

THE WEEK

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JAN. 12th, 1894.

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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.

Should the reports which reach us by way of Victoria, B. C., respecting late events in Honolulu, prove true, the situation there is strangely complicated and must be specially embarrassing to President Cleveland. According to these reports Minister Willis has called on the Provisional Government of Hawaii to make way for the restoration of the Queen; President Dole, on behalf of that Government, has refused, flatly denying the right of the United States, or any other foreign power, to interfere in the internal affairs of the Islands; and British marines have been landed, by permission of the Provisional Government, to protect the British legation and the property of British residents. It seems hardly likely that President Cleveland would run the risk of making himself ridiculous by instructing the American Minister to take such a course,

unless he was prepared to use compulsion in case of refusal. On the other hand, there is great force in the reply which President Dole is said to have made. It must be a nice question of international law, whether even the fact of the previous unwarranted interference of American authorities and forces to bring about the revolution, would warrant a second armed interference in order to undo the wrong already perpetrated. It is not strange that the situation as reported should have created a good deal of excitement at Washington, and indeed, all over the Union, and that further news and official announcements are being waited for with impatient anxiety.

Among Canadian events of special importance last week, the Toronto Board of Trade banquet is entitled to first place. The completeness of the preparations, the excellence of the bill of fare, and the artistic taste displayed in the arrangements and decorations, left little to be desired. Much credit is due to the members of the Board of Trade for the enterprise and liberality which are year by year making this banquet an event of national importance. The limits of our space forbid entering into details, or referring particularly to the part taken by individual officers and members of the Board in making the banquet so eminently successful, but a word of tribute is due to the tact and good judgment displayed by President Wilkie, as chairman. The speech of the Governor-General, notwithstanding the touches of anecdote and humour which were freely interspersed, was of a kind which we are coming already to recognize as characteristic. We refer to the deep sincerity, the true loyalty, and the lofty moral purpose which pervade it. Apart from the two or three leading thoughts which formed the framework of his necessarily brief address, his incidental cautions against fostering "professional patriotism," and falling into the use of highly coloured pictures and bombastic utterances in describing our country and its resources, are sensible and timely, and show that His Excellency is a keen observer. So, too, nothing could be better timed than his deprecation of everything savouring of the spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance. The speech of Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, too, brief though it was, was happily conceived and replete with wise, practical hints.

The moderate and thoughtful article on "The Regulation of Athletic Sports in Col-

leges," which appears in another column, will be read with attention by all who are interested in the really important and difficult problem, how to combine physical with mental culture in due proportions, in our educational institutions. Many of the reforms of existing methods proposed by our correspondent are sadly needed and must commend themselves to the sober judgment of athletes as well as of College authorities. Most of the serious evils which attend contests in the United States are due to the fact that these contests take place outside of College bounds; that they are carried on mainly with a view to money-making by gate receipts and, still worse, by gambling; and thus far too much stress is laid upon the mere fact of winning, by fair means or foul. If to these causes, with which our correspondent deals, be added the fact that the free use of intoxicants adds very largely to the disgraceful roughness characteristic of many of these contests, the path of reform becomes tolerably clear. Without venturing to discuss the details of the scheme for the government of the athletics of the Colleges, which Mr. McKenzie has so carefully wrought out, and without yielding to any one in our sense of the importance of proper physical recreation and training for College students, we may just mention what has always seemed to us to be one of the chief objections to all athletic games which involve the competitive element and, consequently, the selection of "teams." What of the many students who fail to obtain places on the teams, and whose personal interest in the games is likely to fall to zero in consequence? Proper physical culture is needed for every student. Often those whose want of prowess excludes them from the "teams" are the very students who stand most in need of vigorous exercise. Is it not an almost inevitable result of the competitive system that while the few are in great danger of injuring themselves, both physically and mentally, by too much athleticism, the many are equally in danger of injury in both respects by too little of it. We speak subject to correction. Possibly the number of those who hold aloof from campus games for the reasons indicated is much smaller, and the danger of over-training, over-exertion, and lack of application to study on the part of the few, much less than we suppose. We should be glad to be informed by some one who knows, in regard to the matter.

The deplorable affair near Warina, in which five officers and six privates belong

ing to a small camp in charge of an officer of the British West India Regiment, were killed and a larger number severely wounded, in a surprise attack by a strong force of natives headed by a French officer, has suddenly created a very uneasy, not to say dangerous, sensation both in England and in France. Happily, the latest despatches up to the time at which we are writing leave no room for doubt that the attack was due wholly to a mistake on the part of the French lieutenant in command. His own testimony, before his death in the British camp, to which he was taken, being found severely wounded on the field, seems conclusive on that point, while the fact that he was buried by the British along with their own dead, with military honors, shows that they had no doubt in regard to the matter. The fact, if such it prove to be, that the attack was made in territory well within the "British sphere" may add seriously to the complication, should such arise between the two Governments. As it is, however, by no means likely that territorial limits are as yet very well defined in that region, this feature of the case may, perhaps, be easily explained. Under ordinary circumstances, beyond the natural sorrow caused by so sad an event, no serious consequences could be feared. The friendly nation whose officer was responsible for the mistake would hasten to express its regret and to offer a liberal indemnity for the benefit of the families of the slain. As matters now are there is a possibility of danger arising out of the somewhat hostile feelings which have for some time existed between France and England. The French, as recent events have shown, are just now on the crest of a wave of popular excitement, and there is some possibility that the Jingo element amongst them may make it difficult for their Government to take the proper course. On the other hand, the feeling in Great Britain is so thoroughly aroused that ample acknowledgment will no doubt be rigidly insisted on. Yet it would be preposterous for two great nations to quarrel over the blunder of a military officer. To shed the blood of tens of thousands on both sides would be a grotesquely foolish way in which to atone for the loss of a dozen or two, through a military blunder. There may be some blustering on the one side and some obstinacy on the other, but it is incredible that anything more serious can result from the incident.

While the Minister of Trade and Commerce could not promise any definite results in the near future from his visit to Australia, he was able to talk in an interesting manner about our Australian cousins and their country. The difficulty to be met with in attempting any trade negotiations with seven distinct though adjacent colonies, each having its own government and legislation and its own political and fiscal systems, is obvious. From the fact that

Mr. Bowell made no allusion to the proposed conference between representatives of the different colonies and those of Canada, it may be inferred that the prospect of being able to bring about such a conference is not so bright as he might wish. This is to be regretted. A visit of representative statesmen of those colonies to Canada could scarcely fail to be productive of good in various directions. Without claiming too much in regard to the success of our own federation experiment, its material advantages are clearly such that a personal knowledge of the system and its results, on the part of leading men of the Australian Provinces, could hardly fail to give a powerful impetus to the federation movement among themselves. Mr. Bowell dwelt with a very natural pride and satisfaction upon the success of the Government policy in subsidizing the Australian line of steamboats. It is only to be hoped that their efforts may be equally successful at an early day in securing the fast Atlantic line which has been an object of their laudable ambition for some years past.

Two or three of Mr. Bowell's remarks on the trade question are well adapted to bring those who cannot accept his protectionist views to the front with both notes and queries. For instance, commenting on the promising growth of an important export business in agricultural implements with Australia and the Argentine Republic, he left it to the public to judge whether this increased trade has been brought about by the policy of the Government, or whether it was wholly owing to the superior intelligence and industry of our people. This is a question which it is really difficult if not impossible to decide, though Mr. Bowell and those of his way of thinking probably do not think so. Nothing is more common than to hear arguments based upon the increase of manufacturing industries in Canada, which assume that the whole credit is due to protection, and quite ignore the fact that the Canadian people did a respectable manufacturing business before the National Policy was thought of. Then, again, Mr. Bowell's suggestion immediately causes the mind of the free-trader to revert to the Mother Country and recall the unparalleled strides made by its manufacturers from the day when it cast off the shackles of protection. Those who advocate freedom to buy and sell in foreign markets are no less glad than the most ardent protectionists to learn of the success of Canadian manufacturing enterprise in foreign markets. One doubt, however, they would like to have set at rest. They would fain ask Mr. Bowell, or some one who knows, whether there is any ground for the impression which prevails in some quarters, that the agricultural implements and certain other products of highly protected Canadian factories are actually sold in foreign markets at a lower price than that which Cana-

dian buyers are compelled to pay, plus the cost of transportation and other expenses. It would surely be a great hardship should it be true that manufacturers bolstered up with high protective tariffs are really giving an advantage to foreign purchasers at the expense of the Canadian farmer or other consumer.

Another incidental remark made by Mr. Bowell, whose speech, for obvious reasons, invites particular attention, is curiously suggestive. Referring to the fact that the managers of the ocean steamboat lines are accustomed to take advantage of any rise of price of Canadian products in foreign markets, by so increasing the freight rates as to deprive the Canadian exporter of the chief part of the benefit, the Minister very properly suggested that the Government should tell the steamboat companies that when we pay them large annual subsidies they on their part should not deprive the producers of this country of the benefits arising from an increase in market prices. We are glad to hear this opinion from a responsible Minister. It chimes with the view which we have from time to time urged with respect to freight-rates on railroads built largely with public money. Mr. Bowell, it is true, specifically praises the Canadian Pacific for its readiness to give cheap rates for the encouragement of the export trade, by way of British Columbia, we presume. This, of course, would be in direct line with its interests, which are largely bound up in the development of the transcontinental trade. But Mr. Bowell must be well aware that the people of the North-West are complaining bitterly that the freight rates on their grain to the seaboard, by this same road, are so high as to become one of the chief causes of their impoverishment, through the excessively low returns they are able to get for their grain. Has the Canadian Government no right to say anything to the railway managers in this case? This is, however, by the way. It was another remark made by the Minister in the same connection which struck us as peculiarly suggestive. While he enunciated what we believe to be a sound and common-sense principle in regard to the relation of the Government to both subsidized railways and steamboat lines, he prefaced the enunciation with the apologetic remark that being somewhat conservative, he did not like the idea of interfering with the legitimate enterprises of trade. Did it not occur to him or his hearers in this connection that the protective tariff of which he is so ardent an upholder is a gross and arbitrary interference with the legitimate trade of every purchaser in the country? Why should the rights of wealthy companies or corporations be so much more tenderly regarded than those of the mass of industrious citizens, who are just as anxious to use their labour to the best advantage by exchanging its products for the necessaries and comforts of life in the best markets?

Any reference to the Board of Trade speeches would be incomplete if it failed to take note of the brief addresses of the Minister of Finance and of the gentleman who preceded him at one remove, whose remarks struck the note to which Mr. Foster's speech responded. The liberal and friendly sentiments to which the Hon. George Raines, of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, gave happy utterance, well deserved the warm tribute of approval with which they were greeted. His picture of the future commercial relations between the two peoples sets before us an ideal which, while worthy of their common antecedents, need not be deemed too lofty to be practicable. Why should the two peoples, cognate in origin, cherishing free institutions, having a common language and literature, be separated in the future by artificial trade barriers, or be mutually burdened with the support of armaments which could be required only for protection against or hostility to each other? It is true that the United States set the example of hostile tariffs, which Canada was all too ready to imitate. It is also true that that nation is now taking the lead in reducing them to a more friendly level, and there is good reason to hope that having once entered upon the path of reform, though the struggle against the opposition of selfish interests and wrong theories may be hard and protracted, there will be no cessation until a sound foundation has been reached, either in a tariff for revenue only, the avowed goal of the party now in power, or in absolute free trade. Nor have we any fear that Canada will not promptly follow the lead. Her own self-interest, on which Mr. Foster, it seems to us, laid almost unnecessary stress, if no more generous motive, will constrain her. As to the other point, of what greater folly can we conceive than that two such peoples, under conditions so unique and so favorable to mutual friendship, should maintain great standing armies against each other? Mr. Foster may be right in saying that history teaches that commercial intercourse alone is not an absolute guarantee against war between nations. But in this case we have not the commercial intercourse alone, but common interests and sympathies arising from such and so many sources as to render the relations of the two peoples to each other such as have never before existed in history. The conditions being unique, why should not the relations and the future history be unique likewise.

A correspondent, writing over a familiar *nom de plume*, takes us somewhat seriously to task for our journalistic sins and shortcomings, as particularly manifested in certain comments made a few weeks since in these columns upon burning questions of British politics. Any lack of the judicial faculty, so necessary in those who "write from the editorial standpoint," which may

show itself in these humble comments, is our misfortune, for which we may claim the indulgence of our readers. Possibly we need not despair of making some improvement in this respect by careful study of good models. But any failure to read on both sides of the questions discussed is a journalistic crime, and as such should be punished by the judges, our intelligent readers. It may be that our critic suggests such failure as a palliation of our error in not thinking precisely as he does upon all the matters referred to, but we cannot shield ourselves from his censure behind that rampart, seeing that, as a matter of fact, it happens that we are far more familiar with the *Spectator*—which our correspondent will hardly accuse of being on "the one side" on which he supposes us to read, than with any other British political paper; possibly almost as familiar with it as is our correspondent with the *Speaker* or the *Westminster Gazette*.

Much of our correspondent's letter, it will be seen, is made up of strong statements in regard to what are largely matters of opinion. To these we need not specially refer. Our readers will be glad to know the conclusions to which a writer so well-known as "Fairplay Radical" has come with regard to the important matters dealt with. They will also claim leave to form their own opinions on those questions. On one or two specific points we may offer a word of comment. Our critic takes exception to our remarks in regard to the action of the House of Lords in amending the "Employers' Liability Bill" by adding a clause permitting employees, under certain conditions, to contract themselves out of its provisions. Our comment, so far as we can remember, for we have not the files at hand as we write, was to the effect that this amendment rendered the Bill comparatively worthless for the protection of the workingmen, in the direction intended. That this is so, must, we think, be obvious on the slightest reflection. No great prescience is needed to foresee that the employers whose dangerous business or parsimonious methods make it specially desirable that their workmen should have the protection provided in the Bill, are the very ones who will be most ready, as a rule, to bring pressure to bear to secure exemption from its provisions under the "contracting out" clause; while, by parity of reasoning, the workingmen who most need the protection afforded by the Bill will often be the very ones upon whom pressure can most effectively be brought in order to enable such employers to take advantage of that clause.

"Fairplay Radical" complains that "the writer of 'Current Topics' puts it as if the peers in adding the 'contracting out' clause to the Bill, had acted in opposition to the

workingmen; and not, as the fact really was, at their request and on their behalf." Is this quite ingenuous? Can "Fairplay Radical" doubt that the amendment passed by the Lords was in opposition to the wishes of the great majority of the workingmen of Great Britain, albeit it was at the request of two hundred thousand or so of those who thought that under their peculiar circumstances they would be better off as they were; or who, under the influences which some classes of employers know so well how to bring to bear, were induced to join in the petition to which he refers. As to the feelings and wishes of the mass of British workingmen in regard to the matter, we need only refer to the fact that the intensest enthusiasm for the Liberal candidate during the late contest at Accrington was evoked by the Commons' rejection of the Lords' amendment in question, and to the admission implied by the *Spectator* when it blames the defeated candidate for having "wobbled" on this question. Why should he have "wobbled" if the workingmen were in favor of the Lords' amendment? and, when speaking of deputations, why did our critic not mention those very influential ones representing the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, both of which waited on Lord Salisbury and assured him in the strongest terms that workingmen would not accept the contracting-out clauses? It was, as is so often unhappily the case, the self-interest, not to say selfishness of the few against the larger and more vital interests of the many. Of course, even the two hundred thousand could have had no inducement to petition Lord Salisbury in favor of the "contracting out" clause, had they not been led to fear that if such a clause were not inserted, they would be deprived of the advantages of the subscriptions made by employers to their insurance societies. Indeed, Lord Dudley did not hesitate to declare in the House of Lords that he would withdraw his contribution to the insurance fund on his colliery if the Bill were passed without the "contracting out" clauses. But, to his honor be it said, the Marquis of Londonderry, who is probably a larger colliery owner than Lord Dudley, affirmed *per contra* that in whatever shape the Bill passed, unless something altogether unforeseen occurred, he should in no way alter his practice in this regard. Lord Dudley's declaration is very suggestive in regard to the influences under which the petitions in question were signed. But "Fairplay Radical" comes perilously near reducing to the absurd his own contention that the peers represented the workingmen, as a class, when he is obliged to support it with the assumption, for his argument surely amounts to that, that the representatives of labor in the Commons, with a single exception, do not represent the mass of British workingmen.

It is unnecessary and would consume much space to deal consecutively with other parts of our critic's letter. One or two points must suffice. Granting for argument's sake, that tenants in Ireland are now so advantageously situated as "Fair-play Radical" would have us believe, the most pertinent question in regard to the bearing of the fact upon the Home Rule agitation would be that of the means by which these advantages have been obtained. Let the reader consider carefully the situation of the Irish tenant as it was up to a period well within the memory of any middle-aged man, and comparing it with his present advantages, ask himself whether any one step in the path of reform was gained save under the stress of absolute compulsion, by means of the pressure brought to bear by Irish representatives in the Commons. Is it greatly to be wondered at that those who have gained so large instalments of justice should be anxious to secure what they have gained by a liberal provision for local self-government?

As we have before said in these columns, we are not so sure as we should like to be that even Home Rule will avail to destroy the root of bitterness which has so long made Ireland a source of weakness and a perpetual reproach to Great Britain, but there is good ground for hoping that it may do so. And it is, so far as appears, the only remaining hope of bringing about the real unity of the kingdom. The only alternative, the law of force, the right of might, has been so long tried with the most deplorable results, and is, moreover, so utterly repugnant to the best instincts of modern British Liberalism, that the highest statesmanship may well shrink from it, until, at least, it has tried the better way. Does "Fairplay Radical" really mean to imply that British statesmen, worthy of the name, should be deterred from pursuing a policy which they believe to be just, which is demanded by the section specially affected, and approved by a majority of the whole nation, by the disloyal threats of local bodies, representing the interests, prejudices, or passions of those who are naturally unwilling to relinquish special advantages they have so long enjoyed? Belfast is referred to in proof of the strength of anti-Home Rule feeling, but no stronger evidence is needed of the injustice wrought under the present system than the statistics which have been published showing how completely the rights of the Catholic Irish are ignored in all the municipal affairs of this Protestant stronghold, to say nothing of the intolerant spirit which breathes through many of the utterances of its ultra-Protestant citizens, lay and clerical. It is unsafe to prophecy in respect to what England will do in the next election, which is probably not far off. Time will reveal that. But it is hard to understand how any Canadian, knowing by experience the

blessings of Home Rule, and accustomed to the working of a federal system, can either deprecate local self-government for Ireland, or speak of an English majority as if a great constitutional question, one, too, affecting specially the rights of another member of the kingdom, should be decided by the voice of England, rather than by that of the whole United Kingdom. We have not, unfortunately, access to a file of the *Spectator*, but it would be a favor to us, and no doubt to interested readers, if our correspondent would kindly quote the exact words—not the *Spectator's* gloss—of "Mr. Gladstone's plain statement that the intelligence of the country as a mass is opposed to the Home Rule Bill."

