folk Tales." Many years ago, when the ramparts were being raised around Copenhagen, the wall always sank, so that it was not possible to get it to stand. They therefore took an innocent little girl, placed her in a chair by a table, and gave her playthings and sweet-meats. While she sat thus enjoying herself, twelve masons built an arch over her, which, when completed, they covered with earth, to the sound of drums and trumpets. By this process the walls were made solid. When, a few years ago, the bridge-gate of the Bremen city walls was demolished, the skeleton of a child was found imbedded in the foundations. Heinrich Heine says on this subject:

"In the middle ages the opinion prevailed that when any building was to be erected something living must be killed, in the blood of which the foundation had to be laid, by which process the building would be secured from falling; and in ballads and traditions the remembrance is still preserved how children and animals were slaughtered for the purpose of strengthening large buildings with their blood."

The story of the walls of Copenhagen comes to us only as a tradition, but the horrible truth must be told that in all probability it is no invention of the fancy, but a fact. We have an allusion to this custom in the "British History" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who relates how Vortigern was building a castle, when the foundation sank. Then he consulted wise men, and they told him that he must lay a fatherless boy under them, and so only could they be made to stand.

Throughout Norway, Sweden, Denmark and North Germany tradition associates some animal with every church, and it goes by the name of kirkgrim. These are the goblin apparitions of the beasts that were buried under the foundation stones of the churches. It is the same in Devonshire—the writer will not say at the present day, but certainly forty or fifty years ago. Indeed, when he was a boy he drew up a list of the kirkgrims that haunted all the neighbouring parishes. To the church of the parish in which he lived belonged two white sows yoked together with a silver chain; to another a black dog; to a third a ghostly calf; to a fourth a white lamb.

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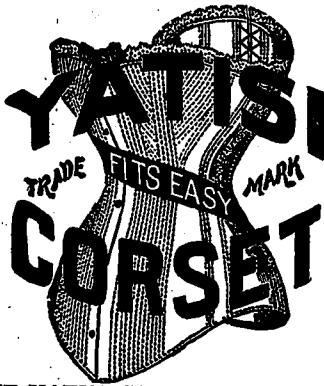
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