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THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, April 3rd, 1896.

No. 19.

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Current Topics.

The Cattle Business.

On Tuesday Mr. Montague and Mr. Long discussed the much-talked-about cattle bill now before the Imperial House of Commons. Mr. Long informed our Minister of Agriculture that the agrarian community of the United Kingdom was strongly in favour of the principle of the bill, and that the Government would be compelled to consult the interests of the farmers. Mr. Long assured Mr. Montague that he would personally have been pleased had a decision more favourable to Canada been possible, as he not only recognized the important position occupied by Canada in the Empire, but was proud of the part that the Dominion had taken in recent trying times. He hoped and believed that the bill would not be prejudicial to the interests of Canada. Had the Dominion Government been a little more active in the matter this bill would probably never have been brought before the House.

The case of Dr. Sproule.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has announced in the House that he no longer regards Dr. Sproule, the member for East Grey, as among the "warm and determined supporters of the Government." The country will not approve of Sir Charles' action in this matter. Dr. Sproule is quite justified in taking the stand he has. If members are to be read out of the party simply because they cannot always agree with their leaders, so much the worse for the party. Dr. Sproule has been a member of the House of Commons for eighteen years and is as consistent a Conservative as any of those who form the Administration. When the Cabinet find such honourable and prominent men as Mr. McNeill and Dr. Weldon opposing their measures it is time the Ministers paused ere they slap in the face other members of the party who see as Mr. McNeill and Dr. Weldon see. Mr. McNeill declares that he will not be read out of the party even by Sir Charles Tupper, and claims with truth that he is as good a Conservative as the leader of the House. This declaration will find a hearty response throughout Canada, and will be emphasized strongly when Mr. McNeill is returned at the head of the polls in his constituency at the coming elections.

Something Sensible.

On the fifteenth of June the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire opens in London, and those Canadian Boards of Trade who intend sending delegates—it is to be hoped the intention is general—should give close and immediate attention to the consideration of the subjects to be discussed. Each one of the four chief subjects—commercial relations between England and her Colonies, inter-Colonial trade relations, cable and steamship communication—are of immense and pressing importance to Canada. As there is nothing about Separate Schools or Roman Catholics in these subjects it is not to be expected that much interest will be taken in them here; but it is to be hoped that the officers of the Boards of Trade will manage to secure one or two meetings for the discussion of the objects of the Congress.

Berthelot's Resignation.

M. Berthelot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, has resigned, and the Premier has taken charge of his portfolio. So far as we can learn, the immediate cause of the resignation was the exception taken to M. Berthelot's action by the Premier touching the matter of Egyptian affairs. It is claimed that the Minister allowed himself to be the "dupe" of Lord Salisbury in carrying out the latter's policy, his action resulting in the restoration of the Dreibund at the moment when it was likely to be broken up. But it is also claimed that M. Berthelot resigned his portfolio because he felt that the policy of his colleagues in the Ministry was contrary to the public welfare. However, his friends state that ill-health was the sole reason for his resignation. The truth seems to be that M. Berthelot is paying the penalty of seeking the friendship of England. He may be a better chemist than he is a diplomat, and his confreres of the Cabinet may have hinted the fact to him, but in cultivating friendly relations with Great Britain he displayed his sound common sense and his superiority to the prevailing and uncalled for hostility to England on the part of his fellow-countrymen. It remains to be seen whether the Premier will make a better Minister of Foreign Affairs than M. Berthelot. M. Bourgeois does not promise to shine in that capacity.

An Intolerable Nuisance.

It is a matter of profound regret that the Winnipeg Conference has been a failure. Under the circumstances no other issue could reasonably be expected, for Manitoba could scarcely regard as "conciliatory" the advances made by the Dominion Government whilst the Remedial Bill was still being actively pressed forward in committee. The Bill should have been dropped until the Conference had ended, and it was known whether or not Manitoba had consented to make reasonable

concessions to the supposed wishes of the Roman Catholic laity of the Province. The Dominion Government may be morally bound to go on with the Remedial Bill, but there was no moral necessity preventing a brief respite pending the outcome of the negotiations. A temporary cessation we presume did not meet with the approval of the Roman hierarchy, so the Government had no choice but to proceed with the measure. An extension of the Nova Scotian school system to Manitoba is all that the Roman Church is justified in demanding, and the granting of any further privileges should be opposed. There is now every probability that this stultifying and nation-destroying question will be made the chief issue in the coming general elections, which is altogether calamitous. It will becloud and best of the whole contest, and the real issues at stake will be lost sight of. This is not a time for vain disputes and selfish grasping after power and privilege. The position of the country is a critical one, and demands the undivided attention of the leaders of the people. This school question has become intolerable. It threatens the destruction of the whole body politic. For apathy, patient endurance, and general indifference to their best interests Canadians rank first among the peoples of the earth.

The Coming Campaign.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell will soon be going to England to attend the Cable Conference, he and Dr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., being the Canadian delegates to the Conference. It is said that Sir Mackenzie will not return, but will remain in London assuming the office of High Commissioner for Canada. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., will then become Premier, and accordingly will take charge of the coming great campaign. It is also said that Mr. Chapleau will relinquish the Governorship of Quebec and direct the campaign in that Province, whilst Mr. Hugh John Macdonald will come to the rescue in Manitoba and lead the battle in the Prairie Province. We have remarked more than once in these columns that Mr. Chapleau is the only man to whom the Conservatives can look for any real assistance in Quebec. We know of no other who has any chance at all of offering effective resistance to Mr. Laurier amongst the French-Canadians. In spite of his courteous opposition to the all-powerful hierarchy the leader of the Opposition is, we believe, more firmly entrenched in the affections of his compatriots than ever before. Nor is there much ground for believing that the Ministerialists have won back the estranged Conservatives of Montreal. The versatile and laughter-provoking McShane boldly counts on re-election, and the amusement-loving voters of Montreal Centre will, no doubt, again return him to the head of the polls. As a campaign organizer and fighter Mr. Tarte is reckoned to be without an equal in Quebec. The Government will require to consider carefully the selection of its men and measures. Should it be true that Mr. Macdonald has been induced to enter politics again and to conduct the campaign in Manitoba, the Government will have a strong and popular man on its side, one who will be to the irritated Province what Mr. Chapleau will be to Quebec. But how about the immortal school question?

The Matabele Rising.

While England is having her hands full in Egypt she has a very awkward combination to face in South Africa. The Matabeles, who were thought to have been conquered, are up in arms again. The reports of British disasters have probably influenced them. Just as during the Mutiny, many native dignitaries, who would have been, if not loyal, at all events lukewarm, became actively hostile as the rumours spread that

the British *raj* was ended, so the native Africans are acting on the same belief. How far the Boers are at the bottom of this fresh rising time will show. It is sad to think that history is repeating itself in the murders by these savages of helpless white women and children. When this revolt is quelled it will be, this time, once for all. The long deep-seated antipathy between Boer and Englishman will also probably be brought to a head, and the Boer may have a chance to try if he can repeat Majuba Hill. Englishmen have heard just a little too much about that affair to please them, and it is not likely to happen again.

England's New Policy.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech, advocating a trade union of the Empire, has been discussed by the English papers fairly and temperately. Some of them approve of the idea. Others object to it. None of them laugh him out of Court. Twenty years ago he would have been simply ridiculed. Lord Salisbury is the man who, some years ago, acted as pioneer of the movement. He pointed out to the English people the then existing depression, and suggested some sort of modified protection as a remedy. There was an instant clamour against him, and he stood alone. But the times have changed. Mr. Chamberlain now finds behind him a strong constituency applauding or only faintly condemning his proposals. These proposals are very much in the line of those which Lord Salisbury had to withdraw. Something practical will now be achieved and if it results in magnificent isolation for England on the trade question as well as in other questions, the parties to suffer will certainly not be the constituent parts of the British Empire.

"Johannesburg Under Arms."

According to The Times, the principal impressions that one derives from reading Mr. Charles G. Thomas's little book on "Johannesburg Under Arms," which has just been published in London, are that, whatever may have been the intentions of the Reform Committee, the mass of the inhabitants of Johannesburg had no thought of armed and immediate insurrection; that probably both the Reform Committee and the volunteers believed, up to the time when the news of Krugersdorp arrived, that a mere demonstration would suffice to bring the Boer Government to terms; that the excitement caused in the mass of the people by Dr. Jameson's advance was tremendous; and that the depression following his defeat was proportionately great; and that the preparations in the way of arms and ammunition were stupidly inadequate. One important point that comes out very clearly from Mr. Thomas's narrative—which is in the form of a diary—is stated by him as follows, on January 7th:—

The revolutionary movement has been a sad fiasco. The Government has the ball at its feet. Its threat to deal summarily with Dr. Jameson and his men has rendered any further resistance impossible, even if the forces which the Government has had time to collect are insufficient to overawe the town.

Mr. Thomas was then unaware of the letters exchanged between Sir John Willoughby and the Boer Commandant, which were studiously kept secret by the "rustic simplicity" of the Transvaal Government until long after it had the town in its power. He is, however, of opinion that the surrender of Johannesburg was the only possible course, and that, even if Dr. Jameson had succeeded in arriving, there would have been a terrible conflict, probably ending in the destruction of the town. If Mr. Thomas is still in Africa he will very soon, we fear, have abundant material for another "little volume." The Jameson raid is only the beginning of evils.

The Eighth Regiment Princess Louise Hussars of King's County, New Brunswick, have volunteered, through Lt.-Col. Domville, ex-M.P., to accept service under the British Government on the expedition up the Nile. New Brunswick again leads the Dominion in pluck and loyalty. That Province does not shout about its backbone and its devotion to the Empire. When occasion arises, however, everybody knows quite soon enough that its backbone is extra stiff and its loyalty of the right kind. The Eighth Hussars promptly volunteered for service when the rebellion in the North-West broke out. It volunteered for active service in the Soudan campaign in 1884, and now it has volunteered again. The Hussars is the only complete regiment of cavalry in the British Colonies. When ready for active service it will consist of 622 officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, 625 horses, and fourteen wagons. The St. John Record says that the acceptance of this offer by the Imperial Government does not imply that the whole enrolled force will have to go. It will be entirely voluntary with both officers and men, the intention being to send four squadrons which will be made up by volunteers from the enrolled force, and from outside regiments. Only those volunteering of their own free will are to be accepted. We hope that the Imperial Government will accept Colonel Domville's offer, and that if the Eighth does go to the front that it will not only be a credit to its Colonel and to its Province, but also to the Dominion and to the Empire.

Empire Builders.

There is always an element in every country fond of excitement, anxious for a fight, pining for excitement, and an expedition to the Soudan will have charms for enough Canadian youths to fill the ranks without much trouble. These youngsters may be wanted in their own country, but as England will send us troops if the occasion arises, it is just as well to send her some of ours, if she will accept their services. Those of them who come back, for they cannot all expect to come back, will be the better for the experience. Those who are left behind, as well as those who return, will have aided in strengthening the bond of union between England and her colonies. The prize will be worth the sacrifice. Men often aid a cause without the intention of doing so. The restless energy of Britons has been the foundation of the mighty British Empire. It is only in exceptional cases that great leaders, like the Lawrences in India, have had well-defined patriotic designs, of not only benefitting England, but also the countries they were invading. The young Canadians who propose going to Africa have, most of them, probably no more elevated impulse than that of a restless desire to see the world, but as they will fight on the right side they will be the more or less unconscious instruments of knitting together the Empire to which they belong.

Mr. Blake.

Our readers will have heard with great regret of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Edward Blake. In spite of his imperfections—and who has not imperfections?—he is a Canadian. That ought to be enough to make us sympathize with his struggles, applaud his triumphs, and pity his misfortunes. At one time it seemed as if he had the chance of leading Canada as he pleased. When he was in the Ontario Local House his reputation was at its zenith. He was young, ardent, and his countrymen believed in him and trusted him. But the "speak now" episode first shook that confidence. Then he became the hope of the Liberal party in the

of Commons, but the elections of 1878 drove Mr. Blake and his party into Opposition. The deposition of Mr. Mackenzie and the elevation of Mr. Blake to the leadership were a fatal mistake. The change broke Mr. Mackenzie's heart, and it deprived Mr. Blake of all real power in Canadian politics. The subsequent diversion of Mr. Blake's talents from Canada to Ireland and his impassioned appeals for a cause he was not particularly called upon to champion, have been the later scenes of a misdirected career. But in spite of all that can be said against Mr. Blake as a politician, his love for his native country was undoubted. He refused to join in the senseless cry for commercial union, and if his letter to the electors on that subject had been published earlier there is no knowing what the result might not have been. Somewhat visionary and without practical sequaciousness in his political career he has always been respected and even dreaded by some of his opponents for his undoubted ability. At the Bar he was always *facile princeps*. There was his true arena, and his reputation would have descended to posterity as the best counsel Canada ever produced. Neither England nor America ever produced a greater. As a jurist his fame would have been imperishable. We should be glad if Mr. Blake would return to Canada and to the profession he so greatly adorned. If there are periods in his career which serve as warnings for the young to avoid, there are others which his country can point to with pride and say: These are the actions of a great man.

Good Friday's Observance.

That Good Friday, the most solemn and sacred day in the whole year, should be regarded by a large number of our people as a common holiday, a day for racing, for sports and games and general merry-making is nothing less than a national disgrace. It would be many degrees less objectionable if these events should take place on Sunday rather than on Good Friday, a day when everybody who makes any pretence of being a Christian refrains from participating in events not in keeping with the solemnity of the day. In announcing their "special attractions" for Good Friday the managers of our theatres loudly proclaim their contempt for Jesus Christ and His death and passion. Associated with these amusement-vendors are the clubs who arrange for races and matches and games and other events. Apart altogether from the religious aspect of the question the open defiance of Good Friday is in execrably bad taste. Many Canadians, we fear, are not very far behind the Americans in lack of reverence for holy things and a proper respect for what is becoming and expedient.

The Maybrick Woman.

The United States has given birth to another association which glories in the name of "The Woman's International Maybrick Association" of which one Dr. Helen Densmore is the President. It is the laudable object of this association to gain the release from prison of the Maybrick woman who is serving a life sentence for killing her husband by slow poison in order that she might be free to live with her paramour. Some of the more silly women of England and the United States appear to admire and sympathize with the incarcerated fair one, and think she should be set free. It is evident that they do not wish her interesting little habits of administering arsenical poison to be interfered with. If this foolish agitation, kept up by American female cranks, is not soon given its quietus the British Government will be more than justified in hanging the Maybrick fiend in order to stop the shrieks of Gail Hamilton, Dr. Helen Densmore, and the rest of the noisy crew.

Canada's Weakness.

