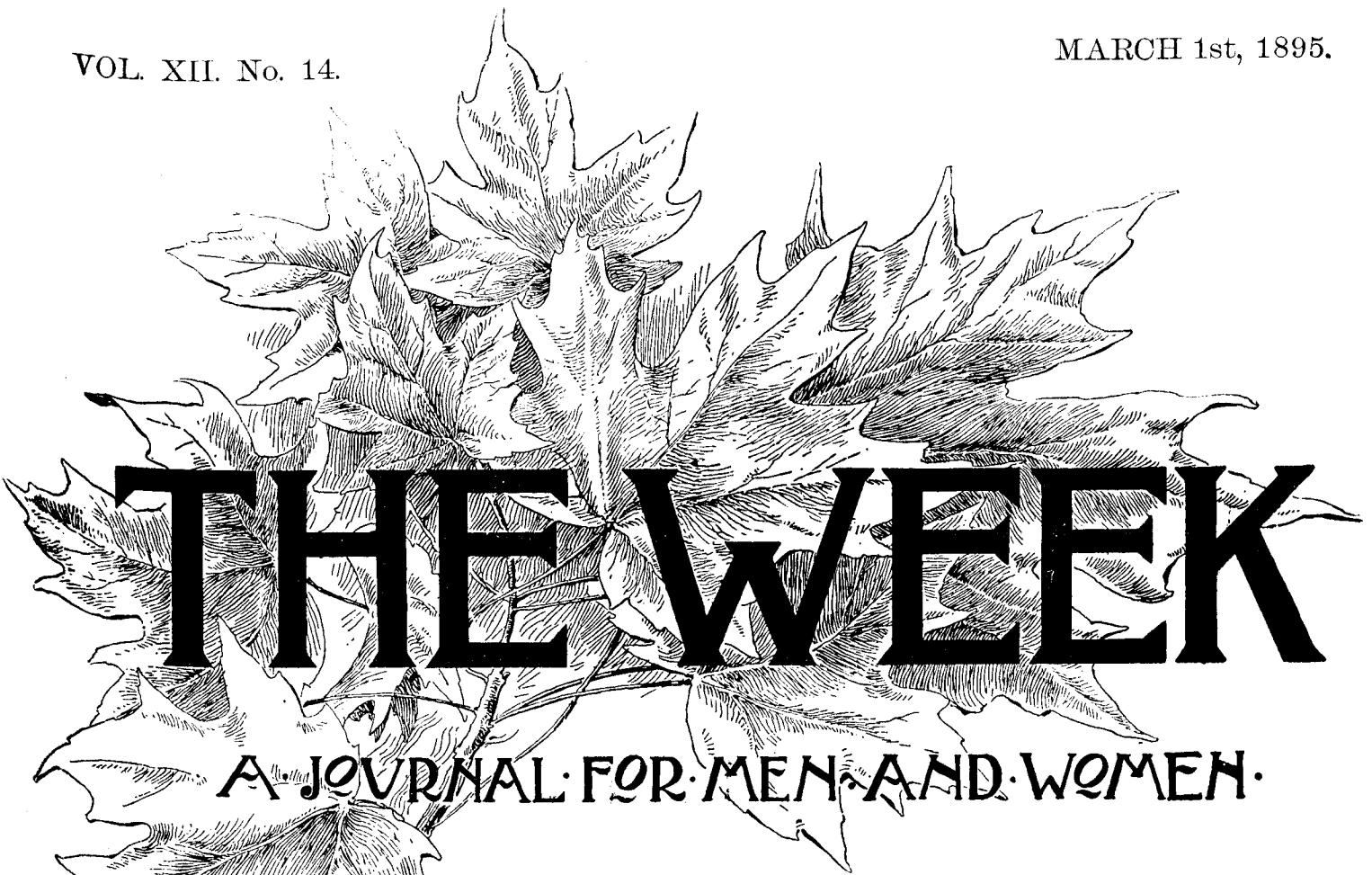


This Number Contains:—"Small Debtors in the North-West;" and "Pew and Pulpit in Toronto"—No. II.—The Jews' Synagogue.

VOL. XII. No. 14.

MARCH 1st, 1895.



THE WEEK

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MONTAGU CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University, writes :

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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, March 1st, 1895.

No. 14.

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Current Topics.

French
Repatriation.

The Rev. Father Paradis, who has devoted much time and a great deal of effort to induce his French compatriots from Quebec to return from the United States to Canada, has promulgated a scheme for the repatriation of a colony of French people now resident in Michigan. They probably went over there to seek employment in the lumber woods, and as the timber disappeared they soon became superfluous. While it is difficult not to sympathize with Father Paradis in his zealous mission it is impossible to endorse the proposal he has made to the Canadian and Ontario Governments. After getting his few hundreds of exiled French people into the northern part of Ontario—and he expects the railways to bring them free of cost—he wants to have them supplied with free grant lands, to have roads made at an expense from \$60,000 to \$70,000, and to get a cash grant of \$75,000 from the two Governments to maintain them until they have built houses and cleared some land for themselves. Apart altogether from the obvious facts, that there are no means of compelling the immigrants to live in the place chosen for them, and that if it were possible to keep them they would form a very undesirable kind of settlement, there is no reason at all why the Province of Ontario should make any such sacrifice to settle a few acres or even square miles of territory. These people would produce no revenue to recoupe the Province for its outlay. They would not attract other settlers except perhaps those who, being of the same race and language with themselves, would become fused with them in a common solidarity. Settlers who are energetic and adventurous enough to come as individuals and of their own accord, should be made welcome, but this country cannot afford to plant expensive colonies, each made up of people of the same racial and religious characteristics. In saying this we have no desire to reflect on our French fellow-countrymen, who have many excellent qualities to fit them for being pioneers of settlement.

Patriotism and
Party.

Three prominent Liberal-Unionists were affected in different ways by the want-of-confidence motion made the other day in the House of Commons by Sir Henry James—Sir Henry, himself, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen. The motion was technically one to adjourn, but this was selected by the mover as a convenient way to attack the Government policy of imposing a customs tax on cottons imported into India, and an excise duty on cottons manufactured in that country. Mr. Fowler explained that the customs duty was not a protective one, as, indeed, the offsetting excise duty makes clear. It was simply a mode of raising absolutely necessary revenue. Sir Henry James has done himself no good by this abortive attack, which Mr. Chamberlain is suspected of having prompted. This suspicion will injure the latter because it will further discredit him with the stalwart Conservatives. Worse hated by the Liberals he could hardly be. In marked contrast with their course was that pursued by their fellow Unionist, Mr. Goschen, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. He opposed the motion, condemned the attack on Indian finance, and expressed the hope that the House of Commons would support the Ministry. If the majority of 304 to 109 for the Government helps to strengthen the Rosebery Ministry, credit for this result should be given, not to Mr. Goschen, who acted like a statesman, but to Sir Henry James who played the part of a factionist.

Another
Arbitration.

It is said that Secretary Gresham, of the United States Administration, is convinced that further effort to induce Congress to vote the appropriation of \$425,000 recommended by him to be paid to Canada as a settlement in full of Canada's claim for damages on behalf of the owners of Canadian sealing vessels in the Behring Sea affair, would be useless, and that when the bill ordering such appropriation has finally failed, he will at once proceed to prepare a draft treaty for submission to the Senate, creating an Arbitration Commission, as provided for in the award, to adjust the claims. The general and no doubt a very natural feeling in Canada is that Congress and the nation it represents have not, to say the least, shown to very good advantage in this transaction. They are in honour bound by the Paris award to pay whatever damages can be shown to have been inflicted upon Canadians by the action of the United States cruisers. After having looked thoroughly into the facts, the Secretary is no doubt convinced that to settle the whole matter by the payment of the amount agreed on between him and the British Ambassador at Washington, would be an excellent stroke of business. But while Canadians may feel surprised and perhaps annoyed that what they deem so good an offer has not been accepted, it should be borne in mind that Congress has a distinct right to prefer settlement by arbitration. No doubt many of its members have persuaded themselves that the sum proposed by their Government is excessive. Believing that, they may, in perfect good faith, insist on the arbitration. The worst feature of the case is the intolerable delay and the undignified declamation, which seem inseparable from American methods of doing such things. These contrast very unfavourably

with the dignified promptness with which Great Britain paid the Alabama award, though, without doubt, her statesmen were fully persuaded that the award was excessive (as the sequel has abundantly proved), if not fundamentally unjust.

A Perfect
Chairman.

"I believe it is the universal opinion of the House that in him we have, as far as is possible—a Speaker being human—a really perfect Chairman. Dignity, authority, courtesy, perfect fairness, quick decision, unrivalled knowledge of the rules of the House, power, gentleness, discretion, and every quality to be desired in the Chairman of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world—all these are possessed by the present Speaker of the British House of Commons. Happy the Parliament which has such a President to preside over its deliberations!" So writes an "Agricultural Artist" in a recent number of the *Christian World*. This is high praise, even for the son of Sir Robert Peel. One marked difference between the father and son, according to the same writer, is that the former had bitter enemies as well as admiring friends, the latter has no enemies, but only admirers. Yet it is difficult to conceive of any position demanding higher qualities of head and heart than that of the presiding officer of a great deliberative assembly, especially in a time of red-hot political antagonisms, such as the present in the Mother Country. One becomes almost bewildered on merely thinking of the arduous and varied duties of such an officer. The private member may escape for a time when he pleases, for rest and recreation. Even the leaders of the Government may, by relieving each other, find intervals of relaxation. But the Speaker must sit patiently through the slowly dragging hours of the driest and dreariest debate. Nor has he, like ministers and members, the privilege of varying the monotony by reading or writing, lounging or nodding. He must be perpetually on the alert, to keep the members in order and to the point. He must be "ready at a moment to deal with difficult points of parliamentary procedure; to watch who desires to take part in debate; and preserve due impartiality in the order in which those whom the time will admit shall be called; to keep refractory members from transgressing, and to nip disorder in the bud; to decide when, if appealed to, the closure shall or shall not be applied; and to be entirely fair towards all the parties and all the Members of the House." Happy, indeed, the Parliament which has, and can keep from year to year at such a post, an officer who can command not only the respect and confidence, but the hearty admiration, of representatives of both parties and of all shades of political opinion.

Welsh
Disestablishment.

The introduction in the British Commons of the long-promised Bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales is doubly significant, not to say portentous. It not only means the inception of a tremendous struggle between the advocates of voluntaryism in religion, and the defenders of state-churchism, but at the same time marks a stage in the progress of the contest for the overthrow of the veto-power of the House of Lords. There can be, we suppose, no reasonable doubt of the passing of the Bill by the Commons, unless the Government should chance to suffer shipwreck before that stage is reached, because many of the Liberal-Unionists will neither care nor dare to vote against a measure so dear to the hearts of all Nonconformists and other Liberals, including, we suspect, not a few of the adherents of the Establishment itself.

That it will be unceremoniously and promptly thrown out by the Lords is, we suppose, a foregone conclusion, though their doing so will give a stronger impetus to the movement for the abolition of the veto-power of the Upper Chamber than it has yet received. This secondary result is, no doubt, reckoned on by the Government as one of the effects aimed at. The Bill will be, already being, opposed by the believers in the State-Church with all their energy and resources, which are neither few nor small, because they clearly foresee in it the beginning of a movement whose end will be the over-throw of the Establishment in England. It will also be sternly opposed by the upholders of the prerogatives of the Upper House, because they plainly see the logical outcome of the disestablishing process once it is fairly begun. Hence the progress of the struggle will be watched by the thoughtful as one involving in its issues the fate of two great political principles, as well as that of two great national institutions.

A University
Commission.

At the brief session of the Legislature on Monday the Minister of Education made the important announcement that the Government had decided, at the request of President Loudon, to appoint, at the earliest possible moment, a commission to make a searching inquiry into the cause of the recent troubles, with full powers to investigate all charges that may be made. As we suggested last week, this is a much more dignified position for the Government to assume, than that of challenging the students to make specific charges of incompetency against their own instructors. An investigation had become inevitable, unless the *prestige* of the University was to be seriously impaired. President Loudon was certainly well-advised in demanding it on his own behalf and that of the Institution of which he is the head. We congratulate him on having so far taken the initiative. It is to be hoped, for the sake of all the interests concerned, that the commissioners chosen may be men whose competency and impartiality are above suspicion, and that the process of inquiry be kept as free as possible from hampering formalities and legal obstructions. If this be done, if the names of the commissioners be such as command universal confidence, and if they be permitted and aided to make the inquiry as searching and complete as possible, the result can hardly fail to be such as will tend to restore confidence in the University and re-establish the harmony and good feeling between principals and professors and their students which is so necessary to the success of a university.

The "Initiative"
and "Referendum."

How to prevent lobbying is one of the most perplexing and discouraging problems which the lovers of good legislation in the United States have to solve. Not only in the national Congress, but in many, if not all, of the State legislatures, the power of the lobbyists in pushing bad laws through the House, and still more in preventing the passing of good ones, is such as may almost cause the patriotic citizen to despair of the future of the Republic. During the last two or three years an agitation has been carried on in New Jersey in favour of the "Referendum," as the most hopeful and readily available method of defeating the lobbyists. At least, this is urged as one of the strongest arguments in favour of the adoption of the Swiss system. The occupation of the lobbyists, it is argued, would quickly become profitless were it understood

that their defeat of a popular measure in the legislature would be speedily reversed by the vote of the people. To this argument it has been answered that the "Referendum" would be of use only to enable people to pronounce upon laws that have been passed or approved by the House, whereas the chief activity of the lobbyist is usually directed to prevent the passing of bills which militate against the interest of those whom he represents. The "Referendum" would be of no avail in the case of bills which the lobbyists had prevented from passing. To this the friends of the innovation reply by saying: "Let us then agitate for the whole system, the 'Initiative' as well as the 'Referendum.' Let the people demand the right not only to reject measures which they disapprove, but to introduce and submit to popular vote, after discussion, those which they desire to see passed." The agitation has grown so strong that the opponents of direct popular government are afraid that a bill for introducing the "Referendum" may pass the present legislature.

The New
Substance.

When, at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, last August, the announcement was made by a distinguished scientific *savant* that he had discovered a hitherto unknown substance in atmospheric air, the announcement caused great surprise, not unmixed with incredulity. Students of chemical science thought that if they knew anything, they knew the constituents of atmospheric air. Now, however, it seems to have been established that the alleged discovery is real. Professor Ramsay recently read a paper before a crowded meeting of the Royal Society, in the theatre of the London University, which was accepted by the large number of prominent men of science present as affording satisfactory proof that a new gas has actually been discovered. Professor Ramsay and Lord Rayleigh, who was formerly Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, had, it appeared, been carrying on experiments with a view to eliminating and identifying the new substance, and had almost simultaneously been successful. The new substance—whether it is an element or a compound gas has not yet been determined—differs entirely from both oxygen and nitrogen in that so far it has been found to refuse to enter into combination with any other element. For this reason it has been named *argon* (not working, idle). It is, like oxygen and nitrogen, colourless, but is denser than either, in the proportion of twenty to sixteen and fourteen, respectively. Its solubility in water is about the same as that of oxygen. Its spectrum is quite distinct from that of nitrogen. What will be the practical advantage, if any, of the discovery, remains to be seen.

Hawaii and the
United States.

There is some ground for believing that the *de facto* government of the Hawaiian islands has brought, or will soon bring, itself into trouble with the United States. One United States citizen was deported without form of trial on a charge of being implicated in the late uprising, and two others are under sentence of death. It is reported from Washington that despatches have been sent to United States Minister Willis at Honolulu, censuring him for allowing a prisoner to be exiled without proper trial, and urging him to "take every means in his power to prevent the execution of the two who have been condemned to capital punishment." As there is a United States cruiser at Honolulu these instructions will, no doubt, be enforced in a peremptory manner. It is too near the end of the nineteenth century for any usurpa-

tion government to deal in so reckless a manner with rights of citizenship that have long been internationally recognized.

The British
America Assurance
Company.

