

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 27th, 1894.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CURRENT TOPICS .....	819
THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME .....	821
AN HISTORIC PARALLEL—I.....S. A. Curzon.	822
GLACIAL AND RIVER ICE-MARKINGS .....	823
J. C. Sutherland.	
IN THE WOODS (POEM) .....	824
Rev. Frederick George Scott, M.A.	
THE OLD VIOLINIST.....Arthur J. Stringer.	824
PARIS LETTER .....	825
Z.	
GLIMPSES AT THINGS .....	826
F. Blake Crofton.	
THE FLOWERS OF SLEEP (POEM) .....	827
James T. Shotwell.	
A DAY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY .....	827
Ellen Sigrid.	
MIDSUMMER MEDITATIONS OF A MARRIED MAN (POEM) .....	828
Ivan G. Rowe.	
CORRESPONDENCE—	
The Pullman Car Strike.....Fairplay Radical.	828
A NOTABLE DIARY.—I.....Fairplay Radical.	829
A PLEA FOR SIR PHILIP FRANCIS .....	831
ART NOTES .....	832
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA .....	833
LIBRARY TABLE .....	833
PERIODICALS .....	834
LITERARY AND PERSONAL .....	835
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	835
PUBLIC OPINION .....	836
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY .....	837
MISCELLANEOUS .....	838
QUIPS AND CRANKS.....	839

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

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The remarkable letter of President Cleveland, addressed to Mr. Wilson, on the tariff question, has produced something like a crisis in Congress. Whether the Constitution of the United States favours or admits such an attempt on the part of a President to influence legislation, by bringing his own personal influence and logical acumen to bear, is a question which we need not now discuss. To an onlooker such action seems quite in harmony with the system which admits of the election of the Chief Magistrate on strictly party principles, and as the leader and exponent of the policy of the party which elects him. The strong opinions expressed on almost every question of home and foreign policy by the

President in his annual message seems to point to the same conclusion. Why should he not argue the case in subsequent papers as well as in the annual message? It would be obviously premature to discuss Senator Gorman's very serious charges of duplicity until the President has had opportunity to reply, if he sees fit to do so. In any case, this seemingly irreconcilable split in the Democratic party probably settles the fate of the Wilson Bill and the Senate's Amendments at the same time, and makes it certain that no tariff bill will be passed this session. As the Senate will be scarcely more likely to vote for trusting themselves to the uncertainties of a popular election than the British House of Lords to vote for its own extinction, it is not likely that anything will come of the resolution of the representatives in favour of direct election of Senators by the people, immediately, though it may lead to an effective popular campaign in that direction.

A general election is approaching in Norway, and the event will not fail to be awaited with a good deal of interest throughout Europe, as well as in the two countries more immediately concerned. Public feeling is greatly excited in Norway, notwithstanding the habitual moderation and self-restraint of its people. The causes which threaten to bring about a rupture of the political union with Sweden have been explained in previous numbers. The Norwegians show no disposition to abate one jot from their previous demands for separate Norwegian consular agents and other modifications of the existing arrangement. The tension of the situation has been increased of late by the report of a plan or plot on the part of King Oscar for robbing Norway of its power of resistance, and by the rumour that he has been asking advice as to the best means of bringing the refractory partner to terms. The radical party among the Norwegians are said to be determined to push their claims at all hazards, and to be ready to bring about a separation, even at the cost of a sanguinary struggle, if necessary. The election will show to what extent the people are prepared to follow them. The temper of the Swedes is said to be also giving way under the strain. Should the result of the election be to show that the radical policy is favoured and supported by a popular majority, a war may be precipitated at any moment. Although a separation which would increase the number of small states in Europe would be deprecated on general principles, there is no doubt that Norway's cause would win a large share of

sympathy as the defence by a brave and high-spirited people of what they regard as their constitutional rights, and their essential freedom.

We are glad to note that the preparations for the Toronto Industrial Exhibition are said to be even more forward than usual at this season of the year. This annual fair deserves to rank among the important educational institutions of the Province. It would be difficult to conceive of any other arrangement which would enable a diligent and observant student to learn more of the agricultural and industrial resources of the Province, its mines and minerals, fauna and flora, etc., within the short space of a few days, than that which is furnished in the annual meetings of this fair, while he who attends it with his eyes and ears open from year to year, will find that it furnishes an excellent means of measuring the progress of the country, not only in all departments of agricultural, manufacturing, mining and other industries, but also in the arts and sciences. The facilities for the exhibition of every kind of product are being steadily increased. The grounds have been enlarged and improved from year to year until the accommodations in almost every department are now excellent. In particular, the accommodations for the exhibition of live stock are believed to be now the best on the continent. Among other specialties, we are informed that particular attention is being paid this year, in the department of natural history, to the display of the varieties of fish in which Canadian waters are so rich. Living specimens in great numbers, as well as prepared specimens, will add greatly to the interest and educational value of this important department. The number of entries in various departments of the exhibition is, we are informed, unusually large, and there is every reason to hope for a most successful season. This is only what was to be expected from the energy and excellence of the management.

The series of triumphs won last year in American waters by the American yacht "Vigilant" over the British "Valkyrie" seemed to many, other than Americans, to go far to establish one of two conclusions, viz., either that the American designers and builders of boats are more scientific and more skilful than the British, or that the centre-board device employed by the former enables the boat so constructed to attain a higher average rate of speed than can be attained by the boat with the ordinary style

of keel. The recent races on the Clyde and elsewhere between the "Vigilant" and the "Britannia" must have now convinced anyone who may have accepted either of those conclusions that the induction was built upon too narrow a basis of facts and was therefore unwarranted. There is, it must be confessed, something not a little puzzling in the fact that in American waters the yacht which had previously vanquished the "Britannia" on the other side of the ocean, should have been beaten with comparative ease by the "Vigilant," and that the "Vigilant," in its turn, should have been repeatedly outsailed by the "Britannia" in British waters. A good deal has been said about the tortuousness of the British courses and the uncertainty of the winds on both sides of the ocean, but it is hard to account for the almost uniform series of successes of the one boat in the one case, and of the other boat in the other case, on any such grounds. At the same time it must be admitted that, notwithstanding the great preponderance of victories in favor of the Prince of Wales' boat in these last races, the margin by which they were won in almost every case was so narrow that it is impossible to resist the reflection that a very slight variation in wind, or position, or some other variable condition, might have changed the result in each event. Indeed the closeness of the contests was one of the most remarkable features of the races. It is evident that a third trial—why not in neutral waters, to which both are equally unaccustomed—between these boats or others yet to be built, will be necessary before the question of superior skill can be regarded as settled.

The assembling last week in this city of a body of no less than five or six thousand delegates to a convention of young people representing one of the evangelical denominations calls attention to a movement which has been making great headway during the last few years, and which can scarcely be devoid, to any thoughtful mind, of a profound significance. Such institutions as the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, the Epworth League, and the Baptist Young People's Union of America, seem to mark the entrance of young men and women, as never before, into aggressive religious work. It is true that for many years the Young Men's Christian Association, with its branches all over Christendom, has been engaged in somewhat similar work, with no small measure of success. But these later organizations are different, in that, while working on what seem to be somewhat narrow lines, they confine themselves more exclusively to distinctly religious and educational as distinct from philanthropic work. Statistics in the United States, and presumably in Canada, have shown a marked tendency on the part of young men, of late years, to hold aloof from the churches. If this movement means, as

many think, the beginning of a great reaction, in the direction of religious profession and effort, its progress may well be watched with interest. Should the different societies develop their organizations along right lines, they may possibly do much to supply the practical moral training and thoughtful conscientiousness, the want of which has caused and is causing in many minds very serious apprehensions as to the tendency of our purely secular systems of education. There is sure to be a good deal in connection with the methods of such assemblies which the more sober-minded can hardly approve, but on the whole it is a hopeful sign of the times when young people by the thousands are found preferring to spend their brief summer holidays in attending meetings of the kind held in Toronto last week, rather than in the pursuit of pleasure in more common and perhaps less safe channels.

The session of the Dominion Parliament which has just closed was an important and a somewhat remarkable one. The great question to be fought out and settled as soon as possible after the opening was that of the promised tariff changes. It is needless now to repeat the story. Everybody knows how very soon after the opening the Minister of Finance made his Budget speech, in which the tariff-reform which had been so earnestly demanded by a large proportion of the citizens, and so distinctly promised by the Government, seemed to be granted on a tolerably large scale, and how, for weeks from that date the Minister succumbed, now in reference to one set of commodities, now another, to the pressure which was brought to bear upon him mainly by the representatives of manufacturing interests. A very large percentage of the reduction promised in the Budget has been withdrawn and, with one or two important exceptions, the tariff is either pretty nearly in *statu quo*, or the promised reductions have not been made on any large scale. Even the obnoxious specific duties, which constituted one of the chief causes of popular complaint, have been restored in one case after another, until the bulk of the reforms promised in that regard are wanting. The upshot of the whole business, is that the question of tariff-reform is still the great issue before the country for decision at the next election. Had the Budget proposals been adhered to, the Government would have materially strengthened its position at the point where it has been most vigorously assailed. Pending the next election, it is impossible to predict with any degree of certainty, to what extent the farmers and other opponents of the protective tariff will swallow their resentment at the evidently prepondering influence of the manufacturing firms and to what extent cherish their disappointment and give it expression at the polls. It is

pretty safe to say that very much will depend upon the state of business throughout the country during the intervening period.

Next to tariff-reform, the most important Government measures were the Insolvency Bill, the ratification of the French Treaty, and the subsidizing of the fast North Atlantic Steamship scheme. The Insolvency Act is, wisely, in view of the seemingly irreconcilable differences of opinion among the classes more immediately affected, held over. It is doubtful whether any bill can be drawn which will so far reconcile the wide differences of opinion in mercantile and financial circles, as to insure the hearty support of a good majority of representatives. The first principles of such a measure have, seemingly, yet to be agreed on. The other two great questions have been so recently treated of in these columns that we need not recur to them. The bringing down, at the last moment, a supplementary estimate of sums amounting in the aggregate to millions of dollars, to be either voted or re-voted to prospective railways all over the country, is indefensible. Surely this is just the kind of appropriations which needs to be carefully scrutinized by Parliament. It is a species of business, too, which even the strongest partisan should be able to consider apart altogether from party predilections. The necessity alleged of procuring an Order in Council authorizing the proposals is a very weak excuse for the delay. Whether Mr. Laurier's proposed audit would or would not be the best means of safe-guarding the proper expenditure of these moneys, it can hardly be denied that, in view of such frauds as have within the last few years been brought to light in regard to the disposal of these subsidies, the greatest care should be taken to see that every dollar reaches its proper destination. One would have supposed that a Government, conscious of the rectitude of its intentions, would have heartily concurred in devising some system whereby suspicion would be disarmed.

From the moment that the lawless classes in Chicago and other western cities began their work of outrage and arson, in connection with the late strike, we unhesitatingly took the position that the first duty of the authorities, State and, if necessary, National, was to protect property and restore order, at whatever cost. It was obviously necessary that they should do this without staying to inquire whether the strikers, themselves, were or were not really responsible for the lawlessness. That was an after question to be decided by careful investigation, and it is a gratifying proof that President Cleveland desires to be fair as well as firm, that he has appointed or is about to appoint an impartial Commission to inquire into the facts concerning the strike, that referred to no doubt, amongst others. But it is the journalist's duty to

try to see both sides of a dispute, and we believe it to be as certain as that human nature is fallible and selfish that there are usually two sides to such a strike. We do not see how any thoughtful and impartial person could read the articles appearing in the great majority of both American and Canadian papers without perceiving a great danger that, under the pressure of popular indignation, a grievous injustice might be done to the labouring classes in the United States. Had the strike been simply put down with the strong arm of the national troops, aiding the State marshals, and similar sympathetic strikes made unlawful in the future, which seemed for a time to be the popular remedy, a gross wrong would have been done. We have been glad to observe that one, at least, of the strongest and most influential papers in the Republic, and one that we had specially in mind, in writing as we did, has since admitted the fact that there is danger of such injustice, and has taken almost precisely the same position which we have ventured to take.

The obvious fact is, that to throw the labourer back upon his own individual resources in the struggle with capital, or even to permit combined action on the part of employees of a single establishment while forbidding "sympathetic strikes," would be to place the workmen wholly at the mercy of the employer. It would reduce the employee to his old position of semi-serfdom, squeezing him into submission between the old upper and nether millstones of "supply and demand," and quickly robbing him of all the great advantages he has gained during the last quarter-century by combination. Deprived of the right of combination, and that too on a wide scale, he is powerless. Capital can close its works and wait in luxury, or it can import cheap labour from the slums of foreign cities, while labour is slowly starving. And yet this is the state of things which "Fairplay Radical"—surely he should change his *nom de plume*—would, if we understand him, have brought back.

As to the facts of the case, as between the Pullman company and its employees, we have no means of ascertaining them. We merely assumed, for argument's sake, a statement current in the press—the *Mail* was, we think, the first paper in which we saw it,—taking care to intimate that we did not vouch for its accuracy. We have since seen a somewhat similar statement in an American paper of high standing, and it has not, we believe, been contradicted by the Company. Our readers will perceive that the statement in regard to large gains is not so demonstrably absurd as "Fairplay Radical" would have them suppose, if they will bear in mind that the Company not only builds cars but also rents them, it is said, on such terms as bring into its capacious coffers the lion's share of the profits

from the very exorbitant rates which are exacted from railway passengers who are rich enough to indulge in the luxury of a sleeping car. Be all that as it may, the force of our argument did not and does not depend upon the facts in this particular. We take it as indisputable that this Company is immensely rich, and that it has made many millions out of the labours of its employees during the last fifteen or twenty years. Can not even "Fairplay Radical" see the hardship, the essential unrighteousness, when such a company, which is beyond all question a thousand times more able to bear the loss than its employees, as soon as a year of depression comes and trade is dull, takes advantage of the cruel law of "supply and demand" to compel its employees to bear the losses out of their daily wage? As to the Company's offer to show its books, the men were wise enough no doubt to know that they were incapable of understanding the complicated accounts of expert book-keepers, covering the affairs of such an establishment. Why, on the other hand, if those books revealed so clear a case of heavy loss, should the Company have refused to submit them to competent arbitrators? While, however, we say this by way of suggesting the workingman's side, and cannot but believe that if our critic were a working man, dependent for the support of his family upon his daily wage, he would get new light upon the subject, we are ready to admit that we regard the late struggle as proving the insufficiency of the strike to settle the great principles involved. We equally believe that justice demands that the Government which prohibits it, as it probably should, is bound to provide some better substitute, to safeguard the rights of the workingmen. The old "demand and supply," or "law of competition" theory has had its day and must give place to a better.

#### THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

It has long since become a maxim in criminal law that the deterrent power of a punishment depends more upon its certainty than upon its severity. It is of little avail to denounce the most terrible penalty against a given crime so long as anyone who is tempted to its commission can persuade himself that he may be tolerably sure of escaping that penalty. A law which, for any reason, is but rarely executed, might as well not be on the statute book.

May it not be said with equal confidence that the moral effect of criminal law is destroyed in proportion as the penalties inflicted upon the violators of that law are, to any large extent, variable and capricious? Yet is not that the case with the administration of almost every part of our criminal codes? To us it has long seemed one of the anomalies of our judicial systems, that no better provision is deemed possible to insure uniformity and proportion in the rela-

tions between crime and punishment. In comparatively few cases in which the crime is not capital, is it feasible that the exact penalty shall be prescribed by statute? Very much has to be left to the discretion of the individual judge. From this it necessarily results, human nature being what it is, that there is very great diversity in the sentences inflicted by different judges for the same classes of offences. It would not be necessary to go very far back in the records of the Canadian courts to find striking instances of this. But it will, perhaps, seem less invidious if we look abroad for illustrations. British criminal jurisprudence is probably, on the whole, the best in the world, on both its legislative and its executive sides. And yet the English newspapers are continually recording cases of the most astonishing inequalities in the sentences passed in the British courts. The same justice who dismisses a most flagrant case of wife or child-beating with a slight fine, or a few days' imprisonment, will send down for a long term the poor wretch, perhaps a mere child, who, distracted it may be by hunger, steals a few pennies or a loaf of bread. Such variations as these belong to a class the existence of which may, perhaps, be accounted for on hereditary or traditional principles. The making of the laws was so long exclusively in the hands of the property-owning classes that it was but natural that they should come to regard offences against property as peculiarly heinous. The attitude of mind which inflicts a heavy penalty upon a child for a petty larceny is, we suppose, a lineal descendant or cousin-german to the sentiment which formerly made the theft of a sheep a crime to be punished with death.

We refer to the subject, however, not to philosophize, but to call attention to certain phases of our criminal administration which seem very defective, and which, from the lay point of view, do not seem to be incapable of amendment. Our attention has just now been drawn to the matter by a remarkable paper on "The Inequality of Sentences for Crime," which was read before the National Prison Association of the United States, at its recent meeting at St. Paul, Minn., by Rev. Fred. H. Wines. Mr. Wines' material was furnished him by his connection, in some official capacity, with the taking of the late census of the Republic. His paper does not deal with mere technicalities or forms of procedure, but with broad differences in the standards of justice and estimates of the comparative wickedness of crimes in the different States of the Union. To say nothing of such anomalies as that horse-stealing, for instance, is regarded in the West somewhat as murder is in the East, a difference which, considering how dependent the squatter or cow-boy of the West is upon his horse for locomotion, may not be hard to account for, there are seen to be very many cases in which the distinctions seem to be as fickle and arbitrary as can be conceived. A contemporary, commenting on Mr. Wines' paper, sums up some of these as follows:

"Why, we may ask, should the extreme penalty for counterfeiting in Delaware be three years, while in five States, representing the North, East, South and West, it is imprisonment for life? The perjurer in New Hampshire can get but five years' penalty, but in the adjoining State of Maine he may be imprisoned for life. There is the same difference between Mississippi and Kentucky. In Delaware it is assumed that one year is as much as a man deserves for bigamy, but in Tennessee it is worth twenty-one years. The value of a nose or an eye in Georgia is a year and a half in jail and chain gang, and a fine of a thousand dollars. In Colorado it is worth three years; in Vermont, imprisonment for life. In several of the States the death penalty may be applied for arson, burglary, mayhem, or rape. It is surprising and even amusing to compare the relative estimates of crime, and to find that in different States they are precisely reversed."