THE prevalent business stagnation in the Province of Ontario is becoming a serious matter. A philosophical enquirer will always look for the cause of an effect. In this Province one cause undoubtedly is over-education. Europeans always have noticed that Americans have a tendency to dislike manual labour and prefer to lounge about while other people do the work. Other keen observers notice a dislike to exertion, and trace this dislike to climate. On a hot summer day there is certainly a tendency to rest one's legs on one chair and one's body on another, and in extremely cold weather it is pleasant to sit by the fire. But even allowing this to be the case, we do not think that Canadians can be considered as a lazy or effeminate race. They work hard enough when they do work, and the climate, instead of enervating them, demands a survival of the fittest. But where they are put on the wrong track is by the education which is given to them. The public schools fill their young heads with notions which absolutely unfit them for that state of life to which it pleased God to call them. Restless ambition seizes them. Every farmer's son must be a preacher, a teacher, or a lawyer, or a doctor. Every farmer's daughter must be a typewriter or a sales "lady." In the cities it is worse. The young plumbers and butchers and bakers have their heads stuffed with the 'ologies, and the teachings of trades and technical knowledge is neglected. The young girls, instead of being taught cooking and sewing, are taught music and singing and French—all at other people's expense. If the community were absolutely socialist, and the whole organization of Society would be run like one machine, and no more handicraftsmen or domestics were required, the Ontario Public School system would be excellent. For the world as it exists, and always will exist, it is a Utopian, chimerical and dangerous system. One sad result is the diversion of the mental power of the country into politics. Semi-educated men, with nothing but the gift of speech, undertake to deal with questions which require wide information and great knowledge of the world. Other men who have everything to gain and nothing to lose deliberately choose politics because they believe they can make them pay and get some "fat thing" out of them. These two classes form the majority of the actual governing power in the constituencies. We know a city not a thousand miles from here where the foreman of a fire-hall dictates to the sitting member how the patronage is to be dispensed. Even scientific positions are in the control of this man. There should be a radical reform in the educational system of the Province. Until there is we shall have a diversion of power from the material expansion of the country into lines which thwart that expansion—we shall have a continuance of jacks in office who ought to be handling the plough—and the result will be that the business interests of the whole country will suffer as they are suffering now. Further, a result of the present style of education is an ignorant know-nothingism. There is an absolute ignoring of any history except Canadian, with an ill-digested smattering of English. Ancient and foreign history are considered out of place, and we are growing as one-sided as the Americans. The consequence is that on both sides of the line theories which were laughed at by Aristophanes, or advocated by Cleon, are solemnly brought forward to-day by rustic Solons as if they had never been tested and condemned a thousand years ago and more. The wrong men have got into Canadian politics and the right men have got into the way of staying out and letting things go. It is a very dangerous element of weakness and ought to be remedied or worse will happen.

Concerning Tubs, Pails, and Barrels.

WE who live in the nineteenth century have become purblind. Carlyle said that we miss the eternal miracle all round about us in our advocacy of the gospel of dirt. So we regard as unclean the great achievements of our forefathers. Such an achievement is the coöperative mechanism called the tub, pail, or barrel. It lives in song and story, in "The Tale of a Tub," in Kitty who was the charming maid to carry the milking pail, and in the gigantic tun of Heidelberg. The Eddy Company, Limited, turns out thousands of tubs and pails; whether it manufactures barrels or not depends sayeth "Ignoramus." The barrel is not a steam engine, a sewing machine, a typewriter, a phonograph, a telephone, an electric telegraph, nor a trolley-car. True, but these are new and barrels are old; and, when they first saw the light, they must have been regarded as a great invention. They were unique. Ancient Greece knew nothing of them, nor did they come into use in Italy proper until after the reign of Titus. The Greeks and Romans kept their wine and other liquids in pigskins made tight with pitch, and in earthen oblong dotia and amphore of elegant devices. In Pliny's day the hooped cask was indeed known, but as a production peculiar to the Alps.

The Celt dwelt among the Alps, and with him abode the *cabar* or joiner, whence the English word "cooper." He made tubs, Erse *tubog*, pails, the Welsh *peol*, and barrels, the Welsh *baril*. When the *cabar* first began his art who shall tell? Back in Asia Minor, over which in ancient days the Cimmerians roamed, and especially in Galatia, where, as late as the time of St. Jerome, early in the fifth century, a Celtic tongue was spoken, Butler's fancy may have been realized while Rome was in its infancy:

"Skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs."

Celtic Eddys may have filled large contracts for Gyges and Alyattes, and have pushed their cooper enterprise into the dominions of Midas and Gordius. It is an interesting question, whether the barrel stuck full of spikes, in which the intrepid Regulus was confined by the Carthaginians, was a genuine product of the cooper's art or a mere box. If the former, it would indicate the reality of the connection established by learned French writers between the Berbers of Northern Africa and the Celtic stock. The Berbers of to-day seem to have retired from the barrel business.

The Celt set himself deliberately to be a *cabar* or *cubair*, a joiner, confederator, or cooper. Was necessity the mother of this invention, was it a piece of mechanical evolution, or had political or religious symbolism anything to do with its origin? In the matter of architecture the Celt was a mason rather than a carpenter; his boat was usually a skin coracle; his ordinary drinking bowl was a hollowed out piece of beech-wood. How came he to think of anything so complicated as the work of the cooper's art in a rude age? What prompted members of a warlike, turbulent race to undertake a task requiring such careful calculation and delicacy of close fitting. Its material was the sacred oak; its ground plan, the druidical circle; its staves, twice mystic seven; its hoops, a triad. The druidical cauldron referred to by Dodona was probably a specimien, and of which that of Dodona was probably a specimien, and used by the priests to prepare from certain herbs a sacred liquor answering to the *soma* of the Hindus. This water of inspiration was kept by the druids in sacred vessels impervious by air or water until it was required for use. What was to hinder the hierophants employing skins or pottery for this end, and, if wood were necessary, why was it not simply hollowed out? Some religious reason, involving recondite symbolism, forbade such expedients, and originated the barrel. Its fate has been that of the golden vessels of the Temple in the hands of Belshazzar and his lords. Once a sacred receptacle, it has left the sanctuary to become the container of usquebaugh, potheen, and other things more innocuous.

Scotchmen are acquainted with the luggie, but the Sassenach is probably ignorant of it. The luggie is a piece of miniature cooper's work, a very small tub of staves and hoops, with one stave, either black or white, as they are alternately, standing up above the rest as a handle. A luggie is a vessel for eating porridge out of, having a lug, or ear—namely, the upstanding stave. Many a pious covener, who has eaten his porridge or brose out of a luggie

for half a lifetime, would dash it to the ground had he the least idea that pagan superstition originated the dainty vessel. Yet he sings—

“Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming beltane, in winter to fade.”

without reflecting that “beltane” means “Baal’s fire.” Perhaps the good man’s name is Murdoch, which is just the Babylonian Merodach or Berodach; in other words, the son of Beor or the abominable Baal-Peor. It is a good thing that people do not know all that lies back of them. The washerwoman sees no symbolism in her tubs, nor does the milkmaid in her pails, nor the apple packer in his barrels; they are tubs, pails and barrels, and nothing more. But they become something less when not even the river’s brim will restore their staves to pristine unity, when dissension sows the ranks of their Celtic inconstancy, and, as in many other cases, shrinkage proves their ruin. The work of the *clubair* or joiner is at its best when full.

The barrel is a vast improvement on the pigskin and the amphora. The latter will break with a fall, and of the former it may be said, as Paddy remarked to the mail-bag, “My knife laughs at your padlocks.” The elastic-hooped barrel rarely comes to grief, save about the head, where many more important things than barrels are weak. It can be rolled up hill and down, bumped over rocks, piled mountains high, and still it sustains itself. A horseman can carry a keg behind him during a long day’s journey and never spill a drop of its contents, however hard he trot. If the design of its inventor had been to make a strong vessel by his combinations, as the fishing tackle manufacturer fashions his strongest rods, he could not have succeeded better than he has done by the teachings of pagan symbolism. Doubtless some religions have wrought a great deal of mischief in the world, but, in most pagan religions, we find the pagan man at his best, for even heathens exerted themselves on behalf of religion, as they would not dream of doing for anything else. *L’omion fait la force* was a proverb the Celt honoured more in the breach than in the observance politically, yet he accomplished in the barrel what he too often failed to accomplish in the senate and in the field. The Irish party in the British Commons are not good coopers.

The word “cooper,” as we have seen, meant originally a joiner, and, as the flat-boat captain, who preached upon the harp of a thousand rings, said concerning spirits and fire, so it may be said, that there are many kinds of joiners. A much tried woman was asked by a directory agent what her husband’s occupation was, and made reply that he was a joiner. The agent was about to write down sash-factor, when she demurred; he met with no better success when he tried carpenter and cabinet-maker. Then the afflicted woman broke in: “He’s a jiner, and has jined the Masons and the Orangemen, the Odd Fellows and the Foresters, the Royal Templars and the Knights of Pythias, and, if anybody would start a society to burn down his house, he would jine it to-morrow. My husband is a jiner.” Politicians sometimes find it useful to be this kind of a joiner; and all are familiar with their venerable jokes about brother politicians in power being good or bad cabinet-makers. But cabinet-maker’s work and that of house carpenters are poor object lessons from which to derive a moral compared with that of the cooper. There is an irregularity in the various tonguings and groovings and complex shapings of the productions of the former two that contrasts unfavourably with the regular unity of plan in tubs, pails, and barrels.

First of all the cooper begins with a platform, a platform destitute of all angles save the sharpened edge that completely girds the wooden disc, so as to fit into the grooves of the staves that are to be. This is no accidental platform capable of sustaining itself and the public; it is a manufactured article, and, though keeping the staves in their true positions, it is entirely supported by them. The platform itself may consist of two or even more parts closely fitted, but it is the encircling staves that really secure their permanent union. That platform by itself could not safely hold water nor much of anything else, but by means of the staves it will carry a great weight. Finally, in order to complete the cooperage, for the head is not a necessary item nor invariable, there are applied to the exterior of the united staves three or more hoops—one at the top, one at the bottom, and one or more at the bulging middle. These

bind the various parts together, and on their efficiency the stability of the whole structure depends. In some respects the hoops may be regarded as the most important parts of tubs, pails, and barrels; but, save for trundling along in an erratic and dissipated way before a boy and a stick, they are useless without the staves and the circular platform. No wicked pun is intended by the statement that the work of the cooper is a valuable lesson in coöperation. It is said to be compelled to make such a disclaimer.

We have a Literary and Musical Circle in our town, too small and too refined an organization to compare to a tub or a barrel; an elegant little pail, like the alternate black and white staved Scotch luggies, will suit it better. Its bottom or platform consists of two not discordant parts, literature and music. Its members or staves are literary people who like music, and musical people who like literature. He who loves not knowledge and he who has no music in his soul do not ask to become members, and would not become such if they did. By this time the members, ladies and gentlemen, have become very much attached, as much by pleasant companionship, as by the large fund of literary and musical enjoyment and culture the society has accumulated during the few years of its existence. One single strong hoop holds this luggie, of which Professor C. is the lug, together, and that hoop is Mrs. L., in whose house the circle generally meets. She loves music and literature, but neither plays nor sings, writes nor gives readings. She is a charming hostess, however, and her suppers are *recherché*. It is very doubtful, had the staves been left to pursue their twin studies individually, without coöperation, that they would have acquired anything like the results achieved by them, and they certainly would have missed many a good time.

Larger affairs of the tub and barrel order are our benevolent national societies. Their platforms or foundation circles are much more extensive, their staves more numerous, and their hoops, if not so elegant and accomplished as Mrs. L., are stronger. These latter are generally the vice-president, secretary and treasurer; for the president, as a rule, although not always, is an ornamental gold band on top. What with forfeited barrels of flour and oatmeal sent in by successful curlers and other sportsmen, and contributions of many kinds, the coöperative vessels accumulate enough material to carry destitute fellow-countrymen through the rigours of our Canadian winter. Individual effort would hardly reach these classes, nor would the suffering members of them know where to seek the individual staves of charity, should the barrel come to grief. And come to grief these insitutions undoubtedly would, were it not for the iron strong but kindly encircling hoops that are in touch with every supporter and hold them collectively in their stations about the beneficent circle. It is a merciful dispensation of providence that, as the girders become rusty or snap, new ones, strong as ever the old were, are prepared to take their places, and that education is making it an honour to be coveted that one should be chosen above his fellows to perform the function of the hoop.

Grandest and most beneficent of all things, in spite of its defects and abuses as practised, is the Christian religion; but where would it be without the churches? To what magnificent proportions these tubs, pails, and barrels grow, with their staves of goodly cedar and their hoops of golds! What treasure they amass and dispense freely for the good of the world! Some of them are held together by but few strong hoops, and a few favoured ones are externally almost all hoop from top to bottom. They are of all shapes: narrow, high, broad, some bulging in the centre, some broader above than below, and others, like pails of a certain kind, narrowing towards the top. There are exclusive barrels, the tops of which are knocked in once a week, and half exclusive pails with lids that open on demand, and honest large-featured tubs ever receptive of the sunshine and the rain and any other good thing that may be brought to them. The human cooper’s work is not all beneficial; but, whatever may be the case with unseen principalities and powers as organizations of evil, so far as the visible is concerned, vice is hardly a brotherhood in Christian lands. It empties the barrel which it did not fill, rejects the ministrations of the cleansing tub, and ends by kicking the bucket. Blessed, therefore, be the memory of the ancient Celt, wherever he first exercised his art, who became the father of *clubairs* or joiners, and the giver to posterity of tubs, pails, and barrels!

A Plea for Peace From an American Preacher.

EVERYWHERE in America the Rev. Lyman Abbott is known not only as a strong and eloquent preacher, but as a wise, and thoughtful leader of the best public opinion in the United States. The republication—in pamphlet form—of a timely sermon preached from the time-honoured pulpit of Plymouth Church, on the Sunday following the outburst of excitement called forth by President Cleveland's warlike message, will be welcomed by many as extending the influence of an admirable appeal to the better feeling of the American people. The text is taken from Isaiah ix. 5, 6; and the contrast is drawn between the Pagan ideal of *war* and the Christian ideal of *peace*.

After briefly noting the issue involved between Venezuela and British Guiana, the character of the territory in dispute, and the fact that from the mere "shadow of a shadow," the "mere threat of war"—the people of the United States have already lost in depreciation of properties more than twice as much as would suffice to buy the whole of the disputed territory—he goes on to say, as is, at any rate, natural from an American point of view: "This disputed boundary has long been in discussion. We have proposed to England to arbitrate the entire question. She does wrong in refusing. She consents to arbitrate up to a certain point; beyond that she refuses to arbitrate. And then what do we propose?"