THE REGULATION OF ATHLETIC SPORTS IN COLLEGES.

Every department in college work has its honor course in which results are decided by competition. But there is always an ordinary course wherein steady work, not peculiar excellence, is required.

In the department of physical culture however, in many colleges, all work is competitive. Thus in "Athletics" there is no "ordinary course." Freshmen, in every way unprepared, encounter the full strain of a hard game, such as foot-ball, like raw recruits rushing into battle before they have learned the first rudiments of drill; in fact, the value of drill is often overlooked entirely.

"It is the intent of gymnastics," says Jahn, "to restore to our education that completeness which has been lost, to add bodily training to one-sided mental culture, and to balance over refinement by manliness regained?"

Athletic sports, supplying as they do nourishment to the physical wants of our college men, may by regulation minister to that "completeness" which the great German Reformer had in view. Certainly athletics in some form will continue as a college institution so long as the young man's glory is in his strength. He will devise some method of measuring it with his fellows, and of displaying his prowess, even if it be at the expense of the unfortunate policeman, or the innocent street lamp. He must have some safety valve to let off his surplus vital force.

Froebel in designing the kindergarten, instead of ignoring this "play instinct," made gymnastic games a part of his system, thus bringing the most constant and prominent characteristic of the child's nature strongly to bear on his education and development.

Haphazard as their regulation is, athletic sports have had a powerful influence in moulding the lives of men. Wellington's historical remark, "all the victories of my life were fought out years before on the football fields on England," is as true to-day as it was then.

Our modern college education is sometimes a process of over-refinement; the intellectual is so emphasized that men are made unfit for the rough-and-tumble fight of life by their lack of physical courage. The struggle is distasteful to them. "The need of the pre-scientific age was knowledge and refinement, the need of our age is health and sanity, cool heads and good digestion."

On the campus a man is disciplined in quick decision and prompt action, and learns resolute pluck when opposing forces are greater than his own. The timid boy needing such discipline most, gets it least.

Let us be glad with Wadsworth, that "the spirit of athletics is abroad among our young men enlarging muscles, broadening shoulders and deepening chests. The result will be a fine race, and that paragon of animals the noblest result of the ages, a strong man."

The Greeks as a nation cultivated athletic sports with a passionate enthusiasm. Their games were warlike as became their social conditions and environment, but even they distinguished educational from military or athletic gymnastics.

The modern city does not for walls, need the bodies of her young men as did Sparta, but in the tenth century, when life is a keener struggle than ever for existence, the man with the most physical stamina will produce the most work and the best, other things being equal, just as surely as the disciplined soldier of Rome proved himself superior to the untrained barbarian in the hand-to-hand conflicts of his day.

As the hypertrophy of any muscle or set of muscles is produced at the expense of the whole body corporate, so the undue prominence of this feature of college life may become an abuse, and seriously interfere with the work of the class-room.

Those who see little, if any, value in athletic games say that time so spent is not only wasted, but is stolen from the useful legitimate college studies. This objection, which is heard usually from the teaching staff, certainly has foundation when a large amount of class work has to be done in a short term. Why not settle this disagreement in the manner proposed by the little boy about to be spanked by his mother—"Don't strike, let's arbitrate."

From the standpoint of Hygiene, Professor Mosso, of the University of Turin, backed by able medical authorities including the *Lancet*, proves that more strength of limb tends to weaken and impoverish the body, that great muscular strength impedes the circulation, interferes with respiration, and makes the pulse irregular. Also that the brain does not rest during exercise. Assuming his conclusions to be correct, as they doubtless are, the fact remains that college men will insist upon playing foot-ball, running, jumping and heaving weights; but as we are at present trying to regulate and control this Saxon characteristic and minimize its attendant dangers, his conclusions are hardly relevant, for they apply to extremes only, and in the case before us are like half truths in evidence, more misleading than mistakes or direct falsehoods.

Physical education is becoming a department of preventative medicine at the cost of the recreative element that Herbert Spencer lays so much stress upon in his essay on that subject. If the authorized physical department does not recognize the "play instinct" it will manifest itself as a discordant factor opposing where it should cooperate, interfering with and detracting from the popularity of the official work.

Propos of this, a philosopher once said it was hard to understand why football should be called play when shovelling coal was considered hard work. That such is the case proves that a great deal of hard work can be disguised by the spirit of play, and if some ingenious mind were to plan

intercollegiate coal shovelling contests, it would doubtless become a new and popular sport.

In the English Universities we find sports at their best, for England is the mother of athletic games, and has a large family of them. So much do boating, cricket and football take up the time and strength of the Oxford undergraduate that Ruskin, seeing in this a waste of valuable energy, said it might mend all the roads in Oxfordshire—a most productive form of athletics. As there is little or no control exercised over such athletics, and as the open weather extends throughout nearly the whole year, outdoor sports and games almost entirely take the place of indoor gymnastic work, in fact, they leave little room for it. In America we find that his sporting proclivities have followed the Englishman, and the same love of games and admiration of physical prowess is there seen. But sport has become changed by the more stimulating climate and has taken on some national characteristics. Everything is done under high pressure, and great excitement; and because of interested crowds and big gate-money at stake, ingenious tricks are indulged in to gain advantage in the match. Who but an American would have thought of greasing his canvas jacket for a football match?

Athletics are, however, taken seriously in most American colleges, and are undertaken with a characteristic intenseness. There is not much fun or freedom in the life of a candidate for the university crew, or the football team. A stranger is astonished at the spirit of keen competition in the athletics of American colleges. It is in danger of interfering with fair play in many intercollegiate contests. The mere winning is an incident in the game, and should not be so magnified as to become the sole object for which the game is played, that before which everything else must give way. A team which cannot win on its merits often resorts to trickery. The motto seems to be "get there honestly if you can, but get there." Codes of signals are practised behind closed gates, spies are sent to discover the enemy's tactics; in fact, an outsider is apt to think a civil war is about to break out, instead of a friendly trial of strength between two sister institutions. This intense rivalry smothers the spirit of fair play, and leaves the game shorn of one of its greatest attractions.

The newspapers make capital of this in exaggerated paragraphs, and the annual football match assumes the appearance of a gladiatorial show. It is played before enormous crowds on neutral grounds hired for the occasion. The question of gate-money has the first consideration in choosing the scene of action. For example, in 1893 the receipts at the Yale-Princeton match were over \$30,000, about \$12,000 of this went to each club, and was used principally in training the team, paying attendants, hotel bills and railway fares; everything, expenses included, being on a truly gigantic scale.

This money-making value of the game is dragging sport down from its true place as a recreation, and together with the rivalry before alluded to, must tell against its best interests.

But the evil does not stop here, for the smaller colleges, like small boys, try to imitate their big brothers, and so offer distinguished players large salaries to coach their football teams that they may compete with some hope of success; and thus many of

the men who become noted in college athletics have professionalism thrust upon them.

Our Canadian colleges occupy a position entirely unique. Their strong leaning toward American forms, to be expected from their social and geographical relationship, is offset by the influence of British customs, traditions and official connection. The form and character of the sports are therefore rather more English than American.

A football match is always played on the ground of one of the competing colleges, the competitive and professional elements do not enter so much into sport there as they do further south, the visiting team being entertained as guests. The annual Varsity-McGill Rugby match is always followed by a complimentary dinner, and the rivalry is most friendly and good natured.

In no college in Canada do the University authorities have any voice on the athletic boards, except as honorary members or officials of the games. But experience goes to show that some government is beneficial and even necessary, that if left entirely in the hands of the undergraduates, without assistance from those who have been through the mill, blunders are made, time, labor and money are wasted yearly by raw committees, and the athletic interests of the college have to bear the loss. If members of the teaching staff were also members of the athletic committees, these faults would in part at least be remedied, as a certain official recognition would be given to athletics. They would then assist physical training very much as practical demonstrations or Saturday excursions enlarge the course in geology or botany.

A scheme for the government of the athletic interests of any college must of necessity vary in detail with the special conditions of the institution.

In the first place, if games were confined to intercollegiate events, the rougher element would be excluded.

Secondly. Games would be played on college grounds only, and the admission be by invitation rather than by payment, so that the right audience, the friends of the players and of the college would have the first opportunity of witnessing the game. This would empty the coffers, it is true, but college athletics would rise from the plane of a mere money-making advertisement, which it sometimes occupies, to that of the pure recreation so necessary for the welfare of the present day student.

Thirdly. As the laurel wreath at Olympia was valued not for its intrinsic worth, but as a mark of distinction and souvenir of the event, so should the contestant now-a-days esteem his prize, though of little money value.

Other outlay being on the small scale, a small compulsory fee charged all students would easily cover the necessary expenditure.

Fourthly. Let the control of all the athletic interests of the college be in the hands of a committee composed somewhat as follows:

The Principal or President (ex-officio).

One Governor or Trustee, elected annually.

One Professor from each Faculty, elected annually.

The Director of the Gymnasium.

One Graduate, elected annually by the graduate society, or similar organization.

The President of the Athletic Association, an undergraduate.

One undergraduate representative from each football or tennis club, etc., elected annually by the respective bodies at their first meeting.

These would be about twelve in all, equally divided between graduates and undergraduates.

The duty of this committee would be to control the college athletic grounds, to confirm all rules and regulations of the different clubs before they become valid, to decide any inter-club disputes involving the general welfare, to insist on a medical examination before allowing men to take the risk of competing in games of strength and endurance, and to make a report at the end of the year to the governing body of the university of work done, with comments and recommendations.

Next in order of precedence would come the Athletic Association, the Central Managing Undergraduate Society, in which would be represented football, hockey, cricket and tennis, each of these clubs managing its own affairs, and requiring legislation on certain questions only, such as grants of money.

If a scheme like this were adopted there would be a system of athletic law courts from the individual to the club, from the club to the association, from the association to the committee, and from the committee to the supreme court, the governing board of the college.

Athletic interests would then be regulated by the men best fitted by inclination, experience and ability to check abuses, and encourage new and better ideas, and the chaos of conflicting interests and authorities, now unfortunately too prevalent, would be replaced by the cosmos of harmony and order.

R. TAIT MCKENZIE.

PARIS LETTER.

People who believe that the French must ever have an idol to worship, and to smash, will be tempted to conclude they are more than ever right from the two not unimportant journals calling for a saviour of society—the old cuckoo note, and indicating as the candidate to supply that want the Prince Louis Napoleon. There have been signs and tokens that Napoleonism is in the air, that the legend of the *Petit Caporal* is re-creeping into new minds and fading memories. The most popular literature deals with the glories, the misfortunes, the social life, and the shames of Napoleon I.; the theatres have utilized the *renaissance*, so have the toy shops, and Bonaparte curios are both exhibited and vended. As yet there is no *movement* in the country, no current for imperialism or monarchy of any kind, and it will be no easy matter to demolish the republic, for with all its faults the masses can say "we love it still." It may be paradoxical, but I would not be surprised that they are Orleanists who are running the new political fad to enable their "saviour" to enter *en scene*. To demonstrate the absurdity of number one, might advance the prospects of number two—"don't-cher-no." The late Prince Napoleon, an able but erratic man, left two sons: Victor and Louis, and one daughter, Letitia. Prince Victor, living in golden exile in Brussels, is simply a *legume*; the new crusade throws him over and backs and takes up his younger brother Louis, at present a Colonel in the Russian cavalry;

he has ever been ranked as superior to Victor, though not markedly bright. It is the Princess who inherits all the brains of the family; she is a buxom and frisky young widow, who married her uncle, the Duc d'Aosta, brother of the King of Italy. She is said to read newspapers only, and of these the best from all countries. She can dash off a leading article at a moment's notice on anything, but what is proof of more marked ability—upon nothing at all. The French seem to be just now in a curious mood; it resembles the motto gauge of the building trade, *ne rien va*. If somebody were hanged, the pent-up feelings of suppressed all-round disaffection towards parties and dissatisfaction at things in general would produce a relief fever. It is true the weather is permanently foggy, beats that of London by several chalks; would kill the constitution of a Pomeranian and try the lungs even of a Siberian Cossack. The French maintain that the meteorological malady of fogs explain all the angularities in the English character, even to the legendary long teeth of British old maids, and the Saxon obtuseness of not clearing out of Egypt. No one speaks of the Russian alliance which is not of good augury for any Muscovy loan. Next to no allusion is made to the condemnation of the two French officers at Leipzig for indulging in "water-color drawings of German sea-forts and coast defences. Some months ago the French sent the American naval attache, Captain Borup, back to Washington for being too interested in war-ship drawings at the French Admiralty. In hiring an English yacht to sail around the German coast, and in passing themselves off as commercial travellers, and taking false names, etc., the officers were condemned in advance, if once apprehended—a feat the anything but heavy German in this case quickly accomplished. Many would perhaps have preferred the accused at once to admit their guilt, accept all the consequences individually of the sin of *trop de zèle*; that it was the "silly season," the period of all kinds of autumn "manœuvres," etc. But throwing themselves on the mercy of their judges—that's not Spartan or *crane*. The Baron Trenck kind of sentence inflicted will not prevent all nations whose "amicable relations" are as clear as noonday, continuing to obtain on the sly all the secrets obtainable on the naval and military situation of possible enemies to-morrow. Happy Switzerland and her sister republic of Andorra, that have no anxieties about iron-clads, torpedo boats, torpedo retrievers, etc.! If the municipality of Paris persists in its project, to tap Lake Geneva for a water supply for the capital, the Helvetic Republic may see itself forced to create a Swiss admiral at last.

The police have undoubtedly fluttered the doves of the anarchists by at once acting on the sumptuary powers given them by the new laws. They have discovered nests of anarchist documents that compromise many persons. The Reclus family, which consists of five brothers, all *savants*, seem to be communists or anarchists by heredity. One of their nephews, Paul Reclus, is "wanted" by the police, to explain his connection with the atrocious Vaillant, who tried to blow up the French Parliament, but only wounded seventy innocent spectators. Indeed, there are a great many foreign revolutionists making France a "shelter" for their opinions that would be better with the "blue bonnets o'er the border." All nations when united to "run in" these international Cains will make

anarchists soon as extinct as the dodo. The police paid a business visit to the office of a dynamite journal; it was situated beneath a courtyard, and the visitors had to descend 20 steps to reach the editorial *sanctum*. What will Stepniak think of that phase of "underground" France? The anarchists are cowed; save by blowing up M. Carnot—it is useless trying it on with President Dupuy of the Chamber, who is a "fixture"—the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, or the Pont Neuf, the dynamiters can do nothing more sensational. The insurance officers attest that their business, whether for lives or chattels, has not been increased; it is stationary, like the public funds and the price of explosives.

The situation of Italy has entered upon a new phase. The Cabinet now in office is not in the odour of sanctity with the French; Signor Premier Crispi was tarred and feathered long ago as a gallophobe—but this may not prevent him from being a good Italian. *En attendant* the prognosticated demolition of the triple alliance, France and Italy ought to work together to renew those commercial relations from which both nations alike suffer more than from bloated armaments.

Since England is on the alert in her naval preparations, and is resolved to count first upon herself, she is not being picadored by the *café* and Boulevard publicists. Frenchmen accept the resolution of England to shut up or cut off her enemies in the event of sea-wars; that in utilizing her *entente* with China respecting Siam and the buffer state and Pamir, she has thrown trump cards; that she will, in case of a continental out-break, at once occupy Tangiers and Samas while aiding Sweden in her *Irredentist* policy. There are lookers-on who believe that England is not adverse to guaranteeing the Egyptian national debt, as France did in the case of Tunisia, and so cut short the foreign intrigues in the Nile valley; that step would, in the opinion of competent judges be as profitable as her buying up Egypt's moiety of the shares in the Suez Canal, so profitable indeed, that she could double the tribute money of Egypt annually for the Sultan—presents make friends and draw closer the relations between the Porte and England. People ask, does the future reserve a position for England in the Caspian as well as in the Black Sea? Aided by and allied to Turkey and Afghanistan—Persia does not count—she could accomplish both free ideals for the commerce of all nations.

It appears that some people still remember Panama. The newest *canard* flown is to the effect that the liquidator of the Canal Co. has come into possession of some of Arton's—the man ever wanted by the police to keep out of their way—papers and offers to those named therein to compound for what they received in order to avoid exposure. The story is pretty, but not true, and is destined to console at this period of the year the shareholders with a little Dead Sea fruit.

It is said that in Chicago there are no garrets to the houses, as being twenty-one stories high, there is no room for cock-lofts in such habitations. There is one newspaper in the "White City" that has its office on "number twenty flat," and aims to soar higher, to save expense. That would have been nearly the natural residence for the Anarchist journal, *En Dehors*, that the Parisian police have just visited. The office of this latter sheet was twenty-one steps "under ground"—as Stepniak might

say. The police said, *En Dedans* would have been a more appropriate title for the paper. The office had the court-yard for roof and ceiling, and the cellar air hole guaranteed respiration and supplied specimens of light. The rooms were fitted up with next to all the comforts of the first story newspaper office. The members of the staff, when they had nothing else to do, passed their spare time in fencing. The most singular fact about the office was, that no numbers of the explosive paper were found; none having been filed for reference. Prince Kropotkin observed that the great advantage of a newspaper having its offices underground was, it trained the members of the staff for incarceration.

The journals give more attention to the contingent of the Salvation Army at Paris, than to the coming "boom" for the *En La Maréchale*, that if she wishes to "catch on" once more to the crowd, she must do something to subdue the hostility and rallery of the small boys who have exhausted all their wit and jokes of her soldiers of both sexes. She is recommended to alter the uniform of her army; that will draw a crowd, cause a row, and be the surest means to secure publicity. The several endowed churches are bound to pay at least once a week, for the safety of the executive and the parliament. Madame Booth-Clibborn, ought to announce a special series of services for dynamiters, with a note in plump type, "Anarchists are affectionately invited to attend," but to leave their baggage outside, as the Moslems do their slippers when entering the mosques. She would secure the presence of all the detectives, and might convert a few of them.