From such distracting irregularities in the criminal laws themselves, we in Canada are happily free, by reason of the fact that the framers of our constitution were wise enough to reserve criminal legislation and administration for the jurisdiction of the Central Government and Parliament. But added to the wide and bewildering varieties in the criminal laws of the States arising from diversity of codes, our neighbors have also the same variations, arising from the idiosyncrasies of individual judges, to which we have referred as existing among ourselves. While the average sentence imposed is much below the maximum, the variation is just as great in different counties of the same State, or under different judges of the same court, as between different States.

Some of the distinctions made by different States in reference to the same subject are quite curious. Mr. Wines tells us, for instance, that in some of the codes the common distinction between grand and petty larceny is ignored or formally disavowed, while those in which it is recognized differ so widely in their characterization of the limit which separates the two, that it is placed in Georgia at one dollar, but in Maine, Massachusetts, Florida, and New Mexico, at one hundred dollars.

For the benefit of students of crime as a sociological problem, Mr. Wines institutes some comparisons between possible penalties under different codes. Without attempting an exhaustive statement, he selects for this purpose a few typical offences, representing sixty thousand prisoners, or about three-fourths of the whole number. Combining the possible results of the two sources of variation to which we have referred, viz., differences in the codes of different States and differences in the judgments of individual judges under the same code, he reaches the following curious result:

"The penalty for any offence may assume either of five typical forms: (1) imprisonment only; (2) fine only; (3) fine or imprisonment; (4) both imprisonment and fine; (5) fine or imprisonment, or both such fine and imprisonment. Each of these vari-

eties of sentence is divisible into three sub-varieties,—those with a maximum but no minimum penalty, those with a minimum but no maximum, and those with both a minimum and a maximum limit. Where there is no maximum limit to imprisonment stated, the natural limit is life. Some States exhibit a partiality for one or the other of these forms, but there are States in which all of them are in actual use at once. The subject thus presented offers for the consideration of mathematicians a somewhat formidable problem in permutation. Given twenty-four maximum and three minimum terms of imprisonment, with sixty-four variable terms with definite minimum and maximum limits; also nineteen maximum and eight minimum fines, with forty-two variable fines with definite maximum and minimum limits. Required answers to the two following questions: first, in how many ways might these be combined by the framers of criminal codes in the five typical forms mentioned above; and, second, how many different individual sentences might be pronounced upon convicted prisoners under the thousands of possible paragraphs or sections which might be devised by the literary ingenuity of the aforesaid legal authors?"

Mr. Wines goes on to show that even this remarkable problem does not fully state the latitude left to judges and juries. But it is sufficient for our present purpose, which is simply to call attention to the wide range of uncertainty and inequality in the punishment of crime which exists even in our own country, free as we happily are from the bewildering varieties of code, and to ask whether this inequality and uncertainty cannot and ought not to be reduced within at least a much smaller compass than that which includes all the possible variations resulting from the idiosyncrasies of as many individuals as there are judges in the Dominion. It is surely unnecessary to explain that in writing thus we are making no insinuation or reflection touching either the intelligence or the integrity of Canadian judges. While we decline to believe, as many seem to do, that by some potent spell, the Government, in the act of transferring a given practitioner from the bar to the bench, enables him to cast off and leave behind him all the frailties, intellectual and moral, which cling to other mortals till the last, we are glad to believe that the average Canadian judge stands deservedly high even among British judges in soundness of judgment and integrity of purpose. But is it not more than a little singular that, while the combined wisdom and integrity of twelve good men and true are deemed necessary to pronounce upon the question of fact as determined by evidence, the whole responsibility for taking all circumstances into account and fixing the penalty should be thrown upon a single individual? Might it not be argued with a good deal of force that a reversal of the plan would be more in the interests of justice, that the trained mind and judicial habit of the judge would fit him better for determining the question of fact than a dozen untrained men, while their

combined wisdom would furnish a more reliable criterion for determining the right punishment, than his solitary opinion? Is it not, too, somewhat anomalous that, while in a civil suit, involving merely a question of property, or legal right, the litigant may have the benefit of the combined wisdom of a bench of judges, the man whose liberty for years, or even life, is at stake, is obliged to accept as final the arbitrary—we use the word in no offensive sense—decision of one fallible man?

We suggest these questions in the hope that some competent person, whose legal and judicial studies may have fitted him to view the question in all its aspects, may think it worthy of fuller discussion, especially at this particular time, when there are indications of a growing disposition to question the infallibility of individual judges, and to regard them as subject to the same frailties of mind and character as other men.

### AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.—I.\*

(Translated by permission).

#### I.

I propose to call your attention to the administration of two of the most remarkable viceroys that France and England have sent us from the founding of Quebec to the present time. I allude to Count de la Galissonniere and Earl Dufferin. To my mind the career of these two men present singular contrasts as well as very curious similarities.

On the 19th September, 1747, the *Northumberland*, anchored in the roadstead of Quebec, disembarked there the substitute for the Marquis de la Jonquiere, named Governor in 1746 and taken prisoner of war the 3rd of May, 1747, by the English, at the close of a sea-fight off Cape Finisterre. The same ship conveyed to France, the 18th October of the same year, the retiring Governor, the Marquis Beauharnois. The new incumbent was Rolland Michel Barrin, Count de la Galissonniere. He was a distinguished French navigator, a scholar, a naturalist, a close observer, indeed even a diplomatist. "His first care on taking the reins of government," says the historian Ferland "was to make himself acquainted with the country, its climate, population, resources and commerce."

Count de la Galissonniere disembarked on our shores at a critical period. To revive the weakened prestige of Old France, to render useful the exceptional position of the Motherland, such were the problems he set himself from the first.

At this epoch the French Marine, utterly neglected, hardly dare show itself upon the ocean, where England, beaten on land, was all powerful through her enormous fleet. A near future, it is true, had in reserve brilliant triumphs of the French arms in America, but William Pitt took upon himself to change the face of things entirely.

Happily for la Galissonniere, Pitt did not come to power until 1756, the year of the death of the illustrious Count, which

\* An Historic Parallel between Count de la Galissonniere (1747-9) and Earl Dufferin (1872-8). A paper read before the Royal Society, 7th May, 1889, by J. M. Le Moine, F. R. C. S., first President of the French section.

pared him the chagrin of seeing accomplished the prediction of the celebrated English Minister, who had vowed to drive the French out of America.

Two important subjects seem first to have occupied the attention of the new Governor: the interminable question of the boundaries of Acadia ceded to England in 1713 by the treaty of Utrecht, and those of Nova Scotia. Great Britain claimed that the true frontiers of Nova Scotia or Acadia following the old limits were—1st. A straight line drawn from the mouth of the river Penobscot to the river St. Lawrence. 2nd. This river and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the sea or the south-west of Cape Breton. 3rd. The sea from this point to the mouth of the Penobscot river. She further asserted that the river St. Lawrence was the most natural and true line of demarcation between the possessions of the two nations. The country thus claimed beyond the Acadian peninsula had three times the area of Nova Scotia, and commanded the Gulf and the mouth of the St. Lawrence. It was the gate of Canada and the sole place where she could enter from the ocean in winter, that is to say, during five months of the year.

This claim seemed excessive, and as the historian Bancroft remarks, could not be sustained by international rights; for France had never ceded to England the south bank of the St. Lawrence nor any territory north of the 41st degree of latitude.

The pretensions of Great Britain on the line of the Ohio was more outrageous still, and if she had succeeded, it would thereby have assured her the immense territory which now forms the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, beyond those lands situated to the east and west of Lake Michigan. "Canada would have found herself separated from Louisiana by long distances and completely maimed."\* From the walls of Quebec and Montreal, as Garneau remarks would have been seen the English flag floating upon the right bank of the St. Lawrence. Sacrifices such as these would have been equivalent to a total abandonment of New France.

Although the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1745) restored to France her ancient possessions, Louisburg and Cape Breton, this famous treaty was far from satisfactory to the French. The boundaries of Nova Scotia had not been indicated. "Between the peninsula and the river St. John, says Ferland, stretched a territory claimed for a long period by France and England. To maintain the rights of his master, la Galissonniere invested Misagouche (Fort Lawrence) Beaubassin and several other posts on the Acadian border.

At this latter place lived the Abbe Le Loutre, who had acquired a great ascendancy over the Acadians as well as over the Micmacs. Deeply attached to France, he wished to engage the Acadians of Minas and Port Royal to leave their farms and retire into the part of the country assured to France. The Governor-General approved the projects of Le Loutre of peopling with Acadians the territory claimed by France, he was strengthening the frontiers on that side, and leaving to the enemy those who might in the end favour him.

At the same time that M. de la Galissonniere laboured to strengthen the influence of France in Acadia, he was endeavouring to make sure the limits of the colony

towards the West, a work still more important in that it tended to keep or lose one of the most profitable branches of the interior commerce of Canada. It was important to retain possession of the course of the Ohio so as to keep open easy communications with Louisiana and to restrain the English colonies of the Apalachians. M. Celoron de Blainville (Bienville) was ordered to proceed to Detroit at the head of three hundred men. The expedition of Celoron and the three hundred soldiers in twenty-three canoes was only a partial success.

According to the account of the Jesuit Bonnacamp, who accompanied Celoron as chaplain, the party had traversed, in the midst of numberless perils, twelve hundred leagues, since his departure from Montreal and his return to that city. In his splendid recital of the incidents of the route, Parkman makes the remark that the influence of the English traders in the valley of the Ohio grew day by day, and threatened, sooner or later, to isolate Louisiana from the central government at Quebec, to which it was attached only by a series of small forts, for the most part very weak.

To restrain the expansion of the English colonies and shut them up between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies, to fill the contested Acadia with French colonists, as well as the vast territories of the West, was the task la Galissonniere imposed on himself, and as he says, in his memoir: "If we allow the English to become the masters in America, their commerce and their prestige upon the sea will take colossal proportions, joined to the profits which they will draw from their colonies, sufficient to assure to them the preponderance in Europe." Nor did he deceive himself. The solicitude and sagacity of Count de la Galissonniere are established by indisputable facts wherever he negotiated upon the great interests of France in America.

Meanwhile this courageous apostle of progress showed himself in a new light.

In 1749, no printing-house existed in Canada, although the English colonies "had enjoyed for a long time the benefits of the press." The French Governor took active measures with the Minister of the Colonies, representing that the establishment of a printing-house at Quebec would be of the utmost service for the publication of the police laws and regulations. The King of France refused to authorize the expenditure.

La Pompadour and Le Parc-aux Cerfs had become in fact a bill of costs far in advance of fifteen thousand acres of snow, ("quinze milles arpents de neige"). The royal concubine alone cost, it would appear, in the neighborhood of \$36,000,000 by actual statement. It was in the midst of these patriotic and unceasing endeavours for the future of New France that Count de la Galissonniere was recalled home, where the Court was in need of an able negotiator, well-informed of the facts, to discuss the grave questions of the boundaries with the English commissioners Shirley and Mildmay. On the 24th September, 1749, Count Galissonniere embarked at Quebec upon the *Leopold* to recross the ocean.

After his return to France, says Garneau, he continued to interest himself for Canada. He proposed to the Minister the despatch of ten thousand peasants to people the shores of the lakes and the heights of the valley of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi.

\* Memoires sur les colonies de la France dans l'Amerique Septentrionale.

At the close of 1750, he addressed a new memorial to him wherein he said that though the peace had appeared to have appeased the jealousies of the English in Europe, it still raged in full force in America; that Canada and Louisiana ought to be fortified, and above all it was necessary to establish themselves solidly in the neighborhoods of Fort St. Fréderic, and the posts at Niagara, the Detroit and Illinois.

But France turned a deaf ear to the wise representations of this gifted statesman.

Cruising one day in Minorca waters, la Galissonniere was met by an English squadron commanded by Admiral Byng. The latter fearing a defeat in consequence of his inferior force, thought it his duty to retreat before the ancient enemy of Albion. He was brought before the courts and cruelly sacrificed as the *bete noir* of an impotent, moribund Ministry, to which succeeded that of the great Pitt. Byng was shot for not having at least engaged the fight.

The splendid career of the brave French mariner closed without glory. The hero's end was almost as tragic as that of his rival, the English admiral. Byng, on his return to England, was shot for having refused to measure himself with an enemy stronger than he; la Galissonniere called to Fontainebleau, where the king was, died on the way, at Nemours, the 26th October, 1756, without his services and great merit having been recognized.

French mariners universally regretted their valiant captain. Alas! whither do the paths of glory lead? As Gray says,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

History shall confer upon him a diploma more glorious than that proceeding from kings.

Here is what a contemporary scientist said, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, Peter Kalm, who was the guest of Count de la Galissonniere at the Chateau St. Louis, Quebec, for more than six weeks: "He was a man of about fifty, of short stature, even slightly deformed, but of a pleasing exterior: when I think of all the fine qualities that shone in him I am at a loss to praise him sufficiently. He was wonderfully well-informed in all the sciences, but above all in natural science, wherein he was so well versed that when he began to talk to me on this subject, I could imagine I saw before me our great Linnaeus under a new form. Never had natural history in this country a greater supporter, and it is doubtful whether they will ever see one like him here again."

S. A. CURZON.

#### GLACIAL AND RIVER ICE-MARKINGS.

The great principle of modern geology is the one established by Sir Charles Lyell, namely, that the past history of the earth is to be largely interpreted by the physical actions that we may observe going on around us to-day. To the true geological student, also it is not merely that which is gigantic which possesses interest or conveys impressive lessons. There is deep philosophy to be extracted from even the tiniest woodland brook, conveying and here and there arranging in layers, its little burden of leaves, twigs, mud or sand.

The present writer has lately had the pleasure of running across an interesting modern illustration of past action, which may possess some value in connection with the recent publication of Sir William Dawson's "Canadian Ice Age." As not all of

the readers of THE WEEK perhaps, are out-of-door geologists nor close followers of geological literature, it may be well to preface its statement by a brief outline of the present position of glacial geology on this continent.

It is now about seventy-five years since what are termed glacial phenomena were first observed and began to be studied.

From that time to the present a vast mass of literature has appeared on the subject, a large porportion of it being of a controversial character. Controversy turned on the question is to whether the phenomena were due to submergence and floating ice or to the action of land ice moving down from vast glaciers. A happy termination to controversy is in sight in the recognition of the fact, that both causes were in operation, although in the cases of land glaciation the supposition of a great continental mass proceeding from a polar ice cap (more particularly advanced and maintained by the geologists of the United States) is giving way to the more probable theory of local glaciers forming on mountain peaks and ridges. And it is not only just, but pleasant, to record the fact that the merit of working out the problem to its present secure and reasonable basis of two operating causes, is largely due to Canadian geologists—to Sir William Dawson, in the first place, and to Dr. G. M. Dawson, Dr Bell, Dr. Ellis and Messrs. Chalmers and McConnell of the Geological Survey.

With all of the features of glacial phenomena it would be impossible to deal in a short paper, and I prefer, too, to speak chiefly of those with which I am practically familiar. For a full and interesting account of the Ice Age in Canada let me refer the readers of THE WEEK to the work by Sir William Dawson, cited above. The indications distributed over a large portion of this continent of a period when an Ice Plough was at work, are briefly these:—

1. Rounded, scratched, scored and polished rock-surfaces.

2. Beds of clay and sand containing scratched and polished boulders, and sometimes marine fossils.

3. Trains of "boulders" which have been carried far from their original home.

Here, in the vicinity of Richmond, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, we have admirable developments of Nos. 1 and 3 in the midst of beautiful and diversified natural scenery. The boulders of travelled rocks are found everywhere; here and there on high hill sides are the patches of scored and polished bed rock. When I first examined one of the latter in company with Mr. G. H. Pierce, C. E., I was under the impression that land ice only was the cause of the scorings. When Mr Pierce urged the greater probability of submergence and floating ice, I found it difficult to realize that floating ice could produce such results in parallel scratches and scorings. The prevailing direction of these in this district, it may be stated, is south-east. Within the last few weeks, however, I have accidentally come across an interesting proof, on a small scale, of the scraping powers of floating ice. Fishing one afternoon in the St. Francis river, about a mile below Richmond, and about twenty feet below the G. T. R. bridge, I happened to be attracted by the hard altered slates on the east shore, which dip to the north-east at an angle of forty-five degrees. At a height of about ten feet from the river they appeared somewhat rounded. Close examination showed that for quite a distance they were not only rounded at the same height but scratched

and scored parallel to the current of the river. The action of the ice of the Spring floods was apparent at once, and in one place the parallel scratches were so fresh that they could not have been older than last spring. In looking at these I thought at once of B. I. L. S. T. U. M. P. H. I. S. M. A. R. K. and of the small boy who uses his jack-knife when he is out fishing, but was satisfied that there was no trick of the imagination. The similarity between these scored surfaces and the far older ones away up on the hills was most striking, and the parallel of Past and Present seemed worth recording.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

### IN THE WOODS.

This is God's house; the blue sky is the ceiling,

This wood, the soft green carpet for His feet,

Those hills, His stairs down which the brooks come stealing,

With baby laughter making Earth more sweet.

And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing,

And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,

And Spring and Summer, and the white snow lying

Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.

And here come sunbeams through the green leaves straying,

And shadows from the storm-clouds over-drawn,

And warm, hushed nights, when Mother Earth is praying

So late that her moon-candle burns till dawn.

Sweet house of God, sweet Earth so full of pleasure,

I enter at thy gates in storm or calm,

And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,

And every cloud a solace and a balm.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

### THE OLD VIOLINIST.

The Signor was a strange little man. He did not look like an Italian and I had often doubted if he had ever seen Italy. But he was as sensitive as he was odd, and as I had always cared too much for him to offend him in any way, I had never questioned him closely about his birth or his nationality. But he was a genius in his way and an accomplished musician, and I, who knew nothing about music, would often listen in a careless way while he would talk on and on, about the great people he had sung with, the parts he had taken, and the voices he had trained.