After quoting from the president's message, he continues:

"This government proposes to say to the governments of Europe, 'Hereafter we will assume the function of a supreme international court, as regards all contests in South America. We will be judge, jury, and sheriff. You shall do what we say is right. If you do not do what we say is right, we will make you do it. It is a pretty large contrast for a pretty large country. But that is no matter. The question is, Is it right? That is the only question I have to do with to-night.'

"First, it is claimed that we ought to undertake this police and judicial function as respect to South America, because our commercial interests are imperilled; because if Great Britain gets a strip of territory, variously estimated at from 33,000 to 300,000 square miles, our national welfare will be imperilled. I read from Secretary Olney's letter:

"It is difficult for me to take this seriously. If Great Britain in a disputed question of territory 2,500 miles away from us gets 33,000 or 300,000 square miles, our peaceful prosperity is at an end, and we must arise and equip ourselves for perpetual warfare; and all this time Great Britain has almost as much territory on this continent as we have. Her borderline runs contiguously to our border line; from Penobscot Bay to Vancouver Island, and yet we must have a standing army, fleets and navies, if she gets 300,000 square miles 2,500 miles away from us in South America! For all these years we have had this border line, and by the simple expedient of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, made at the close of the war of 1812, there is not a naval vessel on the lakes, there is not a torpedo boat, and there is not a fortress from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and yet, forsooth, we must take on all the standing armies of Europe lest she gets a base of operations 5,200 miles from us!

"If we were a weak nation, if we barely had our foothold on this continent, surrounded by hostile Jones, if we were growing weaker, then we might perhaps say, We will not allow a square foot of territory to be added of colonial possessions. But we are sixty millions of people; we have grown with an unparalleled growth. Another hundred years of peace will make the American nation the greatest and most potent empire on the face of the globe; and yet, lest our commercial interests shall be imperilled by a possible conflict in the future, we are to insist that it shall take place now, lest by and by England shall assail us from a base of operations 2,500 miles away. We are to ask her now to enter into this horrible duel, with our seaports unprotected from Bangor to Galveston.

"And we are to do all this now, lest, possibly, in some future time, from a far away base of operations, military enterprises may be undertaken against us.

"The truth is, so far as self-interest is concerned, we might well wish that England would absorb the whole of Venezuela, and these go on absorbing more and more; for these Spanish American republics, with the exception of Brazil, have done nothing for civilization, and England has done much civilization wherever she has gone. The English army would carry

with it the railroad, the telegraph, the banking system, manufacturing, schools, churches, civilization. The richer South America is the more prosperous, the more built up in all modern appliances and life, the richer, the better, the more prosperous we shall be. I know that there is a philosophy that scoffs at this, that thinks the welfare of one nation depends on the poverty of another. It belongs to the old-time nation that the wealth of one man depends on the poverty of another. Every nation's wealth adds to every other nation's wealth, and there is no rivalry in commerce that is righteous that is not helpful to both rivals.

After pointing out the inconsistency of the president's admission that the United States would not object to any amicable settlement between Venezuela and Great Britain, with the position laid down by Secretary Olney, he goes on to say:

"Is it then our duty? Here is a republic, poor, feeble, unable to cope with so great an adversary, and she is being ground under the heel of a despot. Therefore, we ought to go to her defence. Whether England or Venezuela is right on this boundary question I do not know. Therefore, I do not undertake to determine. Looking at the history of the past, and taking all we know into consideration, it is not probable that Great Britain is not wholly wrong, and it is almost certain she is not wholly right. But the question for us to determine is, not is England right or wrong, but are we appointed to make her do what we think is right? Are we to undertake to police the whole of South America? Are we to act as a supreme and final court of jurisdiction in all South American disputes? It can only be on the ground that we take these South American Republics under our wing and make them our wards. If we are to compel all Powers to treat them righteously, we must compel them to treat all Powers righteously. And that is a very large undertaking."

After pointing out the preposterous, pretension of the proposed commission he goes on to analyze the real meaning of the Monroe doctrine, as expounded by its original authorities, and reminds his hearers that this famous "doctrine" originated with Mr. Canning, the Prime Minister of England, who himself suggested to the young republic that it was "fitting and proper that it should lay down the rule that there should be no forcible overrunning of American territory by foreign Powers in the interest of European despotism." Jefferson is quoted as saying, in accepting the suggestion:

"Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one of all on earth, and, with her on our side, we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be found to be fighting side by side in the same cause."

"What, then," asks Dr. Abbott after various quotations, "is this declaration of Monroe, this act of the House of Representatives, this interpretation by Jefferson before and Daniel Webster after—what is the Monroe doctrine? Consider the time . . . 'We are a weak and feeble nation, and we declare it a matter of friendship and candour to tell the Powers of Europe that any attempt on their part to oppress the free republics already organized, whose freedom and nationality we have recognized, to sweep them away and re-establish the feudal despotism of the old world on this continent, we shall regard as an unfriendly act. And the Congress goes on to say, 'Yes, that may be true, but still we shall judge each case on its own merits.' And then Daniel Webster goes on to add to that, 'Yes, and if it is at a remote point, it will be only a ground for protest; if it is close at hand, then it will be ground for action.'" He then goes on to point out the irrelevancy of resorting to this principle in circumstances so different: the real root of the trouble is frankly pointed out.

"There has grown up in this country a great hostility to the mother country. There is reason for our prejudices against Great Britain? He we have to take issue with the preachers, at least as regards some of the reasons he adduces. Without going into dead issues, it may be safely admitted by both parties that there was wrong as well as right on both sides; but it is difficult to see how a fair-minded American could assign, as a valid reason for such a prejudice, the inaction of Great Britain in regard to the Armenian atrocities. Deeply as that inaction is regretted by a large section of the British people, America should surely be the last to reproach her with it. Did America ever once offer to come to the aid of Britain in a new crusade which might have crowned both nations with true glory, and joined them in enduring bonds?"

Yet Dr. Abbott himself declares that "together England and America may enwrap the world with liberty and fill it with peace."

We can better agree with the preacher when he goes on to say :

"Great Britain is two nations, as almost every man is two men. She is not all sinner, and she is not all saint. Neither are we, for that matter! She is two nations, and you can trace the double current all through her history. She is the England of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, and she is the England of Cromwell and the Puritans; she is the England of George III., who sought to override the colonies; and she is no less the England of the Earl of Chatham and of Edmund Burke, who, with courageous statesmanship—would God we could see such also to-day in the American Congress—dared stand, almost alone, for the rights of a people outside his land, and against popular prejudice. She is the England, may I not say, of Lord Salisbury, and also the England of William Ewart Gladstone?"

"A war with England is like a civil war. We are of the same blood; we are of the same kin; we are of the same essential constitution; we are of the same spiritual faith; we have the same history; we are knitted together by a thousand ties more sacred than the ties of commerce and trade that unite us. England—what have we not received from her? She has fought our battles for us; she has poured out her blood for us. It was England that gave English-speaking people the Magna Charta, without which American free institutions never could have been; it was England that founded the House of Commons, without which the House of Representatives would have been impossible; it was England that established the Constitutions of Clarendon, without which religious liberty would have been unknown on this continent; it was England that fought and bled for a free press, free education, a free voice, a free nation. It is time for us to reach out not the clenched fist against this double England, but the open palm to the England of Simon de Montfort, and the England of Queen Elizabeth, and the England of Cromwell, and the England of Gladstone. I join hands with Puritan England for the conquest of the world—not by war, not by armed men, but by ideas, truth, rectitude, honour, national progress. Together, England and America may enwrap the world with liberty and fill it with peace."

To such noble words which of us would not say a hearty amen? Let us be thankful that during the spasm of Anglo-phobia which seemed to seize our nearest neighbours and relations—a spasm already, we may hope, passing away—there were men who could speak such words of Christian common sense and faithful rebuke to those who would have stirred up strife between nations of kindred blood and common faith. Let us be thankful that America is also two nations—the nation not only of Olney and Ingalls, but also of Seth Low, Dr. Parkhurst and Lyman Abbott.

FIDELIS.

The Poets of the Bodley Head.

"Every critic in the town
Runs the minor poet down.
Every critic, don't you know it,
Is, himself, a minor poet?"

SANG the young Scotchman who had to die before any of us cared for his verse, and half a dozen years ago there was truth as well as poetry in his lines. H. W. Traill told us there were sixty-five minor poets. As far as most of us were aware, they led a precarious existence on the unread pages of the magazines; and were finally entombed in little volumes that dropped lifeless from the press. If you knew a minor poet, you always discovered he had lost twenty pounds in the transaction; what the publishers lost no one ever knew, but they were popularly supposed to hate minor poets with a deadly hatred, and only to accept their verse—during Lent—from the same motive that would influence another man to send a cheque to a deserving charity, or spend a week with an ill-tempered and poor relation. Stress, we know, forces animals, usually friendly, to turn on each other; and even a boat load of philanthropists would probably begin to draw lots when their provisions were finally exhausted. So we need not blame the minor poets too much if, under these distressing circumstances, they turned sour at life, and said unpleasant things about each other. But a wonderful change has taken place within the last three years, and a poet of a decade ago,

who found himself in London now, would probably go about in a dazed way inquiring :

"Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

Poetry sells. Poets reap not only fame, but a little money; they are no longer driven from pillar to post; they have a publisher of their own, and their verses appear, exquisitely produced, in limited editions. Under these altered circumstances, their characters have altered, too, and now they write nice things about each other in the reviews! No scientific man, that we know of, has, as yet, noticed this fact; but we believe a biologist might make a most interesting study on "The modifications brought about in the habits and character of the minor poet by new conditions." One firm is responsible for this state of affairs. Some years ago a little old-fashioned second-hand bookshop was opened in Vigo street, London. Its owner, a Mr. Elkin Matthews, formerly a bookseller of Exeter, named his new premises after his famous townsman, Sir Thomas Bodley, and began to publish, in a small, but very exquisite way, at the Bodley Head. He was joined soon after by Mr. John Lane (since 1895 the sole member of the firm), and then began that little *renaissance* of poetry whereby it became possible for a poet to earn a little money and be profitable, at the same time, to his publishers. This was accomplished, partly, by clever devices. The editions were limited in size, and no such binding, type, and paper were ever placed before at the service of the muses. Some few adventurous Britons bought the books; the rumour spread; other people believed that they, too, must become purchasers; and the demand increased till the Bodley Head is the present-day synonym for Parnassus.

Since the Bodley Head became the poet's medium, a good many older poets have come in to take advantage of the taste of judgment that govern the productions of the firm. Their names include Robert Bridges, William Watson, the late Roden Noel and Michael Field, but these men had "arrived" before the little shop in Vigo street opened its doors; and when we speak of the Bodley Head writers we mean a younger and different generation. They are a motley crowd who call Sir Thomas godfather! For many of them we are very grateful; some few, we are sorry to say, are so *décadent* and unwholesome that we feel the old knight himself would have been the first to turn them out of doors. But the wheat far outweighs the chaff, and, while we have Norman Gale and Cosmo Monkhouse, we may ignore Arthur Symons and Silver Prints.

The poet who, in a sense, is most identified with the Bodley Head is Richard Le Gallienne, whose "volumes in folio" was the first book published by the firm of Matthews & Lane. Several other volumes have followed in quick succession—"The Book-Bills of Narcissus," "English Poems," "Prose Fancies," and the book that all London was discussing two winters ago, "The Religion of a Literary Man."

Norman Gale—the Watteau of poetry—has transferred his work also to the successful firm. A master at Rugby, most of his poems were produced in slender, beautiful volumes through Mr. George Carr, a Rugby printer, but now they, too, will bear the imprint of the Bodley Head.

Among the new men, Francis Thompson is the man whose work has made the greatest sensation. His poetry is like nothing else in modern English poetry, often turgid and lavish, often straight from the soul of a poet whose lips have been touched by the finger of God!

John Davidson is another of the new men who have arrived. He is a Scotchman, the author of some very remarkable plays, of two or three volumes of poems, and of "Fleet Street Eclogues." But space forbids us to do more in this article than mention the names of some of those whom the Bodley Head has helped to make famous. We hope at some future date to notice with more detail the works by which these writers have won their niche in this latter-day Parnassus.

No notice, however short, of the Bodley Head, and the little revolution it has, for the time being, wrought in the literary world of London, would be complete without some mention of Aubrey Beardsley, whose work we consider the one serious blot on these charming volumes. He is a clever artist, but *décadent*, unpleasant, and unwholesome to the last degree—not original, but aboriginal, as the man remarked in Punch—and the sooner he and his school disappear, the better it will be for English art and English literature.

E. G.

All Else Dieth, but Letters Remain."

Yes : Wealth and Power—they pass away,
And Empire's crumble to decay ;
But those who sang when Greece was young,
And those who wrote when Rome held sway—
They rule men's hearts to-day, to-day,
As erst they did when Virgil wrote,
As once they did when Homer sung.

Hamilton, Ont.

J. H. LONG.

* * *

Silver and Gold.

IN my last communication I said that Mr. Harkness put forward the decline in the value of silver as one of the causes of the fall in prices. On reading his paper again, I am a little doubtful as to whether he really does hold that silver has actually declined in value, or whether he considers that the rise in value which he attributes to gold is the sole cause of the change in their relative values. I think, however, that he means to imply that the demoralization of silver depressed its value independently of the increase in the value of gold.

The following figures show what has been the production of silver. They are from the same source as those already given for gold, with which they should be compared :

Years, inclusive.	Average annual production fine ounces.	Ratio of production.
1493 to 1600	6,797,462	1
1601 to 1700	10,970,731	1.6
1701 to 1810	19,283,102	2.8
1811 to 1830	16,096,380	2.4
1831 to 1850	22,133,105	3.2
1851 to 1870	34,009,395	5
1871 to 1890	85,750,940	12.6
1891	137,171,000	20.2
1892	152,940,000	22.5
1893	161,776,000	23.8

The supply of silver thus shows a fairly continuous increase from the earliest times of which we have any record ; but it will be seen that its production has not increased so largely as has that of gold, if comparison be made with the earlier years, and that the very large increase which the figures do show began at a somewhat later date. But the relative production of the two metals in the earlier periods covered by this table is comparatively unimportant. The amounts produced, both of silver and of gold, were very small up till about 1830 to 1840, and since the beginning of this century conditions and circumstance have undergone a complete change.

Up to about 1860 the annual production of silver was not materially greater than it had been during the last twenty-five or thirty years of the previous century, but about that date a very rapid increase began.

Thus the average annual amount produced during the five years, 1866 to 1870 was more than twice as much as the average annual production for the ten years, 1831 to 1840, whilst the annual average for the next five years shows another increase of nearly fifty per cent. If we compare with 1893 the five years previous to 1871, when the monetary changes began we obtain the following result :

	1866 to 1870 Annual average production.	1893.	Ratio of increase.
Gold, ounces	6,270,086	7,607,904	1.2
Silver, "	43,051,583	161,776,000	3.7

We see from this that the production of silver is now nearly four times as great as for the five years previous to 1871, whilst that of gold has only increased by one-fifth. If instead of the five years, 1866 to 1870, we took the five years 1861 to 1865, the difference in the rates of increase would be even more striking. The really large production began about 1870, and since that time it has increased so rapidly that in 1893 the amount produced was all but three times as much as in 1874, the year when the decline in value first became really noticeable.

