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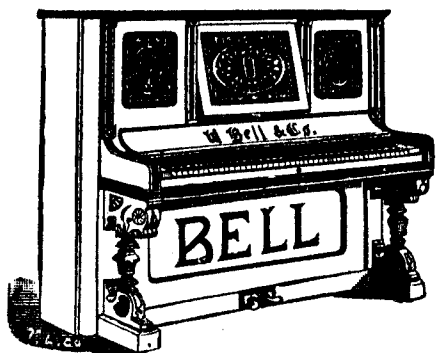
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THE people of Canada are to be congratulated on the measures which have thus far been taken to vindicate the dignity and reputation of Parliament in the Rykert matter. In the main the spirit manifested on both sides of the House has been admirable. There is, indeed, much room to question the wisdom and good taste displayed by the mover of the original resolution, in the speech with which he introduced his motion. It is to be profoundly regretted that any member or members of the House of Commons can entertain such opinions of the character and policy of the Administration and its supporters as those so forcibly avowed by Sir Richard Cartwright on that occasion. Almost all members of the House seem agreed that Mr. Rykert's offence, as described in his own letters, is "rank and smells to heaven," and that it renders it impossible for the House to retain its self-respect and at the same time permit one guilty of such conduct, or even capable of writing such letters, to remain one of its members. If the crime of selling his influence as a Member of Parliament for a monetary consideration, which Mr. Rykert's letters seem to prove so clearly against himself, is but a single peak in a mountain chain of undeveloped rascalities, it is certainly time that something were being done about it. Surely there must, in such a case, be some available proof of the existence of the lower peaks, or some one of them. If so, Sir Richard's course is clear. Let him proceed against the next culprit, as he has against Mr. Rykert, or let him demand a Committee before which the matter can be investigated and the facts made clear. But surely it was contrary to the canons of Parliamentary propriety to seize upon such an occasion, as an opportunity for wholesale and indiscriminate charges against political opponents. Such extravagant diatribes generally defeat their own object. We may be constrained to believe in the possible corrupt action of this, that and the other member of the Government or of Parliament, but we cannot, unless ready to despair of our country and of human virtue, believe that the members of either political party are, in the mass, utterly destitute of honour and principle. No fair-minded man can doubt, as Dr. Weldon aid, that there are men on the Conservative side of the

House as high-minded and conscientious as any on the Liberal Benches. It is well that Sir Richard's invective failed to force the Government party into an attempt to shield the culprit by way of defending themselves. Sir Richard's speech was happily in marked contrast, not indeed in its whole extent, for so far as it dealt with Mr. Rykert it was fair enough, but in the passages referred to, to the judicial tone which marked the speeches of nearly all the members on both sides of the House. If the offence was great and the call for action urgent, the gravity of the action proposed was also very serious. It is no light matter to expel a member from the House of Commons, and send him forth branded for life as one unfit to sit with honest men and gentlemen. Parliament therefore did well to avoid hasty action. It could well afford, even in such a case, to give the accused every opportunity for defence. The final action, when it comes, will be all the more weighty and effective, both as a punishment and as a warning, for having been taken with the utmost deliberation, and studiously freed from every suspicion of being in the slightest degree arbitrary or vindictive.