This company, established in 1833, is one of the oldest existing fire and marine insurance associations in America. During the two generations of its existence it has paid out to those whom it had insured the large sum of \$14,000,000, and it enters on a new year of business with assets amounting to nearly a million and a half, a cash capital of three-quarters of a million, and a total reserve fund of over half a million. Toward the close of 1892 some important changes were made in the management of the Company, which may tersely be described by saying that it was modernized. As one result of this process a change for the better, as compared with the experience of the then previous few years, has been brought about, in spite of the fact that the period which has since elapsed has been one of very discouraging depression. The British America is peculiarly fortunate in an exceptionally strong directorate, and in having for President, Mr. Geo. A. Cox, and for Vice-President and Managing Director, Mr. J. J. Kenny. There is good reason to believe that under such management, and with its financial position strengthened by an issue of \$250,000 of new stock taken up by the shareholders, a new career of prosperity is opened up for this pioneer insurance company.

* * *

Multi-Partyism in Politics.

THE chief novelty that presents itself in the new Ontario Legislature is the presence of a third party of considerable strength on the floor of the House. We shall have to wait for developments in order to have the means of forming a judgment in regard to the effect which the presence of the Patrons is likely to have upon the course of legislation. It may be that, in this particular instance, the Government having a majority, however slender, of all the members as its avowed supporters, the Patrons cannot really decide the fate of the Administration. But suppose, as we readily may without violence to probability, that the case were different; that instead of a majority of two or three, the Government had returned with a band of pledged supporters slightly smaller than the total number of the other two parties, what would have been its position and prospects? It would then have been obliged to carry on the work of the session with the possibility ever before it that at any moment a coalition of the other two parties might lead to its defeat. Would a defeat, under such circumstances, have placed it under obligation to resign? If it took the affirmative view and acted upon it, upon whom could the Lieutenant-Governor call to construct a cabinet? No other possible leader would, by hypothesis, have so strong a following in the House as that of the defeated one, and any one who might be entrusted with the Premiership would be still more liable to defeat at any moment. A stable Administration would seem to be an impossibility under such circumstances. The situation would become still more complicated and precarious, should it happen, as is quite supposable, that instead of three, there were four or half-a-dozen distinct parties in the House. It is evident that, under such circumstances, our local parliament would be reduced to a position somewhat similar to that of the French Assembly, with a possible change of Government every few weeks or months. Reduced to general terms, the problem may be stated thus: Is responsible Government, in the form in which we have it, practicable in a parliament composed of more than two distinctly defined parties?

To one who sees and contemns the weakness and wrong-

headedness inseparable from government under the old two-party system, the conception of a House with a third party, independent of the two old ones, and organized with a view to the bringing about of certain definite reforms, is not without its attractions. It is easy to see how the presence of such a body, having no ambition to obtain for itself possession of the Treasury benches, and, consequently, no desire to overthrow the existing government for the sake of taking its place, might become, with judicious and unselfish management, a power for good. In fact, such a body, well organized and under competent leadership, might force the Government of the day to adopt and carry out almost any desired reform. With the increase of such parties, the power of each would become less, but the possibilities of combination would increase in proportion, until presently strict party government would become an impossibility.

The question which we are merely suggesting for the consideration of the thoughtful, is by no means a purely theoretical or imaginative one. It is very clear that the trend of the popular movement just now is away from the time-honoured two-party system, and in the direction of an indefinite number of small but more or less coherent bodies, each intent on its own particular reform or hobby. To say nothing of what has happened in France, which can, perhaps, hardly be taken as affording a normal instance of parliamentary evolution, and passing by Germany, where a large admixture of the autocratic element complicates the evolutionary process, we need only to glance at the parliament of the Mother Country to see the working of the centrifugal forces. As has been pointed out by a London editor, time was, and that no longer ago than in Mr. Gladstone's earlier days, when a majority of fourteen or fifteen, such as that on which the existence of Lord Rosebery's Administration depends, would have been deemed ample for the security of any government. But now, when even Liberalism is subdivided laterally by English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh lines, "besides being split vertically, so to speak, into independent labour opinion, capitalist opinion, and land-owning opinion," the case is very different. "A very slight disturbance in such a precarious balance of forces will dispose of a majority of fifteen." To come nearer home, it is already pretty certain that one result of the approaching Dominion election will be a House composed of at least three distinct parties, instead of the two to which we have so long been accustomed, and on the assumption of which the whole system of governmental procedure is, in a large measure, based. That such a change in the conditions of the problem must render necessary some new method of working it out is evident. What will be the form of the new system?

Had we time to inquire into the causes which are rapidly and surely bringing about these changes, those causes would not be far to seek. They are wrapped up in the meaning of one word, "Democracy." With the triumph of democracy and the decadence of the opposite principle, aristocracy in government, the old fissure of cleavage, developed through ages of struggle into an almost impassable chasm separating the two great parties, has gradually grown narrower and narrower, until it has at length almost disappeared. There is no longer, in English-speaking countries, a real aristocratic party able to wield any considerable influence in political life. With no one supereminent issue to cleave the political opinion of the nation in twain, there is no longer any sufficient cause for the existence of two and only two great parties. It seems likely, it is true, that the question of Protection *vs.* Free-trade may, for a time, have a supreme place in Canadian politics, but a very few years of struggle will no doubt settle the question in one way or another.

It was no part of our plan to attempt to show what

shall take the place of the dying party system in self-governing countries. May it not be, however, that something akin to the method which was at one time outlined and advocated, if we mistake not, by Mr. Goldwin Smith—a method in which the Government shall be a sort of Parliamentary Committee, elected by the whole body of representatives without reference to party, and kept in office during the pleasure of the House—may suggest a possible alternative?

* * *

Education and Culture.

SOME time ago an attempt was made in an editorial paragraph of THE WEEK to define "education" and "culture," treating them as synonyms, by saying that "the culture of the schools, apart from the training of the physical faculties and the moral nature, is threefold: (1) The culture of skill, (2) the culture of knowledge, and (3) the culture of taste." It was further stated that "the culture of skill is acquired only by the practice of original invention, the culture of knowledge only by the practice of original investigation, and the culture of taste only by acquaintance at first hand with works of art that are embodiments of the beautiful." The *Educational Journal* is disposed to regard this classification as not exhaustive, and to add "the culture of power." On the assumption that a very fair definition of "culture" was given by the late Sir Morrell Mackenzie, when he remarked that "culture is not amassed knowledge, but a condition of intellect," it will be easy to show that the culture of power is implied in the three kinds mentioned above, and that the enumeration is exhaustive.

By "skill" is meant capacity to make use of means in any sphere of life or department of activity to bring about some desired result. Obviously this demands thought, often of the most intense kind. To realize an ideal is always a work of difficulty, and it can never be perfectly done. A great modern painter is reported to have said that in order to paint well all one needs to do is to put a little color in the right place. Another painter, when asked what he mixed his paints with, replied:—"With brains, sir." Any adequate conception of skill must include the idea of intellectual power of a very high, if not the highest order. All the great inventors have possessed such power, and without it they would have been quite unable to do what they did. All great writers have possessed it, for a great literary composition is, as to form at all events, a work of skill. Thoughts may come spontaneously, or by suggestion, rather than at call, but they must be arranged and re-arranged; they must be made to assume some evolutionary order; they must be massed in effective ways; and they must be embodied in effective forms, if they are to be regarded as products of "skill." In the education of the child he should be required to invent, as far as possible, all his own processes, not merely in physical experiments, but also in performing operations on numerical and geometrical magnitudes, and above all in the expression of his own thoughts. No child should ever be told how to write or speak what he has to say until he has had a chance to select his own mode of expression, and he should then have the first chance to criticize and improve it.

The culture of "knowledge," like the culture of "skill," is practically the culture of "power" under another name. "Knowledge" means either (1) an acquaintance with isolated facts, or (2) an acquaintance with general principles under which facts are co-ordinated. The child may be made, too often is made, acquainted with both through his memory alone, and it was against this practice that Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, inveighed in the remark that was the occasion of our first paragraph on this subject. The only way to secure

the culture of knowledge is (1) to make the child observe his facts for himself, and (2) to make him reason inductively to general principles. He will make mistakes, of course, but so do the scientists who are constantly correcting each other's errors. So, for that matter, do the historians, whose time is largely taken up in the same benevolent and soothing work. Fortunately the child's mistakes are of small account while the practice of original investigation is of the utmost moment. The "condition of intellect" referred to by Dr. Mackenzie is undoubtedly such a condition as will enable the individual to be a discoverer for life. All that he can ever learn at school will help him little in this direction even if it were free from error. Both science and history will go on and leave him stranded if he never observes for himself, and the school should be a good place for the formation of the observing habit.

It is quite evident from this view of the case—at least we have tried to make it so—that "power" is simply a more general term than either "skill" or "knowledge" used as defining "culture," and that, in fact it includes both. The production and the comprehension of a literary work are alike the result of an exercise of "power." Ability to achieve the former is the result of the culture of "skill" by the practice of original invention; ability to achieve the latter is the result of the culture of "knowledge" by the practice of original investigation. The same statement may be made about the invention of a piece of scientific apparatus, and the comprehension of the scientific principle in accordance with which it has been devised. In short, the distinction applies to all arts and all sciences between which there is a similar antithesis, both being included under the culture of "power."

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Pew and Pulpit in Toronto—II.

AT THE JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

IN all places of worship there is, and always has been some central point to which the attention of the congregation is naturally directed. In the Roman Catholic Church it is the high altar; in the Anglican, the simpler but more or less decorated communion table—raised sometimes by one step, frequently by many steps, above the level of the nave of the church, and above it very often a stained-glass window. In the greater Methodist churches of Toronto and in some of the Presbyterian ones, it is the immense organ that dominates the auditorium and focuses all eyes. In some churches there is nothing for the eye to rest upon but the pulpit and the minister in it. Even in Quaker meeting-houses I have seen a long raised seat on which ten or twelve ministers—women as well as men—have sat during "meeting," perhaps as a sort of democratic protest against any one man or woman riveting the sole interest of the audience. It is thus acknowledged that human nature when it worships wants to "look towards" something and is susceptible of the outward. If it cannot look towards Jerusalem or Mecca, it will be grateful for an altar with some emblems and flowers upon it, for a pictured window, for a great big overpowering organ—even for a minister in a pulpit if people have been brought up to it from children and taught to associate that combination with religion. At the Jews' Synagogue in Richmond street—the "Holy Blossom," as it is called—the central point to which all eyes look is the receptacle in which the Books of the Law are kept. I suppose it is the case in all Jewish Synagogues. For though there has been progression in Judaism as in all faiths, and though there are many Jews who do not regard the ancient writings as once they did, recognizing that while "the letter killeth it is the spirit that giveth life," still the Divine oracles are the basis of Judaism. And so it was that on a recent Saturday morning, in this modern city of a modern colony, I found the eyes of worshippers turned reverently to the veiled recess where those sacred scrolls are kept that bear upon them in Hebrew characters the testimonies of the ancient law-givers and the inspired

utterances of the prophets. Raised by a few steps above the floor of the Synagogue, and having an embroidered curtain of yellow silken material hanging in front of it, it is the sanctuary and holy of holies. Above the curtain was an entablature of stained and varnished woodwork, and, surmounting that, an inscription in Hebrew. The building itself is unpretentious and of brick. Over the doorway are some Hebrew characters, and the inscription in English: "The Lord our God is One." Entering its portal the visitor found himself in a moderate-sized, oblong church, having galleries at its sides and at the entrance end, the fronts of which were of light open work. In front of the sanctuary before mentioned was the readers' platform, also ascended by three steps and carpeted. At the end nearest to The Law was a commodious reading-desk covered with velvet. The platform or dais itself was sufficiently capacious to hold half a dozen or more persons and was enclosed by panelled woodwork, having an opening on either side for entrance or exit. The rest of the auditorium is fitted with ordinary pews and there are two aisles.

Going to the place before ten o'clock one Saturday morning, I found the reading of the Scriptures in Hebrew proceeding. The reader appeared to be a layman. He wore a shiny silk hat and over his shoulders a drab surplice or stole, with black stripes, the ends of this garment being fringed. He read the Hebrew Scriptures in a singing monotone. At the rear of the platform, and at the side of the receptacle of the Law, sat Rabbi Phillips, in a carved, high-backed chair. He was clothed in a long black gown and wore a black velvet biretta on his head. The reading on that occasion continued to a considerable length, and meanwhile worshipper after worshipper was coming in, the men to the auditorium below and the women to the gallery. As each Jew came in he took from a velvet bag, having Hebrew characters upon it, his "talet," and putting it upon his shoulders, he kissed the fringed hem of it and buried his face for a moment in its folds, as if in prayer, before proceeding to the exercises of worship. Both on that occasion and the more recent one I felt that there could be no doubt about the devout spirit of worship that pervaded the atmosphere. The responsive murmurs of those present were in an unknown tongue but of their serious sincerity there was no doubt. In the galleries, also, where the ladies sat devoutly at their books, there was likewise no irreverence or flippancy. It is needless to say that all the male members of the congregation wore their hats—the Jewish mark of reverence. I remember that when he had read for a considerable time the lay reader retired to one of the high-backed chairs and the Rabbi came forward to the desk and continued the service. He had a strong baritone voice, and his singing of the service reminded me of the singing of the Mass in the Roman Catholic church, though there was with it a certain eastern tone and method which seemed new and strange. Then with chanting on the way the Rabbi proceeded to the place where the books of the Law were kept. The curtain was drawn aside and several massive rolls were seen. The sticks on which the parchment or paper is rolled are ornamented at the top with white metal ornaments. Taking one of the rolls upon his shoulder, the Rabbi stood for a moment before the congregation and said a prayer or invocatory sentence to which all the people responded. Then, assisted by two or three of the principal men of the synagogue, he bore the larger roll to the reading desk. One of the lay assistants then said in Hebrew: "Oh may He help shield and save all those that trust in Him, and let us say, Amen. All of ye ascribe greatness unto God and render honour unto the Law, and let the priest come forward for the reading of the Law." Then a Hebrew name was called, and one of the young worshippers responded to it, ascended the reading-desk and stood between the two laymen who were prepared to read the Law to him. He said in Hebrew: "Bless ye the Lord who is ever blessed." Then one of the readers pointed out to him with a metal pointer which was attached to the roll, the particular passage which was to be read for his edification, and proceeded to read it to him in a voice that could be heard by everybody. This was repeated in the case of eight or nine young men who were successively called up by their Hebrew names. They attended respectfully and earnestly to the reading, and went back to their seats, each of them saying after the reading: "Blessed be the Lord who is blessed for ever more." Then the Rabbi came forward, and in his fine baritone voice conducted a part of the service which was choral and which seemed to be an ascription of praise and

glory to the Supreme. The service had got to this point when I arrived at the synagogue the other day. But the congregation was larger and there were now two ministers in black gowns and birettas. One of them, the English minister, is the Rev. Mr. Lazarus, and the other, the reader and the singer of the Hebrew part of the service, is the Rev. Mr. Solomon. The former was educated in London, the latter in Paris. Soon after I had entered—accompanying a Jewish friend—Rev. Mr. Lazarus recited in a distinct and pleasant voice the prayer for the Queen and the Royal Family. It was as follows:

He who dispenseth Salvation unto Kings, and dominion unto princes, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, who delivereth his servant David from the destructive sword, who maketh a way in the sea, and a path through the mighty waters: May he bless, preserve, guard, assist, exalt and highly aggrandize

Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and all the Royal Family.

May the supreme King of kings, through his infinite mercy preserve them, and grant them life and deliver them from all manner of trouble and danger. Subdue nations under her feet, cause her enemies to fall before her, and cause her to prosper in all her undertakings. May the supreme King of kings exalt and highly aggrandize her, and grant her long and prosperously to reign. May the supreme King of kings, through His infinite mercy incline her heart and the hearts of her counsellors and nobles with benevolence towards us and all Israel. In her days and in ours may Judah be saved, and Israel dwell in safety; and may the Redeemer come unto Zion: may this be his gracious will, and let us say, Amen.

The Mayor and City Council were also remembered in the petitions of the synagogue. Then with more ceremonious words the Books of the Law were laid up in their resting place.