From such a largely increased product in the face of a

steady decline in price, it is an irresistible inference that the cost of production has also declined, at least as fast as the price. On no other condition could the output be kept up, much less trebled. And we are confirmed in this by direct evidence.

Mexico is the second largest producer of silver, and of her silver-mining we learn that "reports made under the auspices of the Mexican Secretary of the Interior, and published in the Mexican Economist (1886), claim that the cost of working the argentiferous lead-ores of Mexico, which 'exist in prodigious abundance,' has been greatly reduced within recent years, and that under a better system of taxation and with an adequate supply of capital the annual production of the silver mines of Mexico could be quickly doubled and even trebled."

The production in Mexico in 1885 was 27,000,000 ounces, in 1893, 42,000,000. With reference to silver mining in the United States, which is the largest producer of silver, a witness (Mr. W. H. Beck) thus testified before a Committee of the United States Senate in 1891: "When I went to Montana in 1886, it cost us to transport our ores from Dillon to Omaha \$24 per ton. That transportation now costs \$10 a ton. It cost us then to treat the ores \$17 a ton. Now it costs \$8 and \$10. . . . Machinery is better, and improvements in mining machinery are being continually made. Concentration of ores is extending very largely. Many of our ores that were considered of no value a few years ago are now quite profitable." (I give this as quoted in Cowperthwait's "Money, Silver and Finance"—Chapter V. For a description of the prosperous condition of silver mining in the United States in 1891, see Chapter IV. of the same work.)

And recent reports from Australia, the third silver producing country, indicate that silver can be profitably produced there at prices considerably less even than those which now prevail. I think, therefore, that we may safely conclude that there has been since 1871 a supply of silver a great deal larger than previous to that date, and that it has been obtained at considerably less cost.

With regard to the monetary demand for silver, I subjoin figures which are from the same sources and apply to the same countries as those which I gave for gold :

Year.	Silver coin. Millions of dollars.	Population Millions.	Imports and Exports. Millions of dollars.	Ratio of silver coin to Population	Imports and Exports.
1850	1,132	261	3,114	4.3	.36
1884	1,460	371	11,476	3.9	.12
1890	1,902	393	*12,171	4.8	.15
1894	1,957	435	†	4.5	†

It will be seen from these figures that there is very little trace of the decreased monetary use of silver which we are so often told arose from its "demoralization." The total amount of coined silver has risen steadily all through the forty-four years, and has maintained a fairly uniform ratio to population, there being in 1894 about twenty cents more of silver coin per head than in 1850. So that although Germany did throw a large amount of silver on the market when she was re-organizing her coinage (about \$138,000,000, spread over seven years, 1873 to 1879 inclusive) the deficiency was soon made up. And, indeed, Germany did not really reduce her silver coinage to any great extent. In 1850 she had \$194,000,000, or \$5.70 per head, in 1884, \$219,000,000, \$4.60 per head, and in 1894, \$215,000,000, \$4.40 per head. And leaving these figures out of the question there is no evidence so far as I know of any considerable net decrease in silver used for monetary purposes which can be shown to arise from "demoralization."

The utmost that can be said is that its use has not increased so fast as it might otherwise have done. In the words of Mr. D. A. Wells ("Recent Economic Changes"—Chap. VI): "If by demoralization is meant that there has been less of silver in use and circulation as money, absolutely or comparatively, throughout the world since 1873 than formerly ; or that the people of any country have been inhabited to their disadvantage in its use ; or that, in con-

* D. A. Wells "Recent Economic Changes."—Chap VI.

† Imports and exports are for 1889.

‡ Figures not available for this year.

sequence of any restriction on its use for coinage, production and trade have decreased, and the prices of commodities and wages have fallen—the assumptions are not warranted, and the term demoralization is meaningless.”

This, then, must be the conclusion as to the lessons to be learned from the statistics relating to silver. There has been a very large increase in its supply—an increase which, since 1870, is very much larger than the increase in the supply of gold.

That this has been obtained at less cost, and consequently at a lower value, is shown, not only by the very fact of the much larger supply in the face of a steadily falling price, but also by direct evidence as to the reduced cost of silver mining.

There is no evidence to establish a decrease in the use of silver, owing to the monetary changes of 1871 and the following years; on the contrary, statistics show that there is now as much coined silver per head in the principal countries as before these changes.

The use of gold has increased, but the use of silver has not decreased.

The cause of the decline in its value is the very large increase in its supply, put on the market at less cost, but it was probably hastened at first by the German sales of old silver and by sentimental considerations arising from “demoralization.”

The theory that the changes in monetary standards destroyed the price ratio that formerly existed between gold and silver, forcing up the price of gold and reducing that of silver, cannot, as it seems to me, be maintained in the face of the figures showing the supply of the two metals.

Gold, we are told, has been unnaturally driven up in price, and silver unnaturally driven down, yet since the date when this process is supposed to have begun, the annual supply of gold has increased by one-fifth, whilst that of silver is 3.7 times as much.

Had these figures been reversed, the theory might possibly have held water.

It is not necessary to spend much time in discussing the theory that the prices of commodities in general have been dragged down by the fall in silver.

So far as I understand it, the argument is something to this effect:

The ratio of value between gold and silver having changed, an adjustment of gold prices and silver prices must necessarily follow. But prices in the East (comprising the principal silver standard countries) are, owing to the conservatism of the people, absence of communication, etc., less susceptible of change, whilst in India there are various fixed charges, payable in silver, which form the chief part of the producer's outgoings. So long, therefore, as he can get the same silver prices as before, he is as well off as ever, notwithstanding the fall in silver, and this price he is forced by competition to accept. This, of course, is a lower gold price, so by this means a fall in the gold price of all articles exported from silver standard to gold standard countries is established.

Then, too, the producer having taken the same quantity of silver as before for his products, has only the same amount to give for the articles imported from gold standard countries.

This is a lower gold price, which is thus established for all articles sent from gold standard to silver standard countries. The reduction thus effected in these two classes of goods reacts upon other commodities and brings about a general fall in prices.

In this argument there appear to be two main fallacies. One is that the producer will have to take the same silver price as before the fall in silver.

What he will have to take will be the price in the world's market, which will be fixed in the usual way, without any reference to the standard of value in the country from which any part of the commodities come.

The other, which depends on the former, is that the fact that the producer has accepted the same amount of silver for his exports will correspondently force down the price of his imports.

The first proposition containing a fallacy, the second falls to the ground. But it is in itself erroneous. The idea seems to be that he will necessarily get the same quantity of goods for his silver, notwithstanding the fall in its value. This, of course, cannot be upheld.

If he has less value to give, he will get less goods. The demand being thus decreased, will, no doubt, have a tendency to cause a temporary decline in prices, but this is not what is meant.

It may be said, too, that Indian statistics, so far as they are available, give very little support to this theory.

To recapitulate.

The divergence in the values of gold and silver is, in the main, due to a decline in the value of silver.

This decline, which is perfectly natural, is caused by a largely increased supply at a lower cost.

There is no evidence to show that gold, from causes peculiar to itself, has risen in value to any appreciable extent.

The decline in the value of silver has not, in any appreciable degree, affected general prices.

The cause of the fall in prices is not to be found either in gold or in silver.

F. G. JEMMETT.

* * *

Mother and Daughter.

“Peace is, as ever, the greatest of British interests above all peace with America is not only an interest, but a condition of honourable life with both peoples.”—*London Chronicle*.

“Together England and America may enwrap the world with liberty and fill it with peace.”—*Dr. Luntin Abbott*.

They had a difference, once, in days of old,
Mother and daughter, for the daughter's heart
Was hot with fire of youth, and rash and bold,
The mother's proud and obstinate and cold,
And so in sullen gloom they moved apart.

The long years passed, and changes came to each,
Touching them with a subtle, altering power,
And both were wiser grown in thought and speech,
And kindly words and deeds—the ancient breach
Closed up and healed with every passing hour.

Then came a burst of sudden wrath—that flamed
O'er the new amity that Time had wrought—
And angry thoughts found voice—and rash souls blamed,
And dreamed of such strange conflict as had shamed
The bond of kindred each awhile forgot!

Then speeds the word, that, in the heart of foes,
Some, dear to both, in deadly peril stand,
And heart to heart in swift out-reaching goes,
And wide her arms the generous mother throws
Round all her children in that alien land!

But hark; what sad, heart-rending wail we hear
From those fair plains that cradled once our faith,
Where walked of old the patriarch and seer,
Now loosed from hell fly all the fiends of ear,
And o'er the land there flows a tide of death!

Mother and daughter! hear that piteous prayer!
In *this* your bond of union blest shall be,
To save the victim from th' oppressor's snare,
Lift up the weight of long endured despair,
And free the captive from captivity!

So speak the kindred blood, till from the soul
Of two great nations swells one noble chord
Of diverse tones, that yet harmonious roll
In diapason full of one grand whole,
Responsive to the impulse of their Lord!

FIDELIS.

* * *

Ian Maclaren.

IN the “Literary Notes” of a journal that is usually well informed, I read last week the statement that “Ian Maclaren's” story, “The Mind of the Master,” part of which had appeared in the *Expositor*, would soon be published in book form by Hodder and Stoughton. This seems to me to be a misleading announcement, and yet, incorrect as it probably is, there are some lessons to be drawn from it. I have several volumes of the *Expositor* on my shelves, but as I am not able to lay my hands on the current numbers it may be venturesome to suggest that the articles in question are in all probability an exposition of the “mind of Christ,” which, after instructing the intelligent readers of the *Expositor*, will form a volume, of considerable interest and value. Now-a-days the “serial story” or the “short story” is found in all kinds of papers and magazines, but we may safely prophesy that it will be some time before the serial story will find its way into the pages of a high class theological monthly like the *Expositor*. We shall still have some magazines, if only those that are special and technical, free from

the ravages of the "serial story." This form of literature may be both attractive and instructive, but we do not desire to yield the whole earth to its sway.

"Ian Maclaren" has gained a world-wide reputation by his "Bonnie Briar Bush," and it is probable that the story-writing is the one form of his activity which is known and valued in Canada. Recently a Presbyterian paper in alluding to the demand for "a man with a name" for one of the vacant theological professorships made the remark that probably the name best known and most popular at present was that of "Ian Maclaren." This naturally (or unnaturally as I think) led on to the statement that "a man with a name" might not have the other requisites for the position. The general statement is quite correct, but the illustration seemed to me rather unfortunate, as there are few men who have the gift for kindling "apologetics" possessed by "Ian Maclaren." This, however, simply confirms the statement already made that in this country it is "Ian Maclaren," the author of the *Drumtochty Idylls*, whom we know, and not the Rev. John Watson, of Sefton Park, Liverpool. By the by, Mr. Watson is now Dr. Watson, whereupon the papers remark that perhaps there is some connection between the popularity achieved by the "Bonnie Briar Bush" and the doctorship. I leave all mysterious studies of cause and effect, with the statement that Mr. Watson is a man who can do either with or without a doctor's degree, he is a true doctor of divinity in any case; the writer who has made us familiar with Lachlan Campbell and Donald Menzies has studied theology in abstract as well as concrete forms, and can express religious truths in either a philosophic or popular fashion. One part of his life may have overshadowed the other part in our view, but there is a close relationship between the two, and it may be that the preaching of a living gospel is the essential, while the story-telling is simply incidental.

I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Watson, that, however, is one of the things that might have been, as I have received tokens of friendship from some who are on the friendliest terms with him, and it is probable that more than once we have been under the same roof, in Regent Square Church, with its memories of Edward Irving, and other men of power, as well as in the old home, Queen's Square, with its memories of "the insane king." Mr. Watson is now the Convener of the College Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, and in the office he was preceded by Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., from whom the present writer received much kindness. Dr. Fraser, in his day, was probably the minister of that church, most widely known outside his own Communion, and now Mr. Watson is probably the minister of most universal reputation throughout the English-speaking world. This, as we have seen, is due to what we call his literary, as distinguished from his purely theological work, and we know that he was not placed in his present position on account of his wonderful power of pathos and humour, but because of his well-known capability for the office, and his sympathy with theological education of the highest kind. We do not think that any one regrets more than he that the inspiring power of Elmslie is no longer available for the institution which enjoys the valued services of Dr. Oswald Dykes.

Before we understood the puzzling *nom de plume* of "Ian Maclaren," some of us on this side of the Atlantic, as readers of the *British Weekly*, had enjoyed and appreciated the pictures of the *Drumtochty* flock, beings who became more real to us than many whom we meet daily on the street. We even—tell it not in the Presbytery—read some of them as a kind of "second lesson," in the week evening prayer-meeting, we handed them round to friends and quietly suggested that there was "a new star in the firmament," and though born south of the Tweed ourselves, we pitied those who said they—that is the stories—were "too Scotch." We, of course, could not possess the insight which it is said was manifested by Dr. G. H. Smith. Dr. Smith, so the story goes, sent a post card to Mr. Watson, "Well done, Ian Maclaren," to which the reply was sent, "Well done, Higher Criticism." But if our position precluded that kind of knowledge, we could, without making any pretension to critical powers of a high order, rejoice in the genius that set forth the chivalrous heroism of Dr. McLure. It was all very well to be told afterwards that Mr. Gladstone appreciated these pathetic presentations of the real life of Scotland, and that Mr. Carnegie had turned aside from the

"Triumphs of Democracy" and other triumphs to laugh and weep over them, but we quietly congratulated ourselves that so far as we were concerned the advertisement was not needed.

Speaking of criticism reminds one of the great critic, Mathew Arnold, his "culture," and "sweetness and light," gifts and graces in which those of us who belonged to the "Free Churches" were supposed to be sadly lacking. Perhaps Mr. Arnold was compelled to regard Mr. Watson as a Nonconformist, but he certainly could not have classed him among the "Philistines." It is said that the author of "Literature and Dogma" attended Mr. Watson's church on the day that he died, and heard a sermon on the central theme, "The Cross of Christ," and that afterwards the servant heard him humming the well-known hymn, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." These are things to be mentioned with bated breath or to be thought over in sacred silence.