When a new play is brought out, or a type-drama revived, the occasion is improved to deliver a conference; this is perhaps the modern form of epiloque. It is often better than the representation of the play over which the curtain is about to rise, so the spectator has two strings to his bow. In a recent conference on "Farces," M. Fouquier drew attention to the actress Virginie Déjazet, who discovered Sardou. Virginie made her debut on the stage in 1806, and acted up to 1876, about 70 years before the foot-lights.

LOVE LIES DEAD BETWEEN US.

Why should I care when thou dost not,
That Love lies dead between us;
Yet as I look upon his face,
I cannot quite forget the grace
That fills in memory each place
His roguish eyes have seen us.

How merry was the laugh he gave;
And bright as summer weather;
When on his tiptoes, light as dew
On grass, he stole upon us two;
And found us there together.

He seemed as he had lately come
From some good man of stitches;
So gaily was the youngster dressed
In silken coat and figured vest,
Cap, buckles, ribbons of the best;
And satin cloth knee-breeches.

I never recognized the sprite
(Much to his own enjoyment)
But took him for a peasant lad,
Who served the king as page; or had
Some other royal employment.

Yet I recall—ah, yes, full well—
That when he passed between us,
Thy little hand stole into mine;
And fired my blood as if with wine;
The while I spent my lips on thine;
And wondered if he'd seen us.

And now he lies between us dead—
I must confess I mourn him,
But not for any thought of thee,
Nor for the vows from which I'm free,
Nor that my heart is dead in me,
If 'twere for these, I'd scorn him.

But 'tis because the little elf
First taught my soul to measure—
When speaking to my heart of thee,
Unfolding all thou wert to me—
The limitless, unfathomed sea
Of love's unbounded pleasure.

When sad, he'd whisper in my ear,
Be brave for she doth love thee;
Think on her eyes—pure deeps of blue—
Note well her heart, unaltered, true,
And pure as heaven above thee.

At which my soul, by love impelled,
Would beat its earthly portals,
With longing only to be free,
And waste itself with love of thee—
Such love, as hold the gods in fee,
Being too great for mortals.

But all is past; poor little Love
Between us dead is lying—
Before we part just one last kiss,
It surely cannot be amiss—
Thy lips are trembling! What is this?
It cannot be thou'rt crying.

And all thy face is pale, the rose
Its well loved place forsaking—
Ah yes! 'tis hard to part in tears,
Then let us pledge the coming years
With each old vow that more endears,
For Love, the rogue, is waking.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

ACROSS THE BAY.

II.

Pope, when but a tender youth, affecting an eremitic spirit, desired to escape unobserved from a vain world without a stone to mark his final hiding-place. So have we felt upon leaving the deck of a steamer, when the landing place bristled with insistent hackmen. We would not rail against them, who doubtless pursue a lawful calling, albeit with the eagerness of much competition; but to a timid solitary, a line of them drawn up faintly represents the Indians of Sandusky prepared with their clubs to receive the old pioneer who was to run the gauntlet. He half expects to be seized and dragged off or knocked down out of hand; and accordingly breathes freely when he has passed the enemy, and finds himself at liberty. So did we when we had gone up the slip. Here he wheeled around the corner at Reed's Point the steedless, mystically-moving car. Electricity, in this late application of that universally subtle force, has invaded St. John since we were here last. A friend was in waiting for us—late as the hour might be; and midway off the slip we met, amid the crowd, with mutual recognition. What a clean, buxom cheery piece of Canadian maidenhood is this! we mentally exclaimed. She seemed indeed as fair and bright a specimen of physical and moral health as on our travels we had yet met with. There were nerve and energy in her step, in every movement; roundness and fulness of face in eyes and cheeks. There was a quick, slitting laugh running through her talk, that broke now and then into ringing music, the tone of which betokened goodly sense and humor:

"When she spake, her girlish voice
Made a very pleasant noise."
For some one, exceeding the writer in the quantity and quality of his moustache, she is capable of making glad the streets of her native city. When she passes, it will

seem "like the ceasing of sweet music." How brightly gleamed the lights, and how glowed the shop windows on King street, and going up the hill on Princess street,—bringing in the name its suggestion of "Auld Reekie." These streets give, by day or night, a pleasant impression to the new-comer, because of their decent and orderly appearance. Thrift and enterprise are here, with indications of taste. We should not wonder if some citizen, surveying the city and environs, should exclaim:

"Mine own romantic town:"

A welcome glitter seemed all abroad throughout the streets on this evening, and the electric lights seemed vying in friendly rivalry with the moon; so that as we walked up from the slip, or strove against the steepness of Princess street, swinging our satchels and chatting with our pleasant companion, we thought it ever so much pleasanter than to be whirled around the corners and rattled over the cobble stones in a hack, despite the little exertion connected with our exercise. A friendly hospitable door in the lower part of Princess street opened to us, with greetings that abounded in kindness. We were among old acquaintances where, over a late cup of tea, we recalled the times that are past, and discussed happenings in the interval between this and our last meeting together in that delightful, quiet old-fashioned place, so near the sea-sirens whose parley never ceases. Tucked in for the night, our dreams were hastened by that soothing music—the rote of the tide in Courtney Bay; then, in the morning its shining shallows caught the sunrise and flooded our chamber with it.

"You have a beautiful morning for crossing the Bay!" was our host's greeting when we came down to breakfast. This was a kind and cheering prognostication; and so, speeding the "parting guests," he accompanied us down to the slip, and on board the "Monticello," which was getting up steam and putting all in readiness for a start. At eight o'clock she cast off and sailed out of the harbor, leaving St. John in its misty morning glory behind. When we were well out into the Bay, we went in to explore the saloon and cozy side cabins of the "Monticello." The captain we had heard commended in terms of cordial respect in the home we had just left; and, though we were not favored with his acquaintance, we were all the more at our ease, knowing we were in the hands of one so agreeable and so trusty. An open piano might draw the voyager of musical skill and inclination; but as the song that may be in our soul must find vent some other way, we were obliged to content ourselves with the albums which not only furnished us more business information than we required, but beguiled us for a time with photographic views of some most wildly beautiful scenery in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Here was an Acadian orchard in full bloom; here a peep into the Gaspereau; and glimpse after glimpse of the scenes (amid which our route should lie late in the afternoon), of our own dear land, made us realize more than ever that, aside from preference and partiality, they had a charm peculiarly their own.

But the arcana of the "Monticello" could not be found inexhaustible during a four hours' trip; and so we returned to the sight and sound of the sea, widening around us. This sometime restless Fundy was pacific as an infant in its slumbers, and

with a breezy motion we were making comfortable way. We felt like complimenting the protean genius of this uncertain gulf, which sends forth sweet or bitter waters from its fountain, according to its varying mood. Beside our smiling companion—who will believe no more ill tales of Fundy—we gazed over the sheeny wrinkled sea "before and after," and might have seen both shores, but for a slight wreath of mist that hid the Acadian coast from our view. There may be waters of more habitual loveliness, but these can be quiet and wear the role of a serene beauty, as this day attests; and at its worst its waves are only tough and hearty wrestlers in contest with which men may develop strength and courage. And so we mused on what these waves had seen—the histories and legends written upon them, and the fancyings sad and bright, with which they are blended. The poets have sung of this main of swift struggling tides, since Longfellow told us how the war ships bearing the Acadians into exile weighed anchor, doubled Blomidon, and sailed down the Bay. Is it not our own Roberts who relates in his most rapturous song, how—

"When the orange flood came roaring in,
From Fundy's tumbling troughs and tide-worn caves,
While red Minudie's flats were drowned in din,
And rough Chignecto's front oppugned the waves,"

he raced, feeling the blithe ardor of his youth, "with the reflux foam,"

"Inland, along the radiant chasm, exploring
The green solemnity with boisterous haste."

And Carman, with the searching mystery of his eyes—reading a fine glamor into every scene they look upon—gazed over these waters seeing

"Fleet and far
One crocus sail across the blue,
Brushing the sky line, homeward bound;"

or the track of beams garnishing the evening sea,

"Like molten sand of the sun's core,"
or the "dream-parlions ruinous," of the caverned fogs, whitened and glorified in the radiance of sunset. And how, coming to his wedding, some brave, joyous mariner like him Carman has loved to paint, may have sailed up this bay:

"The master of the Snowflake,
Bound upward from the line,
He smothers her with canvas
Along the crumbling brine.

"He crowds her till she buries
And shudders from his hand,
For in the angry sunset
The watch has sighted land."

Eager he is to reach his own beautiful, haunted land, where his bride in her loveliness waits expectant:

"She gathers up the distance,
And grows and veers and swings,
Like any homing swallow
With nightfall in her wings.

"The wind's white sources glimmer
With shining gusts of rain,
And in the Ardise country
The Spring comes back again.

"It is the brooding April,
Haunted and sad and dear,
When vanished things return not
With the returning year.

"Only when evening purples
The light in Malyn's dale,
With sounds of brooks and robins
By many a hidden trail."

And who, better than Carman, can paint
the coming of a squall on these waters. Is
not the whole tempestuous scene visible
before you?

"The white caps frost and freshen,
In squadrons of white surge
They thunder on to ruin,
And smoke along the verge.

"The lift is dour above them,
The sea is mirk below
And down the world's wide border
They perish as they go.

"They comb and seethe and founder,
They mount and glimmer and flee,
Amid the awful sobbing
And quailing of the sea.

"They sheet the flying schooner
In foam from stem to stern,
Till every yard of canvas
Is drenched from clew to yarn."

In the midst of such fury as this it was—
and not in a calm like that we were basking
in—that Martin, father of "Arnold, Mas-
ter of the 'Scud'" met his fate and gave
place to Arnold, who proved his mettle by
taking charge successfully of the vessel.
Carman tells the story of this "schooner out
from King's port, snoring down the Bay of
Fundy with a norther in her beam," till she
comes into the fog and wind. Carman's
verse rages and races with the waters and is
full of their sound, swiftness and fury. The
boom of the mainsail is hurled suddenly
round:

"In an instant
Arnold, Master, there alone
Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward
With the grey doom in its face;
And the clinging foam receives it
To its everlasting place."

But "Arnold, Master," child as he is, is no
whimperer. He has in him the heart of
these eastern Vikings who wrestle with the
sea on our Acadian coast:

"Foulest weather
Strongest sailors ever bred.
"And this slip of taut seafaring
Grows a man who throttles fear,
Let the storm and dark in spite now
Do their worst with valor here!

"Not a reef not a shiver,
While the wind jeers in her shrouds,
And the flauts of foam and sea-fog
Swarm upon her deck in crowds,
"Flies the scud like a mad racer;
And with iron in his frown,
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,
Arnold, Master, rides her down.

"Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads!
Let the licking seas go glut
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled!
Arnold's making for the Gut.

"Cleft shear down, the sea-wall mountains
Give that one port on the coast;
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine!
Missed, the little Scud is lost!

"Come now, fog horn let your warning
Rip the wind to starboard there!
Suddenly that burly throated
Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

"The young master hauls a little,
Crowds her up and sheets her home,
Heading for the narrow entry
Whence the safety signals come.

"Then the wind lulls, and an eddy
Tells of ledges, where away;
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,
Through the rifts, and—there's the
Bay!"

Yes, he is in the Basin—the Annapolis Ba-
sin—where we should shortly be!

"Like a bird in from the storm beat,
As the summer sun goes down,

Slows the schooner to her moorings
By the wharf at Digby town."

As dear to this brother and poet, as to
us, the homeward track over these rapidly
flowing waters, whither he also goes when
summer is high. "The beautiful land," he
exclaims, "is still there!" Yes, there it
is!—the high coast wall looms before us,
and we are nearing the gate-way inside of
which lies the gem of inland seas. How
kind was nature to hew this mountain-ridge
in twain and narrow it to a point on either
hand, that we and the sea may go in. The
eye ascends the slopes where may be traced
the paths and roads that run by the cottages
of fishermen and men of the sea. We think
the scene picturesque; somehow we appropri-
ate it—it is a part of home. There are
the fishing boats anchored below. The
"Monticello" enters from Fundy, with the
confidence of a familiar, and we steam up
to the pier at Digby, where groups of inter-
ested folk await her arrival. There we are!
Toot! Toot! There is the usual hurry and
bustle; the sound of salutation is heard.
Greetings from people who are not strangers
to each other, and whom we feel as if we
ought to know, half wishing we did. Is
not the sense of fraternity roused by these
communings of friendship and interchanges
of loving amenity; and do we not long that
the stranger who seems so pleasant in de-
meanor would smile and give some sign of
recognition to us, just in token of our uni-
versal brotherhood? Is the time really
coming, if not in this state, in the next,
when we shall transcend old limits of affec-
tion and esteem, and the preferences found-
ed on long habit and knowledge? We feel
sometimes as if such a state would be con-
genial to us, who weary of the ceremonial-
ism still so dominant in society.

We were able, without historic or poetic
association to enjoy the romantic seclusion
of the shores by which we sailed, and the
quiet, sunlit waters that touched our ear
sweetly with its crystal lisp as our prow
pushed it aside; but it gave spice to recol-
lection when we recalled the quaint old
voyager who stretched his hand in welcome
to these coasts, and uttered words of poetic
enthusiasm. Les-carbot did not err, we say;
or, if he had been a trifle extravagant, there
have been many disillusiones since his time
to take him and all his kindred
down. It is very much the habit to praise
with some; and with others to slur Acadie;
but she survives with much serenity, as un-
conscious of either our praise or blame.
This land has never been applied for, say
they! Applied for? Is she begging a
husband or a master? Is the purchaser he
who stamps with beauty or dignity?
Enough, the poet and the patriot have been
here; surely "the mammon-meanness can-
not thrive" where they are!

But the most ancient of our towns
heaves in sight; and more distinctly we see
the roofs and wharves and slopes of autumnal
green of Annapolis Royal. There are
the old earthworks, battered long ago by
the cannonading British; there the scenes
of old-time revelry and old time woe, under
the Fleur-de-lys; here our neighbor Gran-
ville, with the little ferry-boat plying from
side to side of the narrow strip of water;
and here is the Flying Blue-nose of the
Windsor and Annapolis line, backing down
on the steamboat wharf. So we say, as we
take our satchels, goodbye, for the present,
to the "Monticello," and also to our real-
ere.

PASTOR FELIX.

LIFE AND SCIENCE

There are two cant phrases representing
extremes of modern thought. One of them
is the shibboleth of sentimental folk who
urge us to "commune with nature." The
other is "original research." Like all
hackneyed expressions, they stand for some-
thing real and vivid, and are worthy of at-
tention.

It is an age of weights and measures,
accurate gauging is the method of much of
the new scientific attainment, and the presi-
dent of the greatest New England college
urges that all school-children be required to
do a certain amount of careful measuring in
the class room. History-writing was never
so scientific a business as now; the philo-
logist must first of all be a compiler and a
critic, painstaking, thorough, German; and
ethics—*systems of ethics*—are the common
property of the cultivated. Is not the
"social problem" abroad in the land, and
are not all men more or less concerned with
the morality of strikes, of trusts and com-
bines, and of prison-discipline? All this is
well; no one with common sense will com-
plain at the salvation from the slipshod
that is coming into the world, but what of
the "communion with nature" just now
mentioned? It is to be carried on and per-
fected with spectroscope and seismograph
and the study of the fourth dimension, or is
there a more excellent way? Is the Dar-
winian atrophy of feeling too large a price
to pay for admission to the engine-room of
the universe, so to speak; or is such a con-
dition merely the apotheosis of that state of
mind with which one could regard the "wee,
modest, crimson-tippit flower" and not be
concerned with either cellular tissue or chlo-
rophyll? To be particular, in what danger
are human life and action of being over-
borne by the torrent of the world's growing
knowledge?

There is a serenity in trees that is re-
markable. All winter long they stand
splendidly passive, waiting. You cannot
help being struck with their absolute non-
chalance and superiority to all circum-
stances. It is not indifference; it is like the
calm consciousness of being as much a part
of the universe as the rough wind and
frost. They inevitably assume their leaves
in season, without flaunting and without
cringing to the departing winter. There is
no suggestion of an imposed law, which
resolves itself into the truism that in nature
there is nothing unnatural.

But men are not so. They have little
consciousness of season, less of cosmic part-
nership. Still there is some reaction. Many
know with Lampman, "the comfort of the
fields." But life is growing more mechan-
ical and artificial every day. It's a far cry
from brotherly love to organized charity,
and many of our best habits seem in
danger of becoming public rather than indi-
vidual. A terrible democracy of feeling is
abroad—terrible not because it raises the
low, but because it makes relatively high
attainment less frequent. A "good deed"
may "shine in a naughty world," but
will not excite much admiration when dim-
med by a fog of mediocre virtue—some-
thing good and desirable indeed, but still
rather lifeless. That, in fact, is the root of
the difficulty—action various and manifold
is possible enough, but *life*, pure and
strong, is not the product of any consciously
pursued method.

The Stoics had a notion, in which they
took some comfort, that they were integral
parts of the order of things, not mere

tenants, uninterested in the universal economy. Something of the same sentiment appears in the thought of many ancient peoples—the joy of autochthony, the aboriginal spirit and feeling. It was pagan, perhaps, to feel the maternal character of earth most, and make the soul a very shadowy thing; but even with our increased assurance of spiritual reality we lose much if we have not fellowship with creation. In the society of forest and mountain, away from the pert inventions of men, the solutions of many problems both of action and of speculation read themselves into the open mind. The consummation of all that is best in purpose, feeling, and desire can better be effected by looking thoughtfully on life than by becoming moral anchorites, starving our souls on formal ethics, with logic set skull-wise to stare us into dread of loading our tables with more substantial fare.

JOHN EDMUND BARSS.

A WEASEL'S VICTORY.

An eagle flapping o'er a dim ravine,
Watching a weasel on the brown earth
creep,
Like Thor's fierce hammer strikes adown the
deep,
Clutches the prey, then mounts the heights
serene;
But lo! the lithe beast turns for ravin keen,
And as they near the topmost, tow'ring
steep,
Grips sharp the royal neck and checks the
sweep
Of those imperial wings. The cyric, lean
Of foray, glimmers in the mother's eyes—
A weary waft—the rock is won—her brood
Clamours the air, then death shuts out the
skies,
Abyssally she falls, while hot with blood
The other sniffs the nest: yet shall no more
A weasel seek the vale—an eagle soar?