The choral part of the service struck me as deeply interesting and impressive. Rabbi Solomon, who conducted it uses his voice with the skill of a cultivated singer. The disciples of the Parisian school of baritones go up to A, and B flat, and Mr. Solomon is a highly capable member of that school. A deep religious earnestness is in his face as he sings, and while sometimes his voice rolls out impassioned volumes of sacred declamation, there are times, also, when it sinks into plaintive sweetness, and one thinks, somehow, of the words: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Considered simply as a vocal performance Rabbi Solomon's rendering of the service is of a distinguished and artistic character. But the highest testimony to its religious spirit is the fact that one does not think of it as a vocal performance at all. On the contrary the feeling inspired at the Jewish synagogue—notwithstanding its humble character as an edifice, and the simple and cheap style of its furnishings—might find expression in the words: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

There were parts of the liturgy, too, when the ladies in the gallery joined in with their sweet voices. There was an organ up there, and probably a choir, for the singing was of a finished and chastened character. On some near day in the future the Holy Blossom congregation are going to build a fine new synagogue on Bond Street. But, however, their temple may be improved in its architectural characteristics, it can scarcely have a more fitting or impressive service than that which is now performed in Richmond Street.

During the progress of the choral part of the service, in the course of which there were occasions when the whole congregation stood up and after certain recitals sat down again; I had been looking from time to time at the English minister who occupied one of the high chairs which are placed on either side of the sanctuary of the Law. He looked as much as possible like a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. His manner was dignified, his face expressed a calmness of peaceful trust. He looked about thirty, his features were not what is commonly called Jewish; he had dark eyes and hair, and a moustache—the rest of his face was clean shaven. Rev. Mr. Lazarus has that in his appearance which must commend him to the sick and suffering, among whom some of his work is done. His aspect is friendly, but it also bears the impress of converse with high themes. It was this gentleman attired, as has been said, in a black gown and wearing a black velvet biretta, who now went to the desk in front of the sanctuary to deliver a short sermon. It was rather staggering to one accustomed to the easy comfortableness of the pulpit in these days, to hear this peaceful, benevolent-looking young minister announce that the subject of his sermon was the *Lex talionis*. He proceeded to dilate on the

eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth aspect of the law of Moses, in a calm, logical and illustrative way. He spoke of the necessity there was for all law to be supported by due penalties being attached to offences, and maintained that the Mosaic idea of making the punishment fit the crime was the correct one, and that it was in some measure the underlying principle of modern law, though sometimes it was departed from, to the detriment of social order. In these days when a man had gouged out another's eye or jumped on his wife we occasionally saw him taken to a court of so-called justice and punished with a paltry fine. It might be better for society, he thought, if the punishment were given in kind, and if a man robbed another of one of his eyes he might suffer the loss of an eye himself, by way not only of bringing him to a sense of his enormity, but as a means of stopping that particular sort of crime. He said that the principles of the Christian Gospel were not applied in our courts of justice, and in the nature of things could not be. In the case of the private individual he might turn the other cheek to the smiter, and if a thief came and took his watch-chain he might, if he choose, beg him to take the watch as well. But the law, as a public institution, would do nothing of the kind. In reality it was in some measure the *lex talionis*. There was no need to lay undue stress on the dreadfulness of such a law. As a matter of fact only a hundred years ago there were no fewer than three hundred offences which were by the law of England punishable with death, while, according to the law of Moses, there were only four capital offences. It may be gathered from these remarks that while the sermon was thus essentially Jewish, it was not merely academical or ecclesiastically perfunctory. Its effort was to show that Judaism is really the basis of the divine and universal religion, and that above and beyond its system of legalism it possesses a spirit, which, with its infinite ramifications is suited to the changing needs of human life and society.

After the sermon came more prayers and recitations in Hebrew, and the service ended with a patriarchal blessing. One saw many well-known Toronto faces in the assembly, and during the sermon the high backed chairs of honour were occupied respectively by the president and treasurer of the congregation; men of high standing in the local commercial world. After the service the children began to come together for the Sabbath School, for every Jewish child, even the poorest, is instructed in the law of the God of his fathers, grows up in the knowledge of it, and wherever his steps may stray, has that in his heart which was all that patriarchs and psalmists and prophets once had to guide them through the wilderness of this world. J. R. N.

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John Granger's Pomes:

NO LYNCH LAW IN CANADA.

We're told, "If men cuss, bless on, and give 'em love for hate."

They's a big bird as can caw and flap its pinion;

To that bird a morril lesson I wish to inculcate,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

Stars and Stripes can be aggressive; they don't hurt me a bit,

But that bird can hold its jaw, for I'm no minion

Of no tyranny oppressive. I can give 'em hit for hit,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

MacRobie praised the Yankee. Says I, "You hate our way?"

But he answered me, "Naw, naw! I'm no agin you;

'Mericans is hanky-panky, and I'm mindin' what you say,

We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

We're a law abidin' people, if we are a little rough,

And don't give an oaten straw for Yank's opinion;

Put their gall high as a steeple, we'll down it with a cuff,

"We don't tolerate Lynch Law in our Dominion!"

J. CAWDORE BELL.

* * *

Forget Me Not.

"FORGET me not" has been the message of one lover to another in all the world's history. The poets have insisted on a never-failing remembrance. That a man or a woman might "forget," was held to be the most heart-breaking of thoughts. But Christina G. Rossetti, who died recently, made a new message for the world, singing, in one form or another, in many songs, these words:

"Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad."

This is surely self-denial of a very noble sort.

Montreal.

HUGH COCHRANE.

Small Debtors in the North-West.

LEGISLATION affecting the recovery of debts in the North-West Territories has always been in favour of the debtor. The exemptions from seizure, under an execution, have ever been numerous, and, lately, ordinances have issued from the Legislature at Regina greatly extending the hitherto existing privileges. A farmer on the prairie has now secured to him, free from molestation by the sheriff, quite a number of cattle, all necessary implements, vehicles, etc., and some things that many persons might not consider necessities; a sufficient number of horses for farm work, enough grain for seed, enough provender for the live stock allowed, virtually the whole of his household effects and many other things. All these can be lost to a man only under a "Bill of sale by way of mortgage." Indeed, it is not too much to say that in many cases a bankrupt farmer may find himself better off at the end of his bankruptcy than he was when he started business on the prairie. "Pity the poor debtor" has been the prudent and merciful dictum acted upon, and Jeremy Bentham's heart would have leapt with joy had he lived to see this great stride towards the realization of his ideal, that there should be no laws whatever for the recovery of debt.

While, however, so much has been done to protect the debtor who owes a great deal, nothing whatever has been done, or is talked of being done, to relieve the debtor who owes very little. The small debtor is sorely oppressed. I have sojourned in many countries in both hemispheres, but nowhere have I found small debtors so terribly persecuted as in the North-West Territories of Canada. The reason of this is, primarily, that there is one court only in which debts can be recovered, and that is the Supreme Court. It requires all the machinery and the expensive paraphernalia of the Supreme Court to recover a debt of five dollars. This is like employing a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut. I know a man who was recently sued for \$4.50, which he paid on presentation of the summons. No lawyer was in the case so that the only costs were for the summons and its service, yet he had to pay \$14. Two of my neighbours, a short time ago, were each recently sued for \$7. They allowed judgment to go by default, and when the sheriff waited upon them to levy they found that each of the debts had mounted up to \$22. Under this system a man who owes \$20 or \$30 may suddenly find his stock seized for a debt of \$100, which, at present auction "spot cash" prices, requires about \$400 worth of chattles to pay. Indeed, at some recent sales by the sheriff in Assiniboia, the disproportion between price and worth was much greater than that here indicated; and in a great number of cases the result is that there is nothing for the creditor. Both parties are interested in changing a system that is often the ruin of one of them without satisfying the other.

This is not as it should be. I am told that legal procedure in the North-West is copied from that of the Old Country. If this be so, it is an attempt to stretch the coat of a dwarf until it covers the back of a giant. The coat will never fit. In a thickly populated country a process server sets out daily with his pocket full of summonses, and serves a few scores every day at a cost to each suitor of about one shilling. In the North-West a single summons may be sent a hundred miles or more by rail, then forty, fifty, or sixty across the prairie in a rig, the fee allowed being ten cents a mile. It is quite common, therefore, for the cost of service alone to exceed the amount of the debt to be recovered; and if the action be a defended one, there is all this mileage to be compassed and paid for with every document that has to be served. Distance certainly does not lend enchantment to the view of the debtor on the prairie; though doubtless it does to that of the process-server, usually a member of the North-West Mounted Police.

If the North-West be anxious to copy the legal methods of other countries, let its legislators extend the operation so as to embrace some of the subsidiary courts. The terrible persecution permissible, and in actual practice, indicated in the preceding paragraph, could not obtain if there were such courts in the North-West as the County Court of England, or, better still, the Small Cause Court of India. Let a glance be given at the procedure in those courts, for, in both, it is alike in principle, though different in detail. It will then be seen that the recovery of small debts may be cheap and certain, which satisfies the credit-

or, and, not being oppressive, also satisfies the debtor. In the first place it is not necessary that there shall be personal service of an ordinary summons. This is effected through the post. I am not sure that the document is even "registered." The defendant is informed thereon that if he pay into court the amount claimed, plus the cost of the summons, he will avoid any further costs; while, if at the hearing (the date of which is on the summons) he admit the debt, then he saves half the hearing fee. Suppose, however, the defendant does not put in an appearance at the hearing in response to this summons. Is the verdict given against him? By no means. A second summons is then issued, and it must be served personally. At first sight this may seem like adding to the costs, but in practice such is not the case. Nearly every person obeys the first summons, and the second is only resorted to when, for some reason or other, the first one has not reached its destination; or those still fewer instances when an unscrupulous debtor, without means, disregards all processes whatever. There then is a method, cheap, certain and expeditious, that would be eminently suited to the North-West.

There is a feature, too, in the procedure of the County Court in England and the Small Cause Court in India that would be a boon to prairie debtors beyond all power of expression. I refer to the payment of a debt by instalments. At present if there be a judgment against a man for \$50 and he can raise only \$49.99 the sheriff may swoop down upon him like a vulture with all the disastrous results already indicated. Under the system here suggested, however, a debtor could appear in court, admit the debt, submit himself to examination as to his means, and the judge, according to the degree to which he is satisfied, makes an order for the payment of debt and costs in a certain number of monthly instalments. There are many men on the prairie who owe debts of, say \$50, who have not and could not easily obtain, the full amount, but who could, without undue suffering, discharge the liability at the rate of \$10 a month. This is a plan that carries with it its own recommendation. It would satisfy all but the most exacting creditors; and it would prevent those cruelly unjust persecutions that are so frequent and so disastrous throughout the fair territory beyond Manitoba.

There is another feature of the system of payment by instalments which, though not of the greatest importance, is yet worth mentioning. Law is not always justice, though it ought to be; and a judge has hereby an instrument by which he can deal lightly with unfortunate victims to technicalities. Commissioner Kerr, who presides over a subsidiary court in London, England, uses this power with effect on those shylocks or sharks who own the "loan offices" that infest the metropolis of the world. Some unfortunate wretch who may have borrowed, perhaps, £10 from one of these establishments, wakes up one fine day and finds himself by some *hocus-pocus* sued for £40 or £50. What Commissioner Kerr says to Shylock in such a case is virtually this: "This is a scandalous case of extortion, but you have the law on your side. I give you a verdict for the full amount with costs, and I order the defendant to pay it in instalments of sixpence a month." There are several such decisions of the merciful Commissioner, under which the judgment will not be satisfied until the "crack of doom."

Law is everywhere expensive, but in no place is it so expensive as in the North-West of Canada. A peculiar point about the matter, too, is that whereas in other countries law is expensive because of the lawyers, on the prairie it is not so. There is nothing extortionate about the lawyers' fees in the North-West. Indeed, compared with the retainers, the refreshers, the twelve-and-a-half per cent. to barristers, clerks, etc., etc., that obtain in England, the barristers' fees in the North-West are insignificant. The expenses arise from forcing a system adapted to short distances and crowded cities, upon a sparsely populated prairie where the distances are very great. Not only, too, is law expensive, but it is not certain. The only certainty is that the poor debtor will be crushed, and the "great uncertainty" is as to whether or not, even then, the creditor will recover his money. To obviate this state of things I venture to suggest to the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories that enormous benefits to the people of the prairie would follow the establishment of a Small Cause Court under which the post office would be the principal process-server, and a salient feature in whose procedure would be the collection of

debts by instalments. If such a plan were adopted creditors would be satisfied because they would get their money; debtors would not complain because they would not be crushed to ruin as at present; and, looking higher than either, justice would be tempered with that quality which a high authority assures us is an attribute of the Great Judge of us all.

WM. TRANT.

* * *

The Old Church on the Hill.

THE congregation in which I was born, baptized, catechized and brought up contained some elements worthy of a better historian. It was originally composed of a handful of Scotch folk just emerging from the log-shanty period of their settlerdom—men who had “the root of the matter in them.” During that time their weekly Bethel had been only the living room of a neighbor's shanty, and their environment demanded little in the way of elegance of attire in the place of worship, nor did any reason exist why their bearing towards each other should ever stiffen into anything more than everyday familiarity. Afterwards, in the next stage of the church's evolution, when they were called upon to live up to a white frame building, with frosted windows and a big porch, they were still by no means slaves to convention in manners and customs, and many clung to the fashion of the days when a man could go to the meeting in his shirt-sleeves, a clean everyday flannel shirt being made to do for the Sabbath's day's wear too; the which brilliant garments, while they made the dance and the logging-bee to rejoice and blossom as the rose, when worn with a sadness of countenance befitting the Lord's day, became sober and comparatively unobtrusive finery. Traces of the easy days when parliamentary procedure was an unnecessary impediment in their business gatherings are found even now in their periodical solemn rows, politely termed congregational meetings. Some of these Barri-esque characters still dominate the congregation. Consequently the music follows the old-fashioned pattern of the Covenanters who sang upon the hillsides and among the heather a hundred years ago; and the mention of an organ in the service would cause a pious shiver to run down our Scottish spines. The singing is led by a precentor only, and nothing less than the Psalms of David or the Paraphrases of Scripture, sung to such tunes as “Dundee's wild warbling measures or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,” is ever borne through the sanctified air of this church. The singing is radically different from that of a city congregation. Instead of being alarmed lest we are heard beyond our own pew, and so become disagreeably conspicuous, it is the aim and object of each individual there to be heard above all the rest. One dishonorable person used to take a mean advantage when we got to the second or third verse, and start in a note or two before the precentor. A certain tune, beloved by the men folk, had a solo for the bass, who would hold their breath a line ahead so as to be ready to burst upon it. A manly old woman whom, as a child, I remember sitting across the aisle from our pew, who ay praised her Maker wi' a' her birr, and sang through everything, used always to join the men in this performance.

The church itself, a low rakish erection, was just the usual white frame building which the country editor delights to refer to as “a sacred edifice,” and the severe simplicity of its outward appearance was not contradicted by any inward grace. It had no “storied windows richly dight.” They were frosted most puritanically with white paint. No more subtle means of ventilation being provided, in summer they were thrown wide open, and at the evening service it was a priceless boon to be allowed to sit next a window through which our wandering thoughts and vain imaginations careered after stray crows or solitary cranes flapping across the sunset fields, or were entertained by the challenges of an irreverent, pugilistic robin calling from the tombstone of some departed president of the township agricultural society; and through it all to perceive the delicate back-ground of sound sent up by the crickets and mild-eyed melancholy frogs in the beaver meadow.

The pulpit, with its red damask cushion and adjuncts, formed the sole piece of color in the wide desolation of white-wash. As to the pulpit itself, little railings and flights of steps, fretwork, corner posts painted a most barefaced imitation of stone, with wide cracks running up and down them, made up a unique piece of ecclesiastical furniture, resembling

an elaborated witness box, and when the minister stood up in it, he was away up near the ceiling some place. When our old pastor gave up his charge, his successor, a Knox College young man burning with zeal, rested not day nor night until the pulpit was lowered and made to look not quite so like the one from which John Knox harangued Mary Queen of Scots.

The whole building was heated by two stoves, both at the end opposite the pulpit, and long, dreary stretches of stovepipe, supported on wooden posts, wandered disconsolately up the length of the church, turned aside to avoid the sacred neighborhood of the pulpit, and thence proceeded to their separate chimneys, one leaving on the wall, as it went, a large brown stain of soot. These two stoves, however fiercely and viciously they ramped and roared, never abated in the least degree the rigor of the climate at the northern end of the edifice, and in frosty weather the breath of the worshippers near the pulpit sent up a steady incense during the whole service.