According to reliable statements the *Drumtochty* stories were drawn, nay almost dragged from Mr. Watson by Dr. Robertson Nichol. Dr. Nichol not only knows when he finds a good thing, he knows where to seek one. We congratulate him on the success of the *British Weekly*, with its literary tone, its union of high scholarship, fair criticism, and earnest Evangelical faith. I remember buying my first copy of this paper at the book stall of Charing Cross Station; indeed I do not lay claim to great antiquity when I say that I remember the previous venture conducted by a friend of mine—at least I was privileged to call him friend before he took refuge in the Church of England—the *Clerical World* which turned into the *Family Churchman* and then vanished into the limbo of journalistic failures. Mr. Exell had made merry over the strange transformations of Dr. Parker's magazine, but, alas, history was destined in that particular to repeat itself. The editor of *Homiletic Commentaries* has his department, but it is one that we delight to grow out of as soon as possible. However, it was not a *Clerical World* or a *Family Churchman* that we wanted when the *Christian World*, with all its news and literature, seemed to be going we knew not where. What we wanted was the *British Weekly* and Dr. Nichol, in due time both arrived. That there may be no suspicion of "log rolling," I may say that the only contribution I ever sent to that journal never appeared, though it was referred to briefly in a not unkindly fashion. Perhaps my memory plays me false as to the pleasantest part of the last sentence. I did not at that time know or think anything about Canada, but what I wrote was a brief notice of a lecture by a gentleman well known in this country, Rev. Dr. Munro Gibson, which I heard when on a holiday in my native north. These little things cling to one's memory and go to make what we call "the past." Well do I remember being alone, and a stranger in an hotel at Stratford, having just come west, the most recent and distinct recollection in my mind being the kindness of Mr. Macdonnell and Mr. Milligan as I passed through Toronto. Thinking of home, I took up a newspaper with its strange politics, and its local news, all as yet foreign to me, but among the telegrams I saw a notice that Dr. Elmslie had passed away. A life comparatively so young and so rich in possibilities of highest service suddenly snatched away, and one cannot at present have the relief of speaking to any one who knows the weight and meaning of this loss. A poor tribute to be published in a weekly journal might not mean much to those who read it, but it marked a sad hour in the life of the writer.

This is wandering from the subject and I beg the reader's pardon for presuming so much upon his gentleness. Mr. H. W. Beecher, when lecturing to the students at Yale—Mr. Watson is, I believe, elected to the same lectureship—was asked a question as to the advisability of ministers attempting "literary work," and he wisely pointed out that very much depends upon whether the streams run towards the pulpit or away from it. We think that in Mr. Watson's case the streams run towards the pulpit, such studies of life and character must tend to make preaching more real and powerful. We do not feel competent to find fault with a minister who finds that literature is his "vocation," Mr. Crocket, for example—we might be charged with claiming for a sect what was meant for mankind—but we are glad when men who display great literary power find that after all the supreme thing for them is the preaching of the Cross.

Mr. Watson wisely protests against the multiplicity of demands which tend to fill up a minister's life with "secular

engagements." Strong men, and men who have varied sources of spiritual refreshment, may stand that kind of wear and tear, but many are in danger of being buried and lost in it. The man who is to be an inspiring force and who has to take some part in the philanthropies of life must know that the Kingdom of God cannot be dealt with altogether as a matter of committee business.

We cannot, all of us, write "idylls" or engage in any other form of literary activity; but we may learn from those who do excell in that line, that a knowledge of the best literature is consistent with real piety, and orthodoxy of a broad, healthful kind. It may be that our "dialect," when we address our fellowmen, would bear a little improvement. Our message is not local or provincial, it is, along with other things, the great truth of all worthy literature that "man cannot live by bread alone," and it will bear to be translated into the best speech of our own time. So it may be that from the great poets of all time, and from the fiction that is truer than truth, the preacher who is seeking to deal faithfully with the great facts of life may find real help as well as from commentaries, homiletical or otherwise. As Mr. Watson has said: "The spirit of human life must always be the same, but the circumstances of life differ, and differ very much in various ages. There was what we call the world in Galilee, and there was the danger then as now that the world should come in between the human soul and God." "You can have the Kingdom of God only by having it first. A kingdom cannot be second."

But Mr. Watson not only believes in religion, he believes in theology, some helpful and hopeful words have been spoken by him on this subject. There are some of those who claim to speak in the name of "literature" who have discovered a terrible thing which they call "The Decadence of Theology." When there are changes of theory or adjustments of standpoints in other departments, they are taken as signs of life and not accepted as proofs of death. We know from Mr. Watson's utterance on this question that he believes that after all the "criticisms of the nineteenth century, the era of reconstruction in theology, is about to dawn upon the church. However that may be, we know that this talk about the "Decadence of Theology" and "Millstones of Christianity" is pure nonsense. Those who indulge in it are not specially read in theological literature, but they might be expected to note that it is the theological interest which floats some of their novels and gives currency to many semi-scientific articles. As long as man has mind to think theology will have a living interest; that is, not the theology of the fossil order but the theology which fears no fact, and flinches from no pertinent question. If Mr. Watson's services had been confined to the realm of theology in the narrowest sense of that word, this brief tribute would not have appeared in this journal. It is in the name of literature that we find an entrance into these columns, but at the same time we maintain that "Ian Maclaren" has in this wider sphere manifested his loyalty to that "Master" whose mind he has so reverently studied. W. G. J.

Strathroy.

* * *

Parisian Affairs.

THE advance of the Anglo-Egyptian forces to Dongola—a very rich region—is considered to be a masterly diplomatic move on the part of Lord Cromer; that is, of the British Government. It was as unexpected as it is complete, and, whether intended or not, must force Russia to show her hand. From Dongola to Khordofan, implies a Fabian march and a few battles. But the play is worth the candle, in the interests of civilization. Hitherto England was upbraided for not making an effort to recover Egyptian Soudan; now, when she starts to do so, the same upbraiders reproach her for the action. The Egyptian merchants and traders are quite enthusiastic at the prospect of re-entering their ancient territories, the Khedive being amongst the foremost to display his uncooceaied joy. He has become as warm a partizan of the English help-administration of his realm as was his father, Tewfik; proof that he knows on which side of his bread is the butter. As for the Sultan, he is ignored in the whole plan of campaign, to reconstitute the integrity of the hinterland of the Ottoman empire. But why trouble his repose at Yldiz Kiosque? It is not unlikely that the British evacuation of Egypt will be effected on the lines

laid down by a shrewd Frenchman; constantly streaming in at Alexandria, and periodically streaming out by Cape Town.

Italy may well be excused rejoicing at the lift England extends to her, at Kassalu, by the trooping to Dongola. The House of Commons has conveyed to her very significant comforting words. Her allies have poured oil into her wounds, and her rank as a first-class power is maintained. No one, of course, expected that France would indulge in tar barrels and Catherine wheels, on the new departure of the British into the Soudan. Quitting Egypt cannot now even be entertained as an idea. In aiding Italy, England enters the orbit of the triple alliance. What the conditions may be, will remain as secret as those of the Franco-Russian treaty, or of the *triplice* itself. Every country is free to choose its allies, for better, for worse, like all matrimony. Who ever thought of seeing France the ally of Germany, to pull up the Japs on account of their being over-victorious?

France will regard Egyptian events more philosophically as time rolls on; she will reflect that England administers the Nile Valley, including the extra work up to Khordofan, in the name of all the central powers, four of whom, out of the six, will authorize her to draw on the nest egg of 75,000,000fr., that her prosperous direction of Egyptian affairs, enabled to be put aside to meet a fresh impetus, Dongola-wards, for the development of the Valley. The bondholders are as delighted as the patriotic Egyptians themselves, to see a further material guarantee secured for their claims. The bondholders are very grateful to England for the good she has achieved, in rescuing the Land of Goshen from the "old gang" of Turkish oppressors; the bondholders never yet held a public meeting to condemn the British for adding to the value of Egyptian stocks and securing the punctual payment of the interest thereon.

The opponents of the 1900 Exhibition, after indulging in every old and new fangled threat against the holding of the Show, had become as gentle as sucking doves, when the project was put to the vote in the Chamber. The 20,000,000fr., the State's quota in the total estimates of 100,000,000fr., were not only voted as rapidly, and as indifferently, as if a grant to give some departed celebrity a public funeral, but all the plans over which so many Homeric battles were fought, passed with the ease of dropping a letter into the post. But a more interesting question remains to be decided upon, and that will evoke much sympathy—the crusade to obtain that no Sunday work be permitted in the erection of the buildings. The Government is called upon, as it has the power, and frequently exercises it, that no labour on account of the State shall take place on Sundays. The cessation of work on Sundays has since ten years made rapid strides in France, and the good results have been everywhere appreciated. Four years remain to erect and fit out the Exhibition; two years and a half are ample for the actual construction; this period includes 130 Sundays; extending all contracts by five months, to cover a binding clause not to employ Sunday labour, would afford ample time for executing the buildings. The First of May orators ought to urge one rest-day in seven, preparatory to the arrival of the all-round working day of eight hours. There are no Sabbatarians in France, but all toilers advocate 24 hours repose out of every 168; in summer to run into the country, in winter to visit the picture galleries and museums, to attend the *matinées*, concerts, etc. Only the women go to church in France; that saves them subscribing to a fashion journal.

The ministry has received an unexpected recruit to support their Income Tax Bill, in the person of ex-Premier Ribot. His adhesion could very well raise the low fortune of the measure to success. The Cabinet has a trump card to throw—that of its resignation, if their bill be rejected. No one loves an income tax, or any other impost; but one becomes accustomed to it, as eels do to be skinned. The hitherto accepted burning and shining lights of political economy have lost ground by their syndicated denunciation of direct taxation, as the abomination of all the abominations. They forget that the income tax, like the poor, is always with such advanced peoples as the English, Americans, and Germans. In France, the opposition springs from a horror of its Paul Pry peeps into ways and means, and the conviction, that if once adopted, the rich would be saddled with all the expenditure of the country.

Military critics in France are unanimous in drawing this conclusion, and that, all Western nations ought to ponder over, from the Italo-Abyssinian war; the failure of scientific

strategy; of the hotbed education of military students, of the latest rifles, smokeless powder, and of all explosives ending in *ite*. The Abyssinians adopted the tactics of the Middle Ages; hand-to-hand encounters, as quickly as possible, relying solely on javelins and lances. Theoretically, if the enemy could be reached in mass by artillery, they would be rapidly converted into mince-meat, as was the case at Sadowa and Sedan. But in Abyssinia, the "school-master" was unknown to the natives; the latter scored by acting on—what will always win—absolute contempt of danger and of death; by attacking the foe in mass, which creates courage and strength. That was largely the base of Napoleon's tactics. The nation armed theory, that is, "the folly of numbers," is not of great value, if the force lack physical solidity and contempt of death.

Until two months ago, the suburbs of Paris had no other drinkable water than what was piped from the Seine, after it had traversed the city and become polluted with a legion of impurities. At present, 53 communes of the environs are supplied with water specially taken from the river before it enters Paris, and this supply, after being purified by salts of iron and filtered, is served to the villagers. This is census year—the Republic having no fear of the "sin of numbering the people," so it is only natural that the analysts publish every week the bacteria population, in our solid and liquid food supplies; some drinkable waters contain 230 bacteria per tablespoonful, while others have over 6,000,000, all told. In the sanitary department are large maps, exhibiting all these little gentlemen executing their Olympian games. The Municipal Council expected to reap a fortune by the sale of spring water, which has a special pressure for the working of hydraulic lifts in private houses; only the charging double the price, 12, instead of 6 sous per cubic yard of water, has killed the goose laying the golden egg; the lifts are now worked by electricity, costing two-thirds less. With the hydraulic, a landlord's water bill for the machine tenant was 1,500fr. a year. One house-owner, having extracted cost himself two gallons of water, to lift to the third storey, clients seeking relief in the painless operation.

The Germans have not been very happy in the government of their African colony; to the unpopular names of Leist and Wehlan have now to be added that of the more eminent Dr. Peters, president of the German Colonial Society, a man who contributed to win the Cameroon for his country; to negotiate Heligoland, and to be the mouthpiece of the Chauvinists to possess a navy as relatively important as their army. He was a personal friend of Emperor William, but it would be wrong to accuse His Majesty of being aware of the doctor's crimes; the Kaiser accepts no such associations. The doctor has been drawing a salary of 8,000fr. a year from the German Colonial Office for doing nothing, and all the time he has been guilty of murdering negroes; his monstrous act was to string up his mistress, a buxom negress, because she had another lover. To the credit of the German guard, its officer declined to obey the doctor's decree to shoot the woman, so he hanged her. Dr. Peters is a philosophical doctor, a most amiable man, and of the gayest manners. No one could believe that was the mark for a temperament of the coolest cruelty.

By the bye, while on the subject of the atrocities practised by the white upon the black man and woman, what about the murderer of the British subject, Stokes, by the Belgian officer of the Peters type? Has Lord Salisbury, or the Foreign Office, forgotten that unpunished crime? Z.

Paris, March 21, 1896.

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Montreal Affairs.

WE shall have no respite, for the next three months at least, from the excitement of politics—a fever fatal to quiet life and assiduity in business. The elections cannot come soon enough to please our merchants, to whom a general electoral contest always means a serious commercial disturbance and therefore loss. The decision of the Government not to endeavour to extend Parliament's term beyond April 25th was therefore welcome to them. The elections will be held, it is generally understood, about the middle of June; so the politicians have little enough time to complete their arrangements for the battle. At present they are engaged in the task of selecting candidates—a

ticklish duty which often calls for more judgment and skill than is needed to win an election after the candidate is safely chosen. In but few constituencies do the nominations go, as a matter of course, to men of undisputed prominence; and elsewhere the candidate has to be chosen from a host of aspirants, some of whom are usually prepared to carry their own point or wreck the party in revenge. Both Conservatives and Liberals, for instance, are in a pickle over their candidates for St. Lawrence division in this city. Mayor Smith's friends seem determined to have him for a candidate, and they called a meeting last week at the Monument National to give him an independent Conservative nomination. At this gathering there were "proceedings," as Mulvaney would say; and the speeches were punctuated by the clang of the police patrol waggons, which were summoned in hot haste to carry away disturbers. The meeting was most disorderly, and accomplished nothing in effect, owing to the opposition of those who wish to see a straight Conservative nominated in the ordinary way by a party convention. A gathering of the Conservative clubs was held Monday evening, at which a tentative selection was made, the choice falling on Mr. H. R. Gray; and a larger meeting is to be called to consider his name. Mr. Gray can unquestionably have the nomination if he wants it; but it is thought he will decline it, and Mayor Smith's friends then hope to secure the ratification of his independent candidature. But in this event Mr. Donald Macmaster's friends have to be reckoned with. Meanwhile the Liberals are having their troubles with a little group of irreconcilables who decline to accept Ald. Penny's candidature because of his course in the city council. Ald. Penny is one of the Reform aldermen; he voted against Ald. Rainville for Chairman of Finance, and in the last municipal elections he aided in defeating, in St. Lawrence ward, Mr. James Cochrane, whose candidature it was thought was inspired by "the gang." Mr. Cochrane and Ald. Rainville are both Liberals; they both have a good deal of influence in the division, and they are now "getting even." Ald. Penny can get the nomination in spite of them; but whether he will take it if they remain obdurate is questionable, for it would render his success very doubtful. The conditions which prevail in St. Lawrence also hold in various other constituencies, and the parties have much need of peace-makers. In St. Mary's the Conservatives are threatened with two candidatures which would ensure Liberal victory, while in Beauharnois, which the Liberals thought they had as good as captured, there is a desperate family quarrel raging, which promises to give the portly and jovial Mr. Bergeron a return ticket to Parliament. And so it goes.