But all that must have been years ago. He had been a music master for years, and although I could not call him lazy or dissipated, still he seemed to have lost all life and ambition. He must have had a little money, but he could not be wealthy, for here he lived in a little room next to mine, and often, when he would become tired of playing his old violin and grew lonesome, he would come into my room and sit before my fire, and smoke and talk away through the long winter evening; and sometime I would be busy and would scarcely listen to him, for I was a writer for the city papers, young and poor, and I had my bread to earn. I had come up from the country to the great city, almost a penniless boy, and the struggle was a hard one. But the Signor had broken in on my almost unendurable loneliness and homesickness, just as the sun

breaks through a bank of autumnal clouds, and perhaps is even now making golden the gloomy shadows of that happy but lonely country for which I long. Often and often his queer little wrinkled face was a welcome sight in my bare dreary room, up among the housetops and the chimneys and the sparrows.

At times I would visit him in his own room, and sit with him before his fire; for it saved my coal. And he would bring out his pipes and his last ounce of tobacco, if needs be, and when we were tired of talking he would take his violin and play music that would make the tears run down his rough cheeks, and make me think of home. "Ah!" he would often sigh, "the violin is the only thing that can make music. It is like a woman. It is all soul and voice." But his hands were getting shaky and sometimes he would forget the notes and stop short. During those dreamy, happy hours before the fire, fancies would come into my head, and I would set them in verse, and sell them to the papers. I thought I was to be a great poet when I first came to the city, but now I only care to get enough money to buy back the little cottage where I and Jean, my sister, were born.

I remember climbing the long, dark stairs, one night, late in the autumn, and as I passed the Signor's room I heard voices within. One was a woman's voice, and I heard it say in a frightened tone, "No! no! you will not send me back!" Then the squeaking little voice of the Signor replied, but I would listen no longer, and went into my room that I might not overhear what was not intended for my ears. Still I could not help wondering who the Signor's visitor might be, and remembering how low and musical the strange voice had sounded.

I had scarcely had time to hang my overcoat on the hook behind the door, when the Signor came running in and asked for brandy, crying out excitedly that a lady had fainted in his room. I gave him the little flask that I kept behind my bookshelf, and followed him into his room. There on the floor, as if she had fallen from the chair, lay the woman. The first thing I thought of, was that she must be very tall. The Signor was excited and did not know what to do. I stooped and picked up the limp figure, and placed it on the old sofa by the window. When I turned her head towards the window and let the amber twilight stream on her face, I cried out like a little child, for it was a beautiful face; more beautiful than any of the faces I used to watch in the carriages that rolled along the streets of the city. It was white, very white, and a little too thin, but as I stooped to loosen the neck of her dress, I saw that the girl's neck was soft and round, and I noticed the fine little blue veins in her temples and cheeks. I could not help touching the thick, golden-brown coils of hair that had half fallen over her forehead. I had never seen such hair. It seemed so heavy and massy on top of the delicate, pale face; and it was such a deep golden colour. . . . I took the brandy from the Signor and forced a little between the plaintively curved lips, and began to chafe the girl's hand. Oh! what poor, slender, white, little hands they were, and in a moment the eyelids quivered and then opened, and a pair of soft, strange gray eyes looked up at me in a mystified manner. Then they turned to the Signor and he saw their look of mute appeal. He motioned me away; so I went unwillingly out and closed the door



after me. A few moments later the Signor and the tall strange girl drove away in a cab. That was the first time I had ever known the Signor to take a carriage.

The next day I saw nothing of the Signor. But I remember that it was the second day following that on which my good Jean sent me the wine and the country cheeses, and I was coming in with them under my arm when I met the Signor on the stairs. He stopped and said he was going out, but that he would come in to see me in a short while. So I prepared a little supper for the two of us and waited until he came in. I noticed that he looked troubled and pained, and though he tried to be light-hearted and free, at times he would grow silent and pensive during our little meal. I gave him a bottle of the wine, and he quickly drank all of it, but I saved half of my bottle for some other time. Whether it was the wine, or a mere wish to unburden his mind I cannot tell, but I had never known him to grow so confiding. All along I had been thinking of the white-faced girl with the golden brown hair, though I said nothing about her just then. But I tried to make the Signor begin talking about her, for I wanted to know who the mysterious girl was, and something of her life. At last I took heart and grew bold enough to say that the strange lady was very beautiful.

"Beautiful! ah, yes," said the Signor looking absently in the fire, "but she will die."

"Die?" I cried; and at the thought my heart stopped and a pain shot through it. Then I half laughed at myself; but still wondered if I was in love with the beautiful strange face.

"Who is she?" I asked in a quiet voice; but it was trembling with excitement, for a great determination possessed me to find out all of the girl's story. I knew there was one. The Signor did not answer for many minutes, but sat looking at the glow of the fire-light. I had never before seen such a look of softness come over a face so grotesque and homely; and when he spoke the squeaky voice was tremulous.

"Moreau," he said gravely, after looking at the empty wine-bottle beside him, and sighing, "you have been a good friend to me, and I'll tell you the whole thing. I can trust you not to talk?" This was half a question, and I nodded my head in acquiescence; so he went on. "It is not a very long story, nor a strange one, but it's a sad one. After I had left the stage, for I had grown old and stupid and had lost my voice, more than three years ago, I drifted into Canada and found something to do. I taught music in a girl's school. When I first went to the school, I found a tall, pale girl teaching the children singing. Her name was Victoria H——, the woman you saw two days ago. I had never heard her sing, but before I had been there many days the girl came to me and said, 'Signor, I want to be a great singer. Do you think I ever can be?'"

I remember her strange sweet smile, and the fire in her wonderful grey eyes as she said it. And I laughed and said I would see, for I had often heard girls say that before. I tried her voice. *Diavolo!* It was like a bird's. It was exquisite, magnificent. It needed training, but it was a voice to bring the world to her feet. And the girl was beautiful, too. So I lost my heart to her, and grew interested in her and took her in hand. I found out she came from a small Canadian town, that she was alone

in the world and very poor, and that she had made her living by teaching the children singing lessons in the school. She had saved a poor little sum of money to get lessons some day, but it was a mere nothing. She was eager to learn. She seemed—oh!—thirsty to be a great singer. And she was so impatient; I could not understand it. Sometimes in her lessons she would break down and cry, and run out of the room, but she would come back after a time with a smile on her face and sing like a diva. She was a strange girl. But I found out the secret of her life. The poor girl was in love. I am an old man, and ugly; but I was angry when I found it out. She loved a city man, an American. He had wealth and good looks, but nothing else, I believe. She was a passionate girl, and she made him out an angel. She idolized him. Of course he was struck by her beauty, but she seemed shy and ignorant and this jarred on him. The girl found this out some way and you can imagine, Moreau, how she suffered. They soon drifted apart. The man forgot the girl; but she, I suppose, made some great resolution to get above him, to be his better; and, strange to say, her pride and love carried her through. So that is how I found her when I went to the school. I helped her; I taught her; but I could only go so far. Then I did something that may seem strange to you; I sent her to Boston to study, and she made good progress. Her voice grew fuller and richer and stronger. I never was a wealthy man, Moreau, but I intended to send the girl to Italy before I put her before the world. But all my plans were suddenly upset. The girl's lungs gave out, and signs of consumption showed themselves. Perhaps I was blinded, but let her overwork herself, or perhaps it was the feverish thirst in her heart; but I believe the disease was hereditary. Not until then did I realize how my heart was wrapped up in her. I was heart-broken. Things had not been going well with me, but I scraped up enough money to send her to Florida, to see if the soft, mild air would not bring back her health. That is why I live in a miserable little room and often go hungry and ragged. But she never knew it until two days ago.

"Well, it seems that all along the poor girl was love sick. She only wanted to raise herself in the world that she might step down and throw herself at the feet of this brainless, snobbish city swell. I never knew it at the time, but they used to meet when she was studying in Boston. That is about all of the story. Two days ago she came back, found me out, and came up to my little room. She would not think of going back to Florida, now she knows I am like this; she said she had come home to die. She would not go back and leave me in a place like this. She always was a good girl. And she came back, I know, for another reason; she came back to see the man she loved. I know her nature; she could not live, and she could not die without seeing him. He refused to go to her when she prayed for him to come. But God forgive him, for he was the means of making her come here from the south; and she will never live to go back. Yes, she is dying in the hospital now. And that beautiful voice will be lost, and she will never sing again. Oh, what I have suffered for that girl, and how we two have struggled and toiled together, and how we used to talk of the time when she would be a great diva and I would travel with her like a father, and the world would be at our feet!

Poor girl. And this is how it has ended!"

The Signor stopped speaking, and I expected an outburst of tears, but he sat silently looking at the fire. How long he sat there and what his thoughts were I do not know, for I thought it better to leave him, and I took my hat and went out into the dismal, silent city streets. As I wandered on, my thoughts grew bitter and despairing, and all the endless struggle and turmoil of life seemed but the discordant orchestral accompaniment of an inevitable tragedy, the dark tragedy of death. But after all it might prove sweet, for it would bring rest and peace, and would end the discord and the strife.

The next night I heard the poor old Signor climbing the dark, long stairs. I could hear him panting as he came groping down the corridor. He stopped at my door and knocked quietly. I opened it, but he would not come in. He leaned against the doorpost and said, "She is dead. She died to-night at nine o'clock. And now, Moreau, she can never sing." He turned and walked slowly towards his door, shaking his head and murmuring to himself. And long into the midnight I heard the Signor playing his old violin. I am a poor writer for the papers and know nothing of music, but the unutterable sorrow of the notes that came stealing into me from the Signor's room seemed the sweetest, yet the saddest music I have ever heard. I did not write that night.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

#### PARIS LETTER.

Sunday last, the first of July, will remain an historic day for France. It marks the interment of M. Carnot, that martyr for the cause of civilization. The law and order of the world, all that keeps society standing and knit together, felt it a duty to join France in her mourning, and protest against the outrage inflicted on her first magistrate, whose death made him as popular, as his life was ever respected for its simplicity, loyalty, and sterling correctness. No matter whether the multitude waited patiently for hours to march past the lying-in-state of the remains, or passed the eve of the funeral sitting on the flag-ways of the streets along which the procession was to pass, there existed the same feeling of pity for the President's death, as well as admiration for his faultless life. There was no official sympathy, all was spontaneous and sincere. The environs of the city contributed their thousands, and the provinces and foreign countries their tens of thousands when the funeral started, and it was organized on the plan that succeeded so well with the MacMahon obsequies. Seven mortuary vans were piled with costly crowns. The most gigantic came from the Czar—it was 25 feet in circumference. The next the eye sought, was that forwarded by the Emperor of Germany, a combination of art and delicate allusion. First, and at the same time third, was the crown contributed by M. Casimir-Perier, but which was eclipsed by his own presence; despite all the rules of etiquette, M. Perier walked next in row after the members of the deceased's family, and only left when the speeches had been terminated at the Pantheon. That attitude the people admired. Everywhere along the route, that sitting, standing, perching, or clinging room could be secured, it was occupied, and the crowd

was 34 human unities deep. When the captain in command of the protecting escort of M. Perier, fell out of his saddle from a sunstroke, it took exactly fifteen minutes to open a passage through the crowd to place the sick man in a neighboring house. There were 625 cases of sunstroke, three were French admirals, and 173 accidents of broken limbs, cracked skulls, crushed chests. It was akin to reaching an oasis in a parched desert, when the procession arrived at noon, after a dead march from the Elysee Palace, before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was the first break in the cortege as hundreds, after undergoing two hours roasting beneath a perpendicular Dog-day's sun, declined to fall in, and proceed to the Pantheon.

All that the Church could do in the way of pomp, pageantry and circumstance of obituary glory, had been effected. Perhaps the most remarkable sight was the army of clergymen, from Archbishops and Cardinals, down to parish priests and curates, all in gala canonicals. Six officers carried the coffin from the hearse to the catafalque, when the musical mass commenced. It was impressively simple amidst all the dazzling surroundings. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris then read his oration—a very poor composition. The absolution given and the *Requiescat in pace!* pronounced, there was an ugly rush to leave the Cathedral and obtain some refreshments in the lowly taverns close by. General Gallifet was sitting on the corner of a billiard table, with a mug of beer and an old crust of an army loaf; a leading Minister was cutting a round of sausage on a famine slice of bread, and guarding his glass of milk and water, as if it were his portfolio. The procession crept together again and moved on to the steps of the Pantheon, where the secular burial took place—the delivery of ministerial and parliamentary orations over the bier. And very poor specimens of eloquence they were indeed. Oratory did not shine at the funeral. Next, the coffin was slowly lowered into the subterranean corridor leading to the vault, where one of the eleven niches will be occupied by the remains of the late President contiguous to those of his grandfather, Lazare Carnot.

The election of M. Casimir-Perier to the Presidency has only widened the split in the Republican party. The Radicals have taken to the new path against the new President, accusing him of not being a sound Republican, but a reactionist, in fact, another MacMahon. M. Perier has always been a moderate and tolerant Republican. Be this as it may, the Radicals intend not to allow him to repose on a bed of roses, but so disgust him as to force him to prematurely resign. They applied the same tactics to Gambetta, and really killed him in the long run. In France, politicians are not opponents, but enemies: such has ever been their character, and it would be childish to assume that M. Carnot's death would act like a Prospero wand in changing their natural traits. On the contrary, the home politics of France are doomed to pass through a period of storm and stress, and that will react on exterior politics. The Radicals have a firm and extensive grip on the administrations of the country, and have not the slightest intention of losing that hold, by remaining for any length of time out in the cold. All M. Casimir-Perier can do, is to try and live down the set made against him, in advance—not at all an easy matter since his best motives will be misjudged and misrepresented. Thus the

house will be divided against itself. It would be of less importance could the President count upon a steady governing majority in the Chamber; this is only possible for a time.

The Emperor of Germany has made a master stroke by his chivalrous act in pardoning the two French navy lieutenants, found guilty by the Tribunal of Leipsic, and condemned to four and six years imprisonment. The act, noble in itself, has been enhanced by the manner in which it has been done, so delicately, at so propitious a moment, and denied of all *pose*. The generous act did not so much surprise as astonish the public. Who would have thought it? Now it is just in that the intrinsic value of the generous and kindly act resides. Perhaps the most popular man in all France on Sunday evening last, could it be shown, was Emperor William. And the courtesy has not been misunderstood: the French Minister of the Marine and the Foreign Minister have officially called upon the German Ambassador to convey the thanks of the nation, as well as of the Government, to the Emperor for his gracious act.

And the anarchists? Unfortunately they are but too active; at the present moment they dare not allude to their triumph in killing the harmless Carnot, but time will develop their audacity. The barbarians of civilization have undoubtedly changed their tactics. They apparently renounce bombs and dynamite, and prefer a poignard and a shining mark. So long as wretches can be found regardless of their own life, they can well attempt that of a social celebrity. And they seem to be capable of waiting, of biding their time. The thrust of a dagger is so swiftly executed, and so terribly fatal. Among an admiring crowd, the assassin certainly counts upon an opportunity of a few seconds to accomplish his deed. People do not like to examine the new departure of terror, but it must be faced like any other morbid epidemic. Can't it be extirpated, stamped out, and so relieve society of a great incubus? M. Carnot's murderer, Cesario, only regrets having thrown away his dagger after the fatal blow was struck; had he retained it he would have been able to stab the two aged persons that tripped him up, and in the wild confusion have the chance to escape. The culprit feels he has simply done his duty.

It is still undecided if the "Fourteenth" will be kept this year. Large sums of money have been voted, and preparations partly commenced, for celebrating the rejoicings of the national holiday. Paris has well acted her part in the recent public sorrow. To postpone the *fete*, would undoubtedly inflict a heavy loss on the small trades, who look forward to at least one day out of the 365 to make a little money. Then a law would have to be voted, authorizing the postponement of the festival and the handing over of all public moneys, voted for its celebration, to the public charities. The doubt exists, but the impression is, let the ball proceed, and the dead bury their dead. But those functionaries who have countermanded balls and dinners, as well as many patriots in the fashionable world, are quite free to hand over to the poor's fund the value of what they intend to expend on their pleasure parties. That would be a telling tax on the sincerity of their sorrow.

We have now three Eastern questions, the mother one at Constantinople, that of Morocco, and now the Corea. The output of the conflict between the Japs and the

Celestials can have very important consequences. The United States that have a Hawaiian regard for the "Hermit Kingdom," would never consent to Russia entering upon the scene to strengthen Vladivostock; of course England could not permit that little game. The danger is that Japan and China may so exhaust themselves as to afford tempting spoils for Western nations. In any case, is it not a strange change the whirligig of time has brought about, that of the Occidents initiating the far Easterns into all the mysteries of modern scientific armaments, and to see the latter tested on the renovated Orientals rather than on Westerns. But what if the fire spreads?

The boyhood of great men is always interesting even for others than boys. Well, a story is going the rounds, connected with the peg-top and marble days of M. Carnot. Those early days he generally passed on the humble family property, at Chabannais, in the Charente. He and his brother were next apprenticed to learn carpentry and cabinet-making, so that if they encountered rainy days in later life, they had a manual trade to fall back upon. The "prentice boys" were even required to take pot-luck with the journeymen. The late President, however, graduated as a civil engineer, and passing his diploma examination well, was nominated a probationer, or third-class engineer, by the state, and was entrusted with the district of Ancecy, in the Alps. His first enterprise was to get married, at the age of 27; his salary was only 2,500 frs. a year; he had a small private income, and gradually was able to keep a trap, a tiger, a cook and a housemaid; his family consisted, in 1863, of a girl and a boy, aged 23 and six months; he naturally applied for promotion—cares of family pressed upon him; in his application he stated he knew German, and could read English and Italian. The notes by his inspector were very flattering and attested he was worthy of the favour solicited. Then 1870 arrived and de Freycinet, a civil engineer, utilized Carnot's services, and Gambetta took a fancy to his moderate but no-surrender republicanism and his sterling integrity; and so he struck root in politics.