I remember clearly when the collection was taken up by two grey-bearded elders who each thrust in and out of the pews a pole about six feet long with a small black velvet bag or pocket attached to the end. This sound-deadening velvet arrangement put a premium on copper coin, and those rare ones who dropped in five-cent pieces felt bitterly that they gained no credit thereby.

The crowning glory of this regime, the thistle on top of a haggis, was Hendry the old janitor, one of those loud-throated Scotchmen who never converse, but always shout and enjoy being shouted at. It is thought to be a sign of sterling qualities and sound principles. He was a man who feared not the minister neither regarded the session. He had none of the self-effacing suavity and politeness that are the beautiful earmarks of a city sexton. He wadna' gang the length o' his fit to get the church key for a person on a week day.

At the evening service he insisted that the church be empty and lights out about three minutes after the last word in the benediction; and the boys had often to grope round in the dark after their hats while they listened to his remarks that it was time a' decent folk were in their beds. He himself had never gaid hashin' about at nights, and hence at seventy-three years of age he looked scarcely fifty. Once our minister stopped in his sermon and asked timidly that Mr. So and So, naming Hendry, should shut the door, as he felt chilly. Hendry sat stolidly in his seat, and thinking he had not been heard, the minister preferred his request once more, whereupon a cavernous mouth was opened, and Hendry roared, not by any means as gently as a sucking dove, “There are nae doors open here.” On Sabbath morning when the congregation was assembling, and the gallant old stoves at the end of the church were doing their best to ameliorate the extreme frigidity of the atmosphere, old Hendry would proceed solemnly up one aisle and down the other to test the temperature, sniffing vociferously, as if heat were felt by the sense of smell. At intervals he would remark, “She'll dae a'm thinkin'; she'll dae, a' fawncy; she'll dae,” which in the vulgar tongue would be, “I find that the church is sufficiently and equally heated.” When the young church members formed a Yung People's Society of Christian Endeavour, and held their meetings after the Sunday night service, Hendry took it as a direct onslaught on his early-retiring habits and formulated his declaration of independence one evening as he followed us out in the dark; “I'll hae nae mair o' thae on-gauns. A'm detairmined on that.”

But Hendry's long blustering reign came to an ignominious close when a new church, magnificent in stained glass and other adornments, reared its gorgeous red-brick height on the main street, and the old church was abandoned. His place is filled by a Chesterfieldian young man, whose care for the furnace is equalled only by his deftness in the matter of polishing lamp chimneys; but it is difficult to tell whether his flock are any more whole hearted and sincere in their comfortable polished pews than those in Hendry's tempestuous charge.

JEAN GIBSON.

* * *

A wholesome and feeling view of the woman question, by Mrs. Burton Smith, of Georgia, is to appear in the March *Popular Science Monthly*. Mrs. Smith entitles her essay: “The Mother as a Power for Woman's Advancement,” and shows that women, especially mothers, have opportunities for advancement far superior to what any proposed laws could give them.

The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

THE discussion of last year's budget is progressing, that for the current year is on the stocks, but people are not satisfied at the laying aside for additional examination of the scheme of the progressive tax upon succession to property. All this looks as if the powers that be are afraid to grapple with the inevitable—the adoption of an income tax. Nor is the country satisfied with the conduct of the Raynal Commission, which was appointed to inquire into the reasons why that gentleman, when Minister of Public Works, bartered the liability of the State to two railway companies to recoup certain interest during an unlimited number of years. The public mind always suspected that all was not as clear as noon day in that strange bargain; the Chamber voted the appointment of a grand Panama Committee to examine the subject and arraign M. Raynal for gross neglect of duty, if such were shown; instead, the committee named consists of 30 members out of 33, who had previously voted against the inquiry. This confirms the public that there is an eel beneath the rock; something to be cushioned, hence its bad humour. And the deepening of the impression that the bottom of the third republic's scandals has not yet been reached. And what can the foreign lookers-on conclude, but that France has an Augean Stable as much requiring cleansing as any in the United States. M. Ribat is doing his duty well. He has dismissed a high functionary, Isaac Levaillant, a Departmental Treasurer, who, when head of the Secret Service, at the home office, prostituted his opportunities to influence the judges, and apparently with success in the case of suits where he had an interest. He was allied to a bankrupt watchmaker and jeweller, a shareholder in a hell, and to have ten per cent. of his trade profits and to incur no risks. Naturally the country is uneasy; it feels that the great swindlers have not yet been put on their trial.

The weather keeps everybody out of sorts, people appear even to have enough of skating; perhaps the chief employment with the majority of people is to arrange to stay at home. To have the inclement season's maladies in some form appears to be a necessity. Citizens are unanimous in anathematizing the municipality for adopting salt instead of scavengers of both sexes, or the unemployed to remove the snow. The salt produces a sudden lowering of the temperature, while developing a catarrh-generating humidity. And the Sludge? It is in barges it ought to be removed, not in carts. It has a death-killing look, and as it is swept to the kennel sides of the roadway, only hop, step and jumpers can cross the gutters; all others go into the brine ankle deep. The novelty must have been introduced to provoke citizens into rebellion. The extraordinary part of the horror is this that in the suburbs, where the centre of the roadways are broomed to give a grip to horses feet, there is no difficulty respecting locomotion or transport. The report is current that the sewers have carried so much salt into the Seine that the fish—fresh water residents—have been decimated. The poor are not being badly cared for, and they appear in their thousands. They obtain some kind of a night refuge, while in the day time they have the run of the soup kitchens and form part of the public meetings round the street brasers or furnaces. Women and children are retained all day as well as all night in the shelters. The philanthropists are leading a crusade; why not keep the several churches open all night for the distressed, as they are during the day time, when the edifices are heated and so thronged by the cold and food-famished? In time of war and plague the churches are converted into hospitals. "Did Christ come to Paris!" He would not whip the wretched out of the sacred building. He would rather say to the clergy: Night-shelter them; "that do in remembrance of me."

As was expected the general lines of the 1900 exhibition building will coincide with the general desire of the citizens. The principal entrance will be on the Place de la Concorde, near the spot where Marie Antoinette and Madame Roland were guillotined. Then an aerial electric tram line will convey the public from the entrance, with stations on each side of the river, up to and around the Champs de Mars, across the river to the Trocadero, and back to the Champs Elysees. That's excellent. Then the Brummaggim Palace of Industry will disappear, to be replaced by a moderate

building close by, and in a less obstructive situation, while a new avenue from the Champs Elysees, will start from the Elysee Palace Gardens. Span a pretty bridge over the Seine, and terminate before the Invalides. That's good. The Champ de Mars will be devoted to agricultural exhibits and the Trocadero will be allocated to the colonies of France. The Machinery Hall will be retained, but it will be ornamented with domes and minarets. The other old properties will be demolished, less that light of other days, the Eiffel. Then the Champs de Mars will be freed of terraces and similar obstructions. But where will be the exhibition proper? All along the river sides, from the Place de la Concorde up to the Trocadero. A venetian kind of arrangement will be a link'd sweetness, long drawn out, of little exhibition buildings, representing nationalities and groups of exhibits, dovetailing into one another. There will be lifts to raise slices of the multitudes to the over-head aerial railway. So the Paris restaurateurs and cafe interest have won. Very few visitors will remain in any exhibition dining-room unless the latter can, which is not possible, under sell the city houses, that will have no installations to make, save to buy a few more chairs and deal tables. One fact is clear; the doing of the exhibition will be simplicity itself. A child may be entrusted alone to execute that tour of the world. The railway tickets will be for the day a different colour; once inside the visitor may pass all the day sky-travelling and enjoying bird's-eye views of the Fair.

The students of Paris have knocked one abuse on the head. A kind of self-appointed association, consisting of a handful of students, arrogated to themselves the right to represent the whole body. A general meeting of the students has taken place, made a clean sweep of the Tooley Street concern, passed a reform bill and ruled that every student should have a card with his photo of identity, signed by the Secretary of the Faculty—law, medicine, etc.—in which he may be graduated. Odd, they were students of a score of years of standing, that "boomed" the demolished association.

Let the Comte de Paris and his co-pretenders take courage: Monarchy is not dead altogether in France. A "queen bee" has been elected by the laundry and wash tub interests of Paris to figure in the Mid-Lent cavalcade of the ladies and their helpers of the suds and smoothing irons. Each laundry and wash house sent a delegate to vote for the new queen—the dynasty is annual—as some Reformers would have the parliaments of the future; it was a jynocratic conclave, so the "queen of queens" was elected by her peers. Mlle. Marie Grimm, a beautiful blonde, age nineteen, a part owner of a *levoir*, was elected for this year. She was at once presented with a gold ring with pearl settings, a gift of fealty from the united students. Two demoiselles of honour, one a brunette and the other a blonde, were chosen for her majesty elect. What becomes of all the old queens?

It is proposed to abolish the present type of postage stamp because it was the product of the reactionists under the MacMahons. France desires to have a better design for her postage stamps, but no artist has risen to the occasion. A plain figure head of our Lady of the Republic might suffice the majority of patriots. It does duty on the coin of the realm.

The Municipal Council, with the approval of the Prefect of the Seine, has authorized the distribution of clothing in the Communal Schools to the scanty-clad pupils. As the law insists upon compulsory education, the pupils respond only when they have no means to obtain food or raiment. It is useless trying to teach them any of the three R's. The new plan saves the running up of the expenditure on account of the hospitals and dispensaries. Already the needy children receive a good meal at noon, and scraps are gathered up to give the poor youngsters a bite in the afternoon. The schoolroom is opened at seven in the morning, heated, and kept so till seven p.m., when it is ventilated, and swept by special servant, till eight o'clock, when the evening adult classes, etc., commence. It is best to begin the education of children by enabling them to live. Few can object to that municipilization.

M. Sardou, when he brings out any new thing for the theatre, is never satisfied unless the critics all agree with him. If they have a different opinion respecting his production, he "heckles" them, and they give back sigh for sigh. He has just brought out a spectacular piece at the Châtelet theatre—"Don Quixote." Opinion did not consider that worthy of his talent; and he explains it was only composed.

for children. In fact M. Sardou is the greatest manufacturer of stage works that ever existed; he is coining; he has his palace at Marly, from cellar to attic, full of unrepresented plays. He composes dramas, as poor Victor Hugo kept grinding poetry—the divine afflatus ever resting on a money basis!

Poor Balzac! He was born in Tours, and a statue has just been erected to the great novelist—the composer of the "Human Comedy." But Tours is also celebrated for a potted meat—*Rillettes*, dear to *gourmets*, and invented by a pork butcher of the name of Balzac. The populace and peasants accept the monument as that to the hero of the comestibles. What is fame?

M. de Brazza, acting on the counsel of his once chief, Stanley, has stopped in Algeria, to acclimatise himself to a less torrid climate before coming to Paris. The Frenchified Italian has definitely quit the governorship of the Congo. He will be the first big pensioner on the newly-formed Colonial Office list. It is his intention to write a volume on the commercial wants and the industrial resources of the French and Belgian Congos. But, better still, he intends to negotiate for capital to found a trading company that will handle exactly what imports are needed, and the most efficient way to utilize the out-puts.

Pending the year 1894, the number of arrests by the police in Paris was 74,188, or nearly nine per hour. It is an increase of 7,280, as compared with 1893. There are a few striking circumstances so signal: 28,336 of the arrested belonged to the female sex; there were 3,311 lunatics—Dr. La Salle asserted that every one person in ten encountered in the streets of Paris was qualified for the lunatic asylums—and there were 225 deserters. The latter is a surprise, for desertion is generally regarded as very exceptional in France. The law is not only severe on the culprit, but society is more so; it is viewed as disgrace to the family, as if a crime of a heinous nature. Then the Code reserves no slight penalties for those who connive at the hiding of a deserter, or who, having a knowledge of the place of concealment, gives no information to the authorities. There has been a notable decrease in the arrests for mendicancy. The chief crime in the case of girls is theft. The Prefect of police bears strong evidence to the beneficial results, for the public health, attending the application of the augmented powers given to him for the suppression of clandestine prostitution. Z.

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Glimpses at Things.

THE following is from a curious New York weekly which criticises the morbid tastes of the Gothamites, and panders to them:

"To a vitiated and feverish population like that of New York the desire for reform is merely a desire for the sensations that accompany the exposure of the abuses to be reformed. The moment the sensation flags, the interest flags, and the public relapses into its normal condition of indifference, from which it can be aroused only by a new sensation, and the effect of the new one will be as fleeting and as fruitless as that of the old. There is a perfect analogy between the life of a reform movement here and the life of a newspaper sensation. A newspaper discovers a great murder, a great embezzlement, or a great scandal. The first day the story may be good for a page. The next day it may be worth four or five columns. The third day it has lost its place of pre-eminence on the first page. In a week the great event that shook the nerves of the town and furnished every boarding-house breakfast-table with a fascinating theme of conversation has dribbled into a measly little paragraph, and fresher sensations possess the place of honour. So is it with the cause of reform. The public revelled in the testimony given before the Lexow Committee just as it revels in the unsavory discoveries or inventions of the *World* and the *Herald*. But the Lexow novel of crime has ended—ended stupidly and in an anti-climax. Mr. Lexow says that he does not want to have it continued unless there is a very strong public demand for it. It is doubtful if there will be any such public demand. The public is tired, always tired. It has lost the power, if it ever possessed any, of concentration and attention. Its poor little intellects have to be stimulated every day by sub-cerebral injections of salacious tittle-tattle. It cannot stick to any plan. It is incapable of any prolonged effort. It contains hardly the germs of civic

virtue. It is its fate to continue to be buffeted and kicked and fleeced, to shake off one pack of scoundrels only to fall into the clutches of another, to be a fool and a dupe perpetually, and never to find it out, and always firmly to believe that it is wise and able and admirable. I do not know why any man or set of men should take the trouble to attempt to insure a more honest and economical government for New York than it has. The city government has never been as bad as the New Yorkers deserved and deserve; and, as for hoping and labouring to make New York a more attractive and a more civilized place of residence, such hopes and such labors are a folly that almost amounts to a crime. New York is a good city for sharpers to make money in, and for fools to spend money in. Its population is mostly ignorant and vulgar. It is hopelessly sunk in the most degraded sort of money-making and the standards of its business are practically the same as those of the police officials about whom there was so much virtuous indignation a week or two ago."

I think this worth quoting because there are many self-complacent communities that require disillusioning as much as the Empire City. But, this smart pessimist notwithstanding, disenchantment should *not* be followed by despair.

While reading your articles on the Canadian copyright controversy with interest, I must confess that I have no special sympathy with Canadian publishers as a class. The issuing of slovenly printed and edited books, the sweating of their needy hacks, and sponging upon patriotic sentiments, are peccadilloes not unknown among them. We all are familiar with dictionaries of subscribing autobiographers and other volumes made only to sell, in both senses of the term. We have, of course, honourable publishers who never stoop to palming deceitful literature upon the public, but even some of these are prone to painful breaches of taste. On the cover, for instance, of a volume of poetry (real poetry) issued by a most respectable Canadian firm, there is a page advertisement of somebody's "coraline corsets." Now, "coraline" is a pretty word, whatever it means, but it cannot romanticize a corset. Corsets are stiff and repellent, while Swinburne's verse allures to love. And there is an idea of restriction about stays that does not harmonize with the untrammelled beauties of this erotic poet.

Speaking of publishers reminds me that in *The North American Review* for August, 1883, Mr. Goldwin Smith argued that a kindly feeling towards Great Britain was becoming more common in the United States, and attributed this improvement chiefly to the circulation of British literature: "While the American has been nursing ancestral hatred of England he has been undergoing the influence of the English authors upon his table." Providence may have been using queer instruments to re-unite a race possibly destined to mould the world into a "pan Britannic peace." The pirate publishers of British books may have been the unconscious benefactors of mankind. Their dime editions may have been hastening the millennium. In some cases "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," as the poet Cowper puts it. F. BLAKE CROFTON.

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Letters to the Editor.