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlaghtmore,"
Plover Mills.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

About midday on the 19th October heavy firing took place at Nictheroy. Men from the fleet were engaged in removing stores from the Armacao, and while doing so were attacked by the land forces, aided by their batteries. The ships covered their men and a brisk fight was maintained until 6 p.m. The Government forts at the bar were quiet. During the night constant skirmishes took place between the soldiers on the Rio side of the bay and the patrol launches of the fleet.

On the 20th all was quiet until 5.30 p.m., about which time Santa Cruz, Sao Joas and Lage simultaneously opened fire on Villegaignon, which replied only occasionally. At the same time the land batteries in Nictheroy opened on the fleet and got "sailed" in return. The firing lasted until after 7 o'clock, and every now and then, nearly all the night, an occasional shot could be heard.

During the early part of the day much activity was observed in Villegaignon, and the launches were moving around incessantly.

There is a search light on the Gloria Hill, and Villegaignon has several times fired at it, needless almost to say, without hitting it, but much to the alarm of those who live in the neighborhood.

As far as fighting was concerned, Saturday the 21st was comparatively quiet. The launches were very busy and on Villegaignon

non everything was being got ready for action, trenches being dug, breastworks erected, etc. A cannon was also put in position. The *Jupiter* was reported ready to run to sea.

Sunday, the 22nd Oct., was a day of heavy fighting. Up to the present Sundays have been quiet.

On looking out in the early morning the *Jupiter* could be seen lying right behind the Fort Villegaignon.

At 7 o'clock Lage opened fire on the steamer, followed by Santa Cruz. In trying to move out of the zone of fire the *Jupiter* grounded, and remained fast for over an hour and a half. The shot and shell fell all around and about the steamer but did not hit her once. One of the launches which went to assist her off had four men killed by a shell. Villegaignon replied to the fire of the other forts with great vigor and considerable effect. At 8.45 the *Jupiter* floated, and she retired up the bay at full speed, letting drive into Nictheroy as she went. The firing continued all day.

In the afternoon I, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, went to Morro da Viuva, at the entrance to Botafago Bay, and from whence we could get a fine view of the engagement. At about 3.30 a steam launch belonging to the Military College tried to run out of Botafago Bay to one of the forts, but some shots from Villegaignon made it turn tail in a hurry. The fleet was inactive, save for an occasional shot at Nictheroy.

On Sunday evening about 9 o'clock the Gloria search-light showed a couple of torpedo boats or launches cruising off Villegaignon and the troops on the water front immediately fired on them, provoking a regular rain of missiles from the machine guns on board. Villegaignon also fired. The doors and walls of the Gloria market, now serving as a barrack, are full of ball marks. An electric bond, full of passengers, was passing at the time, and the driver, conductor and all took to cover under the sea wall. The bond service was suspended for a time, and shooting continued more or less all night.

On Monday, the 23rd, all was quiet until after 5 p.m., when a general engagement began between the forts. The fleet remained quiet. Heavy firing lasted for about two hours.

The 24th was a day of rest for all. On the 25th firing was renewed between Nictheroy and the fleet. About 4 p.m. the *Aquidaban* hoisted the signal for combat and steamed down the bay to engage the forts. As soon as she opened fire Santa Cruz, Lage and Sao Joas replied. The Villegaignon, the *Trajano* and others joined in and the roar became terrible. At about 5 p.m. a terrific explosion was heard, and looking toward Nictheroy, it was seen that the powder magazine on the Island of Mo-caugue Segueno had gone into the air. The city shook as if an earthquake had taken place, and many windows were smashed. A sailor on board the German vessel *Professor Koch*, was putting on some hatches at the time the explosion occurred; the sudden shock made him lose his balance and he fell into the hold and was killed. The magazine was in Mello's possession and was exploded by a shell from Nictheroy. It is probable that Mello's position is not much prejudiced by this loss.

The amount of rain which has fallen since this almost incessant cannonading began is quite phenomenal. The same thing was observed in Chile during the various

bombardments there. At Iquique and at Autofagasta, where rain had not fallen for twenty years or more, rain fell copiously after each bombardment. Autofagasta caught it from the *Esmeralda* and *Blanco Eucalada* and from the *Lynch* and *Condell*. Iquique suffered from almost the entire Chilean fleet. Whether the rain has fallen as a result of the cannonading, or not, it is not for me to say. I simply state what has happened.

The heat is becoming very great; it was 295 degrees Centigrade a few days ago—about 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The people are becoming so accustomed to the shriek of the projectiles and the reports of the guns, that they have even learned to distinguish from what gun a shot is fired, by the sound as it passes through the air. While at first people would run and put their umbrellas in front of them at the sound of a shot, now they do not move, but talk and jest as the firing goes on. Familiarity does breed contempt, to a certain extent.

Floriano must be losing his senses. He has appointed a Doctor of Medicine to be a Judge of the Supreme Court, and he has done many acts of a like imbecile nature. It is reported that he is taking injections of morphine so as to get rest. Uneasy lies the head of a Dictator in a South American glorious republic.

On the 26th a report was going around with insistance that the cruiser *Republica* has run down and sank the steamer *Rio Grande* or another, *Rio de Janeiro*, and that some 600 of the 1,000 odd Government troops on board were drowned. The steamer is a national boat and was taking men to Santa Catherina. So runs the report. It is also said that the *Marcilio Dias* has captured the gunboats *Lamergo* and *Cabedello*.

A Provisional Government has been established at Desterry, in Santa Catherina, and Chile and Uruguay have recognized Mello as a belligerent.

All seems to be going well for him and his party. There was a regular scare in town on the 26th. A rumour got about that the fleet was going to storm the arsenals of war and marine, and to judge by the troops and guns being hurried to those points it looked as though it were true. Most people cleared out of town, but the expected did not happen.

Mr. Wyndham and Captain Lang called on Crashley and asked him to inform the English community that Floriano had broken the convention with Mello, and for three days had been fortifying the Morros do Castello and Sao Bento; that at the first shot from the land Mello would open fire on the city with his heavy guns, and at the first shot everyone should leave the city at once. Mr. Wyndham will not issue any more bulletins on account of the ridicule with which his former ones were received.

Floriano has not placed guns in front of the Misericordia as he intended to do. The two six-inch guns which were to have been put there have been taken to the Morros do Castello, just above the hospital. These guns came out for the *Abmirante Tamandare*, and are splendid pieces of artillery.

The most wonderful and astounding accounts continue to reach us in foreign newspapers. People must have a fine idea of what we are having done here. It is bad, but not so bad but that it might be worse—and it will be.

While examining Villegaignon through a fine telescope the other day, I could see

one of the sailors playing with a small blue flag. He stuck it up on a sandbag, there he got a piece of paper and made a windmill, which he pinned on to the stick which held the flag. The grim realities of war did not seem to trouble him much. Other men were in swimming, and still others were washing and mending their clothes.

The 27th passed quietly for the most part. Some firing occurred at Nictheroy, but did not last long. On the 26th the Italian cruiser *Etna* entered, saluted, and was answered by Villegaignon from the very guns which the *Paiz* has again and again declared to have been dismounted by the fire from Santa Cruz, etc.

On the 20th the U. S. cruiser *Newark* arrived and Admiral Stanton exchanged some civilities with Mello. Yesterday a telegram was published saying that he was recalled.

At 7.30, on the morning of the 28th, firing was brisk at Nictheroy. For many nights past the firing along the shores has been so constant that an uninterrupted sleep was not to be had.

On the 26th a huge fire occurred at Botafogo, the damage and loss reaching some £30,000. We only need cholera, a new epidemic of yellow fever, and a few minor blessings to make our cup overflow.

Sunday forenoon (the 29th) was quiet. At about 4 o'clock, the engagement between Santa Cruz, Lago, Sao Joao and Villegaignon and the *Aquidaban* was renewed with great vigor. Both sides were severely pounded, and the combat lasted until after 7 o'clock. During the night several skirmishes took place along the water front.

Early Monday morning, heavy firing was heard across the bay at Nictheroy. Real estate must be cheap there just now.

It was reported that Mello had, at last, got possession of the Praia Grande. At all events he has landed men and put guns in position. Even this morning's *Paiz* admits this.

The U. S. cruisers *New York* and *Detroit* are expected in a few days. The *New York* is about 8,000 tons, and nearly as fast as the *Nuove de Julio*, the Argentine ship which, it is reported, has been purchased by Brazil, which is only about 4,000 tons. Of course she is a more powerful ship than the latter. The Yankees consider her superior to the *Blake* and *Blenheim*—perhaps she is. At all events she is a fine vessel, and the very best the Americans have yet.

The recall of Admiral Stanton is pleasing the Government people immensely. A meeting is to be held for the purpose of getting up some kind of a testimonial for the American Minister for his "highly proper conduct" in the revolution. I do not know what Mr. Thompson was before he became representative of the U. S. Government, but in all probability he came from the ranks of trade, and it is hardly to be expected that he, without any former experience or precedent to guide him, is as well versed in diplomatic usages as the English, French, German and other Ministers, whose lives have all been spent in the diplomatic service. The Americans here are as mad as hatters about Stanton's conduct in regard to Mello. All of them are in favor of the Vice-President, as was the case in Chile. They got into very hot water there, and they will probably do so here.

If Mello wins there will probably be a large reduction made in the army, and a corresponding increase in the navy. One

reason of this revolt is that the navy was allowed to go to the bad, and the army being increased to a great extent.

People would much like to know where the *Riachuelo* is. She went to Toulon to get new boilers, and in spite of the reports that she has left that place for Brazil, it is believed that she is still there, and that she will stay there for some time.

This morning at 2 o'clock, a skirmish took place between the National Guards on land and a torpedo boat which was patrolling the bay. The boat replied with machine guns, and the thud, thud, of the striking balls was exceedingly distinct, and made a warm corner of the vicinity. Several men were killed. At 8 o'clock, firing began at Nictheroy again. At this moment (noon) all is quiet.

C. B.

Rio, Oct. 31st.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISJUDGING BRITISH POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—There are several statements in "Current Topics" in your issue of December 15th, on British Politics, which require qualification. Referring to the action of the House of Lords in carrying out the earnest appeal of the 228,000 working men—an appeal from the Gladstonian Liberals to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists—to amend a clause in the Employers' Liability Bill which the petitioners urged would, as it passed the Commons, injuriously affect them; the writer of "Current Topics" puts it as if the Peers had acted in opposition to the workingmen; and not as the fact really was, at their request and on their behalf. He further adds, with regard to the next general election so earnestly desired by the Unionists and so deprecated by the Gladstonians, that "the struggle between Radicalism and Conservatism, or, as the Gladstonians put it, between democracy and class-privilege, will be one of the sternest and most decisive in the history of the nation."

This assumes that the joint action of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists—the latter including the great majority of the most intelligent Radicals—must necessarily be wrong; and that what the Gladstonians do, even when their policy is dictated by a handful of Labour M.P.'s, must necessarily be right. And this notwithstanding that Mr. Gladstone has himself publicly acknowledged with reference to the question of Home Rule (see *London Spectator*, Sept. 16th, 1893) that "the bulk of the intelligent were against him." We all know that a fairly high degree of intelligence is often to be met with among all classes, from the humblest to the highest.

It is a common error on this side of the Atlantic to misjudge British politics and British public opinion. Blatant vociferators and sensational writers claiming to speak for the people are taken far too seriously. Their assertions are generally ludicrously untrue. Generations ago Canning held up to ridicule the blatant, self-conceited individuals claiming to speak for the English people. Millions have laughed at his "Three Tailors of Tovey Street," who met in solemn conclave and unanimously passed the famous resolution "We, the people of England," etc., etc.

Some years ago, before I knew how often cablegrams were cooked for American consumption, I read one stating that 100,000 determined men had assembled at an outdoor meeting in London and had passed resolutions which, had they been as represented, boded mischief. Having lived forty years in London I was troubled, being then unaware of the inventiveness of the Jefferson Brick school of journalists. When the English papers came to hand, I discovered that the meeting, including loafing sightseers, numbered only ten instead of one hundred thousand, and that it was a thoroughly tame affair. Probably mul-

titudes of the "distressful" nationality chucked over it in the manner of the War Correspondent depicted in "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Evidence should be weighed as well as heard or read. All who write from the editorial standpoint require a high degree of the judicial faculty so as to be able to sift the truth out of the mass of conflicting statements. Even on the judicial bench some lack the necessary gift.

The Irish Land Question is a striking case, showing how the American public have been systematically misinformed. It is even now widely believed in the States that Irish farmers are tyrannized over by their landlords; but when anyone asserts such to be a fact, he should be asked these two questions: (1) Can you show me any state in North America where tenants have anything approaching to the same privileges as they have in Ireland? (2) In like manner, can you show me any populous region in North America where the rent bears the same low ratio to the value of the produce as is the case in Ireland? A heated statement should be met by an enquiry for authenticated facts. As Carlyle said, we should leave off shrieking and seek for the truth. To put it more plainly, we should follow the example of the modern school of good historians. Thus Taine, when writing on the French Revolution, painstakingly examined and quoted from original documents—to the consternation and confusion of the worshippers of that crime-stained and lawless epoch.

The writer of "Current Topics," echoing the representations of the Gladstonian Press, blames the Peers for their amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill, permitting the workmen in those cases where they vote in the affirmative in the proportion of 2 to 1, to contract themselves out of the Act. The simple fact was, that the amendment was made at the urgent request of deputations to Lord Salisbury; in one case representing upwards of 100,000 skilled workmen in the largest English establishments; and in the other 128,000 Welsh and English miners. It was stated that the insurance societies of these mines had £346,000 in hand, out of which £77,000 had been subscribed by employers. In both instances the workmen spokesmen explained that they would be better off as they were. One of their principal objects was—as sensible men—to avoid the litigation which would result from the Bill as passed by the Commons. The absurdity of the situation was that 228,000 workingmen appealed to the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Peers to protect them from the Gladstonian Liberals. It is a misuse of words, either directly or indirectly, to stigmatize their protectors as oppressors. As the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Peers carried out the urgent request of the workingmen, I fail to see any tyranny.

If the writer of "Current Topics" had read both sides he would have discovered that it was to some extent a struggle between the New Union Extremists and the Old Union Moderates, the former wishing to crush the latter. If the Bill had passed the Lords as it left the Commons, many of the Old Unionists would either have been broken up or greatly weakened. The handful of Labour M.P.'s, with one exception, represent the New Unionism, and Mr. Gladstone having such a scanty majority (only 37), they dictated to him the clause forbidding persons to contract themselves out of the Act. Recently many workmen grievously oppressed through the intransigence of these Labour M.P.'s, have founded a Free Labour League. Some of their publicly stated grievances are painful reading; or, in the United States vernacular, "eye-openers."

The allegation about a coming contest between Radicalism and Conservatism—between democracy and class-privilege—is quite erroneous. In the case of the Employers' Liability Bill, the Peers have only done what the workingmen asked them to do. On the Home Rule question, the House of Lords has saved Ireland from the horrors of civil war, which all the most reliable accounts agree would have resulted if the Bill had passed. Some of the facts are very significant. Thus: (1) 95 per cent. of the Irish Nonconformist ministers

—scattered all over Ireland—stated in their published appeal that Home Rule “would result in the all-but certainty of civil war.” (2) The Belfast Chamber of Commerce (see THE WEEK of Sept 8, 1893), states that “the Bill cannot be enforced in Belfast or Ulster except by coercion; by the force of the empire,” etc., etc. (3) Highly placed military and naval officers wrote to the *Times*—voicing the opinions of others—that if it came to using force, they would not order their men to fire upon the Unionists. Apparently this represents the determination of the majority of the officers. Under such circumstances civil war would unquestionably have happened—certainly in Ireland and possibly so in England. Surely the Peers acted wisely and patriotically in preventing a repetition of the horrors of 1798!

Although the Unionists earnestly wish for an appeal to the country, the Gladstonians are opposed to such a course as the local wire-pullers report strongly against doing so at the present time. In London a strong feeling has arisen since the details of the Home Rule Bill have become known; and it is certain that six Gladstonian seats, won by very trifling majorities—one as small as three—would be lost. It is reasonably certain that the English majority of 71 against Home Rule will be largely increased at the next general election.

Canadians should ponder over Mr. Gladstone's plain statement that the intelligence of the country as a mass is opposed to the Home Rule Bill. The intelligence of a country is to be found in all ranks from the lowest to the highest. Canadians should also ask themselves this question: If the intelligence of Canada was strongly opposed to a disrupting enactment, what would they say of a statesman who knowingly flattered and dickered with the least intelligent in order to dictate to and crush the intelligent? It is very suggestive that notwithstanding threats and intimidations, one-seventh of the Catholics resident in Ireland petitioned against it. In Dublin—city and county—at the Irish average of five to a family, there are 83,800 families of whom 17,707 are Protestants, but there were 45,900 petitions. In the home of Grattan's Parliament evidently more than one-half are Unionists.

One novel feature in this Parliament is the unusual strength of the party tie. Never before in English history have liberal M.P.'s voted so unanimously and so blindly as their leader demanded and so often in opposition to their real convictions. When Fox sided with the enemies of his country in 1793-5, the majority of his party left him and went over to the Tories. They preferred their country to their party. With all our boasted improvement we lack the masculinity of those times; for now people prefer their party to their country. It is an open secret that some of the Gladstonians voted for the third reading of the Home Rule Bill believing and hoping that the Lords would throw it out. The London *Economist*—the leading financial journal in the world and non-political—knowing that the passing of the Home Rule Bill by the Peers would cause a dreadful commercial panic in Ireland, stated in its issue of Sept. 2, “if the Lords do not reject the Home Rule Bill, they will arouse almost as much indignation among Gladstonians as among Unionists. . . . If by any chance it passes, there will be a universal outcry of horror and astonishment.”