The Protestant Ministerial Association of this city, which embraces fifty-eight Protestant ministers of all denominations, has made a deliverance on the Manitoba school question, which is certain to have widespread influence, in view of the attempt that has been made in Parliament and elsewhere to make it appear that the Protestant minority of this Province support the Dominion Government's course in introducing the Remedial Bill at the present moment. The matter was referred some time ago to a sub-committee, and their report upon submission was unanimously adopted. The document is much too long for quotation here, but its purport can be indicated briefly. The Association declares: That there is no evidence that the Manitoba Catholic laity desire the re-establishment of the educational system in operation there before 1890; that there is no warrant for the Manitoba national schools being called Protestant schools; that separate schools, where denominational doctrines are taught, are not in general efficient; that appearances indicate that the Remedial Bill is being pressed to a conclusion with the view to secure, for political purposes, the influence of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church; that the schools of the minority in Quebec being non-denominational state schools, their existence is not due to any privilege accorded by the majority; and that there is no pre-emption between the rights now possessed by the Protestants of Quebec and the privileges demanded on behalf of the Manitoba minority. In conclusion the Association recommends that the Remedial Bill be not now proceeded with, but that after the people have been allowed to pass judgment at the polls a thorough and complete investigation be held into the whole matter with a view to determining the facts. This is a complete justification of The Witness, which has insisted from the outset that the Protestant senti-

ment of this Province is strongly hostile to the Government's course.

Fine, large, luscious plums keep falling into McGill's hat. Mr. W. C. McDonald's donations for the month of March aggregate the neat little sum of \$650,000. Of this, \$500,000 is to be devoted to the erection of a new building for the departments of chemistry, mining, and architecture. In addition Mr. McDonald has made another gift to the University of \$150,000, to be used in maintaining the engineering and physics building of the University. Altogether Mr. McDonald's gifts to McGill aggregate \$1,500,000; and the end is not yet. Mr. McDonald disputes with Sir Donald Smith the honour of being the richest man in Canada. Estimates of his wealth run from ten to fifteen millions; most of it made in the very prosaic business of manufacturing chewing tobacco. Mr. McDonald is unmarried, and is so retiring in disposition that not one person in a hundred knows him even by sight. While McGill is receiving these enormous gifts, poor little Bishop's College at Lennoxville is trying to raise \$20,000 to secure a legacy of \$20,000 made last year on the condition that an equal amount be raised within a year. As yet, however, less than \$5,000 has been secured.

A reminder of Sir John Thompson's funeral is now before the Montreal courts. A florist is suing the Government for floral decorations. He wants it to pay for 1,000 roses at 30c., 4,000 carnations at 10c., 500 *Alium Harisii* at 37½c., 3,000 Roman hyacinths at 5c., 1,000 yards of smilax at 25c., and other charges, amounting in all to nearly two thousand dollars. This florist is evidently a believer in making hay while the sun shines. The Government refuses to pay more than \$900.

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At the House of Commons.

THE one excitement in the political arena is that Winnipeg Commission. Conjectures fly in flocks, but definite information from the seat of war is rather scarce. Sir Charles Tupper said in the House to-day that it was probable that the negotiations would not succeed. This was to offset the protest of the Opposition against proceeding with the coercive measure in Parliament while conciliatory measures were supposed to be in progress at Winnipeg. It was urged by the Opposition that the conduct of the House in this respect might have an effect other than ameliorating upon Manitoba's temper. The Government thought otherwise. In fact, the Government's whole policy seems to be the economizing of time. It has been suggested that the House should sit on Good Friday, the Saturday following it and also Easter Monday. Sunday has not been mentioned up to date. Those who want to go home for Easter will find that the Saturday and Monday sitting will interfere with their trip even though the motion of the Good-Friday-sitting has been discountenanced. Mr. Davies and Sir Richard Cartwright, speaking as Anglicans, strongly condemned the idea.

It is curious how the political fence separates opinions and diversifies view. Now the Conservatives say: It is much better to go on with the Remedial Bill—it saves so much time. Should the negotiations fail all the days when it might have been discussed would have been wasted. The Liberals say: How can you expect any man or set of men to compromise with you while you keep saying: "If you don't settle, we'll make you—that's all." This is what the two parties have rung the changes on these many days past, and to-day the bill went into committee at last. Now, being in committee is having a sort of a social time. The Speaker leaves the chair, the mace is sent below and the members can talk as often as they like. It is as if the particular company at a five o'clock tea has departed and the cronies can gather together over the rest of the macaroons and the almonds and talk about the pretty new hats at the millinery openings and the frights that some of the ladies wore.

"News from Winnipeg?" one asks the other in the streets and in the corridors. "News of Flodden! news of Flodden," the listener quotes in audacious imitation. Sir Donald Smith, Mr. Desjardins and Mr. Dickey are watched from afar; their lightest words are mouthed and made

much of; their exasperating non-committal answers to newspaper questions are impatiently read. The country is on tiptoe with expectation, but there is little hope on its face. It seems to be waiting for an expected answer, and a not altogether pleasing one at that.

All day Monday, being private-members' day, was taken up with a discussion on the Hudson Bay Canal. Mr. Martin talked *ad infinitum*, and won for himself encomiums of praise from Government organs for being a prince of obstructionists. The kindest critic dare not deny that the day was wasted.

To-day (Tuesday) Dr. Sproule mentioned the fact that the chairman and the employees of the House of Commons had not been paid; that there was no money in the treasury and that something should be done.

It was scarcely a matter for amusement, but there was a good deal of farcical speech-making anent the remarks. It was pointed out how damaging to the credit of the country such revelations might be; how disconcerting it was to be a government which couldn't pay its house-keeping expenses. What a fuss a good house-wife ought to be in (and isn't, very often) when she cannot keep even with her running expenses.

To-night the discussion of the bill will go on, dragging along clause by clause for all the rest of the session, except the Wednesdays which have not yet been taken by the Government, but which are not, by any means, safe on that account.

The Session has a delapidated air. The interest is ebbing fast. Manitoba alone holds attention. Many members' wives are going home, some to remain, some for the Easter tide.

The pavements are changed from skating rinks for the small fry to puddles for grown folks to paddle through rubber high, and past sometimes. The sun is warming the air, and the roofs that are damp and yet clear of snow, reek in the spring sunshine. For spring has come! It is in the air; in the swish of the opening river; in the breeze that slants the tree tops, and in the colour of the sap-enlivened branches. Just three weeks more of Parliament, and, if the fates and the snow-storms are good to us, spring all the days of the whole long weeks.

Ottawa, March 31st, 1896.

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Art Notes.

JOHN TENNIEL'S weekly political cartoon is, as I have said, an important item in each issue of *Punch*. The comparative rarity of these designs gives an additional value to them; and during the week that elapses between the publication of one number of the periodical and the appearance of the next the artist has time to produce a thoughtful design executed with leisurely care. The political cartoon in Canada is, alas! not so rare. Every phase of the political situation is illustrated in all the dailies, *ad nauseam*. The Remedial Bill is as importunate as that of one's tailor; and the images of Bowell and Tupper are blended with the matutinal porridge. The cartoonists must have a feverish time trying to think of new designs; and one hopes that they are well paid for a mental strain which must inflict them with the devil of insomnia. In justice to the Toronto journals it should, however, be said that the drawings, on the whole, are both humorous and skilful.* But I must refrain from criticising my fellow-craftsmen of Toronto even though the restraint should display an adherence to certain old-fashioned principles of good taste now shrinking into silence before the nightmare progress of modernism.

Tenniel's labours as a cartoonist are shared by another sound draughtsman, Linley Sambourne to whit. But the latter not being called upon for an inspiration at regular intervals, appears on the scene with the airy inconsequence of a free lance. The gift of likeness-making is as great with Sambourne as with Tenniel, and is almost more to be commended in his case because the conventionality of his style considerably limits the freedom of his hand. Sambourne set out as a draughtsman with a manner, or mannerism, of the most definitely rigid kind. His drawings indicate that he has been a profound student of the antique: and his method is curiously sculpturesque. His female figures have great nobility of form and are strongly reminiscent of the marble

goddesses of Greece. His draperies dispose themselves with a classic sweep of line that reminds one of some battered fragment of a Victory or Minerva; and a sculptor would have no difficulty in translating into clay or marble the folds which are so clearly and arbitrarily drawn by the firm pen of the cartoonist. There seems a certain incongruity in the employment of a classic style in the delineation of the farcical personages—exaggerated and abnormal beings—that so often must appear in the drawings for a comic paper; and when first Mr. Sambourne came on the scene one was startled by the apparition of the grotesque little Mr. Punch reversing the action of Galatea and strutting back into marble, followed by the faithful but stonily conventionalized dog Toby. It must be admitted that this classical quality gives a certain coldness to the drawings of Sambourne, and so deprives them of that racily humorous flavour which should belong to conceptions as genuinely comical as his are. But the artist shows no signs of abating the rigidity of his style, and it is perhaps to be feared, if he should do so, that what they gained in humour they would lose in distinction.

One of his least successful drawings seems to me to be the design for the cover of "The Sketch," which is lacking in strength and originality. But it is always a pleasure to turn to the completely charming illustrations to a book which ought to be, and fortunately was, in this case, an inspiring subject for the artist. Last week I referred to the delight which Tenniel had given us with his pictures in "Alice in Wonderland"; but Linley Sambourne's illustrations for Kingsley's "Water Babies" are hardly less to be prized.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Mr. Henry Sandham, R.C.A., who is now residing in Boston, has just completed the painting of a baseball game played between the New York Club and the Baltimore Orioles on the New York Polo grounds. The painting was a commission from the firm of Boussaud Valladon, of Paris, and will be reproduced by photogravure for the English and American markets. "Just imagine," says the Boston Daily Standard, "the difficulties of such a composition. Before the eye lies the gridiron and deployed upon the field are the players, each man in his place. The crucial moment of that inning has arrived. The catcher—mask on face—hugs the batsman close, the anxious batsman dances tantalizingly a little distance from his base, ready to fly when the ball leaves the pitcher's hand; the wary eye of the man on the box is on hand; the batsman waits the swift flight of the pigskin bullet—in fact, the whole scene is alive, and more, it is the intensest life, the anticipations of a whole season condensed into the experience of an hour. Then there is that great sweeping curve of the pavillion which is crowded with 10,000 spectators. The varied expressions of faces, costumes and manners of those nearest one, all combine to give one of the most spirited and forcible presentations of this difficult play that has ever been produced."

The Countess Feodora Gleichen has just executed a marble bust of Madame Calvé for the Queen. At the present time the Countess is engaged on a seated statue of the Queen for the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal; and for Lady Tryon, on a memorial medallion in high relief of the late Admiral Tryon. She is also engaged on a bust of the late Francis Clark, her Majesty's Highland Gillie.

Recently, at an auction sale in Liverpool, Mr. Titley, of Ladymead, Bath, purchased, for a trifle, a large oil painting which had attracted but little notice. On examination by experts from the British Museum and others, it turned out that the work was an original by Peter Paul Rubens of the 16th century and worth several thousand pounds. The subject is "Lot and his Daughters."

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Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—In your issue of March the 6th, I noticed an article under the heading "Concerning Handles" in which the author speaks of woman as being fitted for levers or handles, owing to their natural self-abnegation and tact; but were being boomed out of the handle sphere by the new woman fad, into very unskilful axe-women. As the subject was left open for further remarks I take the opportunity of saying a few words in favour of our axe-women. Perhaps it would

surprise the author, and many who are of the same opinion, to know that many of our commercial, political, and literary axes are indebted to their handles for their apparent success. I say apparent, simply because the handles did the work. I was personally acquainted with an architectural axe-man in one of our large cities who was indebted to the handle for his success as an architect, the handle having all the artistic taste, combined with other abilities necessary to make a very successful axe-woman. It was only the other day, whilst on a visit to Ottawa, that I heard two distinguished gentlemen acknowledge that it was a brilliant handle who had achieved the apparent success of her political axe-man. Of course the axe-men received all the credit, and apparently grew two inches taller when he heard the whispered compliment that he was "a fine sharp axe." Similar self-infatuation is not uncommon with axe-men, and I can only attribute such selfishness to the fact that old customs, like old diseases, are hard to eradicate. It seems almost impossible to convince men of the advantages to be derived from "equal rights" or to lift them up to the idea of mutual duties and responsibilities. God has not shown any partiality in the distribution of his intellectual gifts; but owing to the lamentable fact that women, until recently, were debarred from all the higher educational advantages which were open to men, we cannot expect to see an equal number of skilful axe-women for some time. No person with the slightest common sense would expect equal intellectual progress from a child who had never attended school with one who had. Woman's education in the past was little better than none, so far as its being any aid in the study of the higher achievements or in the study of human nature; and the unfortunate result is that many brilliant handles became fitted to miserable, shiftless, dull axes. It is not the New Woman fad that is booming our women out of the handle sphere, but the unmistakable ingratitude and wicked jealousy of some of our unskilful axemen. If women could only look at this jealousy in the proper light, they would see what a high compliment was being paid them. It is, as the Rev. Prof. Clark said in Toronto, that the man who raises his voice against the efforts of women are only committing suicide. If God has seen fit to bestow the same gifts on woman as on man, it is a presumption for man to dictate as to what is her sphere. Woman's sphere is that sphere for which God has best fitted her. Knowing this, let us be just, and to whom credit is due, let that credit be given. E. R. B.

Barrie, March 25, 1896.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through your columns, to draw the attention of my fellow-countrymen to the fact that our Federal elections, according to law, must take place very shortly, and to the great necessity there is, at this time, of bringing forward as candidates in the different constituencies wise and prudent men to contest the various seats, in order that the great Council of our country may be composed of true and high-minded men, that will at all times place what they may deem to be the best interests of our country before every other matter; having but a single eye to the welfare of Canada. While not in the slightest degree wishing to take exception to any of our present members of Parliament, could not considerable improvement be made? If, instead of selecting the so-called popular man (who is not unfrequently a weak man and sometimes worse) care were taken to bring forward those who have nothing to gain, possibly something to lose, yet willing at such a time as the present to sacrifice their personal interests to assist in developing "this great land of ours." We are a free people intrusted with self-government; this blessing may become a curse unless the franchise is valued as a sacred trust and self-seeking men left by their own firesides.