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I always read with pleasurable sympathy Parson Low's ponderings, notwithstanding the fact that the Churchman so manifestly appears through all; for the Churchman is so thoroughly human, so catholic, that one could wish—were there not ecclesiastical barriers, ah!—that the species Churchman might rise to the dignity of genus. I am with him, however, on Prof. Drummond's works, and share his wonder that the drift of "Natural Law in the Spiritual world" was not more generally appreciated, though it may be well for general advancement that the Professor's fascinating style covered for a season his iconoclasm. My friend (none the less so that *in propria persona* we have never met) will, however, bear with me if I break a lance with him on what he is trusted to call, without offence, the Puritan ideal as contrasted with the Catholic. That the two types he distinguishes exist, is a fact, the individualism which finds expres-

sion in the line quoted, only I capitalize the word he italicized, "I am so glad that Jesus loves ME," and the grander, because more sympathetic spirit which breathes in another strain (which, by the way, is in striking contrast with the sect that cramped the author's life):

"Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee."

Further, I believe that the coming line of cleavage in the Christian community, as ecclesiastical lines wear out, and dogmatical walls crumble, will be between that exclusive individualism which at this present is manifesting itself in premillennial pessimism, and that larger life which the national churches in their day endeavoured to represent, which Jesus taught in that universal prayer, "Our Father," rather than Mine; and which Paul expressed in pregnant lines: "All things" (*τα πάντα*) reconciled to the Father in the work of the Son: Christian optimism; the earth is the Lord's and not the devil's; win it for its rightful Master.

My criticism on my friend's utterance is that individualism was not the Puritan ideal or characteristic. If the songs of a people indicate their sentiments, then Catholic hymnology has all the marks of individualism to be found in the Puritan school. Few instances of more intense individualism are to be found than in the mediæval hymns now happily becoming so common in Christian worship. Look through "the Christian year" of Keble, how "Sun of My Soul" strikes the chord of harmony with all its pages; and Newman's "Lead Thou me on" is pitched in that same egoistic key. On the other hand, when Puritan voices would utter with stronger emphasis than harmony:—

"We are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness,"

the conception was not so much individualistic as that of separation for the Master's service. Hence the hymn continues:—

"Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God."

Puritanism, like our pine apple, had frequently a harsh exterior, but there was sweetness within, and its true intent as I read it was well put by the Westminster divines, to glorify God first ere entering upon the enjoyment of Him for ever.

Puritanism, I mean the Puritanism of history, erred in imagining that the great Father of us all was to be glorified by the intense devotion of a few of his children rather than by the completion of the family circle. The Catholicism of Lux Mundi errs equally in maintaining that the great blessings of the Incarnation find their most effective channels of communication in the special institution with which its authors are identified. In the meantime let us be assured that

"God fulfils Himself in many ways"

"till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Gravenhurst.

JOHN BURTON.

A NOTE FROM MR. YEIGH.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Mr. W. A. McLean's letter in THE WEEK of February 22nd calls for one comment only. In searching for some lines written by Miss Johnson on which to base a criticism that she is not a poetess, Mr. McLean has taken some non-sense rhymes from the Christmas *Globe* as his text. Surely that is not fair or honestly critical. One could riddle the reputation of any writer by such means, ignoring their good work. The lines he quotes were not intended as poems in the ordinary sense of the word, as anyone can see, but were merely rollicking rhymes "dashed off" to fit in with Mr. Smily's prose sketches of travel. I am more than suspicious that Mr. McLean is, like a certain dweller in Thrums, "deficient in humour," or he would have seen the intention of the lines he holds up to criticism. Why does he not take some of Miss Johnson's beautiful descriptions of nature, or some of her canoe songs, or her lyrics, as samples of her work, not to mention her distinctively Indian poems that have won strong words of praise from Whittier and others, in-

stead of a jingle that is manifestly a jingle and nothing more? If your correspondent has not read Miss Johnson's work on these latter lines then he is hardly competent to pass judgment upon her abilities as a writer.

Toronto, Feb. 25.

FRANK YEIGH.

MISS JOHNSON AS A POET.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—In your last issue of THE WEEK appeared a letter over the signature "W. A. McLean," taking exception to certain utterances of Mr. Frank Yeigh, who had gallantly enough come to the rescue of Miss Johnson's reputation as a poetess. Referring to some fugitive verses quoted from "There and Back," the writer says: "What a hubbub it would have created had Tennyson foisted these stanzas upon us." Not at all, O mistaken one! Had Tennyson "foisted" stanzas twice as suggestive and three times as highly flavoured upon the generation, the generation, so far as the majority is concerned, true to its traditions, would have remained in blissful ignorance of the fact; as for the remainder, the generation—ever servile to a name already made—would have clapped its hands, still bent in humble adoration at the poet's altars and worshipped him.

Miss Johnson's offence is, of course, the—as yet—want of such an assured name. It may come. The author of "The Cattle Thief" need be afraid of no other Canadian poet—or critic either. Then we shall find censors as ready to hymn her praises as they now are—frequently because it is the fashion—to rant over the boils and blains of the realistic epidemic—with Thomas Hardy as head inoculator—or the indelicacies and worse of Ben Jonson, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Pope, Byron, nay, Shakespeare himself, to say nothing of some greater prophets of an epoch long anterior.

A nation is not to be judged by its villains, but by its brightest children; so literature is not to be appraised by its defects, but by its excellencies. We will measure Shakespeare not by his nastinesses, but by his higher inspirations. Should less be asked on behalf of Miss Johnson or any other writer? Surely not. Let us admire her for her many good works and forgive her her occasional lapses from the path of literary rectitude, as we may overlook those of "Malcolm" and "W. A. McLean" himself.

There is a sad lack of humour in the present generation, perhaps the real estate agent and the fashionable church may be at the root of it. Certainly, the lines quoted from "There and Back" are witty and something more; but what hope is there—when anything but dollars or politics is the topic—of getting a camel through the eye of a needle, or a kilt into the Kingdom—of burlesque?

A. H. MORRISON.

MISS JOHNSON AND HER CRITICS.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—If anything were wanting to confirm the opinion that poetry evades definition, the discussion now going on in your journal as to the claims of Miss Pauline Johnson to a place within the circle of genuine poets would assuredly supply that want.

When it is remembered that the *Edinburgh Review* termed Coleridge's "Christabel" "a mixture of raving and drivelling," that Johnson said he would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of "The Progress of Poetry," and Jeffrey regarded Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" as the most unintelligible poem which the vicarious apostle of Nature had ever published, we should not attach too much importance to any individual assessment or "stock taking" of a poem.

Indeed, this habit of labelling poems with a ticket of value, like so much garden product in a market, is a waste of time—nay, more, a very injury to the true appreciation of poetry—a violence to its spirit and an affront to its dignity. That is the best poetry which stirs the spirit within, and adds a new power to the vision of the soul, whether it be wrapped up in the barbaric garment of Whitman, the courtly elegance of Tennyson, or lie concealed behind the disguising visor of a Browning.

As there are various minds and various moods of mind, so must the value of poetry shift and change in constancy with the changes of soul in the reader.

You cannot get the whole world to agree upon the absolute value of Milton nor even Shakespeare. How then can we hope to see all Canadians recognize Miss Johnson as a poet of real worth.

For myself, I will say that Miss Johnson's contributions to the Christmas number of *The Globe* pleased me very much, and this is the only tribute I exact from poetry. No poet keeps up to the altitude of true inspiration at all times. Homer nods, Shakespeare at times grows drowsy, Milton winks with both his eyes, and even the poet McIntyre, of Ingersoll, has his "cheesy" moments.

Through the courtesy of Miss Johnson, I was enabled a short time ago to read nearly all the best poems she has published, and I certainly have formed as a result of this reading and study of her poems a high estimate of her poetic gifts.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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Press Opinions of The Week.

UNDER the new management, a remarkable improvement has been made both in the appearance and in the matter contained in *THE WEEK*, and the field which that journal now occupies is one in which success is assured. Essentially Canadian in tone, carefully edited, and discussing the politics, literature, science and art of the time with great judgment and ability, it will undoubtedly exert a widespread influence and win an extensive popularity. The current number, which appears to-day, is a particularly good one, and contains a number of excellent articles by well-known writers, among them being Principal Grant, Rev. John Burton, Mr. John S. Ewart and Mr. W. D. Lighthall. —*The Mail and Empire*.

A special feature of *THE WEEK* of February 22 is the first of a series of articles which will doubtless prove of great interest to Torontonians, "Pew and pulpit in Toronto." This initial number of the series is a sketch of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, and is a description of a specimen service at that church. It shows an unusual amount of penetration, and many shrewd comments are made. Principal Grant contributes an able review of Mr. D. B. Read's "Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock." His article is really a brief but able monograph on that great soldier and administrator, who laid down his life for the Province of Upper Canada. The remainder of the issue is fully up to the mark. —*The Globe*.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

IT is a long time since we came across anything so powerful as this volume by Mr. Frank Harris, "Elder Conklin and Other Stories." "Elder Conklin" appeared some time since in the *Fortnightly Review* and attracted a good deal of attention then. These stories all deal with life in the Western States and naturally challenge comparison with the writings of Bret Harte. They stand the comparison successfully, exhibiting a greater strength than the works of that celebrated author, and having little of their sentimental character. At the same time, however, they lack that humour which is one of Bret Harte's chief charms. A note of pessimism runs through the book, and after we had read it we felt as if the world was out of joint and nothing could go right in it.

The stories are of unequal length and it is hard to say which is the best. Perhaps most readers, because it is the only one which ends at all happily, will select "Gilmore the Boss" which tells how a Professor tries a fall with the poli-

* "Elder Conklin and Other Stories." By Frank Harris. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Neighbours of Ours, or Slum Stories of London." By Henry W. Nevinston. New York: Henry Holt and Company. Toronto: James Bain & Son. Price 75 cents.

"A Ward in Chancery." By Mrs. Alexander, Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Under the Rose." By F. Anstey; illustrated by J. Bernard Partridge. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Three Letters of Credit and Other Stories." By "Kim Bilir." Victoria, B.C.: The Province Publishing Co. Price 25 cents.

tical Boss of a Western town and is beaten all along the line. Interesting though this is we prefer either "Elder Conklin" or "A Modern Idyll." It is hard to conceive anything finer in their way than the picture of the strong and pathetic figure of the Elder running with a full appreciation of the nature of the act in order that he may satisfy a passing desire of his daughter, or of the weak and sorely tempted minister of the gospel receiving the loving congratulations of his flock for not having left them to accept a more lucrative call, all the while knowing that the only thing which has prevented him doing so is the unhallowed love which he bears to the wife of the spokesman of the party. Of the shorter stories we should like to single out "The Sheriff and His Partner." It derives its force as much from what is left unsaid as from what is told. They are but few words which the sheriff's partner speaks, but these completely reveal the character of the man and tell his story. We hope this is only the first of a series of volumes from Mr. Harris. We could spare him from the *Saturday Review* (the changes which he has made in it we don't consider improvements), if only he would devote his attention to fiction, in the foremost rank of the writers of which he, by this book, now takes a place.

"Slumming" has now gone out of fashion at home, we believe, and, on the whole, we think it is a good thing that it has, for we very much doubt if it was ever anything much more than a passing fashion in the feverish search for new excitements. Of one thing we are sure, and that is that those ladies and gentlemen who, from whatever motives, were, for a time, so active in visiting the London slums, never penetrated beneath the mere surface of things. It is one of the most difficult things really to know the nature of the life and of the habits of thought of the inhabitants of the poorest districts of the great English cities. They are a class by themselves. Those who have worked among them longest, either with the idea of bringing them under the influence of religion, or of trying to raise them in the social scale, would be the first to confess this. Mr. Nevinston, the author of the book before us: "Neighbours of Ours, or Slum Stories of London," has, however, evidently succeeded in understanding them and now gives us the results in a collection of short stories in which their life is vividly presented to us. As we read them we realized as we had never done before, the practical paganism in which they live, their unconscious immorality, their miserable surroundings, and what is most sad, their general contentment with their lot. True there is another side to the picture, their practical kindness and readiness to help each other, but the first impression is the strongest. The stories are told by a denizen of the slums in the dialect of an uneducated cockney. There is much in the book which will shock the refined reader, but it is well that refined people should be shocked sometimes, if they thus can be brought to realize how the other half is living and what the other half is thinking. There is plenty of rough humour in the book and much pathos. Of the one "Mrs. Simon's Baby" is a good specimen, and "In the Spring" of the other. We will make one quotation from the sketch of "An Aristocrat of Labour," who, as he returns from his well-to-do daughter's house where he has had his weekly dinner given him with grudging and harsh words, tells how and where he sometimes hopes to end his days.

"Sometimes I thinks of makin' application to some sort of charity to find me work or else fill my belly. But it wouldn't be no manner of good, me not bein' a deservin' case. No, I'm not a deservin' case, thank Gord! My daughter there —now, she's a deservin' case; that's what she is. And sometimes I think, when it comes to the worst, as I'll just start off and take a walk down to Devon, where I lived when I was a boy same as you, and my family name is looked on with respect. The Work'us there, as we 'ad used to call the Bastyle, stood on an 'ill lookin' miles over the sea, and there was a big garden and a wall all round. And once a week the old folks is let out, and goes cadgin' round for drinks and tobaccoer and such. And many's the time I've give 'em nuts or bits o' peppermint or whatever came. And may be now the lads 'ud do the same by me, besides throwin' stones at me from be'ind 'edges, as was rare sport too, just to 'ear the old uns swear. And what with me tellin' stories of the races: I've seen, and the fights, and the shootin', and what with playin' cards with the manager, and givin', 'im sportin' tips,

and sayin' sugary little things to the matron same as females like, I shouldn't wonder if I made that work'us 'um."

We hope Mr. Nevinson will follow this book up with another on the same lines.

Mrs. Alexander's latest book, "A Ward in Chancery," is very slight and not particularly interesting. It tells the story of a very ordinary girl who has been left a fortune. Indeed, all the characters are commonplace, except, perhaps, the kindly but imperious old aristocrat, Lady Sarah Temple. The hero is an estimable widower with a child, and one cannot, therefore, get up any great interest in his love affairs. These run smoothly enough, except for one slight misunderstanding. The heroine thinks he is in love with her bosom friend instead of herself, though anyone with the slightest perception should have seen that he wasn't. She eventually loses her money, but gains her widower, and "they settle down in a modest, but infinitely happy home, where the busy days of work and play knew no weary hours."

We took up "Under the Rose," by Mr. Anstey, reprinted from *Punch*, with the assurance that we were going to have an enjoyable hour, and were not disappointed. We had several hearty laughs before we finished it. The story is told in dialogue and divided into scenes. It deals with the dreadful results of the mixing up of a respectable evangelical family, the Tooveys of Clapham, with the affairs of a London music hall. It is full of absurd situations, the result of Mrs. Toovey's jealousy and suspicion. Mr. Toovey has accidentally come into possession of shares in the Eldorado Music Hall, and although they pay a handsome dividend has conscientious scruples about retaining them. He determines to go and see the performances himself, to see if they are as bad as he imagines them. He starts, giving his wife a false excuse for his absence, but at the last moment his heart fails him and he does not go. Mrs. Toovey does. Being a conscientious wife she goes through her husband's pockets every night whilst he is sleeping and has found evidence of his intentions. She resolves to follow and confront him. The scene in her box at the music hall is one of the funniest things that we ever come across. She is shocked and horrified, and gets into most absurd situations, but, of course, fails to unmask her husband as she had expected. On her return home she tries to conceal what she has been doing and soon gets entangled in a network of deceit. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the favoured suitor for her daughter's hand turns out to be the chief performer at the music hall. At a moment when exposure seems to be inevitable, he saves her, and then everything is settled comfortably.

From the Province Publishing Co. we have received what is, we believe, the first work of fiction published in British Columbia. It is entitled "Three Letters of Credit," by "Kim Bilir." The stories are reprinted from *The Province* newspaper, and are well printed, with a neat paper cover. The writer, who conceals his name under the *nom de plume* "Kim Bilir," has a distinct gift of humour, and we found the book pleasant and amusing reading. It is a bank clerk's story, and tells of an ingenious and successful attempt to rob the bank in an oriental city, in which he is engaged. Some of the situations which arise from the self-sufficiency of the young man are exceedingly comical, and the book is certainly worth the modest "quarter" at which it is priced. There are one or two other stories which are with one exception oriental. That entitled "Hows That," calls attention to an unmannerly expression which we have often noticed out here and should be glad to see abandoned.