It is a common error on this side of the Atlantic to believe that all English workingmen are necessarily Radicals. There are 4,539,000 electors in England, the great majority of course being workingmen. The agricultural laborers alone number 969,000 and they have votes. Yet at the last general election there was a Unionist majority of 71 in England, notwithstanding that in some constituencies it was actually alleged that returning Conservatives meant largely increasing the price of bread—and that returning Gladstonian Liberals would in some mysterious manner raise the wages of workingmen. Half a dozen seats, counting 12 on a division, were wrested from the Unionists by these false assertions. Out of 234 English county constituencies the Unionists won 131, almost 56 per cent. These

facts show conclusively that a very large proportion of the English workingmen are either Conservatives or Liberal Unionists.

In conclusion I submit that (1) greater care should be exercised in ascertaining and reporting upon the real opinions of the English people; and (2) that we should always accept at their real value the unanimous resolutions of the “Three Tailors of Tooley Street,” when they claim to speak for the nation.

Your obedient servant,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Toronto, Dec. 24.

READING FOR THE INDIANS.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—In your issue of the twenty-ninth of December, 1893, I notice a letter under the caption “Reading for the Indians,” requesting contributions of magazines, papers and books for Indian Schools in the United States. I hope that Canadians will consider the needs of our own schools in these directions before sending their old magazines to American schools. In the Province of Ontario we have flourishing institutions for the education of the Indians, and in the North-west and British Columbia we have many more. To those who are interested in missionary work in these regions I need not mention the names of the schools as they are already well known, but if any person who does not know where to send old magazines and periodicals, particularly those which contain simple reading and attractive pictures, will send them to me, addressed to the Department of Indian Affairs, I will take great pleasure in forwarding them to our industrial schools. As the periodicals are to be used in work in which the Government is directly interested, they may be sent to Ottawa free of postage.

Yours truly,

DUNCAN C. SCOTT.

Ottawa, 2nd Jan., 1894.

MR. GIROUARD'S HISTORY OF LAKE ST. LOUIS:

LITERARY MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

One of the most notable of the many notable and important additions recently made to Canadian historical literature is “Lake St. Louis, old and new, illustrated, and Cavalier de la Salle,” from the pen of Mr. Désiré Girouard, a gentleman heretofore known to us as an able advocate at the Montreal bar, and as one of the most enlightened representatives of his Province in the national Parliament. This noble, monumental work owes its appearance at this time and in its present form to the recent World's Fair. It is a Columbian edition, intended to mark the historical connection existing between the little town of Lachine, in the East, and the stately city of Chicago, in the West, both of which places claim the honor of having had La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi, as a resident, in the early days of their history. Although much of Mr. Girouard's work relates to Lachine, St. Anne, Isle Dorval and places round and about Lake St. Louis, the ground occupied by the author extends far beyond, and may be said to cover an extensive portion, not only of the Island of Montreal, but of the Ottawa Valley as well. The book is unique of its kind, not only as regards originality of design, but in the happy treatment of its subject and the splendid character of its *tout ensemble* as a specimen of Canadian bookmaking. The task undertaken by Mr. Girouard was evidently a labour of love; seeing that he was born in the neighborhood, if not on the very shores of the historic Lake whose story he tells and that Lachine and Dorval have alternately been his home for many years past.

Jacques Cartier, too, the county he represents in Parliament, covers a large portion of the country forming his theatre of action. While the scenery of the whole of this favored region is exceedingly picturesque and easily counted among the most attractive in the Dominion, its history abounds in events and incidents highly dramatic and romantic in character. Both story and scenery have found interpretation in the songs of Moore, and in one of the luminous and fascinating books of adventure of Washington Irving. Who that reads has not felt the charm of the description in “Astoria,” of the departure from Lachine of the fleet of voyageurs en route for their far distant goal on the Columbia River? Our own John Fraser, from Glengarry, in his book of “Sketches,” has likewise preserved some entertaining facts and recollections connected with one portion, at least, of the country referred to; but it required all the ardour, perseverance and ability of a Girouard to frame a history out of the scattered materials at hand—to bring together and put into a harmonious whole the various fragments and details of information hid away in many an ancient depository and storehouse. Time and space will not permit of our entering more fully into the subject on the present occasion. Suffice for us to say, that the learned jurist-consult has succeeded in producing a local history so complete and reliable in its treatment and character, as to deserve a place in Canadian collections alongside the best efforts of Hart, Lighthall, Scadding and LeMoine. It is a work of which both the author and the Dominion may well feel proud, and we trust that the patriotism and enterprise which are so evident in its production may meet with proper recognition and encouragement. Certainly, no public library on the continent can afford to be without a copy of the book which, it may be explained, includes under its ample cover, besides a variety of new and valuable matter, the contents of three previous publications from the pen of Mr. Girouard, viz: “Le vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 aout, 1689;” “Les Anciens Fort de Lachine et Cavalier de la Salle;” and “Les Anciennes Cotes du Saint Louis avec un Tableau des Anciens et Nouveaux Propriétaires.” Before dismissing the subject, we cannot resist the opportunity of expressing the gratification we have experienced on finding by this book that we have among our legislators another public man with tastes and addictions for something above and beyond Canadian politics. In England, France, the United States and other enlightened communities, the number of statesmen and public men who, in addition to their ordinary pursuits, cultivate a taste for literary and historical study and investigation, is large, and includes, past and present, some of the greatest names in the literary firmament, as, for instance, among English men of letters, Campbell, Brougham, McCarthy, Mackintosh, Gladstone, D'Israeli, Bulwer, Macaulay and the 14th Lord Derby; among French, Guizot, Thiers and Lamartine; and among American, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, Everett, Hawthorne and Irving. In the Dominion, unfortunately, we cannot make as satisfactory an exhibit in this as in other fields of thought and investigation. Here the number of public men with literary tastes is not as large as it should be under the fostering influences surrounding us. Moreover, some of the little band, like the scholarly and brilliant Davin, are not the product of the Canadian

soil or the Canadian mind, though thoroughly Canadian in desire and sentiment. The list is remarkably and painfully small, so small indeed as to invite comparison with a former state of things, in this respect, when the parliament and legislatures of Canada rejoiced in the possession of men of the mental calibre of a Hogan, a Young, a Chauveau, a Christie, a Parent, a Galt, a Cameron, a Wakefield, a Derbishire, a Morris, a McDougall, a Fabre, a Harrison, a Chamberlin, a Howe, a Huntington, a Haliburton, and a McGee.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, Dec. 29th, 1893.

CHANCES OF SUCCESS.*

Erastus Wiman is a typical American. His Canadian antecedents may have helped to supply a sound basis for the qualities which have shown themselves in his career, but those qualities are none the less typical of the rushing, booming, speculative, energetic American business man. To him—and this book displays his characteristics with accuracy—nothing has been too small or unimportant in appearance to handle if it presented the slightest opportunity of making money; nothing too large or multifarious in its demands upon ability and energy. Self-confidence and pluck speak upon every page and the vanity which some reviewers have harshly criticised is hardly visible excepting as a part of that personal assurance which was absolutely essential in the life he led. Whether handling the "nickel-in-the-slot" machine; placing the type-setting machine upon its road to success and popular appreciation, or going to England with the control of \$8,000,000 for the purpose of organizing a salt-combine, Mr. Wiman always seems to have trusted his own judgment, and then gone ahead.

Such a spirit deserved success and he might well have enumerated amongst the chances of success before an American boy the possession of confidence in himself and lots of push, as all-important elements. It must be confessed that this book was opened with a certain prejudice. Of its being clever, there could be no doubt, but hostile criticisms had led the writer to almost expect an undue self-assertiveness and too much personal description. The opposite is the case. A few personal incidents there are, but just enough to interest the reader and make him wish for more. Indeed, had the book been more autobiographical, it would have been more interesting, and the glimpses which are given in the life of a man of many enterprises, many and varied experiences, wide and intimate acquaintance with public men, are extremely attractive. But the bulk of the work is taken up with reflections upon the conditions prevalent throughout the American continent as they appear to one whom all will admit a keen observer, and the opportunity or lack of opportunity which now and in the future presents itself to the average young man.

The basis of the future welfare of the Republic Mr. Wiman considers to be the farmer. His present situation, however, is not pleasant. "Statistics reveal a volume of indebtedness of such proportions as to startle those who consider what payment of interest means." The aggregate population

of the cities is not any better off. "One half of them have the very narrowest ledge on which to rest for the supply of mere daily wants." And the author finds that the condition of the average miner in the United States "is only slightly better than the worst conditions that prevail in England or even in Russia." And then with an inconsistency curious in one so shrewd, he urges, perhaps in the next chapter or paragraph, commercial union between Canada and the States as the great factor in the future prosperity of this Dominion. But to his mind the hope of the American farmer and his assured welfare in days to come, lies in the possibility of the population becoming sufficient—and within fifteen years at the present rate of increase—to more than consume all the surplus production of the 30,000,000 who are now dependent upon agriculture for their daily support. Prices will then rise and the farmer grow rich and happy. The prospect is certainly delightful, but once more Mr. Wiman appears to over-look the application of a fact to which he frequently draws attention in the most glowing terms—the development of the great Canadian granaries. Unless he is prepared to throw his commercial union and free trade ideas to the wind and apply a McKinley tariff—much extended—against the importation of wheat, the surplus product of our vast prairies will overflow into the Republic when its days of exportation cease, and still keep down the price of grain. Nevertheless the theory is interesting.

But the book contains many theories. Mr. Wiman is a man of ideas and is not afraid to make them public. He believes, as already pointed out, that though "the power of the farmer to purchase and pay is less this year as compared with 1870 by 1,500 millions of dollars," yet his condition will improve as his home market is increased by the growth of population, and prices are lowered by the reduction of the tariff. Protection was once useful, he thinks, but should now give way to freer conditions. Competition was once the life of trade, today it is the death of profit. Combination of capital and enterprise, economy of labour and in production, has taken its place, and in doing so, lessened the openings for young men. Concentration of effort, to his mind, is the keynote of success at the present moment, and no better opportunity exists for the young man than to devote himself to agriculture or mining. Everything else is crowded right up to the top, where there is always supposed to be room. To the man of determination, industry and adaptability there are still plenty of chances of success, but to "the young loafer," whose highest achievement is a good game of tennis, whose chief aim is to "dawdle with a lot of girls," the future is full of uncertainty. The flannel-trousered, cigarette-consuming young fellows are likely to be left high and dry upon the sands of time. Gold mining he especially recommends, as bringing a good profit, as having been neglected for unknown reasons, and as producing a product which can never lessen in value or lack a demand. Much good advice is summed up in this paragraph: "Get to college for a year, learn the chemistry of nature, get posted on fertilizers instead of frills, inform yourself as to implements on the farm instead of implements on the gaming table or the race track, then hire yourself out by the month for a year and honor yourself and your parents with a

period of real work and by that time you will be fitted to have a fifty acre farm, a pretty house and a pretty wife.'

To the young Canadian farmer or the son of a farmer as well as to the city aspirant for a clerkship, there is much to remember in this. The former has the practical knowledge already, but instead of going to the university after a B.A., and the bare chance of a future situation as teacher or newspaper reporter or what not, how much better to follow Mr. Wiman's advice and then settle down to future affluence upon a prairie farm in the great North-West. In this connection it may be said that the author consistently and continuously preaches his pet doctrine of commercial relations with Canada in referring to the general continental conditions. But he does it fairly and squarely. No one is more opposed to his policy than the writer of these lines, yet the book is one which may be commended to Canadians without fear of any ill effect upon their national convictions, for the simple reason that he states the problem fully and does not blink the main issues by superficial talk regarding free trade. Commercial union Mr. Wiman wants, but it must, in his opinion, to be practicable, include complete freedom of trade between the two countries, assimilation of their external tariffs, discrimination against England and similar excise laws. There is no danger to Canadian autonomy or loyalty in the open presentation of such a proposal, because it stands no chance of acceptance, but the risk comes from those who prate loyalty and preach insidiously doctrines which mean nothing but annexation when critically examined.

Still the book is not political as a whole. Mr. Wiman treats of a thousand and one things, each interesting in itself. He thinks the American national debt has not been really paid off in part, but shifted through taxation to the backs of the farmers, who now pay an interest equal to that of the old-time debt. He furnishes a striking chapter descriptive of the private meetings held between Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. J. W. Longley, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Reed, himself and others, at the home of Congressman Hill—then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee at Washington—just prior to the late Dominion elections. His admissions certainly go a long way to prove the Conservative allegations as to joint action between the Republican leaders at Washington and the Liberal leaders here. He dwells upon the great advantage of advertising in every line of life and narrates how he obtained immense publicity and benefit for certain projects—business and political—by giving opportune banquets. He denounces intemperance and the liquor traffic; speaks of the competition of women in various walks of life as one of the modern limitations to success, and upon the whole seems to think that opportunity has been much restricted, difficulties greatly enhanced, and the Chances of Success minimized during the last twenty years. As to himself and others, he thinks "it is the rounded life of a man that must form the basis of the estimate of his success or failure." And we can sincerely hope in concluding this necessarily imperfect sketch of an interesting book, that like the farmer in whose future he so sincerely believes, Mr. Wiman may himself in all financial matters and political ambitions restricted to the United States, again be "on top." If energy and enterprise will do it, as the pres-

* Chances of Success: Episodes and Observations in the Life of a Busy Man. By Erastus Wiman. Published in Canada by T. R. James, 77 Victoria street, Toronto.

ent "whirlwind of disaster" in the Republic passes away, it is more than likely that such will be the case.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

WILLIAM COWPER'S COPY OF ROBERT BURNS' POEMS: 1787.

Dr. Grosart, in drawing the attention of the readers of *The Bookman* to Burns and Cowper, has done a real service to the admirers (and they are an increasing number) of both poets. On this account it is all the more to be regretted that the paper, which is characterised by that easy diction which the doctor has taught his readers to expect of him, is not also marked by the knowledge of Burns that it displays of Cowper. But courteous as the paper undoubtedly is to both poets, it somehow tilts against the grain. That Cowper's copy, with red and blue pencil markings, of the London edition of Burns's poems carries the book-plate of the poet's uncle—William Cowper—clerk of parliaments, and not that of William Cowper, poet, sometime clerk of the journals of the House of Lords, is but a small matter. The mistake was easy and breaks no bones. But why exaggerate the qualities of the third, or London edition, over the earlier Edinburgh edition? Six copies—surely sufficient to enable one to make a correct generalization—are now before us, and we have no hesitation in confirming the received opinion that the Edinburgh book, for which the portrait was engraved, is preferable to the other. Nor was the plate re-engraved till it was required for the two-volume edition of 1793.

But why whine over the scantiness of Burns's resources when no such scant existed? Let us for ever be done with all apologetic cant as to the library of Burns. His library was ample for his purpose, as his art, taking into account the literary horizon of his period, shows. Peter Hill was handy and kind to Burns in the matter of book collecting. Mr. Hill hunted the evening sales in Edinburgh auction-rooms for the books wanted by the poet, who, like most authors, had (in addition to loans) many books given to him by friends, with the result that it would take to-day more (certainly not less) than £200 to replace in perfect state the books known as having belonged to Burns at the time of his death. From this estimate is excluded the five (then existing) editions of the poet's own works.

So much for the library of Burns. A word as to his knowledge of Cowper, which, according to Dr. Grosart, was *nil*. With such statements before him, one is tempted to ask, Is Burns becoming obsolete? and are the outstanding facts of his life of no importance to "present-day" authors? Not long since I had (in reference to the proposed Burns Exhibition in Glasgow to commemorate the Centenary of the poet's death) a letter from Mr. Grant Allen, in which he says that he knows Burns only as a name; and from the venerable St. Andrews divine—A. K. H. B.—I had another, to the effect that should Dr. Boyd happen to be in Glasgow when the exhibition of the Burns relics was open, he would not think it worthy of visit.

The question of the relation of Burns to the litterateurs of the day is a large one—too large for our present purpose—but one who like Dr. Grosart has so confidently ventured on the ground should (at least) have made sure of the road. According to Dr.

Grosart, Burns was entirely ignorant of the existence of his contemporary—Cowper. "I am not aware," says the learned doctor, "that Cowper's name occurs in the correspondence of Burns. The first and early editions of his successive volumes were expensive, and the Scot's resources limited. This perhaps explains how it came about that no knowledge of the 'Task' is shown by Burns."

What are the facts? Burns himself, in a "Christmas Morning" letter to Mrs. Dunlop, published in the first Currie—1800—says, "Now that I talk of authors, how do you like Cowper? Is not the 'Task' a glorious poem? The religion of the 'Task,' bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts, that ennobles man."

Allan Cunningham informs us that Cowper's 'Task' was the pocket companion of Burns; and that when he had on occasion to wait till he could conveniently "gaug" the broust, he would take to reading the poem. In the letter to Mrs. Dunlop (already quoted) Burns says, "I would not give a farthing for any book, unless I were at liberty to blot it with my criticisms." It is to be regretted that Mrs. Dunlop's copy of the 'Task,' with Burns's jottings, which was restored to her after the poet's death, was afterwards destroyed by fire. It is also worthy of note that when the end came, Burns's own copy of the 'Task' remained in the family. But apart from such evidence, it is anything but complimentary to Burns to suppose that he would be ignorant of the existence of a book of the importance of the 'Task,' which was published three years before the London edition of his own poems, which Cowper took so much trouble to understand, and which he says "quite ramfeezled" one of his friends.

A more important question—and one on which I am not inclined to dogmatise—is the authorship of the red and blue pencil marks on the Cowper-Burns. Cowper died in 1800, and the late Mr. Elias Wolfe (founder of the firm of Wolfe & Sons, the celebrated pencil makers,) claimed to have invented the coloured pencil. If this be so, and I have no doubt it is so, red and blue pencils, which formed part of the Creta Leevis, came first into use about thirty years after Cowper's death. The probability is that there is some mistake as to the authorship of the pencil markings, on which we have been treated to an eloquently idle homily. I cannot (on the evidence produced) believe that a sensitive and delicate hand, such as Cowper's was, would have disfigured a beautiful book like unto the London Burns, with inartistic strokes, barren of all meaning.

W. CRAIBE ANGUS.

II.