It cannot be a wise thing to send men to Parliament who are willing, yes anxious, to accept positions of emolument for life from this or that party in exchange for faithful support.

Our representatives being to a great extent the reflection of the electors, is it not our duty to be more careful in the future, than we have been in the past, to bring forward those, and only those, to occupy these high positions, who have shown themselves, in some small degree, at least, to be actuated by the highest principles of honour and whose good name in the community in which they live is above reproach.

CHARLES COCKSHUTT.

SILVER AND GOLD.

SIR,—In your last issue appears a most valuable contribution on "Silver and Gold," by Mr. F. G. Jemmett. To those who take an interest in the metallic money question Mr. Jemmett's article (and the one to come, from his pen) will prove a great boon. Permit me to add one fact, suggested by a paragraph in Mr. Jemmett's article, which has some bearing on his chain of reasoning. The silver money advocates, with one accord, deplore the "shrinkage of the world's money available for the world's commerce," supposed, by them, to have originated about the year 1871, and continuing for some years thereafter, when the European demonetization of silver created a vacuum which the increased gold supply, injected into Europe's currency, in these years, failed to fill up. Silver money was taken away (they say) and hence the money supply for commerce was curtailed by the sum of that abstraction. All silver men assume that the world's supply of money was ample in 1871, but ceased to be sufficient in 1878. The fall in prices, they allege, began at the same time as the demonetization of silver "therefore" (?) they stand in the relation of cause and effect. The silver money employed in commerce in 1871 should for ever afterwards have remained, and they utterly ignore the other stupendous agencies then at work, but in their then infancy, which were destined in the then near future to revolutionize the old system of settling international trade balances. An eminent metallurgic officer of the American mint recently contributed most instructive tables, showing the rapid contraction in the volume of metal money employed in commerce from the year 1880 onwards. He selects the gross commerce of England, France, the United States and India, as his basis of analysis, the statistics from these countries being reliable, and their commerce being over 40 per cent. of the commerce of the world. In 1860-64 the commerce in question in round figures was \$18,000,000,000, and the movement of specie at the same time was \$3,000,000,000. It took nearly seventeen dollars in specie to effect the exchange of \$100 in merchandise. For a similar period, 1886-90, the commerce was \$36,000,000,000—the movement of specie \$2,500,000,000, shewing that for some reason seven dollars in specie moved as much commercial merchandise in 1890, as it required seventeen dollars to accomplish in 1865. Commerce had increased 95 per cent., the specie required had decreased 13 per cent. Curiously enough between the two extreme periods, the production of gold and silver had increased 62 per cent. The decrease in the volume of commercial metallic money had therefore not arisen from any scarcity of the precious metals. What was the cause? There were numerous causes. Chiefly the invention of the submarine telegraphic system; the creation of ocean ships with the speed of the "grey-hound"; the extension of railways and inland telegraphic systems; the telephone, and the marvellous development of the banking system, which, according to Mulhall, has increased in its monetary operations during the last 45 years, thirty times faster than population. The "balances of trade" between nations nowadays are settled by a "cable," where formerly they involved a shipment of specie. In 1866, ships met upon the commercial seas, laden with specie—one load for the east, the other for the west—when, in these days, neither would leave port. It is doubtful whether the world's commerce today requires 2 per cent. in specie to move it. That is to say, that one sovereign, or 25 franc gold-piece, is as effective, for the movements of commercial merchandise, in 1895, as 8 of those coins in 1873. In addition to all that, the domestic metallic currencies of the nations must go on contracting. The paper money of the nations must steadily increase, and its metal money decrease. One of these days the Bank of England will have restored to it its old issue of one pound notes. That will at once set free four hundred millions in dollars of sovereigns, from their mechanical functions of "currency," to productive capital. The United States might, with ease, displace a thousand million dollars of gold and silver domestic money by the issue of a similar sum in paper money quite as safe as Bank of England notes, and at no greater expense to the Treasury than the cost of printing the paper. Why not? That issue would still leave a margin of five hundred millions for the paper money of the United States Banks, which could be rendered as safe as the bank notes of the Canadian banks, which no one doubts. The whole efforts of economists is to economize the volume of

metallic money, and the development of banking is the agency by which that economy is to be brought about. Let anyone contemplate the abolition of the "Clearing House," "bills of exchange," "bank drafts," "cheques," etc., etc., and where would the "money" come from to effect the exchanges? There are silver maniacs in the United States who would regard the injection into their money system of two thousand millions of silver money, and a corresponding displacement of bank drafts, cheques, and bills of exchange, as a "stimulus" to trade, by an instantaneous increase of "prices." Were I the owner of a dozen silver mines, perhaps I also would become a maniac.

JOHN CRERAR.

Hamilton, March 27, 1896.

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Recent Fiction.*

ANOTHER story from the school of Scottish writers, one which originally appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, is "Cleg Kelly," by S. R. Crockett. Taking it all round we are inclined to consider it the best work of his which we have read. It is not so unified a story as "The Raiders," but there is better and more vivid character-drawing, and it is written throughout, with some necessary exceptions, in a vein of the richest humour. The book is concerned with the adventures of Cleg, his friends, and protegés, and though here and there he is side-tracked for a time, we follow his career with great interest till he settles down as a respectable member of society and no longer a street Arab. There is a startling and dramatic finish to the story, much more realistic than the close of "A Galloway Herd." The latter book is sure to be compared to this, dealing as it does with the life of a country lad, and this with that of a city gamin. There is a very curious repetition in one place of the scene in "A Galloway Herd," where Walter gets lost on the Moors. Here it is "Boy Hugh" who finds out, among other things, the nature of a kiss. Three whole chapters are, in parts, word for word the same. This is annoying to those who have read them before, and it is a distinct and gratuitous blemish on the work. But "Cleg Kelly" is a much stronger book, and is one that we can heartily recommend. The author seems to have been careless at times, e.g., he carefully explains that Cleg inherited from his father the pronunciation of anything "annything" and half a page further on he comes out boldly with "onything," like any one of his companions. When published in book form, such mistakes should have been corrected.

Cleg himself has already appeared in "The Stickit Minister." He is a street Arab of the "Sooth Back" in Edinburgh, his mother is dead, his father is a brutal Irish professional burglar, whose tools Cleg steals at an early stage of the narrative, and the man himself disappears in jail and elsewhere till near the close. Cleg's language at times "became as bad as that of an angry Sunday-school superintendent. The wise men say the Scot's dialect is only Early English. Cleg's was that kind but debased by an admixture of Later decorated." Fortunately, perhaps, we are not given examples. When his mother called Cleg in from fighting, he always came—after the fight was over. The book deals largely with the waifs whom Cleg takes under his protection, viz., Vera Kavannah and her two little brothers. Their father is away in Liverpool and their mother is worse than Cleg's father. Eventually they find refuge in the house of a railway porter in the country. His name is "Muckle Alick," and he figures in some most amusing scenes, notably his adventure with the Irish drovers who got in a first-class compartment and refused to move till Alick proved by the persuasion of his arms that, as he warned them, "ye see boys, ye had to come oot," and the scene when he goes to a neighbour's to borrow a cradle for Vera's little brother, the night these three waifs are first taken to his house. Alick has never had any children and Mrs. Fraser, the mother of eleven herself, gets on a false scent and asks how Alick's wife is:—

"Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. His Progress and Adventures." By S. R. Crockett. Author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," etc. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

"Tryphend in Love." By N. Raymond. Macmillan's Colonial Library.

"Ow, as weel as could hae been expectit," says Muckle Alick. "Is't a lassie?" "Aye," said Alick, quietly, "there's a lassie." "I just kenned it," said Mistress Fraser.

"But there's a laddie come, too!" said Muckle Alick and looked becomingly on the ground. (In great excitement she runs over to the house with Alick.) . . . "I dinna think I'll come ben wi' ye the noo. I'll gang owre by the barn instead. There's some things to look to there I mis doubt," said Alick. . . . He saw her fairly in at the kitchen door. "I think I'll gang owre by to the barn." But he had not got more than half way there when the leaves of the kitchen door sprang open, and out flew Mistress Fraser with the large wooden potstick in her hand. Alick had admired her performance as she ran towards the house. But it was nothing to the speed with which she now bore down upon him. "It was like the boat train coming down by the stream, ten minutes aint time, an' a director on board," he explained afterwards.

At the time he had too many things to think about to say anything whatever. He ran towards the barn as fast as he could for the choking laughter which convulsed him. And behind him sped the avenger with the uplifted porridge spurtle crying "O ye Muckle leevin' deevil—ye blackguaird—ye cunnin' hound, let me catch ye."

Catch him she did, and he received the reward of his duplicity. The above is a fair specimen of the style of humour in many parts. The heroic end of poor Alick is beautifully told. There are capital scenes dealing with the attempted reformation of Cleg and his friends, the "knuckle-dusters" by the charming Miss Celie Tennant, who becomes duly initiated as a full member of the band and under whose instruction they sit at regular times. The appeal to Providence with them generally takes the shape of consulting Miss Celie, "a comely providence in a new frock," as she is entitled in one delicious chapter. Another very amusing scene is where Cleg outwits a surly guard, scores off a traveller who has interfered in Cleg's business, and gets a free ride on a train, Cleg for a few brief moments playing the part of ticket collector. In fact it is dangerous to trifle with the redoubtable Cleg, as a rustic found to his cost, who rudely refused to tell Cleg the road to "Sandy Knowes," although politely asked so to do. This is what happened when the rustic laughed at his joke, as he thought it:

Cleg's hand dropped on a stone. The stone whizzed through the air and took effect on the third of the man's new waistcoat. The laugh ended in a gasp. The gasp was succeeded by a bad word and then the young man gave chase. Cleg pretended to run slowly—"to encourage him," as he said afterwards. The yokel thought all the time that he was just about to catch Cleg, but always just at the critical moment that slippery youth darted a dozen yards ahead again avoided him. At last the young man gave up the chase. He had an appointment to keep. . . . He contented himself with promising what he would do to Cleg when he caught him.

What Cleg did was simpler. He patrolled the heights above, keeping exact pace, step for step, with the enemy below. And with the aid of pebbles he afforded the young man some of the finest and most interesting active exercise in getting out of the way he had had for many years.

"Will ye tell me the road noo?" cried Cleg jubilantly, as he kept the youth skipping from side to side of the highway. "This will maybe learn you after this to give a civil answer to a civil question."

This extract portrays one side of Cleg's versatility. His good heart comes out in his dealings with Vera, and altogether his adventures thus told deserve, and are sure of, a wide circulation. The publishers have presented it with an attractive cover.

If there has been a sweeter little story than "Tryphena in Love" written for many a long day, it has not been our good fortune to come across it. It is as delicate and dainty and wholesome as a big bunch of sweet-briar roses plucked from the hedge and brought in with the morning dew still clinging to the pale pink petals. The scene of the story is laid in an old house, part manor, part farm-house, and most of the action takes place in the old "chamber where the king hid," where John, the invalid lad, lay, day after day, watching the rooks circle in the air, drinking in the scent of the honey-suckle on the wall-side, dreaming day-dreams, and waited on by his cousin Tryphena. It had been partly Tryphena's fault that the accident had happened that had laid John on his back for six long years; and now, in the May-time of her young womanhood, the girl waited on John Pettigrew hand and foot, greedy of his affection and praise as if her happiness in life depended on his smile." The story opens with the scene in which Tryphena brings him up the new magazine that has just arrived. "The heavy oaken door creaked on its hinges, and there she stood in the door-way in her sun bonnet and light print frock. In one hand she held her gathered-up apron, for when Tryphena went in for literature she liked half a lapful of

cherries; in the other she brought flowers; more pinks, more gilawfirs, and a bloomy down or so. The precious book she carried tucked under her arm, together with a buck-horn-handled table-knife. 'Quick, Tryphena. Have you got it?' he cried, eagerly holding out his thin white hand. 'The sun is too hot here. Wheel me to the other window.' 'To the other window, what then?' Tryphena was quite the young woman and a stickler for her due. 'Please, Tryphena. There's a dear.' He laughed quite gaily. She slipped the flowers into the cup; and with the hand then vacant swung round the couch and pushed it across the room as if it had been a toy. This was the only journey of his life, from the west window to the east, from the east window to the west, just as he chanced to love the sun or long for the sweet shade. This was his only change of scene. The tiny shining tracks upon the oaken floor could tell how often Tryphena had truckled John Pettigrew to and fro. She fetched the rush-bottomed chair and sat down beside the couch. But he could not wait. He took the book himself, and the leaves quivered with excitement whilst he cut the pages with the dinner-knife.

"'Shall I read it out to you,' asked Tryphena, sucking a cherry from its stem with her red lips. There was a rich contentment about this maid, a never-failing good nature, fresh and inexhaustible as the fragrance of a honeysuckle. She was pretty, too, with her brown hair, bright eyes, and broad, sunburnt face. There was nothing too much trouble, nothing that she would not do. She had read Hamlet aloud—surely a test of complacency in any real feeling girl—and the more so, since Tryphena had no real feeling for poetry, but made rhetorical pauses to crack nuts between the phrases of the soliloquy. 'Presently, Tryphena,' he replied, impatiently; for in some respects the reading left out something to be desired.

"'Tryphena, what then?'

"'Tryphena, darling.'

"He muttered it mechanically, like an oft-repeated response in a liturgy, for he was already pre-occupied with the pictures."

Then two visitors came in to see the "chamber where the king lay," and Tryphena is never quite a thoughtless girl again. One of the visitors is a young lady belonging to the family who have newly taken the Hall. She is touched by the sight of the lad and shows him kindness. He is nineteen and of course he loses his heart to her, while she thinks of him only as a delicate, dreamy boy, to whom she can bring some pleasure. And Tryphena, who has loved her cousin ever since they were "sweet-heart high," looks on and can say no word. The story is so naturally told that the little drama moves us as many a more pretentious story fails to do. John himself is such a loveable boy, with his enthusiasms and his fancies, and Tryphena is so unselfish, so wholesome and so pretty. When the inevitable end comes and Miss Mervin, full of sorrow for the trouble she has unintentionally wrought, moves off the scene, John turns naturally to Tryphena again. "He could not do without Tryphena—not for the little cares and services she so willingly performed, but because he wanted the warmth of a human presence. He longed to have her sitting there, even if they did not talk, and he wanted to talk to someone to ease his heart. 'Look, Tryphena! If there were somebody you were very fond of; but it was quite impossible—you could see that from the first. Somebody who did not think of you at all in that way—would not dream of it in fact—would you be in love just the same?'

"Tryphena moved.