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In Sheltered Ways.*

THIS book is a little volume of verse containing some twenty-six poems of which the first gives its name to the collection. They are all short, the longest one, which we are inclined to consider the best also, occupies but 13 pages, and is entitled the "Rescue of the Princess." It is a fairy tale turned into an allegory with the magic and enchantment which we generally associate with such stories ruthlessly ex-

cised. A cruel King has captured the princess of Light and Beauty, has shut her up in the castle of gloom and holds her there as a hostage to exact the tribute of her subjects who are passionately attached to her. At length one of these subjects, oppressed with the grief of the people, rouses them to revolt, and when they attack the castle the obstacles vanish before them as soon as they are faced. The King is slain, the Princess rescued, and freedom once more enjoyed. The most telling passage, perhaps, is the attempt of the King to stay the onset of the people by fair words and specious promises—a people mad with rage and already tearing down his walls. The rest of the poems are chiefly sonnets, and, of their quality, the following verse from "Hopes and Fears" is a fair specimen:

"The glory that comes with the light of the morning
Repays for the shadows that lived in the night;
The bright sparkling drops the green meadows adorning
Were born of the mists that enshrouded the light—
How sweetly the mists have been turned into light!"

The book is well printed, tastefully bound, and reflects great credit on the publisher.

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Poems of Henry Abbey.*

WE are glad to welcome another edition, enlarged, of Mr. Abbey's volume of poetry. This book has already been favourably reviewed in our columns and many of our readers must be more or less acquainted with his work. Some of us find it a great relief to turn from the sentimental or psychological poetry, so-called, which is much in vogue at the present, to narrative poems, verses with a meaning so clear that he who runs may read, and into which we have not to dig deep to find out the author's conception, all the while very doubtful if the meaning be worth the digging. The poems, however, are of unequal value, some of them are rather jarring, but many of them contain very pretty passages with very true and well-put lessons. Among these are such as "The Statue," which points out by a concrete example from the work of Phidias that great actions need distance to bring out their true grandeur, or "The Bedouin's Rebuke" which reminds us of what Tolstoi considers the essence of the ethics of the Gospel, or "In Hanging Gardens" in which Mr. Abbey uses the picture of a lovely and wealthy lady, showered with presents, valueless to her, by a low-born lover, as a material image of the soul wooed unsuccessfully by the world. "Karagwe" is the name of one of the longer poems in the book. It is a slave story, of the time of the Civil War, akin in many of its ideas to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It contains a number of fine passages, while the simple plot and rapid movement easily carry one along. We take the liberty of making a quotation from it though not specially connected with the plot:

"And whoso dreams may never learn to act,
The dreamer and the thinker are not akin.
Sweet reverie is like a little boat
That idly drifts along a listless stream—
A painted boat, afloat without an oar."

The melodious poem entitled "Liberty" is a prettily told tale of the hopeless love of a Dakotah princess for a European, and her early death bringing about peace between her tribe and the invading settlers. Among many others which we have enjoyed is one entitled "Science and the Soul" from which we quote in conclusion a couple of stanzas, the first of which is Science's description of the Soul, and the second the Soul's view of itself:

"Alone in her grey-celled abode, she dwells,
Of fateful circumstance the fettered thrall,
The psychic sum of forces of her cells,
Molecular and manifold in all;
But æons passed ere Nature could express
This carbon-roofed flower of consciousness."

"I shall have triumph over time and space,
For I am infinite and more than they.
In vain has Science searched my dwelling-place;
For, delve in Nature's secret's as she may
For deeper knowledge, she can never know
Of what I am, nor whither I shall go."

* "In Sheltered Ways." By D. J. Donahoe. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo. First vol. of Lotus Series. Limited edition of 600 copies.

* "The Poems of Henry Abbey." Third edition, enlarged Kingston, New York. Author's edition.

Periodicals.

Our Dumb Animals has reached its twenty-seventh volume, and it deserves to grow in its prosperous career until there is no more cruelty to animals to protest against. It is pre-eminently adapted to young people, who, after all, are the best subjects for such an education as this interesting little paper aims at giving. If the young could be prevented from becoming cruel there would soon be no cruel old people.

The Bookman (London: Hodder & Stoughton) is ever welcome. The February number is a capital one. Mr. S. R. Crockett, the parson-novelist, has an entertaining article on some tales of Mr. Kipling's. "Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti," by Catharine Hinkson, will be eagerly read by the many admirers of the poet. A valuable paper is that on the Rev. Dr. Barry, the notable critic whose name is very familiar to the inner circles of the literary world and among a particular school of religious thought. The illustrations of this number include Robert Louis Stevenson's residence, a view of Vaca Mountains where he is buried, pictures of literary Hampstead, and a portrait of Miss Rossetti. The book reviews are numerous and of great value.

The February *Temple Bar* leads off with the serial "Lady Jean's Vagaries" the present instalment concluding the story. Some more letters of the late Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble are given in this number which will be read by many with keen interest. An article on "Erasmus and the Reformation," by Mr. J. C. Bailey, is good, though we are not prepared to agree with all his conclusions. Philip II forms the subject of a strong paper by Mr. Alfred Harcourt. The figure of this monarch may truly be said, during the whole of his long reign, to have hung like a shadow over Europe. He crushed out the life of Spain when the deadly terror of the inquisition barred all free thought or speech, and reduced the Spanish mind to such a level that it is even now far behind that of any other county in the West. Of the short stories we can commend "A Brace of Lions." It is most amusing.

From Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, the now well-known publisher of Portland, Maine, we have received the January and February numbers of *The Biblot*—a dainty and delightful little publication devoted to poetry and prose for book lovers, "chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known." The editor states that his plan is to bring together the posies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing. *The Biblot* does not profess to exploit the new forces and ferment of *fin de siècle* writers: it offers the less accessible things that perish never—lyrics from Blake, Villon's ballades, Latin Student songs—literature once possessed not easily forgotten of men. The typography is faultless. It is simple and yet beautiful. Another publication the typography and style of which are worthy of the highest praise is *The Chap Book*, published semi-monthly by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Chicago. That there is the most intimate connection between literature and the printed page is a truism, as Mr. Mosher remarks; and the success which has attended *The Chap Book*, and which we are sure will also attend *The Biblot*, is a most encouraging sign of the times.

Macmillan's Magazine for February contains, besides its excellent fiction, one or two articles of great interest. Lieut.-Colonel Hill James occupies the first place with a bright paper entitled "Recollections of the Chinese War." It is, perhaps, little remembered by a younger generation, he says, that so late as five-and-thirty years ago English sentinels did duty on the walls of the great city of Peking. Lt. Col. Hill James declares that John Chinaman is an excellent fighting man if properly armed and decently led. On quitting China in 1863, after three and a half years' experience of the country and its people, he says he could wish for nothing better, as a soldier, than a brigade of trained Chinese well-armed and officered by Europeans. It is the system which is at fault, not the material. "The Sexcentenary of the English Parlia-

ment," by Mr. J. W. Root is well worth careful reading. The current year witnesses the six hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the English Parliament, which so long ago as 1295 took the form in which it now exists. Mr. Root briefly traces the steps which led to the great consummation of 1295, and does not concern himself with the changes which have taken place subsequently, or the demands which are now made by a section of the democracy, of which, as he points out, time alone will reveal the true strength. No one should skip the article on "Dramatis Personæ. It is capital.

The Culdees have been a subject of perennial interest to antiquarians, both historical and religious. They are the theme of a somewhat erudite, but quite interesting paper contributed by Dr. Allaria to the January number of the *Scottish Review*. The learned author regards the Culdees as "but a branch sprung up from the older order of clerics established by St. Patrick and his disciples," and he cites a formidable mass of evidence to support this view. Karl Blind undertakes to prove in the same issue that ale drinking was a common practice among the ancient Egyptians and Thracians. A curious episode in the life of the Princely Duke of Chandos connects him with the University of St. Andrews as the founder of the chair of medicine and anatomy and its chancellor for twenty years. A full explanation, drawn from original sources, of the way in which a nobleman, who never was in Scotland, or bound to it by any family ties, came to exercise his generosity in this way, is given by J. Maitland Anderson. The article on "Some Shetland Folk-Lore" is an attempt to embody in permanent form some of the superstitions and linguistic characteristics of the Norse people who inhabit that singular group of islands. "The dialect still spoken in the Shetlands is full of words directly traceable to an Icelandic origin, but the dialect is disappearing fast," says Mr. Burgess, and he adds: "The old beliefs have vanished long ago, leaving behind them, some maintain, strange tale and superstition, folk-lore and local legend, as a blurred and feeble after-shine." It need hardly be added that "trows," the Shetland fairies, play a very important part in the short stories introduced by Mr. Burgess to illustrate both superstition and patois. That superstition was in Scotland not confined to the Shetland Islands is shown in Mr. Graham's article on "Rural Scotland." So late as the first half of the eighteenth century the farmers "believed that disease was due to the hand of God, instead of want of use of their own hands. They held that every season of famine was due to Providence, rather than to their own improvidence. They held that weeds were a consequence of Adam's fall, and that to remove docks, wild mustard, and nettles was to undo God's curse." Ample confirmation of this account of the state of the popular mind is to be found, of course, in Burn's poems. The latter part of Mr. Graham's paper is a most effective plea for the culture of trees, a plea which is quite as much needed in Canada now as it was for Scotland a century and a half ago.

The first article in the *Contemporary Review* for February is the inevitable essay on the House of Lords—this time by J. Fletcher Moulton, M.P. He treats the venerable upper chamber with scant courtesy as to the quality of its raw material. "Its defenders can no longer talk with effect of 'ancestry,' or 'gentle blood,' or 'high birth,' in respect of English Peers. We see them made before our eyes, and know the material of which they are made and the process of manufacture. With the exception of Lord Chancellors and rare instances of literary or scientific merit, the House of Lords is recruited from rich men who have contributed liberally to party funds, or not too successful politicians, who can be shunted only at the price of a peerage." Nevertheless Mr. Moulton does not believe in carrying on a crusade either for the abolition of the House of Lords or for depriving it of the veto on the Commons legislation. He prefers to adopt a federal constitution for the United Kingdom, thus removing from the Lords' veto that great mass of private and public legislation which would be relegated to local Parliaments in the three kingdoms respectively. The veto of the Lords would be less mischievous and less exasperating were it

exercisable only in regard to Imperial or foreign questions. The second article is a fragment on "Pascal" by the late Walter Pater. There is reason to believe, according to the editorial explanation, that he would have added much to it, but be that as it may it is very interesting even as a torso. Mr. Richard Heath calls attention to some of the results of the recent parish elections in various parts of England. He gives statistics for East Anglia, South Wales, some southern, some midland, and some northern counties, and for the Surrey suburban district. In all except the last named the result has been (1) to almost absolutely exclude from participation in the management of municipal affairs both the Anglican and the dissenting clergy, (2) to leave the "gentry" and "middle classes" in a comparatively small minority, (3) to introduce a small proportion of women into the councils, and (4) to give almost absolute control to farmers and farm labourers. If, when the returns are all accessible, it is found that these results have been produced all over England the term "rural revolution" applied to the new parish system is none too strong. Mr. Francis Seymour Stevenson, M.P., adds his contribution to the swelling volume of evidence that the condition of Armenia has become intolerable under Turkish rule, and that the only way to prevent a dangerous international crisis is to force the Porte to carry out the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. Those who are fond of philosophical speculation may read with interest Mr. R. B. Haldane's popular exposition of Hegel's standpoint and outlook. Elisee Reclus discourses in his charming way of "The Evolution of Cities." It seems quite clear, on reading his essay, that the trolley and the electric motor have not been utilized as a decentralizing agency to such an extent in France as in America, or he would have made some mention of them. John Stuart Blackie discourses effectively on a subject that is to him one of perennial interest, "The Method of Studying Languages." The one he prefers is the natural one, the one the mother uses in teaching her child to speak her own tongue, and the teacher is less successful with the foreign language because he requires the child to learn from books instead of things.

Literary Notes.

Swinburne has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* a poem in memory of the late Christina Rossetti.

Silas K. Hocking tells in the *New Age* that the suggestion to kill Sherlock Holmes, as Mr. Canon Doyle did kill him, came from him.

According to *Harper's Weekly*, Francois Coppée is coming to America to deliver a series of lectures on French literature, and to read from his own works. His stories in *Harper's Magazine* have made him known to many Americans.

The name "Sonnets from the Portuguese" was invented by Robert Browning as a title to his wife's sonnets written on their courtship and marriage, the aim being to veil the true authorship. He regarded these sonnets as "the finest written in any language since Shakespeare's."

Macmillan & Co. announce as an addition to the "Eversley Series," a volume of selections from the writings of Henry David Thoreau, edited by his biographer, Henry S. Salt. They also announce that the "Men of Action" series will be extended by the addition of "Wolfe" by A. G. Bradley, "Colin Campbell" by Archibald Forbes, and "Nelson" by J. K. Laughton.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, author of the "Tales of the Punjab," is the wife of a retired Indian civilian. She uses the camera in her travels, and as she is acquainted with five native Indian dialects she is well equipped for the exploitation of the folk-lore of Hindostan. Mrs. Steele is described as "a bright, cheerful, ruddy-complexioned little woman, somewhat over fifty years of age, with a fine head of gray hair and a merry twinkle in her eyes."

The St. John, N.B., *Telegraph* recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. It was founded by the late John Livingstone, who was afterwards connected with the St. John *Sun* and the Toronto *Empire*. Within a few years after it was started the paper passed into the hands of the late William Elder, who had been associated with it from the beginning. It saw its darkest period when the city of St. John was swept by fire in 1876, and for a few days it was published as a miniature sheet. Since that time it has grown with the city's growth, and its influence has been steadily on the increase. Mr. Elder died suddenly of heart disease some years ago, and its present editor is Mr. James Hannay, author of a well-known history of Acadia.

The name of John Galt, the novelist, is still comparatively familiar to the people of western Ontario, in connection with the management of the Canada Company. His old home, "The Priory," is now the Canadian Pacific Railway station house at Guelph. His two sons reached positions of great eminence in Canada, one of them being the late Sir Alexander Galt, of Montreal, and the other Sir Thomas Galt, of Toronto. Blackwood & Sons have announced a new illustrated edition of John Galt's novels, and it is gratifying to know that there is still such a demand for them as will warrant their republication. Mr. Galt was a humorist of a high order, and it will afford Scottish readers of this generation much enjoyment to compare him in this respect with such contemporary writers as the authors of "A Widow in Thrums" and "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

Music and the Drama.

There have been two or three concerts of a local character the past week, chief among which being that given at the University Conversation last Friday evening, and the Ladies' Quartette Concert in St. George's Hall the evening following. As I was not present at either of these, I am unable to give any positive information as regards their merits, so will confine my remarks to a Piano Recital by Mrs. Fred Lee, in the Hall of the College of Music, on Tuesday evening the 19th inst. This lady plays admirably. Being gifted with a musical organization, and a love for conscientious work, she has developed, under the guidance of her teacher, Mr. H. M. Field, into a pianist of more than ordinary attainments and culture, and in a programme of pieces, embracing Beethoven's Variations op. 34, Mendelssohn's Scherzo in E Minor, Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's beautiful song, "On Wings of Song," an etude, "At the Fountain," by Scholtz, two movements, from Chopin's F Minor Concerto, and Gade's "Noveletten" op. 29, she exhibited her undoubted talent in a manner deserving nothing but praise. Her technic is certain, clear, chaste, and often elegant, her scale passage being noticeably limpid and brilliant, displaying an elastic, evenly developed finger action. An artistically balanced and thoroughly mature interpretation can only come as the mind expands and assimilates all forms of musical concepts; it is a growth of years, and only reaches perfection under favourable conditions which I will not discuss here. Mrs. Lee was assisted by several vocal pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds, the well-known voice trainer, among whom were Miss Gertie Black, Miss Elda Idle, Mrs. F. H. Herbert, Mrs. Walter Smith, and Mr. H. P. Stuehbury. Their singing was much appreciated and admired, and was another tribute to the painstaking work done by their excellent teacher. W. O. FORSYTH.