Bjornson, the Swedish novelist and dramatist, has a new "eight hours a day" scheme. Let people rise at four in the morning, labour till noon and have the rest of the day to themselves. That will cure "Noctambulism," or the "he won't go home till morning," great sin of great cities.

## GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

### THE TRANSMIGRATION OF JOKES.

Anybody reading Lord Bacon's "Apologies, Old and New," must be struck by the number of them which have been credited to more modern individuals. Bacon, for example, records that "there was a young man at Rome that was very like Augustus Cæsar. Augustus took knowledge of it and sent for the man, and asked him: "Was your mother never at Rome?" He answered: "No, sir, but my father was." The same deserved repartee has been attributed to the second Earl of Stair, when told that he resembled a certain royal personage and asked if his mother had been in France. If actually made by him, it was probably made, not as I have heard it, to the Grand Monarque himself, but to the Duke of Orleans, during whose regency Stair was ambassador to France. Cicero is only the first

of many who have been credited with saying of a lady, who declared she was only forty:—"I must believe her, for I have heard her say so these ten years."

Miscellaneous facetiae are plagiarized as often as apothegms. It is curious to find, observed *Truth's* book-reviewer some time ago, in "the Humour of France," Bishop Leslie's address to God on the eve of a battle, put by Alphonse Daudet into the mouth of the stalwart priest of Chemille:—

"I can do without assistance from anyone, O God, for I have strong fists and right on my side. Stay, then, quietly there; look on at the fight; be neither for nor against. I shall soon settle his business."

Which doubtless suggested the still terser prayer of the ship-wrecked sailor about to grapple with the polar bear upon the iceberg, who besought the Deity, if He wouldn't help him, not to help the bear, and He would see a — good fight. In *Truth* of December 31, 1891, a puzzle competitor versified, as an original idea, the ancient conundrum about women being unable to go to Heaven "because there was silence there for the space of half an hour."

I remember hearing in my boyhood of the hard-drinking old butler whose master happened to read aloud a newspaper account of the spontaneous combustion of a drunkard, whose breath had caught fire when he was blowing out a candle. Struck by his servant's agitation, the gentleman expressed a hope that this might prove a wholesome warning. "Yes, indeed, sir," replied the butler. "I've made up my mind never, never again—to blow out a candle!" A short time ago an American newspaper attributed this prudential resolution to "a popular comedian of to-day."

*Punch*, in its issue of May 6, 1893, had a cartoon in which "Little Simpkins," looking depressed, laments:—"Nearly all our best men are dead! Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot!—I'm not feeling very well myself!" It is many years since I first heard the same lament (*mutatis mutandis*) attributed to an amusing Nova Scotian lecturer, and I then noted it among the instances (which unfortunately I since ceased recording) of the localization of old jokes in Canada.

Who is the true author of the funny rhyme to "Timbuctoo" which is commonly attributed to Bishop Wilberforce, but credited by Mr. E. Wakefield (a year or two ago, in the *Toronto Globe*) to Lord Dufferin?

The *Halifax Echo* of January 21, 1892, stated that a lawyer of that city had recently taken a lady in to dinner, whose husband, he knew, had gone to India some time ago but had subsequently died without the said lawyer's knowledge. "It is warm," observed the lady. "Yes," returned the man of law, "but not so hot as the place where your husband has gone." As a humorous blunder made in ignorance might recur any number of times, it is impossible to say whether the Halifax journalist was narrating a fact or whether an imperative call for copy tempted him to localize an ancient jest.

The *Toronto Mail* of July 2, 1893, in its "Woman's Kingdom," tells the following anecdote of "Mr. Kenny, the drama-

tist and actor," which was told in different words some years before by *Truth* in a notice of a lately deceased English artist named Kenny:—

"While drinking a glass of wine one day he inadvertently swallowed a small substance which nearly choked him. A friend seeing his distress exclaimed, 'Cheer up, old man, it is only cork gone down the wrong way.' 'I d-d-don't know whether it is the wrong way to Cork,' gasped the barely-recovered punster, 'but it seems a very likely way to Kil Kenny.'"

This tale has been current in Nova Scotia for a generation. The incident is told as occurring in Halifax at a banquet of the Charitable Irish Society. The mishap is said to have befallen Mr. Thomas Kenny, uncle of the present Dominion member for Halifax who bears the same name, and the punster was the Nova Scotian wit, Lawrence O'Connor Doyle.

Mather's (Presbyterian) Church, which was burned about forty years ago, stood on the south-west corner of Hollis and Prince streets, Halifax, N.S. It was called after the great New England divine, but its name in the course of generations was corrupted into Matthew's or St. Matthew's. Its first pastor, I believe, was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, or Cleaveland, a great-grandfather of President Cleveland. During its latter years its basement was leased by the proprietor of a neighboring Italian warehouse, who used it, partly at least, as a storehouse for liquors. The incongruous uses of this church-building are said to have elicited an epigram:—

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below,  
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe;  
The spirit above is the spirit divine,  
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine!"

If these clever and often-repeated verses were originated, and not merely repeated, in connection with St. Matthew's Church, it is strange that their local author's name should have been lost in half a century. A journalistic friend of mine feels sure he has seen the lines in a paper about seventy years old, in a wholly different environment. I should be glad to receive information as to the authorship of the epigram. Should it properly belong to another place, Halifax has enough bright sayings remaining to her credit.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

### THE FLOWERS OF SLEEP.

Forget-me-nots and poppies grew  
Side by side in the morning dew;

Around them both was the same sweet air,  
The cooling rain and the sunlight fair;

And the sunset beams from the far West  
spread  
Lingered alike on the blue and the red.

At eventide, in the twilight-gloom,  
Came a maiden and plucked a bloom.

Dreaming of love she plucked, she thought,  
Of the blue of heaven, forget-me-not;

And over her heart with its hurried beat  
She hung the petals fair and sweet.

But ah! or ever the night was done  
Life was Death, and Love was gone!

And the flower of memory, plucked in the  
gloom,  
Lay under the poppies that decked her tomb.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy, Ont.

### A DAY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Our experience at South Kensington had made us wise; accordingly on our way to the National Gallery, since we had but that one day to spend there, we made up our minds to be satisfied that we would not have time for every picture, that, in fact, to the great majority we could give only a passing look, and that we could hope to carry away a vivid impression of very few.

Therefore to economize time and energy (two precious requisites in a picture gallery), we arranged that we should simply walk along the various walls, stopping only before such pictures as would arrest our attention particularly, and that before these both should sit down, to admire silently or to exchange impressions.

Our impressions on such occasions possibly would have evoked the scorn or pity of a connoisseur, but we did not confide them to a connoisseur, just to each other, so we found the result as a rule satisfactory; that is, we found the exchange stimulating alike to the mental and sentimental powers exercised in a picture gallery.

Wishing to survey first the works of the foreign schools, we proceeded at once on our arrival, through the beautiful vestibule and entrance gallery, into the rooms devoted to the Old Masters. It was with awe we walked through these rooms—so strange it was to realize that at last we were standing before those pictures of which we had heard from far-off years, so wonderful to reflect that with our half-seeing eyes we were looking on the very canvas that first glowed into life and beauty under the master-strokes and beneath the critical—I am sure ever-unsatisfied—gaze of Raphael, Murillo, Velasquez, all the great old poets of the brush.

The wonderfully rich, vivid coloring of these pictures was a constant joy to us, but in many of the faces we felt disappointment. Virgins of all kinds were there, of course, some wearing an affected smile, others staring blankly at us, many of the healthy peasant type—not one representing to us the ideal mother. Even the Madonna of Raphael failed to produce the glow of rapture—the rapture of self-unconsciousness—which, from our visit to Dresden, we had learned to look for in the presence of Raphael's inspirations. For the Sistine Madonna is an inspiration, a vision—there, surely, God guided the painter's hand—but the Madonna in the National Gallery, while a very beautiful picture, is still the work of a man, even though that man was Raphael.

Yes, many pictures disappointed our expectation, fed through the years of waiting for this day, but many also gave us unlimited delight, and moved us in ways we never could have dreamed of. Before Paul Veronese's Vision of St. Helen we sank with a sigh of content, to gaze lovingly at the graceful form in the exquisite grayish-green drapery, and to let the restfulness of it all sink into our tired souls. Long did we linger before this lovely vision, feeling that our day would be short for it alone, and leaving it at last with regret.

Yet in the next room we were soon arrested by another face—a face which is still distinct before me as I write—the portrait of Andrea del Sarto by himself. There is a vague unrest of soul about the eyes that touches one and haunts the imagination for days and weeks; about the mouth, not strength and yet not weakness—rather a sweetness and a yearning which suggest the man's helplessness when once within the

coils of his "serpentine beauty." We understood, with a feeling of pity rather than of censure, how he could give up everything—honor, hope and fame—at her call. We felt how, when she grew cold, his heart must have hungered for her sympathy in his work and life—

"If you would sit thus by me every night I should work better."

How miserably insufficient the cold, unsympathizing Lucrezia must have been to this man who looked to his love for incentive; what he, the faultless painter, might have been—the peer, the envy of Leonardo, Rafael, Agnolo,—had Lucrezia "but brought a mind! some women do so"—

"Had the mouth there urged God and the glory! Never cared for gain. The present by the future, what is that? Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo! Rafael is waiting; up to God all three! I might have done it for you."

What his life might have been without this woman to clog his aspirations to art and fame—yet he would sooner take failure and dishonor than give up his beautiful indifferent one:

"So—still they overcome Because there's still Lucrezia—as I choose;" and as we sadly turned away, my companion murmured what was also in my heart:

"In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance."

In a short time, however, we were roused from our melancholy musing into keen and living sympathy with the men and women whose features Rembrandt has made to live forever.

We wondered what in these portraits made the faces so life-like in tint, and in expression so thoroughly as if the owners were before us in the flesh, their minds vigorously working on the world-old problems of Time and Eternity, and concluded it must be the wonderful, the unique mingling of fire and shadow which forms the background of them all. Who but Rembrandt could give us those strong, human, living faces, in which every line and wrinkle is the heading of a chapter in the life-history of the individual—hope and greed, fear and energy, love and ambition, cunning and defeat!

"Each face obedient to its passion's law, Each passion clear proclaimed without a tongue."

At last we found ourselves in the British rooms, wandering on past many a Gainsborough beauty and winning face that Sir Joshua has left to smile on us; past Landseer's familiar groups, looking out from the canvas like old friends; on till my friend called me rapturously to Ary Scheffer's "St. Monica and St. Augustine." Surely her enthusiasm was not undue. One could see in the mother's upturned face that peace had come to her at last. The years of anxiety had left her chastened and refined—lifted above the petty sordidness of human life, one could see the soul shining through its tenement of clay; her son's fingers were locked in hers. Wonderful art, that could make us feel it all!—the years of waiting, the victory at last!

With St. Augustine we were not so fully content. In vain we sought in his face the traces of moral struggle and spiritual conquest, the union of energy and quiet power which we should expect to find in the face of one who, like the great Doctor, "was ever a fighter."

Our next delight was Dante Rossetti's "Annunciation," before which we stood

long, stilled by the brooding intensity of the Virgin's gaze. There is no vestige of earthiness about the pure form. If not immaculate from very conception, her soul, now at least in presence of the mighty mystery just announced, has risen free of all earthly fetters and stands beyond the pale of human emotions. There is no room yet for joy that she shall be the mother of the Saviour, nor for wonder that she (unworthy in her own eyes) should be chosen from among so many to be the handmaid of the Lord. How could there be personal feeling when so close to the Infinite that she is gazing into and is part of the Creator's inimitable decree? She does not think. Her soul is rapt with infinity and it is not she who speaks, being of herself powerless and possessed, but the Spirit within her that is led to say, as in a dream, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy Word."

A short distance from "The Annunciation," and facing it, we found Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," a picture which comes to me now mistily, a gentle head weighed down by masses of reddish fair hair, a graceful form in a sad green gown, sweet eyes closed in peace, everything in the picture tuned to the keynote of rest; the one bit of color, that of the brilliant bird, strangely harmonizing with all else. The whole filled our spirits with such rest unspeakable that we did not realize how long we lingered before it. At last, however, we sighed our farewell to the peaceful vision, and after another little look at the fair Virgin-Spouse receiving the message of maternity, prepared to move on.

As there had been no seats in this room, we were nearing the limit of our energy as well as of our time, when we passed from it into the Turner Gallery. We began here by taking the pictures separately, my companion the while quoting Ruskin and raving over color-effects, but we soon drifted into silence and sank mechanically upon a seat in the middle of the room. The National Gallery is too much for one day, yet if a person has only one day he can but do as we did—enjoy and assimilate as much as possible. Our limit of assimilation had been already reached, so without scrutinizing the individual pictures, we became just vaguely conscious of a wondrous mingling of sky and sea, Venetian sunsets and Swiss valleys and cruel, cold, grey sea-waves, fierce flames and shipwreck's terrors, and with this mixed indefinite impression of the great painter's works we left the gallery.

It was but a day, but it is a day that stands out among years; for but a few hours we looked upon those bequests to the world of centuries of genius, but we did not see them for the last time—like the poet's daffodils they have come with us, to flash in solitary moments across our "inward eye" and fill our hearts with pleasure.

ELLEN SIGRID.

Men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers; but if you would once convince profligates by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, and health, their infidelity would soon drop off.—*Swift*.

The efficacy of good examples in the formation of public opinion is incalculable. Though men justify their conduct by reasons, and sometimes bring the very rules of virtue to the touchstone of abstraction, yet they principally act from example.—*Robert Hall*.

## MIDSUMMER MEDITATIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

WITH APOLOGIES ALL AROUND.

O for a tent or hut on some umbrageous isle,  
A quiet, sequestered spot, embowered in ample shade,  
Where I may do the things that please me best the while,  
With no one nigh to make my placid soul afraid:—  
Smoke, as I list, the meditative pipe, and think,  
And sip oft-times some cool, exhilarating drink—  
(Water with Seven-year-old is good enough for me—  
Your so-called summer drinks distress me painfully;)  
Or pluck the luscious berry from the clinging vine,  
What time I wander in the underwood about;  
Or cast upon the purling brook my nimble line  
To catch, perchance, the shy, but gamy, tooth-some trout.  
Ye gods! a month on some enchanting spot like that  
Would build me up and make me young and strong again;  
I'd have no further use for pills or anti-fat,  
And be once more the man that erstwhile I have been.  
Go, rod and tackle get, and pack my grip straightway;  
I'll hie me northward now unto the Georgian Bay.

IVAN G. ROWE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PULLMAN CAR STRIKE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Pray allow me to respectfully question the soundness of the statements and opinions of your leader-writer contained in THE WEEK of July 20. With most others I wish for reliable facts and not assumptions. Divested of all circumlocution, he sides against the rights of capital, and practically assumes that employers—in some way not explained—are bound to pay certain wages whether they lose or gain. He says, "assuming for argument's sake the truth of the current report that the company had last year a clear profit of over six millions." It is difficult to imagine a greater departure from common sense, than to insinuate that a company obliged from lack of work to largely reduce its working staff, and to do the work actually done at a loss, should, notwithstanding, make a profit of \$6,000,000. The public want to know the real facts. A telling one is that the company offered to show their books and contracts in order to prove their losses. A second telling fact is that the other side refused to examine the books, refused to consider the crushing evidence of the lost dollars.

All reliable accounts state that owing to various causes a large proportion of the industrial undertakings in the States showed little or no profit last year. In the Toronto *Mail* of July 19 it is shown that during the last 18 months 97 railways in the States owning nearly 32,000 miles of road, and representing in stock and bonds over 2,000 millions of dollars, have practically become bankrupt, and been placed in the hands of receivers. According to the London *Economist*, American railway stocks have never been lower than now in the London market.

There are over 200,000 farmers in Ontario, nearly all of whom employ help. Could a dozen be found to admit that out-

aiders, or in fact that anyone, should dictate what wages they should pay their men? It is a question of demand and supply. When there is a scarcity of labour wages will rise—if there is a superabundance wages will fall.

We need a more healthy and masculine style of thought, speech and writing. All the gush imaginable will fail to force men to carry on business at a loss, or cause water to run up hill.

The *Toronto Mail* of June 13 showed from calculations based upon official returns, that coal-owners in England on an average don't get more than  $6\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and that, too, in a risky business. This calculation did not include abandoned mines where all the capital had been lost. It may be stated as a positive fact, that in these days of excessive competition and of hard times, there are no great profits either in America or England.

Among the greatest curses of modern society are the professional strike-leaders. They make money and positions for themselves, but their unfortunate dupes, and the public, suffer. It is alleged that directly and indirectly these great strikes have cost the American public \$85,000,000. It is like the Chinaman who set fire to his neighbour's house to roast his own pig. The fire spreading half the town was burnt.

Let us hark back to the demand of the late Sir Arthur Helps—the secretary to the Privy Council, and the author of "Friends in Council"—that in all cases we should have "a thesis carefully stated and properly proved by evidence."

Yours, etc.,

Toronto, July 21. FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

### A NOTABLE DIARY.\*—I.

#### THE PENINSULAR WAR.

This is one of the most interesting, reliable and instructive military autobiographies relating to the stirring time from 1809 to 1815. The author, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Tomkinson—who was nearly 100 times in action—kept a diary, so that the narrative, edited by his son, is culled from facts written down at the time. He evidently wrote without exaggeration, and was what the Americans style level-headed. Very few, if any, of the military memoirs of the time are so thoroughly trustworthy. It illustrates many of Wellington's difficulties arising from incompetent Ministers at home, and inefficient subordinates serving under him. It also confirms Napier's hints that Wellington did not excel in making the most of his victories.