By the courtesy of several correspondents I find that the book-plate reproduced in my paper in last *Bookman* belonged to a William Cowper, uncle of the poet, who was "Clerk of the Parliaments," as the book-plate bears. I must confess that I had forgotten this earlier William Cowper, if ever I knew of him; and hence naturally, inevitably assigned the book-plate to the poet. I was aware, of course, that the unhappy poet had never really entered on the duties of the office to which he had been appointed and I think instituted; but I assumed that the book-plate had been engraved in anticipation, and before the cloud of insanity

darkened down upon him. I further assumed naturally and inevitably assumed that "Clerk of the Parliaments" designated more accurately "Clerk of the Journals," and that on his recovery the poet utilized the book-plate. That he did so utilize it is certain; for in my copy of his Thucydides (described in my paper) not only is the identically same book-plate on the front board of vols. i. and ii. (in one), but on the fly-leaf the poet has written in his well-known form,

W^m Cowper
Nov: 21. 1768

Seeing that the uncle William Cowper of the book-plate died in 1740, it is clear that his Thucydides had somehow come into possession of the poet. Further, in his copy of Vaughan's little book, as in his copy of Burns, the uncle's book-plate (as it turns out) is found. The uncle, dead in 1740, could not have placed it in the Burns of 1787. It is noticeable also that the red pencil and blue pencil markings of the poet are common to the Burns, the Vaughan, and the Thucydides and others known.

That the poet, beside books that had belonged to his uncle, also came into possession of impressions, at least, of his book-plate, is further verified, in that it continued to appear in his books up to 1790. It is not found, I believe, after that year. But why? The explanation is a simple one, viz., that in 1790 he had procured a book-plate of his own, which I have repeatedly met with, and which, I am informed, was reproduced in the *Ex Libris Journal* so recently as July, 1893.

I must add, that whatever may be the secret of this book-plate of his uncle appearing in many of the poet's books (with dated autograph *ut supra*), there is not the shadow of a doubt that the Burns and Vaughan belonged to the William Cowper. These, together with a copy of John Newton's "Messiah" (2 vols.), containing a long page-full gift inscription to his wife in his own handwriting, I was made a present of more than thirty years ago by a dear old lady friend of our family who knew the poet and John Newton, and had received directly from Mrs. Newton these books and other relics. They never had been out of her possession, as they have never been out of mine. Hence the markings in Burns and Vaughan (and in Thucydides) are precious memorials of our great sacred poet of the eighteenth century.

I am indebted to W. Bolton, Esq., Ad-discombe, for the following note, which shows that I had overlooked Burns's possession of Cowper's Poems:

"On a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, written Decr. 25, Xmas, 1793, Allan Cunningham annotates: Burns carried Cowper's Poems in his pocket, and read it in a lonely room or in a brew-house while he waited to gauge. Mrs. Dunlop lent him her copy, and he enriched the margin with notes, criticisms and annotations. The book was destroyed by fire with the Dunlop library."

This is extremely welcome. May there be resurrection of the precious book!

A. B. GROSART, in *The Bookman*.

The advertising business of the late S. R. Niles, of Boston, Mass., will be carried on by The S. R. Niles Advertising Agency, which was incorporated prior to Mr. Niles' death. The management is as follows: E. G. Niles, President; Carl G. Zerrahn, Vice-President and General Manager; J. C. Howard, Treasurer.

ON LAKE ERIE.

Upon the further, misty hills
Faint gleam a few white sheep that stray
Among the dusky, distant hills,
That melt long miles and miles away.

The swallows from the high cliff's walls,
With ceaseless wings cleave overhead ;
And o'er the dark'ning waves their calls
Grow more remote, and now are dead.

And voices, unknown voices, rise
From out the dreaming waves, but we
Can only humanly surmise
Their old, unworded mystery.

Amid the dark, memorial gloom
The star-gleam and the moonbeam steal ;
And haply through our human doom
The faint, small, star-like hope we feel.

To-night the waves are long and low,
And we who float upon their breast
Are maddened that we never know
The secret of the water's rest.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

ART NOTES.

The sale of the pictures, sketches, drawings, and cartoons by Baron Leys, a Belgian artist who died about twenty-five years ago, which was held last month, brings before us the name of one few, if any, of whose works have found their way to this country. He will be best remembered as the master of Alma Tadema, who at first imitated him closely in subject and manner of painting.

Mr. George Bruenech has just returned from a tour in the States where a successful exhibition was held at Rochester. Though the tour was quite satisfactory it was evident that the general depression was not without effect upon art. At Hamilton also an exhibition was held not without result. The present month will be spent by this artist in Toronto in studio work and in preparation for the coming exhibitions of the R. C. Academy at Ottawa and that of the Ontario Society at Toronto. By special request Mr. Bruenech will visit and exhibit at Washington during the month of February. This genial and excellent artist deserves the success which always attends good work, energy and enterprise.

The Canadian Artists' Association, the object of which is to extend the taste for Canadian art by holding exhibitions of the works of our leading artists in some of the smaller cities and towns throughout the country, has just closed a very successful exhibition in Hamilton. This exhibition, which was under the auspices of the Canadian Club of Hamilton, was held in the fine rooms of the Art School. The attendance during the week the pictures were on view in the gallery was very good and several of the works were disposed of. The collection consisted of ninety water-colours and oils, which were good specimens of the work of the following artists: Atkinson, Bell-Smith (President of the Canadian Artists' Association), Bruenech, Brymner, Challener, Knowles, Jacobi, Manly, Matthew, O'Brien, Paul Peel, Reid, Mrs. Reid, Sherwood, Miss Tully, Verner, Homer Watson and Wickson.

From the Christmas number of the *Century* we again quote some items of interest about one of the first English artists of our day: We are now in the studio of the foremost man upon the English side of the Channel, and we leave his precincts and his presence with a sense that here, as in the case of Gerome, the honor has been rightly placed. The workshop of the president of the Royal Academy does not impress you as a veritable workshop, as does that of Gerome, nor does it suggest a luxurious villa like that of Alma Tadema, nor is it a picture-gallery like that of any other artist, nor yet a bric-a-brac shop like so many. It seems the apartment of a virtuoso. In every square foot of space there hangs or lies some work of art, ancient or modern, peculiarly rare, choice, lovely. One feasts the eye perpetually upon forms of beauty. Works of Phidias and

Michel Angelo predominate. The Pergamon frieze, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Nike of Samothrace are there. These masterpieces of Hellas are not behind us; they are ahead of us. They open up new vistas in art. "What are your most cherished principles of art?" we ask the president. "Sincerity is the first principle," answered Sir Frederick Leighton; "an earnest desire to do your very best, and no compromise. You must know well what others have done," he continues. "You must express your own life as the Greeks expressed their life" (this for the third principle). "Express it in terms of beauty, for that is the language which an artist speaks. Selection is necessary," he adds, "as the next, the fifth, principle." In every hidden nook of Sir Frederick's room are portfolios filled with superb chalk-drawings. We find three successive studies for that wonderful figure "Solitude." Here, indeed, is a picture; here is an all-round masterpiece. It has power, it has breath, it has softness, it has spirituality—the great cardinal qualities, any one of which well known or mastered would make the fame and fortune of painter or sculptor—and who knows or has mastered them all to-day but the creator of "Solitude"?

While it is true that many merits of a picture, especially in the technique, can best be appreciated by an artist perhaps by an artist alone, we have in the following clipping from the New Orleans *Picayune* another view of the question: Everybody has heard the story of the Athenian cobbler who criticised the delineation of a shoe in a picture by the greatest of the Greek painters, Apelles, but not everybody has given it the significance it seems most truly to express. In this view of the matter it may not be amiss to repeat it. The artist having executed his picture, placed it in a window close to a public street, and, concealing himself at hand, listened to the criticism of the passers-by. A certain cobbler had no eyes for the extreme beauty of the piece, but turned all his attention to a shoe worn by one of the figures painted in the scene. The painter found his criticism just, and altered the shoe in accordance with it. The cobbler passing by the next day, was greatly flattered to find his judgment of shoes approved, and, growing bolder, he proceeded to find fault with the proportions and beauty of the nude nymph whose sandals he had only at first presumed to regard, incurring thereby a severe rebuke. Now the fault committed by the cobbler was that he failed to understand the meaning and expression of a beautiful picture, and only esteemed the mere technical details. He recognized some defect in the lacing of a shoe-string, but he failed to see the grace, the action and passion expressed in the face, figures and poses of a group of beautiful girls. To him the entire art of the greatest painter in the world had been expended in vain. All real art is intended to express the truth in its most beautiful form. Beauty has many expressions running through an entire gamut, from the round and dimpled charm of a chubby infant to the grand mien and awful majesty of a Jove, and from the peace and repose of a pastoral landscape to the terrible sublimity of a hurricane, or of a volcanic eruption, or a vast metropolis in the throes of an earthquake, or of a tremendous conflagration. All art tells its story to those who can understand, but there are those, like the cobbler of Athens, who regard only technical details and upon whom all that art can tell is lost. But it must not be assumed from this that only those who are cultivated and skilled in the fine arts can enjoy their expression. On the contrary, all art must be so full of nature and of truth as to be capable of recognition to a large degree even by story, even if it should illustrate myths or legends known only to a few. If it be wanting in this it is a sheer failure.

The most powerful dynamos ever constructed are the 5,000 horse-power dynamos for the Cataract Construction Company, Niagara. The dynamos in question will provide a two-phase alternating current, having a frequency of 25 alternations per second, and the voltage is to be 2,000.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

M. Guille, the famous tenor, will sing in Association Hall on the evening of Jan. 23rd, at the concert given by the Toronto Ladies' Quartette.

Paderewski has written a set of Polish songs which are declared to be remarkably fresh and musical, and full of delightful rhythmical surprises. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, has been singing them—the composer playing the accompaniments—with great success.

Siegfried Wagner, son of Richard Wagner, and who it was thought had not the slightest talent for music, has been conducting one of Liszt Verein concerts in Leipzig and his success as an interpreter has been phenomenal. The programme embraced numbers by his father and Liszt, and the effect was apparently magnificent. His further appearance in the same capacity is looked forward to with great interest.

Emil Pauer, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has proven himself to be a scholarly although pedantic conductor, with very little warmth, passion, or poetic imagination, and has only made an ordinary success. There are not many great conductors having the refined musical sensibility, originality, and personal magnetism of the sympathetic Nikisch (Pauer's predecessor) and the Boston people will have great difficulty in replacing him satisfactorily, a fact which they already recognize.

Miss Susie Ryan, formerly of this city, and daughter of Mr. Peter Ryan, has been singing in New York and Philadelphia, under the name of plume of Miss Arma Senka, with singular success. Miss Ryan has a contralto voice of superlative beauty and richness, and has spent some six or seven years in Europe cultivating it under the tuition of Lamperti, Marchesi, Shakespeare, Randegger and others. The critics in the east have not only spoken enthusiastically of her splendid singing, but have complimented her on her natural gifts and general artistic abilities.

Mr. W.H. Dingle, the lately appointed director of music of Albert College, Belleville, and organist of the Bridge St. Methodist Church in that city, has recently given some recitals with good success. He performed a programme of modern piano compositions in the college, and played the Mendelssohn G Minor Concerto at the Philharmonic Society's concert (which by the way is under the conductorship of Mrs. Eva Rose York, formerly of Toronto) and has in other ways been distinguishing himself. Mr. Dingle studied in Leipzig and will doubtless be a valuable acquisition to the musical profession in Belleville.

The brilliant young French violinist Mons. Henri Marteau, who has been creating a sensation in the Old and New World with his superb violin playing, appeared in the Pavilion Music Hall, under Mr. I. E. Suckling's local management, last Monday evening the 8th inst. Marteau is certainly a most finished and wonderful performer, and when one thinks of his youthfulness—being but a lad of 20 years—it seems the more astonishing. His technique is colossal, his bowing most graceful, and his tone!—what shall we say of such sensuous, sometimes of such amazing power and richness, at other times so delicate and ethereal like long-drawn sighs! Only a nature endowed with the greatest musical gifts can develop in so short a time such positive mastery over technique, in all its phases of difficulty and comprehensiveness; such true intonation and abandon; such warm golden tones which steal and leap out as if alive and glowing with fervour and vitalized passion. Study alone, under the guidance of the greatest teaching, will not produce such an equipment, it must be inborn, a gift bestowed by the Creator. The numbers performed by this highly sensitive and gifted artist included the whole of the Mendelssohn "Concerto," a "Romanoe" by Viardot, one of Sarasate's "Spanish Dances," and a Saint Saens' "Rondo Capriccio." Be-

sides the above, he played two encore numbers—a "Hungarian Rhapsody" by Brahms, and Paganini's "Perpetual Motion." We will not individualize these sections, only to say that each received the most beautiful interpretation, the Paganini number being an extraordinary exhibition of chaste, rapid, distinct playing. Miss Rosa Linde possesses a contralto voice of much sweetness and purity, and was well received. Her best numbers were, Meyer-Helmund's "Blumenlied" and Chamina's "Madrigal;" these were sung tastefully and well, but we cannot say the same of Mascagni's "Ave Maria," for it lacked expression, and was sung too fast. Miss Nelly Selma, the soprano, contributed an "Aria" from one of Gounod's operas with evident zeal, but her voice is not pleasant, being unmusical and untrue. The pianist, Mr. Edwin M. Schonert, deserves praise, both in the capacity of accompanist and soloist. He opened the programme with Liszt's "Rigoletto," which he gave with much brilliance, playing as an encore number, MacDowell's "Witches' Dance." Later on he gave a spirited performance of Rubinstein's Valse in E flat. We were sorry the Pavilion was not crowded, although an audience of a thousand or over were present, who were evidently delighted with the artistic menu provided by the popular and exceptional manager, Mr. I. E. Suckling.

LIBRARY TABLE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. 1893.

One of the most important bodies in every civilized community is that composed of the gentlemen of the chain, the level and the transit. Though almost invariably a modest band of men, well may it be claimed that in the most essential sense they are the pioneers of civilization. The professions of the Civil Engineer and Land Surveyor go hand in hand. In the construction of a great national work, as in the measurement of a village lot, the surveyor finds employment. In settling an international boundary or in verifying the position of a line fence his services are equally indispensable. The part played by this profession in the early settlement of our country is suggested by the manly face of "Thomas Ridout, Surveyor-General of Upper Canada in 1810," in the front-piece of this pamphlet, no less than in the interesting biographical sketch of him which appears towards its close. The usefulness of such a pamphlet is shown by its contents—where the proceedings of the Association are placed on record and can within its pages be clearly and readily consulted. Here are to be found not only details of official proceedings and reports and discussions, but a number of valuable and instructive papers read before the Association, obituary notices of deceased members and an appendix of by-laws, rules, regulations and lists of candidates for membership and of members. The pamphlet has been most creditably gotten up, and its mechanical features are commendable.

CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS IN OLD NEW ENGLAND. By Alice Morse Earle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

It is not at all unnatural, indeed quite the reverse, that our neighbours to the south should interest themselves in their ancestors. Their predecessors, the aborigines of this continent, were not untouched by pride of race, while the peoples of the elder world the sayings and doings of their forefathers form their respective contributions to history. A people without a history is like a picture lacking a background—incomplete and undignified. So it is pleasant to turn over the pages of this antiquarian volume by the fair authoress of "China Collecting in America" who diversifies her studies of ceramic examples with entries of a graver and more humane character, indicated in the title of this readable book, which contains much curious information within its nearly four hundred well printed pages. From the first chapter, which treats of

"Child Life," to the last, which describes "Funeral and Burial Customs," we have a readable account of the Puritan mode of life. Information gathered from various sources, quaint, curious, and often amusing, will here be found, and the reader who is unfamiliar with the Puritan life and character, as well as the historical student, will find the volume well worthy of perusal. The fate of some objectionable volumes in Puritan times is thus described (would that the perplexed reviewer of to-day could send some of his favours for similar treatment): "William Pyncheon's book was burned in 1650, in Boston — Market. In 1707 a 'libel on the Governor' was hanged by the hangman. * * Another offending publication was sentenced to be 'publicly whipt according to Moses' Law with forty stripes save one, then burnt.'"

THE SUNNY DAYS OF YOUTH: A Book for Boys and Young Men. By the author of "How to be Happy though Married." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1893. \$1.25.

This is a book easy to take up but hard to put down. The author of one good book might well be expected to be the author of others as good, or even better. The very title of this volume is winsome. What bright pictures spring to view from the background of life as we reflect upon those inspiring words, "The sunny days of youth." God help the man whose boyish days were sunless. Even to the darkest and most sin-stained adult there comes at times, as a ray of light where all else is dark, the memory of boyish innocence, mayhap of childish prayer prattled at a mother's knee. The very dedication of the book is touching and puts the gentle reader at once in sympathy with its author. We repeat part of it: "To the beloved memory of my son King, who, after a sunny life here of thirteen years and three months, went to a brighter one beyond." For ourselves we may say if we had a son—a lad or even young man—we would take the earliest opportunity of writing his name on its title page. We cannot forbear giving one or two extracts: "Moral courage may be either active or passive, but it is certainly the highest kind of courage. It is shown by the man who pays his debts, who does without what he cannot afford, who speaks his mind when necessary but who can be silent when it is better not to speak. It requires moral courage to admit that we have been wrong, to face difficulties, to shut our eyes on the prospect of large profits and to be content with small ones. The moral courage of Mr. Gladstone, when a schoolboy, was shown by his turning his glass upside down rather than drink a toast of which he disapproved." In another place the author narrates a story told him by a soldier. "A young drummer was put into the barrack room where my informant slept. The first night, before going to bed, he knelt down to say his prayers. There was mockery and laughter, and one of the occupants of the room, going up to him, asked, 'Who told you to do that?' 'My mother told me,' was the boy's simple answer. The soldier who had questioned him was so struck with the plucky reply that he said, 'You just go on saying your prayers, and I'll take care that no one laughs or lays a finger upon you.'" But we must close our extracts with this last: "Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, mentions in his account of his interviews with Bellingham, the notorious assassin, that nothing he could say appeared to make any impression until he spoke of his mother, and then the prisoner burst into a flood of tears. If the thought of 'mother' has such an influence upon even bad men, how great must be the power of mothers in building up the characters of the good." Brimful of wise precept, apt anecdote, happy illustration, noble example, affectionate entreaty, and gentle, cheerful and manly persuasion, this book is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The great Ferris wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes." Valuable this in Paris. No military required.

PERIODICALS.

Storiettes for January comes to us with "Ten Original Copyright Tales" by Rhoda Broughton, Carmen Sylva and others of varying subject and interest.

Dalhousie Gazette in Christmas array is unusually attractive. Professor MacMechan, Mr. F. Blake Crofton and others make its literature attractive, and the array of professional and other portraits is quite pleasing. It has the spirit and swing of a good college journal with brainy backing and enthusiastic support.