The Festival Chorus will produce Dr. Gaul's fine Cantata *Una* in the Massey Hall on the evening of March 7. We understand that the work will receive a good representation under Mr. Torrington's direction. Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Mr. Fred Warrington will sing the tenor and baritone solos.

The Yunck String Quartette of Detroit will give a concert in the Normal School theatre on the evening of March 4th. Concerts of this kind and of the excellence of those given by this distinguished organization are all too rare in Toronto, and we are glad to know that the indications are, that a large number will assemble to enjoy an evening of refined chamber music on this occasion.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will give a Piano Recital sometime toward the end of March. Among other things he will play Beethoven's Sonata in C Sharp Minor, op. 27, No. 2.

Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra will, we are glad to say, give a concert in this city in March, the date of which will be announced definitely, perhaps, next week. The hall should be crowded to the doors, for many people are positively hungry for some good orchestral music.

* * *

Art Notes.

Speaking of Frank Brangwyn, last week, and his neighbours of the Newlyn school, reminded me of that clever, lucky fellow, Stanhope Forbes. He has frequently been spoken of as "The father of the Newlyn School," but, as a matter of fact, Walter Langley has more claim to the title than his versatile friend, for Langley was the earlier settler of the two, and his pictures exhibited the technical qualities which are characteristic of the Cornish work at a time when Forbes was still painting on the Breton coast. But Langley is mainly a water-colourist and is less known to the public than he should be because he has hung nearly all his work on the walls of the Institute, instead of displaying it at the more popular Academy.

The Newlyn school has won its way in the world for the reasons that it was well captained by the virile Forbes; and it presented a solid phalanx of trained men, all inspired by the same idea, and all armed with the same weapon. But uniformity of conviction and style amongst any considerable body of painters must gradually pall upon us; the technique of such a school must, by the competition of a large number all having the same end in view, at last reach an intolerable pitch of perfection, so that the products of the school, eventually, are flawless pictures having the ghostly, mechanical perfections of a Kidderminster carpet. But the leader of a school is not always to be blamed because his disciples stereotype his ideas and methods; and Forbes is not the less significant because he has impressed such a large body of young men. There is one quality we cannot claim for him, however—the quality of being imitable. We must be thankful that the voice of the critic is already loudly protesting against the further spreading of the doctrines of Newlyn; for if the tenets of this school should become universal we should have an epoch in painting that would be as dread a night-mare to posterity as that period of English poetry when the muses and virtues, in capital letters, were sprinkled up and down vast wildernesses of rhyming couplets, is horrible to us.

The first picture that drew the attention of the public to Forbes and to Newlyn was "A Cornish Fish-sale;" a large grey picture representing an auction sale on a sloppy beach: a cluster of fisher folk and fish buyers standing about, or seated on upturned boats with skate and cod strewn all around them. This picture, amongst its more conventional neighbours in the Academy, looked singularly like a scene "out of doors," and earned for the painter the reputation of telling the truths of *plein air*.

This work was followed by the caravan picture, "Their ever shifting home," "The health of the bride" and "A village orchestra." It must have been while painting this last that Forbes, who is keenly musical, conceived the idea of learning the cello; and it is remarkable how well he has progressed, considering how late in life he tackled this difficult instrument. In connection with his musical enthusiasm I must narrate a little incident. We, of St. Ives, used to play two cricket matches annually against our neighbours of Newlyn. On one occasion, when the game had reached a critical juncture, a St. Ives man, whose task it was to save his side from defeat, stepped out and took his place at the wicket. A breathless silence reigned as the bowler prepared to deliver the first ball, when Forbes suddenly shouted to the batsman (who was a musical crony of his) "I say So-and-so, won't you sing us the 'Devout Lover?'"

Music is not the only hobby of the versatile Stanhope; he is an actor of no mean pre-

tentions, and made one of the best old Hardcastles I ever saw, when the Newlyn Dramatic Club produced, regardless of cost, the ever-new comedy of Goldsmith. He is a ready speaker besides, and made a capital reply to the toast of his health at the Greenwich dinner when he was the prospective associate. I ought not to omit to add, too, that he married the clever Canadian, Miss Armstrong (who has relatives in Toronto), whose pictures are almost as well known as his own.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, are expected to be present at the opening of the Academy exhibition, April 18th.

Says the *Art Amateur* with reference to an ideal "Trilby" exhibited by Mr. Meyer: Surely it was a fatuous proceeding on the part of Mr. Constant Meyer to attempt an idealization of "Trilby." No matter how well it might be done—and in the picture in Knoedler's gallery there are some beautiful passages of painting—it would never be accepted by the public as a substitute for Du Maurier's own conception of that erratic young woman. Mr. Meyer represents Trilby under hypnotic influence, which is well suggested by the death-pallor of the face, the vacant expression of the eyes and the relaxation of the muscles of the drooping arms. The picture, painful as it is, has a certain success and scores of the photogravure reproductions of it, published by Knoedler & Co., find a sale at \$15 a copy.

The third lecture of the course prepared by the Woman's Art Association was delivered last Friday in St. George's Hall, Elm Street, by Mr. Dickson Patterson, A.C.R.A., Professor Mavor introducing the speaker with some pleasing remarks on his (the speaker's) ability to speak on the subject of the evening, "The Motive of a Picture," because he belonged to the craft and knew whereof he spoke, some crushing references to the worse than uselessness of art critics, and some encouraging words about the scheme for decorating the City Hall, now before the public. In dealing with his subject the lecturer referred to the work of many great painters, to Meissonier as one whose technique was almost faultless yet whose work lacked the highest qualities, and to Whistler, whose portrait of his mother has seldom been equalled. A criticism of this artist's portrait of Carlyle, that came under the lecturers notice was related. Happening one day in the same bus with the Sage of Chelsea he overheard Carlyle's remark that he did not like his portrait. Whistler had "painted him in a fog," which was his idea of the artists low-toned harmony. The work of decorative painter was defined and dwelt on, Puvis de Chavannes being one of its greatest exponents. The audience was most attentive and appreciative throughout.

Mr. Wyly Grier gave an extremely interesting lecture on Saturday afternoon last on "Portrait Painters from Holbein to Watts," rendered more so by views of many of the chief portraits mentioned. Professor Mavor occupied the chair, and to him the lecturer expressed his indebtedness for many of the pictures used. The subject was handed in a most scholarly manner, and the pleasant and distinct delivery added much to the enjoyment of the audience. As it would be impossible to do justice to the exhaustive way in which the subject was treated in our short space, we give up the attempt with the hope, however, that the lecture may appear in print before long.

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FINE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

Latest Designs. — — — Good Workmanship.

Personal.

The citizens of New England are subscribing liberally to the fund for the relief of the needy Newfoundlanders.

It is alleged that over 3,000 newspapers publish Talmage's sermons every week, thus affording them an aggregate circulation of over 120,000,000 copies.

Attorney General Davie, of British Columbia, has been appointed Chief Justice of that Province. It is rumored that Lieut.-Governor Dewdney will resign his position to take the Premiership vacated by Mr. Davie.

The London *Morning Post* pays a high compliment to Mr. Sandford Fleming in connection with the progress so far of the trans-Pacific Cable Scheme, and suggests for him a place in "the front rank of colonial statesmen."

We have received a copy of the programme of the Excursion to Europe by the Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of the *Methodist Magazine* of this city. It is a neatly printed pamphlet, providing for route to London, Paris, Berne, Rome, etc. It will be sent free on application.

The clerical part of the Synod of New Westminster, selected the Rev. Dr. Stone, of Oxford, England, to succeed the late Bishop Sillitoe of that diocese. The lay delegates having failed to agree to this choice, the final selection will now be left to the court of five bishops.

Mr. Robert McLean, the veteran and efficient Secretary of the Underwriters' Association, has gone to sojourn for a month in Richmond, Va. He says that Toronto is as good a place as he wants in which to spend the sultry season, and that it is a good place to be away from during February and March.

Hon. Winston Churchill, eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, has just been appointed a Lieutenant in the Fourth Hussars, one of the crack cavalry regiments. The report comes from London, by way of New York, that a marriage is in course of arrangement between his cousin, the young Duke of Marlborough, and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

The Grand Master Workman elect for the coming year in the A.O.U.W. is D. F. MacWatt, of Barrie. Dr. Cotton, of Lambton Mills, remains Grand Medical Examiner. The list of representatives to the Supreme Lodge, which meets in St. Paul, in June next, includes F. G. Inwood, of Toronto; Daniel Spry, of London; D. F. MacWatt, of Barrie, and all Past Masters.

Mr. Alexander Dixon, who has for fifteen years been Manager of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company's Toronto business, has retired from the management, owing to failing health. His place is taken by Mr. J. B. Laidlaw. Mr. Dixon is in receipt of a testimonial of one hundred guineas from the head office in England, and will continue to act as the Company's agent in Toronto.

Among those who have recently left town are Major and Mrs. Foster, of 185 Beverley St., who have gone home to England on a several months' visit. They have travelled the world over, and interesting accounts from Mrs. Foster's pen of several of their trips have appeared in Toronto publications. Since their return last autumn from "The Camp," their delightful summer-resort on the Bay of Quinte, they have resided in this city where their absence will be regretted by a host of friends.

Fred Douglass, the celebrated negro orator, died of apoplexy the other day at Washington. Members of a generation now passing away will remember him as the associate, if not the peer, of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Lloyd Garrison, and Henry Ward Beecher, as an effective pleader for the abolition of slavery. He did more than any one else, except, perhaps, Mr. Beecher, to keep the masses of Great Britain in sympathy with the Federal cause during the Civil War. He has been for years leading a quiet life as a member of the United States Civil Service, and is the last of the above illustrious quintet to leave the scene of his philanthropic labours and triumphs.

The Prince of Wales is now a millionaire, thanks largely to his late personal friend, Sir John Rose, formerly Finance Minister of Canada. Last year his income from the Duchy of Cornwall amounted to \$340,000.

Disquieting, but apparently unsubstantiated, rumours regarding the health of the Prince of Wales have been recently put into circulation. He has gone to sojourn at the Riviera, where his celebrated yacht, the *Britannia*, will contest some of the coming races.

Mr. Franklin McLeay, who is well-known from his association with Mr. Wilson Barrett in theatrical representations, is a great favourite with the students of the University of Toronto of which he is an alumnus. On the night of the *Conversazione* last week he was present by invitation, after his work at the theatre was concluded, to receive a handsome testimonial from his undergraduate admirers. Mr. Barrett arrived somewhat later, and both were forced to hold an extemporized levee, many of those present desiring to be introduced to them. Mr. McLeay left the following day to spend Sunday at his old home in Oxford County.

* * *

Educational.

The *Educational Journal* in a recent issue published an able address delivered by John Millar, M.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, on the duty of the State toward secondary education. The occasion of the address was commencement day at the Dunnville High School.

Sir Donald Smith, Chancellor of McGill University, stated to a newspaper interviewer that no Principal has yet been selected for that institution. He had just returned from Great Britain and though he had visited Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, and Dundee no offer of the Principalship had been made to any one. One of Sir Donald's favourite projects, the establishment of a "Royal Victoria College for Women," is still under consideration.

The public have been informed that the loss of the library of the Trinity College School in the recent destruction of the building at Port Hope, is likely to be severely felt, and an appeal is made for contributions. Classical works of fiction, like Scott's, Thackeray's, or Dickens' novels will be welcome, and so will historical works of all kinds. Many who are not in a position to contribute money to the restoration of the building may find themselves able to add a few books to the new library.

Mr. Asquith, the British Home Secretary, in explaining the provisions of his measure to disestablish the Welsh Church, stated that after providing for the retention by clergymen of the present emoluments during their lives the income from the remainder of the property now vested in the Established Church is to be used in the erection and maintenance of hospitals, dispensaries and convalescent homes; to provide nurses for the sick poor; to arrange for labourer's dwellings and allotments; and to promote technical higher education.

The "School of Applied Ethics," which has held three annual sessions at Plymouth, Mass., during the months of July and August is now holding its first winter session under the auspices of the Columbian University at Washington, D.C. Eighteen subjects are to be discussed in as many lectures, each followed by a conference. The list of lecturers includes some of the most eminent educationists in the United States—among others: Dr. Felix Adler, Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University; Prof. H. C. Adams, of the University of Michigan; Prof. E. J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania; the Right Rev. Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University at Washington. Each subject is connected with practical ethics on the one hand, and on the other with either politics or economics. The session lasts seven weeks, and began on the 13th of February. As all the meetings are held on the afternoons of Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, visitors will have some opportunities on the other days of seeing and hearing Congressional proceedings.

Completely Paralyzed.

PHYSICIANS ARE ASTONISHED BY A PECULIAR CASE.

A Young Canadian Stricken With Paralysis While in New York—Returned to His Home at London, Ont., as He Believed to Die—The Means of Renewed Health Pointed Out by a Clergyman who Visited Him.

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman, but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the experience of O. E. Dallimore, at present a resident of Madison, N.J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it's true that I had Landry's paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to the reporter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken. That I have been cured is clearly apparent." With this he straightened up as sturdy and promising a son of Britain as ever trod American soil.

"It was on the 15th of March last," he continued, "when I was in New York city, that I first felt symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going up stairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician who informed me that I had every symptom of locomotor ataxia, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's paralysis and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work and on April 1st started for London, Ont. A well known physician was consulted but I grew rapidly worse, and, on Saturday, April 7th, several physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was a death's door, having but three to six days to live. Still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed, my hands and feet being dead. I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gundy, a clergyman, who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvellous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28, and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead and I soon began to move my feet and hands. The improvement continued until May 28, when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the beginning of July I was able to walk up stairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength, leaving London for New York on October 11, and beginning my work again on October 26, 1894. Cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months.

To confirm his story beyond all doubt Mr. Dallimore made the following affidavit.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, } ss

MORRIS COUNTY,

Olave Dallimore being duly sworn on his oath said that the foregoing statement is just and true.

OLAVE E. DALLIMORE.
Sworn and subscribed before me December 3, 1894.

AMOS C. RATHBUN,
Notary Public.

[SEAL.]
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nerveous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

BRITISH AMERICA.

Encouraging Statement at the Annual Meeting.

PRESIDENT G. A. COX'S ADDRESS

Progress of the Past Year Reviewed.

MR. COX DISCUSSES THE QUESTION OF MUNICIPAL INSURANCE—REFERENCE TO THE RECENT FIRES.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company was held in the company's office, in this city, recently.

The President, Mr. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair. Among the shareholders present were: Messrs. S. F. McKinnon, Robert Thompson, Robert Beaty, J. K. Niven, John Hoskin, Q. C., George A. Cox, Augustus Myers, E. G. Fitzgerald, H. M. Pellatt, J. J. Kenny, J. Stewart, John Scott, James M. Hamilton, P. Jackes, A. E. Ames, Dr. Daniel Clark, Dr. J. C. Warbrick, Jas. O'Hara, J. K. Osborne, Robert Bond (Guelph), H. D. Gamble, W. H. Banks and H. O'Hara.

Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as secretary, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT:

The directors have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders their report on the business of the company for the year ending 31st December, 1894.

From the accompanying statements of account it will be seen that the company has made satisfactory progress during the year. The total income amounted to \$1,464,654, and the balance of income over expenditure was \$97,690.84. Two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, have been declared; the "surplus," or reserve fund, has been increased to \$517,424, and, after making ample provision for a re-insurance reserve to run off all existing risks, the net surplus of the company has been increased by \$12,264.

The directors regret to have to record the death of Mr. A. M. Smith, who has been a valued member of the Board for the past two years. The vacancy thus caused has been filled by the election of the Hon. S. C. Wood as a director.

SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Total cash income.....	\$1,464,654.84
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment.....	1,366,964.00
Balance.....	\$ 97,690.84
Dividends declared.....	\$ 52,500.00
Total assets.....	\$1,467,482.15
Total liabilities.....	200,357.16
Surplus to policy-holders.....	\$1,267,124.99

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said: "I desire in the first place to say, on behalf of my fellow-directors, as well as for myself, that it affords us more than ordinary satisfaction to be able to meet the shareholders with a statement of the business of the company for the past year, and of its condition at the close of 1894, which I think we can say, without laying ourselves open to the charge of egotism, bears evidence of the realization of the expectations which we entertained when we assumed the responsibility of the direction of the affairs of the company at the close of the year 1892. At the annual meeting in the February following, when the shareholders ratified the changes which had been made in the directorate, we expressed our confidence in the future of the company—our belief that notwithstanding the somewhat discouraging experience of some preceding years, the British America Assurance Company might be placed upon a footing such as its old-time standing among the financial institutions of this country and as one of the oldest insurance companies on the continent entitled it to occupy. I am free to confess

that had we realized that at that time we were just entering upon a period of almost unprecedented financial stringency and business depression, bringing with it, as such conditions invariably do to fire insurance companies, an abnormal ratio of losses, we might have hesitated in assuming this responsibility. Our task, however, has been rendered less difficult than we might have anticipated under these adverse circumstances: first, by the promptness with which shareholders accepted the \$250,000 new stock which at the outset we decided it would be well to strengthen the financial position of the company by issuing; and, secondly, by the hearty manner in which our representatives, in both Canada and the United States, have seconded our efforts to place the business upon a satisfactory basis. To the support and co-operation we have thus received, and to the great advantage of having in our Vice-President, who has fulfilled the duties of Managing Director, an able and experienced underwriter, I attribute mainly the progress we have made during 1894, and the profit we are able to show as the result of the transactions of a year, which, generally speaking, has not been a favourable one in the business and financial world. We have, as the figures of our statement demonstrate, entered upon the present year stronger in every respect than we were a year ago, with a larger business on our books, an increased reserve fund, and, after making provision for all losses which occurred up to the 31st of December, and for the increased liability under unexpired policies, a gain in net surplus. I think we may also claim that by prompt settlement of losses, and by affording our agents every possible facility for conducting business, we have placed the company upon a footing which will command for it a full share of the benefits which must accrue to fire insurance interests, in common with others, from a revival in trade and a return to more prosperous conditions throughout the country.

"In relation to the business of the present year it will be of interest to shareholders to know how we were affected by the two serious fires which occurred in this city last month, and I am pleased to be in a position to say that for disasters of such magnitude, involving together a loss of nearly one and a half million dollars, the net losses sustained by this company were moderate, being some \$33,400 by both fires. These fires afforded a forcible illustration of the necessity of care on the part of companies in distributing their risks, even in the most substantially constructed sections of our cities, to avoid the chance of excessive loss in any one conflagration. They can scarcely have failed also to have had the effect of shaking the faith of the advocates of municipal insurance in the scheme having this object in view, which has been discussed in our City Council during the past year. There have been many practical demonstrations on this continent of the necessity of such protection as is afforded by the capital and resources of fire insurance companies, deriving their income, in millions annually, from the extended, and, in some cases, world-wide fields in which they have agencies established, and who are thus in a position to distribute the burden of fire losses, and particularly that of serious conflagrations, so widely as not to materially affect any community or any individual by the contributions in the shape of the premiums which they require to enable them to afford protection against loss by such disasters. That we in Canada are not unduly taxed in this respect may be seen by reference to the Dominion Government insurance reports. These show that while during the past twenty-five years some companies have made a fair profit, others have paid out more than they have received, and that on the entire business the companies reporting to the Insurance Department at Ottawa are realizing so small a margin of profit upon the premiums they are receiving in this country that they have to rely for their dividends to shareholders, as far as Canadian business is concerned, largely upon the interest on their investments. I would not take up your time discussing this question were it not that I observe a bill is about to be introduced in our Local Legislature to authorize municipalities to undertake the insurance of property within their corporate limits. I may say that, in common with many of you, I am much more largely interested as a property-owner than an insurance shareholder, and although I have little doubt

as to the fate of the bill referred to, I feel it my duty to avail myself to this opportunity to point out some of the dangers which such an experiment would involve. It would, I feel confident, seriously affect the credit of any municipality which embarked in it, and depreciate the value of its bonds. The holders of debentures of such a city or town would be placed in the position of shareholders in an insurance company which had assumed a liability for loss by fire in one locality many times in excess of its available assets. In case of a serious conflagration, a city relying upon its own resources for insurance would present a spectacle which might well be compared to that of a man endeavoring to lift himself out of the mire by his boot-straps. Does anyone for a moment suppose that Chicago, Boston, St. John, New Brunswick, or St. John's Newfoundland, or, in fact, many of our Ontario towns which have suffered from severe fires, would have been rebuilt under any system of municipal insurance? It would, moreover, fail to afford such security as financial institutions require, and, consequently, it would involve the necessity of other insurance being procured by borrowers beyond that charged for by the municipalities. But I need not enlarge upon the many objections to which this proposed system of so-called insurance would be open. The single fact that it would place my city undertaking it in daily danger of being rendered hopelessly bankrupt must condemn it in the judgment of all who give the matter serious consideration. I feel, as I have said, interested in this question chiefly as a citizen and as a tax-payer, and my reason for touching upon it here is that, having constantly before us in our business the dangers of conflagration hazard, it seems fitting that a word of warning (even though the possibility of the consummation of this project may be remote) should be given to those who would impose upon us a liability which might involve such disastrous consequences to us both as individuals and as a community."

The Vice-President seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried, and a vote of thanks passed to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the past year.

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year: Geo. A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Woods, S. F. McKinnon, Thos. Long, John Hoskin, Q. C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, A. Myres.

At a meeting held subsequently, Mr. Geo. A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President.

* * *

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

The best testimony to the progress of the North American Life Assurance Company is contained in the report of their consulting actuary, an American insurance expert, upon their methods and systems of business during the past year. The expert in question, Mr. W. T. Standen, of New York, declares that the secret of the Company's success is the logical result of the strong and enduring foundation laid down in 1887 by its officers, upon which its business has since been conducted. He holds that in view of the general depression in business the increase of \$63,860 in the premium income of the Company during the past year says much for the energy and adaptability of the company's staff, while the gain in interest receipts is a striking testimony of the judiciousness of the Company's investments. The fact that the management are able, after a most conservative valuation of liabilities and assets, to show a clear surplus of \$338,217 shows beyond any question that the security of the policy-holders is absolute, and it is abundantly evident that the North America Life has attained that degree of solidity which can best be understood by comparison with its rivals. During the past five years the payments to policy-holders have increased 123 per cent.; the insurance in force 60 per cent.; the cash income 91 per cent.; and the surplus 374 per cent. In other words, the asserts are one and a half times, and the surplus four times, as large as they were four years ago. In fact the North American Life, thanks to the efforts of its officers, now stands in the front rank of Canadian Companies.—*Journal of Commerce*, Montreal, Feb. 15, 1895.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

ALWAYS RELIABLE,
PURELY VEGETABLE.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowles, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA,
CONSTIPATION,

—AND—

All Disorders of The Liver.

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Hamilton Herald: If the merchants found it possible to collect small debts, through the abolition of the machinery for collecting them, they would very soon cease granting small credits. That would suppress the dead beats and everybody would be money ahead.

Dundas Banner: The trouble is that after a fellow has read one of Mr. Foster's speeches, painting in glowing colors the condition of the country, and then reads one of Sir Richard Cartwright's showing the other side of the picture, he is not sure whether he is a millionaire or a tramp.

Ottawa Free Press: Patrons will remember that they, in effect, teach nothing new; offer no new methods. The main principles they contend for are, under new names perhaps, merely those which were fought for half a century ago, with many greater ones, also, by the Reform party.

Ottawa Citizen: The prestige of the university has suffered much of late owing to the belief that appointments to professorial chairs were made through political influence. The spectacle of a professor writing to the press and in general terms impeaching the fitness of his brethren on the staff is remarkable.

Montreal Gazette: If every vestige of religious teaching were removed from the Manitoba public schools the Roman Catholics would refuse to accept them. Their grievance is not the character of the religious teaching in the public schools, but the fact that they have been deprived of separate schools, and no remedy will prove an adequate solution which does not cope with this fact.

Halifax Chronicle: The re-entrance of Hon. H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere into political life is an event of no ordinary importance. His unsullied record as a public man and a citizen will make him a tower of strength to Mr. Laurier, whose undoubted aim will be to surround himself with men whose integrity and personal reputation will prove a solid backing to their ability and public experience. Never in all her previous history did Canada stand so much in need of the services of able, pure and patriotic men as now.

Hamilton Spectator: What Mr. Laurier and the Grit party have done once to make political capital they will do again. There has been no change in the party; it is as ready to-day to go into office on a race and religion cry as it was at the time the execution of Riel brought his countryman Laurier to the front. It is wise to judge a man—not by his promises—but by his works, and Wilfrid Laurier, so judged, is ready to-day to seize upon the Manitoba school question to enable him to get his itching fingers into the public treasury.

* * *

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People of cultivated tastes in art, music or literature are rendered so sensitive to false quantities that they may suffer more at times than the uncultured, but they have compensa- tion in having opened to them a world of cheap enjoyment that is closed to those who have not been trained to see the beauties of nature, to appreciate the harmonies of sound or understand the imagery of the poet. The cheapest enjoyment comes, perhaps, to those who have had their sense of beauty culti- vated. Nature spreads before them an ever- changing panorama of delightful scenes, and even in the cities, built by men, picturesque scenes are presented to those who have eyes to see and imagination to project the view shown of its surroundings. The man of culti- vated taste finds at the seashore or in the mountains fresh beauties daily, while the un- cultured native sees only a dull monotony; the sea and sky always the sea and sky, the mountain always a mountain. It is not only the uncultured residents of places which at- tract tourists who are insensible to the charms of nature. A busy man of affairs who had never had time to look about him com- plained of the monotony of the sea, which he was compelled to view daily during the fash- ionable season for the gratification of his fam- ily. Even as he spoke the lights and shadows were shifting, the waves were varying their hue in quick response to the movement of the clouds above them, and before his complaint had died upon his lips the panorama had changed its features. But he saw it not. To him sea and sky were the same as ever. He was shut out from the cheapest of enjoyments, one that may be had anywhere without price by those who have cultivated a sense of the beautiful and have learned to observe nature in all her varying moods.

Music and literature also afford cheap en- joyments to those who have been cultivated to appreciation of their higher forms. When far away from the sources of either, memory will recall them and they will yield fresh enjoy- ments without cost or effort. One may pick out from literature a host of familiars—friends who are always with us and never change— with whom to commune when alone, or about whom to talk when in congenial company. It may be that the uncultured find as much hap- piness in life as the well-read men of poetic and artistic tastes, but it is happiness of a lower order and less at command. It may also be that the cultured, by reason of their environment, find little happiness in this world, but they, at least, require the means of enjoyment when they have had their sense of beauty developed and their minds illuminated by the good thoughts and merry conceits of the world's great writers. For this reason, if for no other, we should seek to edu- cate our children in a broad way. While not neglecting their book studies, we should teach them habits of observation and cultivate their taste for art and literature. Disregard- ing any direct use that is to be made of such culture, it is a cheap means of enjoyment which they may carry with them through life. Such culture may serve to make the poorest rich, so far as enjoyment is concerned. Who has not known of families too poor to spend money on theatres, concerts and the like who have found equal pleasure in the home read- ing circle, in the study of the natural science or in the cultivation of a taste for art? All parents have to look after the future welfare of their children, and the pressing importance of the means for their support turns attention to the studies that promise material returns; but while not neglecting these we should all give some thought to means of mental culture, for this culture will afford them in after years the best, as well as the cheapest, means of en- joyment.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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The most distinguished members of the Alpine Club, and of those who, satiated with European climbs, have, says the *Pell*, found new fields for conquest in Andes, Himalayas and Abyssinian peaks, owe their success, coupled with safety, to the invariable recognition of two axioms—the one that there is no difficulty so great that it may not be surmounted with due care and caution; the other, that there is no obstacle so small that the operator can afford, when attacking it, to dispense gratuitously with standard and technical precautions. It is not requisite to fall 1,000 feet sheer in order to break one's neck; nor need injuries reach the extent of a broken vertebra in order to prove fatal. A minute fraction of the skull from a 6 feet fall may suffice to end an athletic career. There is a sort of irony in the decrees of Fate that produces so often fatality out of a minor incident, where the subject has previously passed unscathed through far greater perils and ordeals. An old V.C. campaigner, whose comrades used to say of him that he bore a charmed life under fire, drops and dies in a stubble field to a pellet or two in an artery, caused by the let off of a gun kept on full cock in the stepping over a two foot grip. George Stevens surmounts the Aintree course a four-fold victor, to perish through the restive clown in harness. Whyte-Melville hunts for more than a generation unscathed, to come to an end from a fall in an open fallow. It is curious that a like irony of fate has pursued on more than one occasion mountain climbers of previous prestige and experience in far greater altitudes, who have held too cheaply the apparently minor difficulties of the Snowden range; and quite recently we have had a lamentable illustration of the mistake of assuming that a capacity for Alpine climbing qualifies an athletic to treat with contempt every petty elevation of the home country. More than a generation ago a white monumental stone, visible across the valley from the Llanberis ascent of Snowden, used to record the spot where a tourist had lost his life by attempting to scale the mountain unguided and in a mist, from a point not usually selected for approach. The apparent tameness of the Llanberis approach, up which a lady can ride on a pony from base to summit, has disgusted many a proficient climber, and has induced him either to leave the ascent untouched, or to tackle it without the intervention of local guidance. But the risk of sudden mist is recognized even by the most independent of climbers, and perhaps this factor has operated to suggest a newer form of tempting Providence, and of displaying skill and enterprise, by scaling minor but difficult elevations, which do not ordinarily come within the tourist curriculum, because they lead to no pronounced peak, nor produce any special extension of view when scaled. On the Glider side of the Llanberis pass there are many perpendicular faces of rock which—save that they are not iced faced, nor associated with glaciers, nor leading to any ultimate destination of vantage of view or elevation—are, for their limited extent, as difficult to surmount as many of the intermediate obstacles on Alpine peaks that are, or have been, "virgin" to the club climber.

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human world in Mars, these brethren of ours must assuredly be our superiors in many respects; for instance, it would be difficult to find a race less intelligent than we are; we do not even know how to conduct ourselves properly, for we spend three-fourths of our resources in maintaining soldiers, and Europe alone expends £320,000,000 a year for that purpose!"

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Chinese Emperor: What news? Chinese General: We have met the enemy, and they are hours—behind us.

Alberta: I believe you call yourself an advanced woman, dear? Alethea: Yes, my love. Alberta: Then you may tip the waiter, dear.

Doctor: You have an excess of adipose tissue, madame. Patient: Good gracious, doctor! do you suppose that's what makes me so fat?

The man who asks if it's cold enough for you is the same chap who worried you to death six months ago by asking if it was hot enough for you.

"What warrant have you for thinking that Shakespeare was a broker?" "Oh, none; only the fact that he has furnished so many stock quotations."

The girls will have a chance next year. It will be the last leap year for eight years. The leap years which fall in the last year of a century are not counted, so there will be only 28 days in the February of 1900.

"Henry," she said, thoughtfully. "What is it?" responded the worried business man, somewhat shortly. "I wish you would rearrange your business a little bit. "How?" "So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home."

"I see," remarked Mr. Dismal Dawson, "that a feller down in Belleville has drank thirteen glasses of booze on a bet, and it kilt him." "No wonder," said Mr. Everett Wrest; "thirteen is a sure hoodoo. He had orter made it fourteen."

Lover: You are getting prettier every day. Sweet Girl: Just now I am living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion. Lover: How long can you keep that up? Sweet Girl: Oh, indefinitely. Lover: Then let's get married.

Pendennis: I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow. Warrington: That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time.

"Pa," asked Johnnie Wilkins, "what is a pathologist?" "He's a man who lays out paths in parks and elsewhere, my boy. Now don't bother papa any more. He's busy." "Well, I only want to know one more thing, papa," said Johnnie. "Well, what is it?" "What's a mancipated woman?" "Why don't you reason it out yourself?" asked the father; "what does m-a-n spell?" "Man," said Johnnie. "Well, then, a man-cipated woman is a woman that thinks she's a man. Now run away."

JACKSONVILLE, Fla,
18th August, 1894.

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