The author was the youngest son of Henry Tomkinson, Esq., of Dorfold Hall, Cheshire. His father purchased a cornetcy (equivalent now to the grade of second lieutenant) in the 16th Light Dragoons, which apparently (p. 161) cost about £500, say \$2,500. If the pay was the same then as now, it amounted to \$11.34 per week or \$589 per annum. A regiment of cavalry on service usually numbered 360 men divided into three squadrons, with two troops to each squadron. Each troop had a captain, lieutenant and cornet. So great were the incidental expenses attending active service, that parents or friends often had to supplement the pay of the junior officers. The sale of army commissions (abolished over 20 years ago) arose from the fact that in the

17th and 18th centuries noblemen and others raised regiments at very great cost to themselves, and so the practice gradually grew, that those obtaining commissions and benefiting by the pecuniary outlay of others should more or less reimburse. In the course of time the original price of commissions greatly increased.

The war in the Peninsula cost the British Government an enormous sum; all outlays included, it was roughly reckoned to amount to £10,000,000 per annum; but the French armies were supported by the unfortunate inhabitants. In Portugal they repeatedly took everything, with the result that numbers of the inhabitants died of actual starvation. The following from Napier's *Peninsular War* illustrates this: "March 7, 1811. This day's march" (after the retreating French) "disclosed a horrible calamity. A large house situated in an obscure part of the mountains was discovered filled with starving Portuguese. About 30 women and children had died, and sitting by their bodies were 15 or 16 survivors, but only one man. All were so enfeebled as to be unable to eat the little food we had to offer. All the children were dead, presenting the most ghastly sight imaginable." One of Sir W. Napier's brothers—who also served in the Peninsula—describes in heartrending detail, a statement made to him many years afterwards by a French general of the methods adopted of torturing the Portuguese to force them to tell where their stores of food were hidden. It is too horrible to repeat. What intensified these atrocities was, that in many cases the hapless victims had been previously robbed of all their food. Of course such extremities were only resorted to when the French were extremely short of food and wished to avoid retreating to their magazines.

Tomkinson gives (p. 197) the details of a single requisition demanded from some villages adjoining a very small town in Spain. The document was given to him. The French general required 9,000 bushels of wheat, barley and rye, and 28,400 lbs. of meat, the peasants to take the same to the French camp. Bearing in mind the backward agriculture of the country, this was demanding at one fell swoop the gross produce of 600 arable acres and at the least one-half of their live stock. Of course the French would not pay.

At La Seca in Spain the French made a requisition for cattle. The British army being near, it was not complied with, whereupon the French carried off and detained the lady of the house where Sir S. Cotton was subsequently quartered.

In Spain they were somewhat restrained by Joseph Bonaparte, the titular king, and the exactions there, although often excessive, were usually far less than in Portugal.

The following illustrates the ruthless system of the French in Portugal (p. 7): "On the road from Oliveira" (Wellington was then marching, 1809, to attack Marshal Souto in Oporto) "we passed three priests murdered by the French. They were hanging on a tree close by the roadside and from appearance must have been dead nearly a month."

The work abounds in instances showing that although our officers were brave and generally zealous, some were ignorant and incapable, to the great detriment of the public service. At that time few officers had a military education, and they usually learned their profession at the cost of their country. He points out (p. 135) what

should be taught cavalry officers at home, but which has never yet been done. This illustrates what Capt. Gronow reports General Picton as having said to his staff a few days before Waterloo, namely, that our officers, although brave and zealous, were inferior in the knowledge and practice of their profession to the French. The latter as a rule had had tenfold the actual experience of the former. On nearing the French army an ignorant officer—notwithstanding all remonstrances—actually insisted upon Tomkinson's cavalry regiment charging infantry protected by rocky walls and enclosures. Had the French resisted to the uttermost the attacking body would have been destroyed. As it was, there was a wholly unnecessary loss and our author was badly wounded, being the only time during the war. Dickens in *Little Dorritt* makes one of his characters, on discovering that an Italian did not understand English, shout very loudly to him, thinking that he must understand the language under those circumstances. A similar experience happened to Tomkinson while he lay ill. He did not know a word of Portuguese, but a kind-hearted priest came and talked to him at great length, shouting loudly all the time, evidently thinking the same as Dickens' character, that the noise would explain everything.

The officials wished to remove the wounded to more convenient quarters, but Tomkinson refused to travel over the rocky road in a bullock cart. Of course there were no springs. The wheels were made of solid pieces of wood, sometimes they were not round so that there would be constant jerks. For wounded men this must have been torture. Ultimately he was sent to England to be cured and rejoined his regiment during the Torres Vedras campaign (1810).

While on outpost duty facing Massena's overpowering numbers, the men slept in their appointments with their bridle-reins in their hands—turning out at 2 a.m.

We have all read of General Picton threatening to hang a commissary in case he did not bring up food. Our author relates that General Crawford, under whom he served—a fiery commander—threatened the commissary of the Light Division that he would hang him if the supplies were not ready by a certain time. The commissary complained to Wellington, who replied, "Then I advise you to produce them, for he is quite certain to do it if you don't."

Gronow relates a similar outburst of General Sherbrooke, who was also a hot-tempered man. His division needed bread. He sent his aide-de-camp to the commissary with an urgent message. He found the latter enjoying a great dinner with some friends, and his curt answer (not offering to move) was, that he would do his best. This failed to satisfy the fiery general who instantly sent back word, "Tell him if he don't send the bread by such an hour, by G—I'll hang him." The A. D. C. greatly tickled, delivered the message word for word to the disgusted official before his horrified guests. The angry commissary immediately reported the fact to Wellington, who sympathizingly enquired, "Are you quite sure that the general sent such a message?" "Yes, my Lord." "Then Mr.—I should strongly advise you to get up the bread in time, for, as he said so, by G—he'll do it if you don't." The rations were up in time.

Our troops often suffered in health and Wellington was repeatedly hampered in his

\* The Diary of a Cavalry Officer during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894. \$3.00.

movements by the shortcomings of the commissariat department.

Napoleon's system of subsisting his armies by plundering and requisitions led to great robberies on the part of those carrying out his exactions. He was the only ruler of a civilized country who in modern times actually made money by war. When he seized power in 1799 he had to borrow money to send off couriers. He informed Marshal Macdonald that in January 1813 he had £13,000,000 stored away—not appearing in official accounts. He always called it his private property.

During the retreat to the Lisbon lines (1810) sundry mishaps occurred and others were narrowly avoided through the carelessness and incompetence of some officers and generals. Fortunately for Wellington there were corresponding shortcomings on the French side.

All know that Wellington sternly repressed plundering. At Leira four men—one a Portuguese—were hanged for that offence. What our army without tents and insufficient carriage suffered from the autumnal rains and very bad roads during its retreat to the entrenched lines may be inferred from the fact, that once his regiment was encamped where the mud was up to the horses' knees. Owing to the inefficiency of the British Government (for then, in a higher degree than now, oratory and speechifying were believed to be of far more importance than genuine statesmanship and administrative ability), the army had no tents for years. Sleeping out in the open during weeks of rainy weather filled the hospitals and often enfeebled Wellington. Sydney Smith jocularly observed of the Scotch of his day that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. It might have been said far more truly during the great war—as well as often since—that it requires a surgical operation to get common sense into the official head.

Tomkinson notices the self-sacrificing spirit of the Portuguese. "They are the most patient people in the world." Numbers of them by order abandoned their dwellings on the approach of the French. General Marbot relates that in one town the French found only a sick monk, but that through him they learned of a scarcely-used mountain road which enabled them to turn Wellington's flank, and forced him to retreat. Owing to the gross misconduct of the Portuguese Government the laying waste the country in the line of the French advance (which extorted the only compliment ever paid by Napoleon to Wellington) was not thoroughly carried out. The consequence was, that instead of the French being starved into a retreat in a week, they found sufficient food to last them for months, and so held their ground in front of the lines. Tomkinson being on outpost duty saw the systematic method of the French foraging parties—they took everything. The shortcomings of the Spanish and Portuguese Governments were tenfold greater than those of the British. Their soldiers when looked after by their own governments were badly provided with military necessities, and often more than half-starved. In addition the Spanish soldiers were badly officered and led. Practically Napoleon had for involuntary allies the Spanish and Portuguese Governments. They often played into his hands. One of the scenes in "The Pasha of Many Tales" represents that the Pasha and his friends drank wine out of a cask containing the dead body of a Jew. Tomkinson had a somewhat similar

experience (p. 63). "Our men found some wine" (in an abandoned village) "and after drinking nearly to the bottom of one of the large casks holding three or four pipes, they saw a dead peasant who had been put in by the French. The large casks are cleaned by a person getting into them through a large bunghole left for that purpose, through which he had been put. We all had some of the wine." The "Pasha of Many Tales" vowed that the wine had been improved by the Jew's body, but our author makes no remark that of the Portuguese peasant.

Military writers have not popularly set forth the rules governing spoils captured from the enemy. Incidentally Tomkinson somewhat explains. During one of the skirmishes in front of the Lisbon lines a patrol of his regiment encountered a French detachment partly laden with plunder. The officer captured 8 men and 12 horses, "the horses, as in the case of all captures, were sold, each man's share amounting to 92 Portuguese dollars or £23."

General Marbot in his memoirs gives some curious facts showing the strict regulations in the French army in apportioning booty. During the Russian campaign (1812) his cavalry regiment assisted in capturing a Russian camp. Before any other division was allowed to loot, those who had captured it had it all to themselves. When they were sated they withdrew, and the rest of the French army were welcome to what was left. This helps to explain the excesses when towns were stormed—the vulgar idea being "Hurrah! the town's our own;" and it was always difficult, and in cases of obstinate resistance impossible, for the officers to prevent drunken men from committing outrages. This belief among the common soldiers had come down from the middle ages.

When the French, by a different route (1811), finally retreated from before the lines, they fired most of the towns and villages, wantonly killing many non-combatants. "We found poor peasants killed in every village." The British following closely, "the French pressed peasants as guides, and at the end of the day's march shot them to prevent giving us information. We have seen their bodies in many instances." The people were so infuriated that "the peasants, a day or two before we came up, caught a French infantry man, took him to a high piece of ground near Pega and buried him alive." They killed all the French stragglers. This latter was often the case in Spain. Practically the Spanish guerrillas neither got nor gave quarter.

Although Tomkinson does not use strong language, he clearly shows that some of the commanding officers under Wellington were very remiss. He alleges that being without bread (which repeatedly happened) is—excepting water—the greatest of all privations to soldiers. The cavalry bivouacked thus—two men rested together—one blanket was laid on the ground. The men slept in their cloaks and the other blanket covered them. The officers fared the same; if it rained they all got wet. All the divisions had nicknames. The Light Division was known as "the division." The third (Picton's) was called "the fighting division." The spirit of the Light Division was so great that they would not leave their regiments when marching, and on one occasion two men actually lost their lives from exhaustion through not falling out.

The battle of Albuera—Marshal Beresford badly commanding the allied army—

was the hardest fought battle during the war. When the victory was won there were only 1,500 unwounded British infantry left. Marshal Soult (who lost 8,000 men) said, "There is no beating these fellows in spite of their generals. I always thought them bad soldiers, and now I am sure of it, for I turned their right flank and penetrated their centre; they were completely beaten and the day mine, but yet they would not run."

In 1811 there was a very deficient harvest, and in the following winter they lost many horses from actual starvation. He gives a graphic account of the difficulty of procuring forage. During this winter some oats and hay were actually brought from England, and it was calculated that every horse's daily ration sent to the Coa—close to the Spanish frontier—cost 10s. 6d. or \$2.62. The French got theirs without paying. He gives some curious information which partly explains the dreadful sacking of Badajos. Those inhabitants who had not quitted the doomed town, unwittingly helped to bring about the dreadful excesses. "Fancying our men would be satisfied with getting drunk, they generally placed a bottle of spirits on a table with a candle close to the door on entering. This the men drank, and then made half mad with liquor began plundering. The officers lost all control. Some drunken men (the next day) nearly shot Lord Wellington, not knowing what they were about." These drunken men "fired their muskets off, killing and wounding some of their own comrades." Every house was plundered and unfortunately 32 of the inhabitants were killed. Marshal Soult was marching to the relief of the fortress. The people of Villa Franca said, when he heard of the town—garrisoned by 5,000 veterans—being taken against all experience, that "he broke all the plates and dishes in the house."

In 1812, Tomkinson, then a lieutenant, was appointed captain in a foot regiment, but he exchanged back into his own regiment. His father had to pay £1,650 for the exchange. The balance sheet (p. 161) is not clear, but apparently the total outlay of his father from the beginning, for commissions, after taking credit for £997 10s. 0d. for the sale of the step given by the Government, was £2,152 10s. 0d., say \$10,760. If a cavalry captain's pay was the same then as now it would amount to \$22.75 a week, or \$1,183 per annum. This would equal a very hazardous annuity of 11 per cent.

During the retreat from Burgos (1812) there were great losses, partly owing to the inefficiency of a new quarter-master-general, and partly to the remissness of officers. His own regiment lost 50 horses. These shortcomings caused Wellington's reprimanding circular which caused much soreness, as he failed to discriminate between those regiments where the officers had done their duty and those where they had not. The author observes, with respect to Wellington alleging the absence of hardships, "the constant exposure to rain night and day without tents is some hardship, and the supply of food was deficient." Wellington referred to the greater quickness of the French in preparing their meals. Tomkinson observes, "if we were allowed to take doors, etc., in every village, as the French do, without having to go miles for wood, we could cook in as short a time."

In 1813, after the war had lasted five years, tents were provided for the infantry but not for the cavalry. If common sense had been the rule with everything connect-

JULY 27th, 1894.]

## A PLEA FOR SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

Sir Philip Francis had many faults, if those who knew him best have truthfully depicted him and who admit that he was a most unlovable character, being both insolent and malignant; nor are his shortcomings excused by his sycophantism toward the Prince Regent. Yet I think that he deserves fairer treatment than he has received at the hands of his grandson, and of "A. B." in *The Speaker*, both of whom would doom him to an immortality of infamy as the writer of the Letters signed "Junius." "A. B." may not cherish ill-will to Francis, yet he calmly proposes that Francis should bear the disgrace and the imputation merely because he desires that the question should cease to trouble him. Sir Philip's grandson strangely considers that he does honour to the memory of his ancestor by holding him forth as "Junius." He produces what he deems evidence, which "A. B." accepts without protest; but, happily for his grandfather's fame, Mr. Francis does not supply a particle of proof that Sir Philip Francis and "Junius" were one and the same.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who was inclined to the Franciscan view, was converted by the writings of Hayward and by the logic of Mr. Finlason. Even those who are weary of the subject might give some heed to points which are indisputable. One of these is that Henry Sampson Woodfall and Junius corresponded. The notes of Junius to Woodfall are extant. Where are those of Woodfall to Junius? When the Letters were reprinted in two small volumes, Junius formally renounced any claim to the copyright, and wrote: "All the fee I shall ever desire of you" is "a sett bound in vellum, gilt, and lettered Junius I., II. as handsomely as you can—the edges gilt—let the sheets be well dried before binding. I must also have two setts in blue paper covers." He acknowledged the receipt of the two setts in blue paper covers. The one in vellum was forwarded by Woodfall. Mr. Francis contends that his grandfather wished, after his death, to be known as "Junius." The copy of the Letters, about which Junius gave such minute instructions, was not prepared, I should think, for the purpose of being destroyed. Neither that copy, nor one of the setts in blue paper covers, was found among Sir Philip's large collection of books and pamphlets, while the mass of correspondence which he left behind him contained no letters from Woodfall to Junius. Bearing these things in mind, Mr. Finlason argues with irresistible force: "The real Junius had 'setts' and the private letters. The former, at all events, were meant for preservation, and would not be destroyed by him, at all events, till death. The real Junius had them at his death; he either kept them or destroyed them then. If he kept them they are extant, and their production is the only satisfactory proof. If he destroyed them, it must have been because he *did not desire to leave any trace* of the authorship, as a passage in his letter implies:—'I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.' In either case Francis cannot have been he. For he clearly did desire (if we can rely on his widow) to leave proofs of the secret. Then why did he not leave the conclusive proof? Anyone might have the books *he left*."

Whenever questioned on the subject, Francis considered it an insult to be taken

for Junius:—"Ask that question at your peril, sir," was his manner of speech to those who wished to extract information. This was perfectly natural. He lived to read the private letters of Junius to Woodfall, and knew how the former had betrayed and vilified those to whom he was under obligations and who were his most intimate friends. Hence it is that I protest against treating Sir Philip Francis as a monster of ingratitude and vileness. Junius began by vituperating Sir William Draper, who was a friend of Francis, and was praised by him in Parliament. Junius was slavishly attached to George Grenville; Francis was strongly opposed to Grenville's American policy. The attacks upon the Duke of Bedford by Junius were scandalous; the only grievance that Francis had against the Bedford family was that the Duchess declined to let him visit Woburn Abbey when he was on a pleasure trip. John Calcraft obtained for Francis his first appointment under Government; the two were bosom friends; Calcraft left Francis a legacy of £1,000, and ordered that he should be returned to Parliament for Wareham, his pocket borough, and made a provision for his wife in the event of her becoming a widow in poor circumstances. Junius wrote of Calcraft, "Even the silent vote of Mr. Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he revels in the plunder of the army, and only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer?" Junius styled the Earl of Chatham "a lunatic brandishing a crutch"; Francis acknowledged, in the House of Commons, his great personal obligations to Chatham, and said that he died without leaving his equal. Welbore Ellis appointed Francis first Clerk in the War Office; Junius characterized Welbore Ellis as "little mannikin Ellis," who was "the most contemptible piece of machinery in the kingdom." Junius wrote to Woodfall that Lord Barrington had "contrived to expel Mr. Francis from the War Office." A vacancy in a higher position having occurred, Lord Barrington offered the post to Francis, who declined it, and, soon after, he resigned, writing to his brother-in-law, two days before Junius wrote about Francis's expulsion to Woodfall, "I leave the War Office. It is my own act. Be not alarmed for me. Everything is secure and as it should be." Lord Barrington was the close friend of Francis. He owed him his nomination to the Council of Bengal; he corresponded with him on terms of affection, and one of the first visits he paid after his return from India was to Lord Barrington. Junius wrote to Woodfall:—"Having nothing better to do, I propose to entertain myself and the public with torturing that bloody wretch Barrington;" again, "Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the Kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington." Now, Mr. Francis and "A. B.," in asking the world to believe that Sir Philip Francis and Junius are one, justify the remark of the lamented late Chief Justice Coleridge, in a letter to me which I have made public, that "if Francis really were Junius, a scoundrel he was of the deepest dye." I repeat that I protest against his being condemned to an immortality of infamy.