The Quiver begins a new year with a complete story, "Her Great Trouble," by W. Rainey, R. I. Canon Wynne tells how to cure loneliness. Sarah Wilson writes about some rare old illuminations. The Rev. B. G. Johns tells of the wonder of a bird's nest. "Some Famous Churchyards" are described and illustrated and Raymond Blathwayt interviews the poor lad's friend, Dr. Barnardo.

Cassell's Magazine for January has the toned profile of "A Winsome Maid" as its frontispiece. There are no less than three completed stories in the number besides instalments of the two serials, "The Sleeve of Care" and "Margaret's Way," and of miscellaneous papers there is abundance and variety. We should not omit mention of Raymond Blathwayt's "Talk with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome."

Mr. W. S. B. Mathew's monthly magazine, Music, for January, has a number of specially interesting articles, among which are "Illustrations of Harmonic Melody in Folk Music," by J. C. Fillmore, Saint-Saens' article on "The Wagner Cult.," "The Practical Teacher," by W. S. B. Mathews; "The Emotional Basis of Musical Sensibility," by A. F. Brand, "Musical John," from the Polish, by J. J. Krall. Several reviews and other attractive articles make up a number of unusual excellence.

R. L. Stevenson's pictures in the Bookman for January will interest many. They comprise portraits of the great novelist at the respective ages of 6, 15, 20 and 25, and a view as well of "Vailima, the residence which Mr. R. L. Stevenson has built for himself in Apia, Samoa." The portraits are here published for the first time. Katharine Tynan has an appreciative paper on Mr. Francis Thompson's poems—the poet of whom Browning spoke so highly—and reproduces his remarkable ode "The Hound of Heaven."

Rhoda Broughton's new serial "The Beginner" bulks largely in the foreground of January Temple Bar, for in 29 pages it gives the reader a taste of its quality. A not disproportionate sketch of Mrs. Montagu, who Pitt pronounced the most perfect woman he had ever met, follows. The Memoirs of Count Mollien, the financial adviser of Napoleon, receives full notice. Mrs. Andrew Crosse has an article on that vagrant scamp, Carew, under the caption "A Humorous Rogue." A new serial "An Interloper," by F. M. Peard, is begun in this number.

Reginald B. Brett's pleasant picture of the Queen and her first Prime Minister from the Nineteenth Century, has first place in Littell's Living Age for January 6th. Paul Pernet's story "Manette Audrey, or Life during the Reign of Terror," is begun in this number and has no lack of life or movement. Then follows good papers from the Contemporary and Fortnightly, and Temple Bar's capital sketch of Professor Jowett is reproduced. Lovers of "Rab and His Friends" will not skip "Recollections of Dr. John Brown," from Leisure Hour. A sad requiem is the poem "The Blind Summit," by William Watson, from the Spectator.

"Tent Life in Palestine" is the title of the pleasing descriptive paper with which the Methodist Magazine for January begins. In it the editor guides the reader from Olivet to Hebron. Another descriptive serial paper is begun, in "Zurich and its Memories," by Waldemar Roden. Then comes a graceful appreciative of Bishop Patteson, the martyr of

Melanesia, by Florence Garwood. The Hon. J. M. Gieson, under the caption "The Children's Act" explains that the system contemplates the gradual absorption by the community of the neglected and dependent children of the State. There are other good papers on Socialism, Electricity, and stories and poems as well in this number.

William T. Harris, the well known authority on education, has a paper in the January number of the *Educational Review* on "The Report of the Committee of Ten"—A very important report and an important paper on it. Mr. Harris says in conclusion: "I feel confident we shall enter upon a new era of educational study with the publication of this report. Professor W. H. Norton's contribution "Greek and Barbarian" well illustrates how interesting a discussion can be made on profound themes in proper hands. Subjects on educational thought, interest, and enquiry are ably presented by other competent writers in this number, and the departments are full of timely and instructive matter.

A fine portrait as a frontispiece and a fine sketch by Edward Everett Hale of his life and work in the *New England Magazine* for January, form a deserved tribute to the memory of Edwin Lasseter Bynner, of Boston, novelist and historian. H. A. Hill adequately presents a truly New England sketch in his paper on "Boston and Liverpool Packet Lines, Sail and Steam." Here we find a pretty poem "Arbor Vitæ" written by William P. McKenzie. J. H. Crooker has a most readable paper on Matthew Arnold, of whom he says: "All friends of clear thinking and right living rejoice that Matthew Arnold lived." Dr. J. W. Fewkes contributes an article of more than ordinary interest on "The Graf collection of Greek Portraits." These mortuary portraits are of no slight ethnologic interest. Shillaber's "Experiences" are continued in this number.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. William Winter has in preparation a biography of Joseph Jefferson, who has long been one of his warm personal friends.

Eugene Field has gone to the Pacific Coast for the winter. His health is not good, and has not been since he was taken ill with pneumonia two months ago.

Mr. J. W. Bengough's first number of *Grip* revived gives promise in cartoon and letter press of a renewal of the great popularity and success of Canada's comic journal.

Mr. J. Norman Lockyer has in press a new book, "The Dawn of Astronomy." It tells of the days when wonder and worship formed the prevailing feature in any consideration of the heavenly bodies.

The *Athenæum* records that Mr. R. B. Browning, who has recently purchased the Casa Guidi, has procured in Rome a slab of porphyry which is to be placed over his father's grave in Westminster Abbey.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson has, it is said, renounced political activity for some time in order to travel and collect material for a new drama, which is to deal with social questions, especially labor problems.

Florentine Life during the Renaissance, by Walter B. Scaife, Ph.D., is announced by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. Of this work it is said that it offers the public not only new points of view, but also new facts not heretofore accessible to the reader unacquainted with Italian.

Mrs. J. R. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century" is nearly ready. It will be of undoubted interest to the general reader as well as to the student of political economy, dealing, as it does, with the days when the towns were independent communities and centres of political life.

A novel work is in the press of J. Selwyn Tait & Sons. It has been written by G. Mercer Adam, and is called "Sandow on Physical Culture." It will be illustrated by numerous portraits of this modern Samson, who has

posed in statuesque attitudes before Sarony's camera; and also by a series of "thumb-nail" sketches made from life by M. Casarm, that will enliven the margins of the book.

It is said that the eight vellum copies of William Morris' forthcoming edition of Chaucer have already been sold at over \$600 each, and that nearly half of the 300 copies on hand-made paper have been subscribed for. Mr. Burne-Jones is busily engaged upon the illustrations for this splendid work.

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, had always about him an air of distinction that made the passer-by turn to look at him. He was tall, stately and courtly, with old-school dignity of manner. He had a sportsman's fondness for hunting and fishing, and he was as high an authority on roses as on colonial history.

Lieut.-Governor Schultz on New Year's day, his birthday, was the recipient of a complimentary address of which he has just reason to be proud, tendered as it was by prominent Prelates, Judges, Parliamentarians, Professional and Military leaders and men in every sense representative of the important Province of which he is the historic head.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford says that "in the matter of physique there is a resemblance between Leo the Thirteenth, President Lincoln, and Mr. Gladstone—lean, sinewy men, all three, of a bony constitution and indomitable vitality, with large skulls, high cheekbones, and energetic jaws—all men of great physical strength, of profound capacity for study, of melancholy disposition, and of unusual eloquence.

The Hon. W. W. Vernon, who has made Dante the study of his life and is about to bring out an English prose version of the poet, is a son of the late Lord Vernon, who is said to have done more for Dante literature than any modern Italian has done. One of his labors of love has been the translation into Italian, through the instrumentality of competent scholars, of the Latin commentators on the "Divina Commedia."

During 1894 the department of fiction in *Littell's Living Age* will include, besides short stories, copy-righted translations of representative French and German novelists. The first issue of the new year contains the opening chapters of a powerful serial, "Manette Andrey—A picture of Life During the Reign of Terror," from the French of Paul Perret. A charming story, "The Numidian," from the German, by Ernst Eckstein is also promised as well as other excellent translations.

Thomas Nelson Page has, says the *Boston Home Journal*, decided to give up public readings for the present, if not for good. In personal appearance the author of "Marse Chan" bears none of the marks of the typical literary man. Of medium size, with a slim, well-built figure, sandy hair and moustache, he looks like an active business man. He is a lawyer by profession, a writer by choice, a capital story teller and companion by nature. Now that he has abandoned travelling, he will probably do more literary work.

Last Hallowe'en Robert Louis Stevenson addressed a Scottish gathering at Honolulu. In the first part he criticised their ancestors rather severely and in consequence was rather coolly received. But his auditors were with him when he stated that his greatest regret at his exile in lovely Samoa was that he lost his right to burial in the graves of his fathers. And he roused his audience to enthusiasm by quoting the remarks in "The Stickit Minister" on the lone hillside kirkyards with the large blackened slabstones and the whaups flying o'er them.

His Excellency the Governor-General, together with the Earl of Ava, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, visited Toronto last week on occasion of the annual banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade. Representative Ministers of the Dominion and Local Parliaments, the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, General Herbert, and men of high professional, commercial and social standing, attended the

banquet, which was very successful. His Excellency's speech was genial in the extreme, yet timely and thoughtful. Those of Mr. Wilkie, the President, were graceful and appropriate. Able speeches were also delivered by the Ministers and others of the guests present.

Mr. David Douglas, who has done so much to maintain interest in Sir Walter Scott, will shortly issue another work. This time it is Sir Walter's letters, not the more formal ones which have been long before the public, but personal private letters, and what is probably equally valuable, the replies. An interesting advance article in *The Times* gives a little idea of Mr. Douglas's selections. One of them throws a light on a quaint side of Sir Walter's character, but it is not a national peculiarity. The story is common enough of the Scottish swain leading his beloved to a corner of the kirkyard and solemnly asking Jeanie if she will lay her bones with his forbears when her time comes. Here is Sir Walter Scott saying the same thing. In his first love letter, he tells his future wife that he has no land, only the right of burial in Dryburgh, and expatiates on the beauty of the spot where he hopes they will be buried together.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Harry Piers. Catalogue of Library of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia Printing Co.

J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D. Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness. Montreal: Foster, Brown & Co.

Stanley J. Weyman. A Gentleman of France. London: Bernard Quaritch. New York: Longmans, Greene & Co.

Charles Reade. The Cloister and the Hearth. New York: Harper Bros.

Rev. Silas Gertius Rand. Legends of the Micmas. New York: Longmans, Greene & Co.

Desire Girouard, Q.C., M.P. Lake St. Louis, Old and New (illustrated), and Cavalier de La Salle. Montreal: Poirier, Bessette & Co.

Mrs. Lawson. Frankincense and Myrrh. Halifax, N.S.: Morton & Co.

Mrs. Lawson. History of the Townships of Dartmouth, Preston and Laurencetown. Halifax, N.S.: Morton & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

AS THE LIGHT TO THE EYE.

I know not whether
The eye loves the light,
But I know that without it
As naught were its sight.
I know not whether
The brook loves the rain,
But I know that without it
Its babbling were vain.
As the light to the eye,
To the blossoms the dew,
And the rain to the brook,
To my heart-life are you.
And should destiny say it,
That I must forget,
I might bow and obey it
Submissive—and yet,
As the eye ever closed,
And the brook without rain,
And the ear in the silence,
So my heart-life were vain.

—Nannie Fitzhugh Maclean, in *Lippincott's*.

MR. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.
"A man," said Mr. Lockwood, as we sat down to rest by the loud-sounding sea—"A man, some years ago, was had up for stealing a horse. 'Yours is a very serious offence,' said the judge to him very sternly; 'fifty years ago it was a hanging matter.' 'Well,' replied the prisoner with a certain logical reasonableness, 'fifty years hence it mayn't be a crime at all.'"

"What was that story about the spade that you told me long ago, Lockwood!" said the Professor. "Oh!" replied our host, "you mean the man that was had up for stealing a spade. That is quite true, too. The magistrate before whom the case was being tried was a stupid, but as well-meaning, conscientious old fellow as ever lived. He carefully looked up Archibald's Criminal Law to find a precedent on which he could convict and punish the man. But he was unable to do so. 'I can't find anything under the word "spade," said he, "although I see that a man was convicted and severely punished for stealing a shovel. You have had a very narrow escape, but you may go this time."—From "The Idler."

HUNTING THE HARE.

"In the heart of a big evergreen swamp, or solemn Northern forest, the coldest of winds has no chance, and a man can keep comfortably warm in any well-chosen 'stand.' On sparkling moon-lit nights the big snowshoes of Sir Hare print the tell tale surface with many a hasty triangle for eager noses to follow. The white fellow loves to squat close of a morning. He is snug in his form 'neath some close-tangled cover, and he hates to bestir himself till he needs must. The busy beagles poke here and there puzzling out cold trails, and at last a searching nose catches a whiff of the loved scent coming from a pile of brush, a fallen tree top, or a tangle of small growths. Sir Hare must away now. A rustling about his domicile, a questioning yelp almost in his long, quivering ears, gird him for flying speed. With a graceful curving bound he clears the sheltering cover, and, as a jangle of bell-like music thrills his sensitive nerves, he swings his furry snowshoes for every ounce that in him lies. Away he flies, a leaping, flying image of white speed. At every bound he hears fiercer challenges in the form of trumpet tones behind. Speed now at any price! Yet, run as he may, unerring nostrils read his course in air and snow; hot red throats clang his doom amid the echoing forest aisles. A mile, or more, he covers at nervous speed, then he curves his flight and circles for his starting point. The ringing tumult in his wake whimpers dying far away, only to rise and swell again in wilder, stronger chorus. He must try new tactics—a swift dart across a narrow open will enable him to gain a saving swamp. One leap from the cover his bulging eyes mark a new terror. An awful shape moves near a screening bush; a frightful thunder fills his dying ears, and from the dark woods whence his course has been, pours sudden, loud and exultant, a torrent of appetizing dog-music—for right well do the excited rogues know what has been the end."—*Outing.*

"INDIAN SUMMER" IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

The summer has long since drawn to a close, and the verdant landscape had undergone an ominous transformation, writes Mr. Francis Parkman. Touched by the first October frosts, the forests glowed like a bed of tulips, and all along the river bank, the painted foliage, brightened by the autumnal sun, reflected its mingled colors upon the dark water below. The western wind was fraught with life and exhilaration, and in the clear sharp air the form of the fish hawk, sailing over the distant headland, seemed almost within range of the sportsman's gun. A week or two elapsed, and then succeeded that gentle season which bears among us the name of the Indian summer; when a light haze rests upon the morning landscape, and the many-colored woods seem wrapped in the thin drapery of a veil; when the air is mild and calm as that of early June, and at evening the sun goes down amid a warm voluptuous beauty, that may out rival the softest tints of Italy. But through all the still and breathless woods, like flakes of snow, and everything beholds that the last melancholy change is at hand. And, in truth, on the morrow, the sky is overspread with cold and stormy clouds, and a raw piercing wind blows angrily from

the north-east. The shivering sentinel quickens his steps along the rampart, and the half-naked Indian folds his tattered blankets close around him. The shrivelled leaves are blown from the trees, and soon the gusts are whistling and howling amid gray naked twigs and mossy branches. Here, and there, indeed, the beech tree, as the wind sweeps among its rigid boughs, shakes its pale assemblage of crisp and rustling leaves. The pines and firs, with their rough tops of dark evergreens, bend and moan in the wind, and the crow caws sullenly, as, struggling against the gusts, he flaps his black wings above the denuded woods.—*The Colonies and India.*

W. E. Gladstone, the great English Premier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the distinguished American Poet and Essayist, both use a pen by the same maker. It is a singular and noteworthy fact too that they both agree in saying that it is the best pen of its kind in the world. Where there is such infinite variety in make and pattern; such refinement of mechanical ingenuity; excellence in workmanship; and persistent energy in competition—this unanimity of opinion in the great Englishman and American is all the more noteworthy and extraordinary. A pen that has won such high commendation from men of such distinction and character as William Ewart Gladstone and Oliver Wendell Holmes must surely commend itself to all classes and creeds of men, who can see the pen at Hart & Riddells, 12 King St. W., Toronto.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

THE STORY OF AN OTTAWA BUSINESS MAN.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R. Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke of partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear; but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two

weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well the improvement continued, gradually extending to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them "speak lower" several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting, or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loud as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by my catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness, it is simply dulness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination not to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of anything that might be construed as an advertisement, and thus much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, from either address.

THE LAST BUCCANEER.

The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,

When the crew with eyes of flame brought
The ship without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

"Whence flies your sloop full sail before so
fierce a gale,

When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?"

"From a shore no search hath found, from a
gulf no line can sound,

Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below, our bark die the sea-fowl and
the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"To-night shall be heard on the rocks of Cape
de Verde

A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep, with a heavy
moaning, sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore."

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may
ride

In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now flies
fast
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havana's
royal fort

The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath
had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

—Lord Macaulay.

FURTHER GEMS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS.

Some recent answers during examination in north-country elementary schools show an amount of thought and a force of character which ought to be put to the credit account of the scholars, if not of their teachers. Here, for instance, was a curious bit of reasoning on the part of a little girl. The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people; and he led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence; but at last the little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby." In answer to some questions as to the birthright which Esau forfeited and the nature of it, applied to the children themselves and what their birthright was, the boy showed a good deal of practical sense, however deficient theologically, who answered that his birthright was his "grandfather's big watch." Not quite so satisfactory was the answer of a boy whose class was being questioned on the parable of the Prodigal Son. The examiner dwelt, as a practical question, upon the prodigal spending his substance in riotous living, and especially what "riotous living" actually meant. The inquiry elicited no reply except from a boy whose solution, however fresh and breezy, bore striking testimony to his Bohemian surroundings at home: "Please, riotous living means spending your money like a gentleman." But nothing can surpass the worldly wisdom of the little girl who, casting all her theological training to the winds, responded to the Diocesan Inspector examining the class on the duty of love, and asking "Whom ought we to love most?" by answering promptly, "The Inspector, sir."