"'Don't go away, come closer, Tryphena. You can't understand what it is until you are in love. If it is hopeless you do not think about that. You only love. I could never make it clear. You can only feel. You can't understand what I mean—can you, Tryphena?'" So they sit in their youthful misery that is yet so real, and we are glad of the epilogue that shows them to us, years later, happy husband and wife.

* * *

Thomas Hardy used to live in London, but he now spends most of his time at Max Gate, near Dorchester, where he lived when a child, and where he has built a house after his own plan on a hill, from whose brow can be seen many of the places and landscape features described in his stories.

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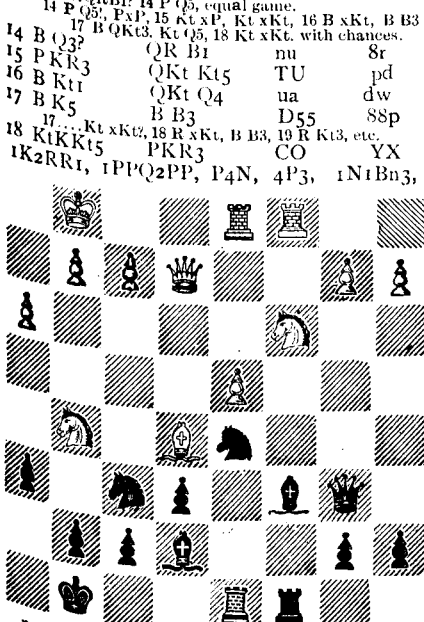
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Chess.

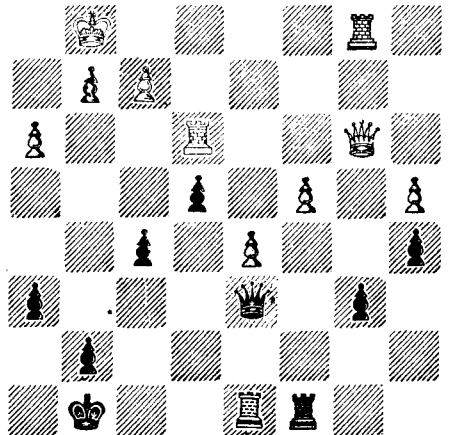
The Chess G.O.M. wins Game 731:

Pillsbury	Steinitz	White	Black
1 P Q4	P Q4	tv	yw
2 P QB4	P K3!	kn	7766
3.....Blackburne takes the pawn.			
3 Kt Q B3	Kt KB3	am	RF
4 Kt B3	P xP	JC	wn
4.....Probably better than P B4.			
5 P K3	P B4	2233	qo
6 B xP	Kt B3	An	hp
7 Castle	P xP	IJ	ov
7.....best moves thus far.			
8 P xP	B K2	33v	H77
9 B B4	Castle	JD	88K
10 R B1	QN13!!	ij	zf
11 Q Q2	KQ1	st	HZ
12 KRQ1	B Q2	As	ry
13 Q K2	BK1!	t22	88y
13.....QRB1! 14 P Q5, equal game.			
14 P Q5, P xP, 15 Kt xP, Kt xKt, 16 B xKt, B B3			
17 B QK3, Kt Q5, 18 Kt xKt, with chances.			
14 B Q3	QR B1	nu	8r
15 P KR3	QKt K5	TU	pd
16 B Kt1	QKt Q4	ua	dw
17 B K5	B B3	D55	88p
17.....Kt xKt, 18 R xKt, B B3, 19 R K3, etc.			
18 Kt Kt5	PKR3	CO	YX
1K2RR1, 1PP2PP, P4N, 4P3, 1N1Bn3,			



pinpbq1, 1ppb2pp, 1k2rr2)
 19 Kt xKP, P xKt, 20 B xKt, B xB, 21 Q xP ch.,
 KBl, 22 BK6, BK1!
 19 KKt K4 QKt xKt O44 wm
 20 P xKt Kt xKt bm F44

21 B xKt	BxB	444	p44
22 Q xB	QB3	2244	fp
23 Q Kt4	BB1	44N	7711
24 B B6, R --, 25 R Q3 is best.			
24 P QB4	PB4	mn	GE
25 Q Kt6	Q K1	NP	p88
26 Q Kt3	P QKt3	PM	gf
27 Q Kt3	Q B3	Mc	88p
28 P Q5, P xP, 29 P P, Q xR!!!			
28 P QR4	QR4	24	75
29 B B4, (QK5, 30 PK3, RNQ, 31 R xR, Q xR, 32 P B5) B K5, 30 P Q5, Q Q2, 31 P B5!!!			
29 R B3	B Q3	jm	Hx
30 P Q5	Q B2	vw	PQ
30.....P xP rather dangerous. 31 B Q4 not objectionable.			
31 B xB	QxB	55x	qx
32 RB3 much superior.			
32 R K3	P K4	m33	6655
33 R Kt1	P K5	sa	5544
(1K4R1, 1PP5, P2R2Q1, 3P1P1P, 2P1P2P,			



p3q1p1, 1p6, 1k2rr2)
 34 Q xP, Q xQ, 35 R xQ, R xBP, 36 P Q6, R xRP, 37 R QB3, R Kt5, 38 R K6, R Q5, 39 R xP, etc.
 34 R QB3? Q K4 33m x55
 35 R B2 R Q3 mk zx
 36 R (Kt) QB1 P B5 aj ED
 37 R Kt, R Kt3, 38 Q K B3, P xQ, 39 R xQ, R xP ch, 40 K Bt, R R7, 41 K K1, R xRP, R K6, 42 R K6, etc.
 37 P B5?? P xP no fo
 38 R xP R xR ko ro
 39 R xR P B6 jo DC
 40 Q Kt8 ch, K R2, 41 R B8, R xP, 42 Q xQ!
 40 Q Q1??? R Kt3 cs xP
 41 P Kt4 P K6 KN 4433
 42 P xP?, Q Kt 6 ch (42 Q xP, P K7!!!) wins.
 42 Q K1 P K7 s 11 3322
 43 R B1 Q xP oj 55w
 44 Q B3 R QB3! 11m 1p
 44.....the final coup.
 (1K3R2, 2pp4, P1p2Q2, 1P5P, 4q2p, p4r2, 1p6, 1k6)
 45 Q xR, Q xQ, 46 R xQ, P queens (45 Q Kt, R xR, 46 Q xR, Q Q8 ch) winning.

The Athenaeum says: "The late Mr Murray had for many years collected materials for a complete edition of Byron's works in prose and verse. Mr. Murray had in his possession a considerable number of letters to various persons, including to his father, some of which were not shown to Moore, as well as many documents and papers of interest. He had also acquired Lord Byron's own continuation of 'Don Juan' and several other unpublished poems and fragments. With the aid of these materials it is hoped that a final edition of Byron's works may be given to the world at no very distant date."

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the distinguished Canadian novelist, is in town. A number of Toronto journalists and other citizens will give Mr. Parker a banquet at the National Club, to-morrow (Saturday) night. The Lt-Governor of Ontario, the Minister of Education, and Dr. Parkin will be among the guests. It is expected that the banquet will be a noteworthy one in every respect.

There will be a symposium in the forthcoming number in the Nineteenth Century on the "Life of Cardinal Manning." The contributors will include Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

Fred J. Wishaw has written a novel depicting the times and court of Ivan the Terrible. It is called "A Boyar of the Terrible," and Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it.

"Ian Maclaren" is soon to publish a new book entitled "The Mind of the Master." It is not another Scotch novel, however, but an exposition of Christian doctrine.

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Literary Notes.

"The Bombardment of Chicago" is the title of a story by Montgomery Schuyler that will appear in Harper's Weekly for April 4th. It will be illustrated by a double-page drawing by Zogbaum. The same number of the Weekly will contain an illustrated article on the present status of English influence in Egypt, and the reason of the movement against the Dervishes.

The readers of The Youth's Companion have a liberal allowance of the good things appropriate to the season, in the Easter Number just received. Each week's issue has of late made a surprising display of excellence, and the Easter Number is good enough to satisfy the paper's readers for a whole month. The calendar promises, however, that there will be four other issues during April.

Macmillan & Co announce for immediate publication "The Atlas of Nerve Cells," prepared by M Allen Starr, M D., Ph.D., Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Consulting Neurologist to the Presbyterian and Orthopedic Hospitals, and to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, with the co-operation of O. S. Strong, Ph.D., and Edward Leaming, M.D.

A problem in naval war tactics was not long ago given out at Woolwich School, England. The problem was how to capture Long Island. In reply to this William Hemmingway has written an article for Harper's Round Table, issued March 31st, entitled "The Defence of Long Island," which explains what would be done to check advances through Long Island Sound in the event of such an attack taking place.

Since the publication of the witty book for young people, entitled "Tommy Toddlers," the publishers have been somewhat beset with inquiries in regard to its authorship. Valued correspondents have taken for granted that it was the work of John Kendrick Bangs, and that "Albert Lee," on the title-page, was a pen-name; and the question has been asked: "What reason had Mr. Bangs for not claiming it?" It may therefore be stated, as a matter of interest to the many kind readers of the book in question, that Albert Lee is as certainly a real person as Master Toddlers and his adventures among the animals of a Noah's Ark are certainly imaginary.

Outing for April has caught the sunshine of these bright spring days. Among many pleasant features of an excellent number are two complete stories: "Gluck Auf," by Jean Potter Rudd, and "From Out the Ruins," by Mary B. Goodwin. The first is a story of Tyrolean peasant life, while the second tells of a Southern romance, and what came of it. "A Good Old Fox Hunt" is one of Ed W. Sandy's characteristic yarns of the field. "Hunting With Beagles," by Bradford S. Turpin, describes the many valuable qualities of the popular small hound. A paper upon "Model Yachts," by Franklyn Bassford, will be of great value to the amateur designer, and "Yachting on 'Frisco Bay," by Arthur Inkersley, reveals the present situation in Southwestern waters. The illustrations are up to the usual high standard.

The Art Amateur for April appears in the form of a special Blue and White Easter Number; a new design, incorporated with the old, gives to the cover, which is printed in a range of Delft Blues, a remarkably effective and handsome appearance. The Supplements and the advertisements are also printed in blue. The contents are appropriate to the season of Easter; a beautiful head of The Christ forming the frontispiece, and the supplements containing designs for an Easter Stole, an Alms Dish Mat, and for the decoration of Easter Eggs. The entire number is furthermore permeated by spring motives in every department of decoration; flower-painting in water-colour, drawing for landscape painting, and "How to Draw the Bicycle" in one section, and "The Blue Flowers of Early Spring" and "Catkins in Decoration" in the china painting department being all in harmony with the spring of the year.

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Publications Received.

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Henry Fry. *History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation*. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

W. W. Willoughby, Ph.D. *An Examination of the Nature of the State*. New York: Macmillan & Co.

James MacKinnon, Ph.D. *Union of England and Scotland*. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Alfred Lord Tennyson. *The Lady of Shalott and Other Poems*. The People's Edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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Charles Kingsley. *Hereward the Wake*. Pocket Edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Charles Kingsley. *Two Years Ago*. 2 vols. Pocket Edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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Mrs. F. A. Steel. *Miss Stuart's Legacy*. Macmillan's Novelists Library. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Edited by John Morley. *English Men of Letters*. Vol. IX., Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens Vol. X., Gibbons, Carlyle, Macaulay. Vol. XI., Sidney, DeQuincey, Sheridan. London and New York: Macmillan & Co Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Benjamin Disraeli. *Sybil*. Illustrated Standard Novels. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Jane Austin. *Pride and Prejudice*. Illustrated Standard Novels. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

Maria Edgeworth. *Popular Tales*. Illustrated Standard Novels. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

F. E. Howard. *The Child Voice in Singing*. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

Sophie M. Almon-Hensley. *A Woman's Love Letters*. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

Edited by J. B. Lury, M.A. *Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Vol. I. London: Methuen & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co.

David William McCourt. *The Treasurer of Weinsberg*. Buffalo: The Peter Paul Book Co.

Deshler Welch. *The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish*. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

H. L. MacLean. *Hints on Teaching Arithmetic*. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.



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Literary Notes.

The April number of the American Historical Review is of peculiar interest, comprising, as it does, among its leading articles, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," by Charles Francis Adams; "The Bohun Wills," a group of wills illustrating the life of a great family of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, translated and annotated by Melville M. Bigelow; "Recent Memoirs of the French Directory," by Prof. H. Morse Stephens; "Virginia and the Quebec Bill," by Justin Winsor; "The Case of Josiah Philips," by Prof. William P. Trent; "Light on the Underground Railroad," by Prof. Wilbur H. Siebert, and "The First Six Weeks of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign," by James Ford Rhodes. Among the Documents will be the hitherto unpublished memoirs of Lord Burghley, touching peace with Spain, 1588, dated shortly before the arrival of the Armada, and the conclusion of the Diary of Richard Smith, member of the Continental Congress.

Alexander Dumas *did* not believe in immortality for theatrical pieces; to be successful when first represented, they must be founded upon manners; now the latter are as changing as the sands. His first drama was the *Dame aux Camélias*, which gave him the least worry, was the most rapidly written and that will live longest. It was neither a thesis nor a social work; it was a simple history founded upon fact, a passion drama, a tale of "love," and not intended to rehabilitate any body. Now as electricity is not likely to replace love, the old, old story will remain perennially green. Dumas fixed at twenty years the life-interest of a play. When he accepted the joint-production of the "Darricheff"—Dumas was married to a Russian Princess—he invited his collaborator to give him a call; he invited Dumas read to him the first two acts. "And when the other three?" asked the collaborator: "In twenty years, for by then the piece will suit living manners."

The April number of Scribner's Magazine contains a very unusual number of articles of immediate interest in connection with current events of the first importance. The leading article is a sympathetic review of the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A., by Cosmo Monkhouse. The illustrations, which are of remarkable richness and beauty, were selected with the assistance of the artist himself, and the whole article was completed before his death on January 25th. It is the most complete record of his artistic career that has, or will be, furnished by any periodical. Another article of great contemporary interest is "The Quarrel of the English-Speaking Peoples," by Henry Norman, the correspondent of the London Chronicle, whose telegrams from Washington were so influential in modifying British opinion on the Venezuelan question. Mr. Norman's article is a very clear exposition of the present temper of the British people, and it also points out with definiteness the line along which the peaceful solution is to be expected. He is, of course, an advocate of the doctrine of arbitration, and he also believes that the United States would simplify relations in future if it should definitely, through Congress, define the Monroe Doctrine as it is accepted by the Government. Mr. Norman closes with an enumeration of certain domestic problems that press upon the attention of the United States.

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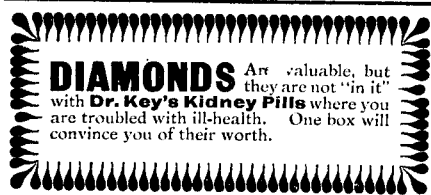
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