"A. B." is impressed with what he considers to be "a valuable piece of evidence" produced by Mr. Francis in support of his extraordinary contention that Junius was his grandfather. This consists of a letter, accompanying some verses which Miss Gils is said to have received at Bath, in 1771.

ed with the Peninsular War, the deliverance of Europe from Napoleonic tyranny would have taken place several years earlier. But until nations get rid of the belief that oratory and speechifying are of vastly more importance than common sense so long will there be waste and misapplication of power of every description.

At the battle of Vittoria—the first battle where Wellington had Spanish soldiers under him—the latter behaved well. Owing to the inefficiency of the general commanding the cavalry, but little use was made of them. Had they been well handled, half the French army would have been taken prisoners. He is also rather severe on the colonel of his own regiment. It was impossible for Wellington to be everywhere, and the scene of operations extended over many miles.

Those who have read Napier know what he says about the capture of the French army-chest containing upwards of a million of dollars, which was plundered, nothing coming into the public treasury. The plundering of the French camp, etc., was by all three allied armies, their camp followers, and the inhabitants of Vittoria, etc. The French lost everything except the clothes on their backs and the arms in their hands. Tomkinson observes—confirming the opinion of other military men—that Wellington did not make the most of the victory. "Sergeant Blood, of my troop, secured a carload of dollars, but the infantry came at night and plundered his waggon. He brought 6,000 dollars to the regiment." "The commissary of the regiment" (additionally) "got £600 as his share." Probably this is an editorial mistake for dollars.

A curious incident not noticed by Tomkinson occurred at Vittoria. Count Gazan, one of the French generals, was accompanied by his wife. A day or so before the battle a flag of truce was sent to the French, and the officer so sent, met the Countess seated in an open carriage, surrounded by a group of mounted, light-hearted French officers. She knew that a great battle was imminent. So with mock pathos she besought the Englishman, in case she should be taken prisoner, to take care of her, and ended by solemnly putting herself under his protection in the event of such a calamity. This sally greatly tickled the French officers. She was actually captured (hardly any vehicles got away) and the officer fulfilled his jocular promise and sent her safely back the next day. The infantry camp was turned into a fair on the night of the battle, captured cars were lit up and used as auctioneers' stands. Mules worth \$250 were sold for \$16.

In consequence of the unfitness of the mountains for cavalry, his regiment was sent home. His horse, "Bob"—whose portrait is given—after 4½ years' active service, returned to his old quarters at Dorfield.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

(To be continued.)

It is not generally known that Sir Andrew Clark numbered among his patients Mr. Parnell, who consulted him toward the end of 1887 for a chest affection. Even when consulting a physician Mr. Parnell's passion for secrecy displayed itself. On being asked whether Sir Andrew knew who his patient was, Mr. Parnell smiled, and parried the question by the reply: "I do not think he did—at least at first."—*London Star*.

This evidence was put forth in 1871 by Mr. Twiseleton, and it has not become less flimsy by age and repetition. A point which is shirked by most of the Franciscans deserves notice. It is that Lord Grenville declared in the presence of Francis that he knew who Junius was, and added that he would never tell. The Earl of Aberdeen was informed by William Pitt, his guardian, that he "knew the name of the author of the Letters of Junius, and that the author was not Francis." I think that I can indicate how Lord Grenville and William Pitt gained their knowledge. In 1891 I found a manuscript in the British Museum in Horace Walpole's handwriting, entitled, "Hints for Discovering Junius." This has been reproduced in facsimile. The person to whom Walpole refers was Charles Wolfran Cornwall, who died Speaker of the House of Commons in 1789. In 1768, Mr. George Grenville received three letters, two of which are signed C.—the initial with which Junius always signed his private letters to Woodfall. The anonymous writer says on the 6th of February, 1768:—"It is not, sir, either necessary or proper to make myself known to you at present. Hereafter I may claim that honour." On the 3rd of September, 1768, he writes: "At a proper time he will solicit the honour of being known to you: he has at present important reasons for wishing to be concealed." The third letter is in the same handwriting, has no signature, and it contains expressions of devotion to Mr. Grenville's person and policy. The first letter bearing the signature "Junius" appeared in *The Public Advertiser* on the 21st November, 1768; the first of those reprinted by him appeared on the 21st of January, 1769. Now, Walpole says that in 1769 "Junius sent word to Mr. G. Grenville that he might some day or other know the author of Junius, who had a great regard for Mr. Grenville." It was many years after the death of Walpole before it was made public that George Grenville had received any letters on the subject. It is a permissible hypothesis that Junius did disclose his identity to Grenville, that this information passed to his son, who was afterwards Lord Grenville and who affirmed his knowledge of Junius, and from him to his intimate friend and colleague William Pitt. George Grenville died nearly two years before Junius wrote "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me," and he may fairly have inferred that Grenville had kept the confidence reposed in him. Meanwhile, in the absence of proof which would end all speculation, I accept the affirmation of William Pitt that he knew who wrote the Letters signed Junius, and that he was not Francis, and I deem it unfair to the memory of Pitt to call in question his veracity, and to that of Sir Philip Francis to make him bear the terrible burden of shame which is implied in the assertion that he penned the Letters signed Junius.

W. FRASER RAE, in the *Speaker*.

Make yourself all honey and the flies will eat you up.—*Italian Proverb.*

Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.—*Blair.*

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige a great many that are not so.—*Seneca.*

## ART NOTES.

Munkacsy's famous painting, "Christ on the Cross," has been bought for the mausoleum of Count Andrassy.

Fans played a part in the social life, the symbolism, the industries, and the arts of Japan which has no parallel in the history or the uses of the fan in Europe or America. They were the instruments of industry used for winnowing or for blowing the forge; the baton of the general and of the umpire in the great athletic and wrestling contests; the insignia of priests, the indispensable accessory of the temple-dancer, as of the Geisha. They were used to distinguish the rank of emperor and empress, and were carried in various set forms and designs by nobles, physicians, courtiers, court ladies, and men and women of every degree. They had not originally, as indeed few things, if any, had which were in use in Japan, a purely decorative origin or object.

The art critic of the London *Public Opinion* gives the highest praise to George H. Boughton's illustrations in water color of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," now being exhibited at the Fine Arts Society, London, England: Mr. George H. Boughton has done Washington Irving's immortal work justice; this is high enough praise in all conscience, and ought to absolve me of the fag of writing any more about his spirited drawings. But I suppose I may as well add that they have humor, pathos, poetry, and imagination; they are simply delightful, the work of a man who has entered into the very spirit of the author's work. Moreover, the *technique* is eminently attractive. It is not always, not often perhaps, I have been able to speak in terms of unqualified praise of Mr. Boughton's art; it is all the more pleasant to be able to do so now. I hope he will forgive me for saying that it seems to me he has found his vocation, and that he should stick to it.

Under the title of "Art and Symbolism," M. Andre Michel writes in the *Paris Journal des Debats*; the following is a translation for *Public Opinion* of a portion of his article: It is with allegory as with the language in the Fables of the venerable *Æsop*: the best and the worst conclusions can be drawn from it. If academic formality and the abuse of conventional terms have justly rendered it insupportable to us, it nevertheless remains, in its essence and principle, the very existence of art. As soon as an artist is placed before a piece of nature and has represented it according to the instinctive or deliberate predilections of his mind, his heart or his nationality, something is infused into the result which consecrates and transforms it. In the humblest nature a dream can be imprisoned and revealed; all art, fundamentally, becomes symbolic by this intervention of a thought, an emotion or a human love, and similarly, every created form may become, in a certain sense, allegorical. Who can tell in how many ways the same model, the same object, can be reproduced? In the proportion in which "art, the design and the idea" become higher and more human, the greater becomes the need of more suggestive forms, of a greater degree of receptivity in its expression. It is in this way that the great painter and the great sculptor look upon the human form as a living hieroglyphic, and by their harmonies and contrasts, the rhythm and magic of color and outline ex-

press, according to their particular idea, with the life and the movement of their forms, the resemblance between the material and the immaterial, extracting from within the motive of their works. In the symposium suggested by the *Journal des Debats*, in which the artists were invited to explain to the public the subjects and even the ideas of their paintings and statues, M. Bouguereau, apropos of the "Pearl," has responded: "It is often very difficult for an artist to relate under what conditions he was led to paint this or that picture, and this is the case with the 'Pearl.' . . . A posture which appeared graceful to me, an effect of the sun on the pearly tints of a shell, attracted me, and I attempted to place on the canvas the charm which I believed I had seen."

From a translation for *Public Opinion* of the French of M. de Vasselot, in the *Paris Revue du Monde Catholique*, we have the views of another authority as to the standing of the art of our day: Art is in its decline, according to earnest people, and they are right. It can even be said that great art has ceased to exist. What else is to be expected, when, for the last twenty years, everything has been done to suppress, to exhaust the sources of the beautiful, the true, the good? God, the family, the country, are no longer anything but empty words. Artists have become *opportunists* when they are not free thinkers or merchants. It is now only their hand which works; this hand is often skilful, it is true, but it cannot replace a head which thinks, a soul which believes. There is an interesting connection between the negation of science and the materialism of art. Art only exists on condition that the human soul believes in the supernatural. "Take God from the creation," said a celebrated writer, "and the beautiful will no longer have an essential type; art will lose reason and life, and remain but a corpse." In order to live its true life, art must believe in three worlds: nature, man and God. The true artist, to reach the heights of art, must mount these three degrees with energy and courage, and without faltering. In point of fact, man dominates nature, and is himself governed by God. Art closely follows our customs, our political and religious ideas, our misfortunes and our triumphs. It unveils our tastes and our most secret thoughts. In studying the art of an epoch, a country, one knows what is the moral condition of the epoch or country. And another truth is, that with any people the artistic movement always follows the literary movement. You have abolished God, and you cry: "There is no longer any great art." Suppress the cause and the effect must be lacking. To suppress human beauty, to suppress the divine Goodness, is to take away the sentiment and life of art. The day when hearts no longer thrill at the name of country, art will die never to be resurrected. One of the finest paintings of this Salon of 1894 is the "Pearl" of M. Bouguereau, and we gladly make use of this opportunity to say what we think of the master painter of Rochelle. There are few men with a more developed mind. Why, then, is this painter attacked? M. Bouguereau is attacked because he is the chief of a school. Nevertheless, he is the best living representative of composition and drawing, the last bulwark which has been left us by an indecent and weak art. For now, under the pretext *plein air*, painters no longer draw. The reproach aimed at M. Bouguereau, of not being an artist, would be a true



one if addressed to the false artists, luminists, pointillists, and other *fumistes*. In criticising art according to our conscience and tastes, we should show no weakness, and approve and sustain only that which will best contribute to the preservation of our marvellous French school.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The London *Musical News* has the following reference to Handel: Handel was not the only grand robber, but was probably one of the last artists robbing on a great scale, the only musical Alexander the Great. Modern art is not without its comparatively small appropriations. However, one may pass on to a nobler picture, that of the grand old man, as distinguished from the grand old robber, setting himself the great task of winning his lasting glory; this too at the age of sixty, and after many struggles, losses, and disappointments. The music of Handel may be too dependent upon the physical energy of accent; it may belong to the period when cherubic obesity somewhat materialized the angelic conceptions of painters, sculptors and carvers of wood, from Rubens to Grinling Gibbons; it may have but little of the devotional spirituality of "Palestrina," and want something of the vast, never-ending contrapuntal power of Bach; but for all that it is grand, stirring music.

The *Lancet*, says the *Literary Digest*, comments on the fact that Professor Bonelli, a San Francisco musician, is advocating the division of the transverse bands that attach the extensor tendon of the ring finger to those of the middle and little fingers, fibres that sometimes unduly hamper the action of the ring finger. Three years ago he had the operation performed upon himself, and now, after careful testing of the results, he advocates the operation publicly and is said to be the possessor of testimonials from the highest medical authorities that no harm can come from it. These reports speak of the operation as new, but it is not novel either in America or abroad, and there would be no objection to its revival should a musician present himself with the movements of the ring finger unusually hampered from undue extent or development of the transverse bands. Such operations should, however, be undertaken with peculiar judgment and the caution of an experienced operating surgeon. We doubt, says the editor of the *Lancet*, if a brilliant performer on the violin or piano would have his execution markedly improved by the operation. Leading English musicians universally condemn it. The celebrated Schumann, aware of the difficulty connected with the ring finger, tied that digit back for a long time, with the result that he badly damaged his hand, and in consequence became a composer. According to a high authority, there is risk of inflammation after the operation, which would result in matting of the tendons together, and making matters worse.

According to the *Springfield Republican*, the quarrel of the Wagnerians in New York seems to have resolved itself so far that a season of German opera for next winter is assured, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch. He returned from Germany recently and gives assurance that he has engaged a strong company of soloists and that the financial backing is forthcoming. There had been some doubt as to whether he could engage suitable singers at such short notice,

but he was in luck and secured both Max Alvary and Frau Rosa Sucher, of Berlin, who were the stars he most desired. The latter is greatest in Isolde and Alvary in Siegfried and Tannhauser. Other singers will be Herr Rothmeuhl, a Berlin tenor, who is best as Eric in "Der Fligende Hollander," and as "Lohengrin;" Herr Lange, buffo, who will take the part of Mimi; Max Schwartz of Weimar, who created Falstaff; Herr Oberhauser of Berlin, a good Beckmesser; Emil Fischer and Conrad Behrens, bassos, who can do any part well; and Miss Marie Bremier, soprano. Mr. Damrosch was only able to get a leave of absence for Frau Sucher from the Royal Opera House by explaining to the Emperor, through the intendant, Gen. Hochberg, that the season in New York meant a revival of German opera, in which many German citizens were interested. It will be a severe loss to Berlin temporarily, as she is the only dramatic soprano at the Royal opera. Mr. Damrosch's season will open at the Metropolitan, February 25, and continue four weeks, with performances on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon. Another month will be divided among Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Only Wagner operas will be given. The Ring trilogy will be given complete for the first time in years. The full list of operas to be given is "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" (Paris version), "Die Meistersinger," "Rheingold," "Die Walkuere," "Siegfried," "Die Gotterdammerung," and "Tristan und Isolde."

The following foreign items have been taken from the London *Musical News*:

At the Church of St. Stephen, Caen, a concert of sacred music was given recently for the benefit of the Paris Institute for the Blind. Two of the Professors of the Institute, M. Albert Mahaut, organist, and M. George Syme, violinist, took part. These artists, who are blind, played among other items works by the blind composers, Marty and Lebel.

The French Academy of Fine Arts has divided the Kastner-Boursault prize for the best work in musical literature, between Albert Soubies and Charles Malherbe for their history of comic opera, and M. Julien Tiersot for his book on Rouget de Lisle, his work, his life, and his pupils.

Mascagni has seceded from Sonzogno, and gone over to the rival, Ricordi. On the other hand, Signor Franchetti, author of "Asrael" and "Christoforo Colombo," has left Ricordi for Sonzogno.

We understand that the concerts given at the Teatro Pompeiano, in connection with the Milan Exhibition, have not been successful financially, and that Messrs. Brizzi and Lombardi have resigned their posts as directors.

M. Widor has recently composed a quintette for pianoforte and strings, which has been performed with success in Paris by MM. J. Philipp, Rémy, Balbreck, Loëb and Guidé.

Henry Marteau, the violinist, will make a short professional tour in the autumn, through Sweden, Norway and Denmark, returning to America in January.

Last month festivals were held at Nancy and Luneville, in celebration of Joan of Arc. In this latter town performances were given in the Church of St. Jacques of Mozart's "Mater admirabilis," Hummel's "O Salutaris," "Tu es Petrus," by M. Caspar, and a "Tantum ergo," by Bach. The greatest success, however, is said to have

been the cantata in honor of Joan of Arc, written by M. Caspar.

It is thought that the reconstruction of the Canobbiana Theatre, at Milan, which has been undertaken by M. Sonzogno, will be completed early in next September. The architect, Signor Sfondrini, has spared no efforts to make the building as attractive as possible, and the new theatre will be a rival to the celebrated La Scala.

LIBRARY TABLE.

BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIA. Boston: The Yarmouth Steamship Company. 1894.

This is one of the most charming tourist publications which we have seen. It has been written by an enthusiastic American visitor to the province, which he calls the queen of Vacation Lands. A doubter at the start, he became a believer by the way, and an enthusiast at the finish. Within the compass of 55 well-illustrated pages, in bright, attractive style, the varying features and beguiling charms of this glorious peninsula which juts out from the main coast line of the continent into the broad Atlantic are aptly described. To all who wish one of the most perfect summer trips within our own Dominion, embracing sea and land, under the most favourable conditions for recreative enjoyment, and seasonable change, we heartily commend this attractive pamphlet.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

We have in this volume of 340 odd pages twelve more thrilling tales of adventure by Dr. Doyle. What we have already said of this able romantic writer, in noticing a prior volume of stories of adventure of that remarkable detector of crime Sherlock Holmes, applies in the same degree to the present issue. Versatility, ingenuity, dramatic power and a singular adaptation of the story teller's art to the conditions and needs of to-day are evident in each and every narrative. Dr. Doyle is unsurpassed, if at all equalled in English present-day writing in this peculiar field. These volumes of adventure add variety and attractiveness to "Longman's Colonial Library," and their popularity should be as great as their merit.

OVERHEAD IN ARCADY. By Robert Bridges. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. \$1.25.