The Grecian's maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in literature; it would reduce many a giant to a pigmy, many a speech to a sentence, and many a folio to a primer — Colton.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Regina Leader: It is a good old custom this of house-to-house visiting on New Year's Day, and one which we trust will be long maintained. It promotes friendly feelings, heals old sores and brings together those who have few opportunities of meeting.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: It looks as if the discussion on the plebiscite vote was not over yet. A new phase in the controversy has now begun, namely, to what extent the vote is a mandate to the Government or Governments to pass a prohibitory law. As we have already said, there seems to be little doubt that the vote will lead to prohibition sooner or later. The real question just now is, whether the majority is so large to afford a reasonable guarantee that a prohibitory law would be enforced.

Quebec Chronicle: The fact is, there is a growing feeling in favor of temperance throughout Canada, but prohibition in the strict letter of the law, is not likely, we believe, to prevail in the end, in every part of the Dominion. The country is scarcely ripe for it yet. But the vote we have just had in the west is very significant and means a very great deal. We shall be satisfied if it results in checking the extensive sale of strong liquors. The people of Ontario have spoken. Now what is the next move?

Halifax Chronicle: It is doubtful if any public man of any age, engrossed so deeply in affairs of state as Mr. Gladstone has been for at least half a century, has made such a remarkable record as a scholar and author. And when we recall the fact that in January, 1875, he wished to retire from the leadership of the Liberal party, and that nineteen years later he is still leader and Premier, few will venture to dispute the claim put forward on his behalf that he is the most remarkable public man the nineteenth century has produced.

St. John Telegraph: When it is considered how much good singing and good music have to do with the services of every church, the value of a good collection of hymns becomes very apparent. The English language fortunately can supply an ample number of glorious songs of praise, which are fitted to soothe and comfort the hearts of Christian people, and elevate them to sublimer heights of religious thought. Many of the psalms of David are wholly unsuited to Christian worship, because instead of inculcating feelings of forgiveness, patience and long-suffering, they are filled with maledictions and threats of vengeance.

Victoria Colonist: It is cheering to find that in these dull times, when business is languishing almost everywhere, the foreign trade of the Dominion is increasing. The exports for November show an increase of three millions over the corresponding month of last year. The exports during the first five months of 1893-4 exceed those of the corresponding period of 1892-3 by some two and three-quarter millions. The increase has been chiefly in fish, farm produce and animals and their products. This shows that the trade of Canada is on a sound basis and that its sources of prosperity are to be depended upon. It should encourage Canadians to see that their country is less affected by the prevailing depression than almost any that could be named.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.—O. W. Holmes.

One of the African Steamship Company's vessels recently steamed for sixty miles near Senegal through locusts that thickly covered the surface of the water.

It is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time.—Byron.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

POET-LORE

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LETTERS.
196 Summer St., Boston:

JANUARY, 1894.

- CLEMATIS AND IVY: A Record of Early Friendship. Being Extracts from Unpublished Letters of George Eliot. *William G. Kingsland.*
SHAKESPEARE'S 'JULIUS CÆSAR.' *Dr. W. J. Rolfe.*
PAPERS OF THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY: Browning as a Dramatic Poet. *Professor Henry Jones.*
THE SEVEN PRINCESSES. *Maurice Maeterlinck.*
THE IMPORT OF KEATS'S 'LAMIA' IN CONTRAST WITH COLERIDGE'S 'CHRISTABEL.' *Charlotte Porter.*
MAN AS AN ENVIRONED ANIMAL. From the Correspondence of — and —.
RECENT BOOKS ON CLASSICAL SUBJECTS. *Jebbs's Classical Greek Poetry, &c. P. Gayley's 'Classic Myths in English Literature,' &c. C.*
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Order of your local book-seller or dealer, or of the Publishers.

POET-LORE CO.,
196 Summer Street, Boston.

Oh, only those whose souls have felt this one idolatry can tell how precious is the slightest thing affection gives and hallows.—L. E. Landon.

The Germans have, it is said, discovered that a satisfactory kind of paper can be made from the refuse hops that have hitherto gone to waste in breweries.

The heroic example of other days is in great part the source of the courage of each generation; and men walk up composedly to the most perilous enterprises, beckoned onward by the shades of the brave that were.—Arthur Helps.



YOUNG GIRLS

entering womanhood ought to have just the special help that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can give.

They need to be started right. The "Prescription" aids and promotes the proper functions, corrects the delicate weaknesses and derangements that might become chronic, establishes regularity and health, lessens pain.

They want a nourishing, supporting, strengthening tonic, such as an experienced physician has especially prepared for the female system, in the "Prescription."

In every "female complaint" and weakness, and in all nervous conditions, if it doesn't benefit or cure, the money will be returned.

Miss MAGGIE JACKSON, of Barbreck, St. Landry Parish, La., says: "I was lying sick for some time with female complaints, and all the medicine my friends gave me did me no good. Death was approaching; all my friends had given me up to die. I heard of your wonderful medicine, and I bought two bottles of it, and before I had taken the last, I got entirely well. I am still enjoying good health, and expect to praise your medicine every where I go."

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.
DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
 A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world.
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FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY
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CHOCOLAT MENIER
A Common Error.
 Chocolate & Cocoa are by many supposed to be one and the same, only that one is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and the other is not.

This is wrong--
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?
A Residue. So with COCOA.
 In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
 If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to
Menier,
 Canadian Branch,
 12 & 14 St. John Street, Montreal.
 ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 88 MILLION POUNDS.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

The new Simplon tunnel from Brieg, in Switzerland, to Isella, in Italy, will be 12½ miles long.

It is proposed to establish in Richmond a permanent exhibition of the mineral and agricultural productions of Virginia, with which a bureau of information will be combined.

A series of experiments are to be made at Yale College to determine the relation of the nerves to the muscles of the human body, and test a new theory that strength depends less upon the size of the muscles than upon the strength of the nerve.

The Russian Government has shown much interest in the meeting place for the Twelfth International Medical Congress, in 1896. It desires that Moscow be selected as the city, and promises to donate 50,000 roubles toward the expenses of the Congress.

Tower clocks as well as office clocks are now run by electricity to correspond with a distant regulator. A New-England manufacturing firm, engaged in this line of business, now offers to put in a motor to operate the striking apparatus in towers, and to run the motor with a ten-cell zinc and ammonia battery which will last two years without renewal.

Sulphur is already used for bleaching in many industries, and a Providence man, having decided to apply it to the whitening of cheap material for paper, has invented a machine for the purpose. Putting the stock in an airtight chamber, he pumps out all the air he can get. This leaves the pores of the fibre in a condition to admit more readily the bleaching fumes, which are then forced into the chamber and kept there a few hours.

The new White Star liner, Gigantic, is to be 706 feet long, and have engines of 45,000 horse-power. The steamships New York, Paris, Teutonic, Majestic, and Fuerst Bismarck, burn from 1.71 to 1.75 pounds of coal per hour per horse-power. Were the Gigantic's consumption as low as 1.67 pounds, and her actual horse-power only 36,000, she would consume 643 tons of 2,240 pounds each a day, over 3,500 tons during a voyage of 5½ days. And even this big load would in practice be increased by 500 or 1,000 tons, perhaps, as a margin of safety.

The *Indianapolis Sentinel*, in describing how street cars are run by natural gas in that city, says: "The cars are of an ordinary size, but are entirely constructed of natural gas pipes, ranging in size from six inches down. These hollow tubes are neatly carved, so that to the average observer the fact that they are built of such material is not noticed. These pipes are heavily charged with gas, and with the aid of a boiler and the engines at work beneath the floor, it is said a run of thirty miles can be made without refilling the tubes. A speed can be obtained equal to that of cars run by the electric method. It is said that one of the latter will cost \$6,000 for its construction, while a gas car can be made for \$2,000. Either artificial or natural gas can be used as the propelling power."

To prevent collisions between railway trains, a Frenchman, Professor Pellat, has invented a machine by means of which every locomotive on the road regularly registers its position electrically on a scroll of paper at the central office. The scroll is kept slowly moving over a cylinder. Electric contracts are made between points above and below it, which decompose some iodide of potassium in the paper and thus cause a blue stain. This happens every time an engine passes over certain levers arranged beside the track at intervals of a mile, more or less. By watching the scroll a train despatcher can see in an instant where every train is, and if any two of them approach too closely he can stop any engine at the next post telegraphically. An electric signal may be picked up by the locomotive with a "brush" on one of the wheels when it touches the registering fixture.

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 A fully equipped residential Boys' School. Besides the Classical and Science Courses, for which the College has long been famous, a thorough Business similar to the one adopted by the London (England) Chamber of Commerce is now taught—eight exhibitions entitling the winners to free tuition are annually open for competition. Winter Term begins January 8th.
 For Prospectus apply to
 The PRINCIPAL, U. C. COLLEGE,
 DEER PARK, TORONTO.

There is a new variation in the old story of the young wife who was anxious to please her husband by cleaning up his meerscham pipes and rejuvenating his hobbies. The husband, in this instance, had an absorbing and over-mastering passion for rare books. His library was picturesque as far as age could make it. His wife wrote to the editor of a magazine and asked for a recipe for cleaning bookbindings. It proved to be one of the most searching and complete successes ever known. Everything was all prepared, and when her husband returned from a three days' trip to Washington he found his books shining like tin kettles, and without a vestige of age or value about them. Even the gold letter; had been touched up with a small camel's hair brush, dipped in gold leaf, and beside the bookcase sat the smiling and triumphant wife.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore, be sure you look to that, and in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God and value it next to a good conscience.—Izaak Walton.

TAKE - NOTICE.
 During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.
C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

The earth, travelling at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute, passes through 550,000,000 miles of space in the course of a year.
 The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.
 Several European sovereigns are renowned for the length of time which they wear their clothes. The record in this respect, however, is broken by the rector of the Berlin University, who has just been compelled to order a new official mantle at a cost of 2,400 marks. The one which he has worn until now was made exactly 192 years ago.
Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

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Exceptional facilities for Organ students. Pupils
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Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria Sts.
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Reception hours 3 to 5 p.m. daily.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York,
has decided to publish a weekly paper to be
called the *Vigilant*. The journal will be de-
voted to the interests of local reform as repre-
sented by the Parkhurst Society.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., is an
old established firm in Toronto, having made
optics a speciality, examines eyes correctly,
charging only for spectacles.

Word has been sent to the Courts of Europe
that the Shah of Persia intends to visit Berlin,
St. Petersburg, Paris and Vienna next spring.
He will start on his journey in May or June,
and will remain in Europe several months.

The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne)
and Princess Beatrice have tried "wheeling."
A couple of tricycles are kept at Balmoral for
their use, and though they have never been
outside the grounds of the palace, both Prin-
cesses frequently ride in the park.

Not Crude Material.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil per-
fected and is prepared upon the principle
of its digestion and assimilation in the hu-
man system; hence it is given without
disturbing the stomach.

Nice is going to create a new fete for next
year, which will be a reproduction of one given
at Dijon in 1400. It will revive the scene
and the age by the aid of dresses and allegori-
cal cars. An international sporting exhibi-
tion follows, to be succeeded by the races.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

DEAR SIRS,—Your Burdock Blood Bitters
excels all other medicines that I ever used. I
took it for biliousness and it has cured me
altogether.

WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.

The Princess of Wales has been studying
art rather seriously at Copenhagen having
taken lessons from both an English and a Dutch
painter. Her two daughters take great pride
in decorating their own rooms, and own a col-
lection of bibelots from all parts of the world.

HACKING COUGH CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe
hacking cough, and could not sleep at night.
I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for him
and he was cured at once.

MRS. J. HACKETT, Lidwood, Ont.

Says Frances Willard: "I once asked
Thomas A. Edison if he were a total abstainer,
and when he told me that he was I said, 'May
I inquire whether it was home influence that
made you so?' and he replied, 'No, I think it
was because I always felt that I had better use
for my head.'"

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the
usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D.
Kavanagh, postmaster of Umfraville, Ont.,
"having used it for soreness of the throat,
burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

I have already spoken of aluminium as be-
ing superior to magnesium for flash light photo-
graphy. Mr. T. Bolas, a well-known Eng-
lish photographic chemist, warmly recom-
mends it, and gives as its chief advantages its
higher actinic and its freedom from objec-
tionable odors on ignition.—*New York Herald*.

The *Catholic Times* presents some figures of
interest indicating the extent to which temper-
ance sentiment has permeated some important
religious denominations. Among the Congrega-
tionalists, 2,100 ministers in England and
Wales (out of a total of 2,725) are known to be
total abstainers, and 370 out of 399 students in
the evangelical college. In Ireland there are
no exceptions, and in Scotland 95 per cent.
are registered as abstainers. In the Evangeli-
cal Union of Scotland, as with the Primitive
Methodists of England, all the ministers are
abstainers. Out of 1,758 accredited Baptist
ministers in the United Kingdom, no fewer
than 1,424 returned themselves as total abstain-
ers, also 225 students out of 232 in the theo-
logical colleges.

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READY RELIEF.

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Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bron-
chitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints,
Lumbago, Inflammations, RHEUM-
ATISM NEURALGIA, Frost-
bites, Chilblains, Headache,
Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

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

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for
Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains
in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the First and is the Only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pain,
allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether
of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
organs, by one application.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, Cramps in
the Bowels or Stomach, Spasms, Sour Stomach,
Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Diarrhoea,
Colic, Flatulency, Fainting Spells, are re-
lieved instantly and quickly cured by taking
internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that
will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious,
bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS,
so quickly as RADWAY'S RELIEF.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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RADWAY'S
PILLS,

Always Reliable.

Purely Vegetable.

Possess properties the most extraordinary in
restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action
the various organs, the natural conditions of which
are so necessary for health, grapple with and
neutralize the impurities, driving them completely
out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have long been acknowledged as the
Best Cure for

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDI-
GESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA, AND ALL DISORDERS
OF THE LIVER.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Accommodating—G.O.M. (to Radical member): My dear sir, will you vote for this clause?
Radical member: I will sir. What is it?

Contributed by our own Welsh-Harper's Magazine—With the Ap Morgans, Ap Rhys, Ap Jones, and many others, Welsh is the ideal "Appy Land."

Good Gracious!—Mrs. R. went to Lord's the other day to see Dr. Grace play. She says: "Until then I had no wonder he was a man of such splendid physis."

An Irishman called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy, stating: "Be jabbers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse." "Then, be jabbers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

Circusman (hunting for a stray elephant): Have you seen a stray animal around here?
Mulligan: Egorra oi hav that! There was an injinrubber bull around here pulling carrots wid his tail.

"My friend," said the solemn old gentleman, "to what end has your life work been directed?" "To the head end," murmured the barber, and then silence fairly poured. It didn't merely reign.

"Which weeds are the easiest to kill?" asked young Flickers of Farmer Sassfras, as he watched that good man at his work. "Wid-ows' weeds," replied the farmer. "You have only to say 'wilt thou' and they wilt."

"Who is that woman over there? She looks as if she had been painted." "Sir, that 'woman' is my wife." "Pardon me, I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael, and had just stepped out of the frame."

Sir Pompey Be tell: Oh—er—Mosso Le Barrong, esker-vo—er—sker-vo savvy er esker-vo savvy ker voos avay le—l—er—er—
Monsieur le Baron: Do not, Sir Pompey, do not continue to speak French! You speak it so well—Ah! but so well—zat you make me feel quite 'Ome-sick.

Fair Visitor: Do play something, dear! I love to hear your music. Fair Hostess: Sorry dear, but this piano is so dreadfully out of tune. That's the worst of living in apartments! My music master says that to use a piano like that is fatal to real playing! But won't you play something, dear.

Mr. Dolly: Did anyone ever attempt to steal a kiss from you? Miss Polly: Oh, yes; the attempt has been made but in vain. Mr. Dolly (sighing): Then it would be foolish for me to make the attempt. Miss Polly: I suppose so. I don't know. One cannot always be on the alert, you know.

Ethnetic passenger (to old salt): Can you tell me my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about? Old Salt: That's an halbatross, sir. E. P.: Dear me! Quite a *rara avis*, is it not? O. S.: Dumno, sir. I've always heard it called a halbatross. E. P.: Yes, yes, my dear fellow; but I call that a *rara avis*, just as I call you *genus homo*. O. S.: Oh, do you? Then I call that a halbatross, just the same as I call you a blooming humbug.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."
The poem "Rock me to sleep, Mother," was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favorite, for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting backache, is low spirited, weary, nervous and all that. Thanks be, she can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it, for the "complaints" to which the sex are liable. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or money returned.
Dr. Pierce's Pellets are specific for biliousness, headaches, constipation, piles, and kindred ailments.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London. And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

Mrs. Frances Cosby, who wrote "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," is 61 years old. She has been blind since her childhood.

SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED.

DEAR SIRS,—I have suffered very much from scrofula and bad blood for seven years past. Six months ago I commenced using B.B.B. internally and externally and can now say that I am entirely cured, and have been so for some time. To all sufferers I recommend B.B.B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula.

MISS A. B. TANNIER, Pictou, N.S.

An eight-foot ledge of silver and gold quartz assaying \$151 in silver and \$27 in gold per ton has been discovered in the heart of the city of Tacoma, Wash., by a workman digging a cellar.

THE ADVERTISING

of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is said to be quite gray, and to have lost that appearance of robust health which formerly distinguished him.

A HOME TESTIMONIAL.

GENTLEMEN,—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease.

MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St., Toronto.

There is about to be an exhibition of cats at Brussels. One hundred and seven grimalkins have already been entered. Among them are cats from Siam and the Isle of Man, wild and Persian cats and two of enormous dimensions.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.

SIR,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

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CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fail in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.
#9 "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

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Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 30 cents.

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Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Is exactly suited for those who have outdoor occupations.

SOME THINGS HE IS SURE OF.

RATES, the successful advertising manager for the great Indianapolis department store, says:—

"A Great Deal about advertising is uncertain, but some things I know. I know them so well that I wonder how anybody ever doubted them.

"One Thing is, that the highest-priced paper is likely to be the cheapest.

"Another is that advertisements in dull seasons and on 'off days' pay, and

PAY BIG.

B B BAD BLOOD CURES

This complaint often arises from Dyspepsia as well as from Constipation, Hereditary Taint, etc. Good blood cannot be made by the Dyspeptic, and Bad Blood is a most prolific source of suffering, causing

BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,
Eruptions, Sores, Skin Diseases, Scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters really cures bad blood and drives out every vestige of impure matter from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., had 53 Boils in 8 months, but was entirely cured by 3 bottles of B.B.B., and is now strong and well. Write to him.