Mr. Bridges has gathered together in this most beautifully printed and illustrated volume a number of his witty and enjoyable contributions to New York *Life*—over the pseudonym "Droch." Mr. Bridges here gives the reader twelve inimitable dialogues, treating in the most humorous and vivacious manner the salient characteristics of some of the best known writers of to-day—such as W. D. Howells, Henry James, F. Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, et. al. The reading of them is most diverting and wherever are gathered together by lawn, or campfire, on yacht, skiff, or gliding canoe, those who enjoy such authors, this delightful little volume will intensify their enjoyment a thousandfold. The author deserves our best thanks and we wish him heartily many new editions.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN UPPER CANADA, 1783-1850. AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE, WITH ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE PROFESSION, INCLUDING SOME BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Wm. Camiff, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.

If there be one indispensable member of the community, may we not fairly say that the gentleman who professes medicine is the man.

It is he who buffets for us "the ills of life" under all their complex conditions. He aids our entrance into and, though some strenuously aver, our exit from "this garish scene," we charitably substitute, retards in the latter act. In these latter days doctors are not only as plentiful as a proverbial blackberry, but when one considers the pathy's innumerable and the horde of eclectics, herbalists, etc., who ever hover round the skirts of the orthodox army it is not hard to understand how some doubting Thomas who falls ill by the way, and hesitates, is lost—or why some perplexed Pilate of to-day, might well ask—what is medical truth? As our aboriginal predecessors had their "medicine men," so our forefathers in Upper Canada had theirs and Dr. Canniff tells us that the staunch old U. E. Loyalists, "were at first mostly, if not altogether," attended by "British surgeons attached to the army or navy." Indeed, the *Quebec Gazette* of September, 1768, offers the services of "Mr. Latham, surgeon to the King's (or Eighth) Regiment of Foot" . . . "for those who *chuse* to be inoculated." Sabine, the United States historian, admits that the Tory doctors were as zealous and as fearless in the expression of their sentiments as the Tory ministers and Tory barristers. There were medical politicians in those days as well as these. Dr. Tupper and Dr. Montague, redoubtable either as stump speakers, or stump healers, had their prototypes, for do we not find from the Ha'dimand collection that Adam Mabane, Esquire, one of the councillors of His Excellency the Right Honorable Lord Dorchester in the year of our Lord 1789, was a surgeon, and had been in charge of the Quebec Garrison Hospital. Many a surgeon's name, too, will be found on the U. E. list among the "Fathers of Upper Canada." "But," our author tells us, "after a time, in Upper Canada, there came, now and then, persons from the United States professing to possess medical skill. They came generally, not for (from, we suppose) attachment to the British flag, but to turn a penny." "Too frequently," he adds, "they only knew how to deceive the people by arrant quackery." The medical ducks of that early time are not lacking in representatives to-day. Soon the good doctors availed themselves of punitive, if not preventive legislation, and we find by an ordinance dated April 30th, 1788 that certain legal "blue pills" and "black draughts" of the following description were prescribed for the quacking gentry, "and every person acting . . . aforesaid without such license, shall forfeit the sum of twenty pounds for the first offence, fifty pounds for the second, and one hundred pounds and three months' imprisonment for every subsequent offence." One of the early acts of the Parliament of Upper Canada in session at Navy Hall, Newark, now Niagara-on-the-Lake, was to regulate the practice of physic and surgery. And so on to the present day the Provincial Legislature has placed the old dame with her herbs and philtres, and the garrulous meandering quack with his marvellous cure-alls without the hedge of legal enactment and has assured to the public at large the precious boon of scientific treatment. The author has gathered together with painstaking industry a large amount of material bearing upon the practice of medicine in the early days of the old Province of Upper Canada. Letters, proclamations, enactments, records of the past and other data are laid under tribute. Many an old memory will here be revived, and much that is new and most interesting will here be found. The old practitioner will in these bright and readable pages again live o'er the past and his junior—ho of the downy cheek, shiny silk hat and two wheeled chaise—will discover what a holiday he has, in comparison with the hardships, privations and obstacles which befell the noble pioneer physicians of our province. Take, for instance, the experience of that staunch, upright man and excellent practitioner, Dr. James Acland De La Hooke, who on June 11th, 1839, received the first license granted by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Upper Canada and who, though it cannot be said that, like Dr. Henry Taylor he is "in practice when one hundred years old," yet he is in practice to-day. The Dr. says, "No one who has not had the ex-

perience of professional life in Canada fifty years ago, in the early settlement of the west and north-western portion, can have any idea of the fatigue and hardships endured by medical men. In very many instances they received no pay for their onerous services. . . . Fees were very low and money very rarely seen. Long rides through the bush, only a road cut through where sawlogs were drawn to the mills, made the doctor's life one of toil, as well as tedious, arduous and irksome in the extreme." Dr. De La Hooke is a good type of his class and the interesting anecdotes told by him at pp. 324-331 prove him to be not only a skilful and honorable practitioner but a genial and humorous raconteur. We cannot linger over the numberless anecdotes which so largely add to the attractiveness of this volume. No doubt our readers will thank us for not denying them the pleasure of enjoying them at first hand. Here they will find many a graphic reminiscence of men who figured not only in the medical, but general history of Upper Canada. They will be told how Dr. John Rolph, lawyer as well as doctor, used in 1827-8, at the London assizes to go "into court carrying a pair of saddlebags in his arms, one side being filled with surgical instruments, vials and packages of medicine, etc., and the other with briefs and legal documents and books. He would attend to a case in court, and, when through, would catch up his saddlebags, ascend the court-house steps, mount his horse tethered near by and ride off to visit a patient. He was not much of a lawyer, though an eloquent counsel." Another famous doctor who began practice, as we learn, in York in 1815 or 1816, was Dr. Christopher Widmer, "the Father of Surgery in Upper Canada," of whom the author says: "No more skilful surgeon than he has ever had a place in the ranks of the Canadian profession." Dr. Canniff has not only laid the medical profession, but the general public as well, under obligation to him for this valuable and important book. It throws many a side light on early Canadian history. Its narrative of incidents and data relating to the medical profession and the many attractive biographical sketches give it more than ordinary value to all who are interested in the development of our country and the rise and growth of our learned professions. It may be added that the book has not only a systematic division, and a full table of contents, but also a helpful index, and there are many portraits which add materially not only to its interest but value.

#### PERIODICALS.

*University Extension* for July is a bright little number. R. G. Moulton writes of "An Ancient Prophecy against University Extension," Mr. W. Clarke Robinson examines "A Year's Work in the Extension Field," and Mr. W. C. Lawton discusses "The Sentiment of Classical Archaeology."

R. D. Blackmore's serial story "Perlycross" is concluded in *Macmillan's* for July. This is a well-filled, and well-varied number, containing articles of financial, historical, military, agricultural and literary interest and ending with one of Mrs. Steel's clever Indian sketches entitled "A Bit of Land."

*Blackwood's* for July is a capital number. Among the contributors are Professor Blackie with "Place-names of Scotland," Sir Herbert Maxwell urging "The Protection of Wild Birds," Mr. A. Crawshay telling the pretty tale of "The Red Bodice and the Black Fly," Colonel Sir H. Collett describing a six weeks' trip in Java, and Sir Auckland Colvin recounting "Memorials of Old Hailebury," the East India College founded early in the century, not to mention other interesting matter.

Without comment we shall simply refer our readers to some of the contributions to the *Fortnightly* for July. Our readers will need no further stimulation. Dr. Karl Pearson writes on "Socialism and Natural Selection;" Oscar Wilde—"Poems in Prose;" "Nauticus"—"A Lesson from the Chicago;" Professor Dowden "The Poetry of Robert Bridges;" T.

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Sugar Shakers, Cologne  
Bottles, Salts Bottles, Ink  
Stands, Mustard Pots, Salt  
and Pepper Shakers, Flasks,  
Powder Boxes, &c., &c.

### RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

W. Russell, M.P.—"A Great Experiment." Among other contributors appear the names of Rev. H. R. Haweis, Lord Farrer, and in translation, Ivan Tourgenieff. Truly an attractive list.

The annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for July begins with an able and practical paper on that grave question, the "Future Problem of Charity and the Unemployed," from the pen of Mr. I. G. Brooks. Mr. Brooks advocates employment bureaus, adequate graded work tests, trade schools, and places of discipline and training. Mr. Chester A. Reed writes a philosophic paper on "Peaceable Boycotting." Other subjects considered in this number are the decreasing birth rate and rent and profit. The reviews and notes are as usual admirable.

The *Expository Times* has its usual variety of subject and treatment. Professor Davidson continues his articles on Isaiah, here dealing with the prophet's "Eschatology." The remarks on the "Day of the Lord" are especially interesting. We have a flattering notice of Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. The Great Text Commentary treats of I Corinthians, i. 20. An article by Prebendary Whiteford on "Christian Quietude" deals with a subject of great present interest. An excellent article on "Fellowship" is given by Dr. R. F. Weymouth. The notices of books are very well done.

July proves that *Onward and Upward* is even brighter and more interesting than ever. We commend most cordially this charming and most helpful magazine, and trust that the gracious Editress, the Countess of Aberdeen, may soon have the satisfaction of knowing by the growing subscription list, that her good work is being appreciated in hundreds, aye thousands, of Canadian homes. Apart from Editorials we have a continuation of "Their Eldest Lassie," a short story entitled "Miss Graham's Temptation," a bright review "Among the Moors," "Fireside Chats," "Council of Wives and Mothers," and other good matter.

Mr. T. H. Escott contributes a paper to the July number of the *Westminster* of unusual interest. In it the reader will find "a chapter in personal politics," and two of the most notable figures in English public life—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain—are brightly and graphically contrasted and their political relations to each other are discussed with spirit. Thomas Bradfield's article on "Characteristics of America's Chief Poets" is warmly written, indeed so glowing is it that unimpassioned, satirical readers, if such there be, should reserve it for a cloudy day. Mr. Arthur Withy has a shot at a much battered target in his paper on "Home Rule and the Land Question," and the memory of that original enquirer Conyers Middleton, is revived in an unsigned article.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Swinburne's favorite exercise is said to be swimming.

All the grandsons of Charles Dickens bear the name of Charles.

An edition of Coleridge, prepared by Stopford A. Brocke, will be issued by J. M. Dent & Co., presumably in their beautiful 18mo series.

The *Bookman* makes the astonishing announcement that no book of Mr. Ruskin's has ever been translated and published in a foreign language.

It is stated that Robert Louis Stevenson will receive \$15,000 for the serial rights of his new novel, which will be published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Outlaw and Lawmaker" is the title of the new novel by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, which will appear immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Some lists of books most popular in Norway have recently been printed, from which it appears that Charles Dickens, among foreign authors, stands ahead.

J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister" and "The Window in Thrums," is to be married with Mary Ansell, who played a part in his funny play, "Walker, London," at Toole's theatre in London. Then Mr. Barrie is going abroad for rest and change.

Madam Albani, the greatest of the contraltos of our time, left some handsome legacies to the poor of Paris. Among them were a fund to provide forty savings bank books of \$50 each every year to poor and deserving girls and boys, without distinction of religion or nationality, and a gift of \$20,000 to found beds in Paris hospitals for Italian patients.

Mark Twain tells us that there are three "infallible ways of pleasing an author: 1, To tell him you have read one of his books; 2, to tell him you have read all of his books; 3, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart."

Mr. Barrie's new comedy, "The Professor's Love Story," which inverted the usual order of things by being brought out in the United States first, is meeting with unlimited success at the Comedy Theatre, London, and seems likely to prove as popular as "Walker, London," the phenomenal success of which critics have not yet been able to explain to their satisfaction.

A "Balade," attributed to Chaucer, has turned up among the MSS. in the British Museum. Professor Skeat declares it to be "the most complete example that exists of his mastery over the technicalities of rhythm. It comprises three stanzas, each of nine lines, in the difficult meter of a part of 'Anelida and Arcite.'" Other experts do not think quite so highly of it.—*The Critic*.

Prof. W. L. Montague, of Amherst, has just printed a volume of "Modern Italian Readings in Prose and Poetry," devoted to writers of this century, and accompanied by grammatical, explanatory and biographical notes. Many prominent novelists, historians and poets are represented in the selections: Amicis, Serao, Verga, Barrili, Gioberti, Foscolo, Manzoni, Leopardi, Carducci, Giusti, etc.

Miss Helen M. Merrill has just returned from a most enjoyable trip up and down the Rideau to Ottawa, and was strongly impressed by the beauty and variety of the scenery by the way. "What a pleasure it was," says Miss Merrill, "to sail on for miles and miles and miles by ever-varying scenery, marshlands and meadows and granite bluffs and beautiful islands like those of the St. Lawrence, for the geological formation of the two places is the same; to sail on through broad lakes and then again to enter the river, so narrow in places that one can almost touch the foliage on either side the boat. It is a marvellously beautiful reach of waters and should be better known to the world."

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE STREAM.

I've lost my heart to a maiden,  
So glad and gracious and gay!  
My dreams by night are love-laden;  
I follow her all the day.  
She leads me through winding mazes;  
She trips down the green hill-side;  
She cuts a path through the daisies;  
She comes, but she never abides.  
She glides into darkest angles;  
The boughs dip low at her glance;  
Then away from her shadowy tangles,  
She speeds like a silvery lance.  
She slides through the wheat-fields yellow;  
She hides 'mid their stalks of gold;  
Then bursts into sunlight mellow,  
Or frolics in forests old.  
But now from the dim seclusion,  
Dew-pearled, its mosses and grass,  
She is gone, the lovely illusion,  
The bewitching, bewildering lass!  
Just once—bees hummed in the clover—  
She did not say me nay,  
So I always shall be the brook's lover,  
Till my very latest day!

—Outing.

A STORY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I learn with regret that many great men have been known to swear. This is a deplorable state of things, if true. It is said that when the late Duke of Wellington received his morning mail he was in the habit of marking on some of the communications the three letters, "E.B.D." His secretary, in some roundabout way, had come to understand that the letters meant "He be d——." Now, it is not etiquette in official circles to use this expression in an epistle, even when a dash takes the place of the final letters of the last word. In our search for a substitute for swearing, it is therefore interesting to know how the secretary translated the terse phrase into lawful English. His reply took this form: Sir,—Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has given your communication his most earnest consideration, and begs leave to express his regret that it is impossible for him to comply with your request.—*Robert Barr in The Idler*.

TRIPOLI IN THE SPRING.

A visit to Tripoli in the month of March is as delightful a holiday as anyone need wish for. The intense heat of summer has not yet set in, and you experience the warmth of our July, combined with a brighter sunshine. Tripoli occupies an oasis on the edge of the Great Desert; outside the walled town a fertile sandy tract of land extends along the shore for some miles, and here you revel amid many novel and marvellous sights. There are miles of palm

No student of history should pass by Sir John Seeley's able paper on the History of English Policy with which the *Contemporary* for this month begins. "The people of England must be studied," says Sir John, "not merely in this inductive way, (which explains historical events by reference to national character) but also in its relations. The English people, more than most others, are what they are in consequence of their relations to peoples who live outside England." We have transposed the words in parenthesis. Mr. W. T. Stead calls a spade "a spade" in good old English style in his trenchant paper entitled "Incidents of Labour War in America." "In industrial matters," writes this outspoken journalist: "our American kinsfolk are where we were forty or fifty years ago." "Our difficulties" he adds, "are bad enough, but they are as moonlight is to sunlight, as water is to wine, compared with the industrial feuds which rage on the other side of the Atlantic." "The mere brute violence which is everywhere rampant is bad enough, but that is, by no means, the worst feature of the story. What is far more appalling is the utter paralysis of public and moral authority." "The great mischief in America is the absence of trust, the rooted disbelief in the honesty and good faith of anybody." A sad picture and alas! but too true. The murder, riot and enormous destruction of property resulting from the Pullman strike emphasize Mr. Stead's remarks. The Rev. Father Clarke (S. J. we presume) in considering "the Papal Encyclical on the Bible" replies with vigour and remarkable acumen to the author of the "Policy of the Pope." These gentlemen are past masters in the art of controversy.

Death, winged with fire of hate from deathless hell  
Wherein the souls of anarchists hiss and die,  
With stroke as dire has cloven a heart as high  
As twice beyond the wide sea's westward swell  
The living lust of death had power to quell  
Through ministry of murderous hands  
whereby  
Dark fate bade Lincoln's head and Garfield's lie  
Low even as his who bid his France farewell.  
France, now no heart that would not weep with thee  
Loved ever faith or freedom. From thy hand  
The staff of state is broken: hope, unmanned  
With anguish, doubts if freedom's self be free.  
The snake-souled anarchist's fang strikes all  
the land  
Cold, and all hearts unsundered by the sea.

Thus, Swinburne pays poetic tribute to the memory of President Carnot, in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. A. Silva White's views stated in the article on "The Partition of Africa" suggest some serious considerations to the patriotic Imperialist. "Her Majesty's Government," says Mr. White, "must be prepared, not only to meet all the responsibilities of the Eastern Question, but also to keep France or any other European power out of Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco, and the entire Nile Valley." A rather large order, even for "the tight little Island" to fill. The Earl of Meath describes Morocco as "A Land of Incredible Barbarity," and Frederic Harrison in drawing attention to the approaching "Centenary of Edward Gibbon," who "died in London in January, 1794, in his fifty-seventh year," pronounces him "the greatest of all English historians," and sounds his praises without stint.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and the vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—*Clarendon*.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive; they sparkle still the right Promethean fire; they are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world.—*Shakespeare*.

groves where the trees tower up as straight as ships' masts, and where the dates will soon hang in huge clusters from the feathery crowns. There are vast tracts of orange gardens, where you may for a few pence wander among fragrant groves, plucking and eating the luscious golden fruit as it hangs above your head. There is but little or no tide at Tripoli, and the bright strip of golden shore is like a moving panorama of pictures, such as we never see in our northern clime. Camels are here by the hundred, lying down, rearing, and chewing the cud, or walking along with stately pace, head high in the air; ragged, ill-favored camels; camels with rich, thick, brown fur or hair; light-colored, dark, old and young. The Arabs, swathed from head to foot in blankets, ride or walk alongside, with long fowl-pieces over their shoulders.

Negroes there are in plenty, and of the blackest hue, from the far Soudan, jolly-looking and merry, and, perchance, clothed in many-colored rags. The esparto grass forms one of the chief articles of trade between Tripoli and England. It is found in the desert a few days' journey from Tripoli. Long strings of camels may be constantly seen on the shore making for the various esparto yards, each camel carrying about three hundredweight of grass. The negroes are good steady workers; they pick the grass, throwing out the bad. It is packed into close bales by hydraulic pressure, bound round with iron bands, and is shipped off in steamers to England, where it is converted into paper. The negroes live in colonies among the palm trees, and a visit to their quarters reminds one of books of travel by African explorers. The huts are like beehives in shape, and are entered in the same way by a low, half-round doorway. Each hut owns a small plot of ground which is surrounded by palisading à la Robinson Crusoe, and many of the owners jealously close the door on the appearance of a stranger. The women of the family sit about on the ground making colored baskets, while their charming black babies roll about on the sandy ground enjoying life to the full.

A walk of two or three miles across the breadth of Tripoli brings you to the edge of the Great Desert, the most wonderful sight of the many Tripoli can furnish. Here you may stand among the palm-trees, gazing over a waste of sand, with its distant mountain ridge, a great arid plain, extending away "for six months." Such a vast extent of utter loneliness is awe-inspiring, and it may be revisited again and again without losing its fascinating charm. As you stand gazing over this limitless, uneven plain of sand, a few dark specks appear on the horizon; gradually they draw nearer, winding along like a great black snake; and soon you distinguish the forms of many camels loaded with esparto grass, their Arab owners walking alongside through the hot sand and under a scorching sun. They enter the fringe of palm-trees, and another hour will bring them to their journey's end. The sun is setting, and the scene grows in solemnity; not a bird nor an animal to break the silence; only the burning waste of sand stretching away "for six months." Twilight falls; a crimson flush spreads over the horizon, extending over the sky, and gradually blending through an infinite variety of colors with the deep blue overhead. So we turn away from the edge of the Great Desert of Sahara to wander back to Tripoli through the darkening lanes, under the shadows of the tall, ghostly palm-trees.—*Graphic*.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

London Advertiser: The Baptist Young People of Canada and the United States have held a most successful convention in Toronto, in which several thousands of delegates have participated. The representatives are a fine type of people, as was to be expected in a Church of the standing and influence of the Baptist Church on this continent. This denomination has always occupied advanced ground in Ontario and in the Dominion.

St. John Telegraph: The tariff contest between the United States House of Representatives and the Senate is now fairly on, and the result will be awaited with interest. The Democratic party, which is pledged to tariff reform, has been "held up" by a set of thieves and brigands in the Senate, who, although Democrats in name, are in league with the trusts and combines, and have been using their positions to fill their pockets, and protect monopolists in their own state. As their crime against political honesty is one unknown to the law they would seem to be very proper candidates for the rude system of justice which prevails in the west and south, under the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

Canadian C. G. and Critic: It is important to note that the revenue derived from our system of canals is increasing. This country is so absolutely dependent upon canals to move her agricultural produce cheaply to the ocean, that the traffic returns should be closely watched by the people. According to statistics last issued by the Government for the fiscal year the net canal revenue was \$375,089, as against \$324,475 for the previous year, an increase of \$50,614. The number of tons of freight moved on the Welland canal was 955,554, of which 528,569 tons were agricultural products. On the St. Lawrence canals the quantity moved was 966,775 tons, of which 464,572 were agricultural products. On Ottawa canals the total quantity of tons moved was 647,811, and so on. The railways are not in this by any means.

Manitoba Free Press: The question as to the class of schools that should be established by the Government is one distinct from the matter recently in contention at Ottawa. The division of opinion is between purely secular schools (or godless schools as some call them) and schools in which the Deity is recognized. There is a good deal of backing and filling to get round this point, but it is better to come directly to it. If the schools are to be conducted without any semblance of religious teaching, the youth of the country will grow up without knowledge or care for any controlling influence beyond mundane regulations. The plea that the schools should only teach reading, writing and arithmetic, etc., and that religious education is a home duty is an evasion of the question. In a large proportion of the homes there is neither time nor opportunity for imparting religious instruction. If the children are not taught the existence of responsibility to a supernatural power, a great many of them will not learn it at all, or will learn the name of that power only to use it in giving force, or what they imagine to be force, to expressions of disapproval.

The gratification of wealth is not found in mere possession nor in lavish expenditure; but in its wise application.—*Cervantes*.

## THE VERY THING FOR CHILDREN



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## IN JAPAN.

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,  
Come and thy pinions furl."  
That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To her dear little Japanese girl.  
"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,  
Now that the day is dead.  
Listen and dream while the mother-bird sings"  
That means, "It's time for bed."  
"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here:  
My heart is so cold when you roam."  
That is the Japanese—"No, my dear:  
I'd rather you played at home."  
"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way:  
The Sun-goddess now has smiled."  
That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To a good little Japanese child.  
—Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, in *St. Nicholas*.

## FLIGHT OF THE FRIGATE BIRD.

Mr. J. Lancaster, who has spent five years upon the west coast of Florida in the study of the habits of aquatic birds, of which he has made a specialty, asserts that he has seen frigate birds fly for seven consecutive days, night and day, without ever resting. According to his observations the fatigue of these birds is not excessive, even in such long continuances in the air. In fact the frigate bird can easily, and almost without a flap of the wings, not only maintain itself, but also fly with a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour. The spread of the wings extended varies between eleven and thirteen feet. It feeds, gathers materials for its nest here and there, and even sleeps on the wing. This well proves that in this bird the motion of the wings is, in a manner, independent of the will. The albatross, which also has been the subject of Mr. Lancaster's observations, is larger than the frigate bird, its wing-spread reaching at least sixteen feet; but if it follows ships at sea for a long time, it is always obliged to take a rest upon a rock or upon the ship itself at the end of about four or five days.—*London Public Opinion*.

At Nerano there is a break in the cliffs, and the overhanging hills slope more gently down to the water's edge. Above, in the shoulder of the mountain, below the sharp-peaked Santo Constanzo, lies a little village called Termini. The fishermen say and believe that Christ, when He had walked over the whole earth with His disciples, reached this point, and declared that it was the end of the world; hence the name.—*Coasting by Sorrento and Amalfi, by Marion Crawford, in the Century*.

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The Book of Job, written about 1520 B. C., describes accurately several processes of smelting metals.

Coal tar yields sixteen shades of blue, the same of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet and numerous other colors and shades.

Scientists say that 1,000,000 webs spun by young spiders would not form a strand as great in diameter as a hair from the human head.

The uses to which aluminium is put are constantly extending. Thus far three entire regiments of the Prussian Guards are furnished with big drums made of the new metal.

Borocarbide, a new material recently prepared in the electric furnace by the French chemist Henri Moissan, is a compound of borax and carbon, and is excessively hard, cutting diamonds without difficulty.

In a recent London lawsuit regarding noise and vibration caused by a factory, the phonograph was brought in as a witness, at the suggestion of Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, being caused to record the noises and reproduce them in court.

A recent English invention is the 'pulsimeter,' a watch made especially for the use of physicians in timing their patients' pulses. It is constructed on the principle of the stop-watch, and indicates the pulse-rate on a dial in beats per minute.

A recent improvement in electric smelting is to mix finely divided carbon with the metallic ore, in order to avoid sputtering and foaming of the mass. Another is to use an air-tight furnace, so that the atmosphere within consists entirely of carbon monoxid, which absolutely prevents oxidation.

The water-works of Denver, Col., are remarkable for their use of wooden pipes. These are 30 to 48 inches in diameter, built of staves of Texas pine banded with iron. Since 1889 over sixteen miles of this pipe have been laid. It will stand the pressure due to a head of 185 feet, and is much less expensive than iron.

A scientific authority states that by saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the bullet is marked by a ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

A company, formed some time ago for the purpose of constructing an electric railway on the Jungfrau, have asked permission to devote a sum of one hundred thousand francs to the erection of a geophysical observatory, and five thousand francs annually for its maintenance. The observatory would have an altitude of 4,200 metres, and the projected line would put it into direct communication with the valley below.

It has been shown by recent experiments that there is practically no difference in cost between cooking by electricity and by coal, while the advantages of the former method in point of comfort, cleanliness, and safety are considerable. Of every 100 tons of coal burned in an ordinary cooking stove ninety-six tons are, it is said, prac-

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tically wasted, whereas with electricity the expense is not so much on the fuel as on labour and interest on machinery.

S. M. Andree, a Swedish scientist, has collected tabular information showing the average weight of peas in their pods. The lightest peas were always found near the ends of the pod. The average weight of a pea was greater the larger the number of peas in the pod, so that the largest pods contained the heaviest peas. The weight of the peas next the point of the pod increased with the increased number of peas in the pod. With the exception of the first and last peas, there was but a very small difference in the weight of the peas in the same pod.

The retirement of Prof. James D. Dana from the professorship of geology at Yale at the age of eighty-one years, after spending fifty years in active service, removes from the teaching force of the University a striking personality familiar to many generations of Yale men. Few men have had greater opportunities for influence. Besides his great popularity as a teacher and lecturer, Professor Dana was accustomed, for many years, to conduct personally large geological excursions of students; which were among the most interesting features of the course. Long after he had passed the traditional three-score years and ten, Professor Dana could outwalk most of the young men in his charge, and the sight of the venerable enthusiast running over the rocks to chip off a specimen or to point out a noteworthy outcrop, was an inspiration to the youngest student.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Valuable copper mines have been discovered in Paraguay.

A mirror only reflects 90 to 92 per cent. of the light thrown on it.

The first hatmakers who plied their trade in England were Spaniards, who went to that country in 1510.

Active preparations are being made for the Canal Conference to be held in New York city on December 5.

Jerusalem has been modernized by a railroad, and now a concession to establish a water works is being demanded.

The production of copper in the United States in 1893 is placed at 337,416,000 pounds, valued at New York at 32,054,000.

There is a curious law in force in Germany which prohibits the sale of beer to persons who have eaten fruit. It is based on the idea that such a mixture tends to develop cholera.

A woman traveller who saw King Behanzin, of Dahomey, recently, describes him as a good-looking man, fifty-five years old, with extremely white hair. He is almost unable to walk.

The Guion Steamship Company has sold its ships and gone out of business, because "it does not pay to carry across the Atlantic wheat at a penny a bushel or other freight at 20 cents a ton."

A syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists is reported to have bought the American patent rights to the telephone system now in use in France, and will introduce it into the United States.—*Bradstreet's*.

Munkacsy's fine picture of the crucifixion, recently on view in Paris, has been sent to Antwerp to be exhibited there before it is put up in the mausoleum of Count Andrassy, for which it is intended.

The production of iron in Japan in 1890 was estimated at 17,435 tons from iron-sand, and 3,782 tons from Kamaishi ore. In 1891 the latter production rose to 4,794 tons, and, in the first half of 1892, to 3,093 tons.

Since Brander Matthews has become a Columbia College professor he has become more scholarly in appearance than ever. His never erect figure is becoming more rounded at the shoulders, and he looks at the world abstractedly through his glasses.—*Mail and Express*.

According to a recent article in the *Railroad Gazette*, the steam city railroads of London earn only \$73,000 a mile, while those of New York City earn \$300,000 a mile per annum. It appears the New York railroads carry a far larger number of passengers and run quicker and make more stops than the London roads.

The *Hospital* advises "literary workers" to rise early, take a cup of coffee with toast at 6.30, write for awhile, take breakfast at 8, write till noon, take lunch at 1 o'clock, smoke a pipe after it, take a cup of black coffee at 2, write a couple of hours, take a cup of tea at 4, write till 6.30, take dinner at 7, winding it up with a cup of black coffee, take things easy till 10.45, then take a small cup of cocoa and be ready for bed at 11. The *Hospital* takes for granted literary workers all like to "take tea" and "take coffee" and "take things easy."

## NIGH TO DEATH'S DOOR.

HOW A YOUNG LADY WAS CURED OF A TERRIBLE MALADY WHEN NEAR THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

The large, pretentious brick residence at 86 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to-day. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.,) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter. I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public,  
Wayne Co., Michigan.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Mr. Preston, the director of the Mint, reckons the product at \$155,522,000 for the calendar year 1893. This is an increase of \$16,661,000 upon the figures for 1892, and an increase of \$29,338,000 upon those for 1891. Ten years ago, in 1883, the gold product of the world had fallen to \$95,400,000. Since then there has been an almost continuous growth in the annual yield, till now it stands \$60,122,000 above the level of 1883.—*Boston Herald*.

Bell Telephone Company,  
Walkerton Agency, May 15th, '94.

Dear Sirs,—I sold your Acid Cure for 20 years, and during that time I never heard of a case that was not relieved and cured by its use. I have recommended it in bad cases of Eczema, Ring-worm, and never knew it to fail (when properly used) to effect a cure.

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(3rd) If the 11th and subsequent premiums are paid and death occurs before the termination of the investment period, such premiums will be paid as a mortuary dividend, with the full face of the policy.

(4) After three years in force it is indisputable and non-forfeitable.

(5) Travel in any part of the world does not invalidate the contract.

(6th) At the termination of the investment period the insured can select one of the following options:—

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or

(2) Purchase a paid-up policy, payable at death,

or

(3) Withdraw the surplus in cash, and continue the original policy in force (without payment of any further premiums thereon), such policy participating in future surplus,

or

(4) Use the surplus to purchase an annuity for life and continue policy in force without payment of any further premiums,

or

(5) Use the surplus towards cancelling any loan or debt on the policy, and continue the original policy in force without payment of any further premiums thereon.

This advantageous form of investment policy is issued only by the North American Life Assurance Company. Head office, Toronto.

Martin Backus, of Stillwater, Minn., is said to be the most absent-minded man in the Northwest. The other day he forgot an engagement to marry until three hours after the appointed time, and then he remembered it, but the name of his affianced bride wholly escaped his mind. By the aid of the young woman's father and two brothers and a shotgun his memory was refreshed and a tragedy averted.

By the use of the improved dock equipment at the ports of the Lake Superior region, the expense of handling the iron ores has of late been remarkably reduced, as well as the time occupied in loading and unloading. Where the expense of putting the ore into the holds of vessels was estimated at from 10 to 15 cents per ton, with the apparatus in use at some of the docks this ore is now lifted from the vessel, carried back 350 feet, and dumped, at a total cost, including all expenses, of from  $\frac{3}{4}$  cent to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents per ton. With 21 men in the hold of a vessel carrying 2,000 tons of iron ore, the entire cargo has been stocked in 17 hours.

## Ladies' Attention.

Prof. and Mme. O. H. de Lamorton, of Paris, France, have opened one of their Famous Dress Cutting and Making Schools at No. 467 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. You or your daughters can get a full and complete course of Lessons, together with our Gents' Tailor square and Instruction books and be taught till you Graduate and receive your Diploma. We make you competent to fill any position as chief cutter at high salary all at the cost of only \$5.00. Write for full particulars or call. We want you to learn and then teach at your own home and so you can make at least \$3.00 per day at home. Yours truly, Prof. and Mme. O. H. de Lamorton. A good manager wanted for Ontario.



JULY 27th, 1894.]

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

Too many people have pneumatic tires on their consciences.

It never cools a man off when the street-sprinkler throws water on him.

Didst thou never hear that things ill got had ever bad success?—*Shakespeare*.

There is often close relationship between crooked actions and desperate straits.

It is true that doctors disagree, but then they don't disagree half as bad as their medicines do.

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay provides himself a home from which to run away.

The New Parlor Maid: Miss Allen says she's not at home, sir. He: Oh—er—really! Then tell her I didn't call.

Grandpa's Birthday—"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each fifty cents, we mustn't lose it."

"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?" Bridget: They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them that you had plenty of your own, and better, too.

After the Spanking—Mother: Now, Johnnie, I don't want to ever catch you in that jam closet again. Johnnie (sobbing): An' I don't want you to, nuther.

Some of the New York policemen have not been in a hurry to clean out the saloons; but they have done their best, it would seem, to clean out the proprietors.

Fans are smaller this year than heretofore, in graceful acknowledgment of the fact, doubtless, that it is harder to raise the wind than it used to be.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Bride: Are you going to leave this early, Alonzo? Alonzo: I'd give ten years of my life to remain longer, darling, but I'd be fined a dollar if I missed my lodge meeting.

Frances and her papa had a few squares to go, and the latter asked: "Frances, shall we walk or take the street cars?" "Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk if you'll carry me."

Papa: Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away? Little Grace: Yes; we heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast, and mamma said: "That's just like papa."

It is very much easier for a girl to stand before an audience in a white silk dress and the consciousness that she is looking well, and talk of the nobility and courage that meet life boldly, than it is to be patient while washing dishes.

"I think I will take a holiday the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private company to the chairman thereof. "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True: that was my holiday as secretary. I wish to go now as treasurer."

A clergyman walked into the store of a merchant, wet to the skin by a thunderstorm. The merchant had some exquisite old brandy, of which he was very proud. He offered the dominie some, as a joke, not dreaming that his guest would accept. The minister not only took a big drink, but put the bottle in his pocket.

"Papa," said little Katie, "do you know how high those clouds are?" "No, child," answered her father with an indulgent smile. "Well," said Katie, regarding them with critical eye, "I do. They're cirrus clouds, and they're about three miles and a half high. You didn't have very good schools when you was little, did you, papa?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

An idol may be undefied by many accidental causes. Marriage, in particular, is a kind of counter apotheosis, as a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.—*Addison*.

Toronto, 28th November, 1893.

Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acid Cure is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

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The general inventory of the famous Bibliotheque Nationale—National Library at Paris—was begun in 1875. It has just been finished under the direction of M. Marchal, assistant librarian. This inventory will show that the Bibliotheque Nationale, which is to France what the British Museum is to England, contains in its collections 2,150,000 volumes, without mentioning the provincial newspapers, which are not yet in bound form.

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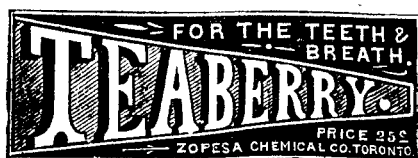
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