A PLEASING incident in connection with the first debate on Sir Richard Cartwright's motion touching the Rykert affair, was the independent and manly stand taken by Dr. Weldon, the member for Albert, and by two or three other supporters of the Government, in opposition to the Government's proposal to adjourn the debate. The lofty tone of Dr. Weldon's speech, in particular, augurs well for his future career as a representative of the people. The presence of even a few such men among the younger Members of Parliament, and it is to be hoped that at least a few such are to be found on both sides of the House, would go far to rekindle hope in the minds of those who may sometimes have been ready to despair of the future of Canadian statesmanship. A curious instance of the power of local and personal feeling to sway the judgments, even of men of broad and lofty views, was afforded by another incident in a subsequent debate. Mr. Blake's sarcasm has a keen edge, and is sometimes, especially when pointed with one of those bitter sneers which spring all too readily to his lips, wielded rather mercilessly. This was perhaps the case in his speech in answer to the harangue in which Mr. Baird, of Queen's, New Brunswick, pleaded for a liberal subsidy to a steamboat company of which he himself is President. It is but fair to remark, in passing, that the tone and spirit of Mr. Baird's subsequent speech went a good way towards atoning for the bad taste of his championship of a cause in which his personal interests were involved. But it is undeniable that Mr. Blake's speech, even when he turned the batteries of his ridicule upon the personality of the advocate, dealt most trenchantly with the subject before the House, viz., the merits of the subsidy in question. If exception be taken to that part of his address in which he glanced at the circumstances under which Mr. Baird first appeared in the House, the reply is suggested that the relation of the Member for Queen's to the subsidy in question was such as to provoke, if not to make legitimate, the personal reference. It is, moreover, highly salutary, and in the interests of public morality, that those who stoop to unworthy measures to gain entrance to Parliament should not cease to smart under the scorn which such conduct evokes until they have at least made a profession of repentance. The strange feature of the incident was that the same member, who had but a little before taken so independent a stand on the side of the strictest justice, should have now arisen, not to deal with the merits of the question before the House, but to give the discussion a purely personal turn by indulging in a tirade which was obviously the outcome of wounded personal feeling, sedulously cherished through several sessions. Dr. Weldon in his calmer moments could not fail to see that the principle underlying his plaint would, if acted on, be subversive of the true ends of Parliamentary debate, and that the charge of cowardice which he insinuated against Mr. Blake would lie rather against those who pleaded for mercy for their arguments on the ground of personal weakness in debate. As Mr. Blake clearly showed, it is the high duty of a representative of the people in Parliament to criticise the measures and the arguments by which they are supported solely on their

merits. To hesitate to expose a sophistry or to lay bare an indefensible proposition, through tenderness for their advocates, would be recreancy to public duty, and connivance at improper legislation. In the Canadian Commons, at least, all members are free and equal. Nor is the validity of an argument in any wise affected by the eloquence or want of eloquence with which it is presented.

TWO questions of considerable importance touching the use of the ballot have been under debate in the Ontario Legislature. In regard to both, the members of the Opposition have had, we are inclined to think, the best of the argument, though the Government majority has, of course, prevailed. We refer to the discussions concerning the numbering of the ballots used in elections to the Legislature, and to the proposed use of the ballot in the election of Trustees of Separate Schools. There is much to be said in favour of open voting as in the abstract the more manly mode of expressing one's opinions on public questions, but, taking all things into consideration, the preponderance of practical advantage is unquestionably and immensely on the side of the ballot. This verdict of reason has been amply upheld by the test of experience wherever the two methods have been fairly tried. First and chief among the many ends which commend the ballot, both in theory and in practice, is the prevention of intimidation and other forms of unfair personal influence. That which alone can make this mode of voting effective to this end is, clearly, its secrecy. Just in proportion as it becomes possible for those selfishly interested to discover by any process how a certain elector marked his ballot, just in that proportion does this mode of voting lose its chief value. Even the suspicion or fear of possible violation of secrecy tends, almost in equal degree, to deprive the ballot of its chief usefulness. Now, it was pretty clearly established by the testimony of several members of the Opposition that the fact of this numbering, with a view to possible identification, may be and is effectively used for purposes of intimidation. It matters not whether the possibility of the agent of the other party being able to remember the numbers of the ballots deposited by individual voters is so infinitesimal as is claimed by the advocates of the present system, or not; the simple fact that the numbering gives so much plausibility to the assertions of would-be intimidators in this regard, tells conclusively against the system, unless it can be shown on the other hand that the omission of the numbers would open the door for other and still greater abuses. The numbers are no doubt useful as a check to personation, but personation involves so many risks and is liable to detection in so many other ways that the danger from this source can hardly be seriously regarded as an offset to the danger of intimidation. The original intention of the ballot should surely guide in the matter, and that it was primarily designed as a safeguard against intimidation, not against personation, is beyond question. This simple principle, which underlies the ballot, viz., that it is the duty of the Legislature to secure voters as far as possible against danger of intimidation, of whatever kind, constitutes, it seems to us, also a sufficient reason why the use of the ballot should have been made compulsory in the election of School Trustees, both of Public or of Separate Schools, but especially of the latter, since it is almost universally believed that the electors of Separate School Boards are particularly subject to a species of intimidation. But even should this be a mistake or a slander, the substitution of the ballot could do no harm, would take away the rights of no one, and would be useful in other respects.

ONTARIO bids fair to acquire an undesirable notoriety as the scene of strange and inexplicable murders—murders committed in cold blood and with deliberate purpose, but without any discoverable motive sufficiently overmastering to account on ordinary principles for their perpetration. That a man of ungovernable temper should take the life of another in a momentary frenzy; that a man of the baser sort, in whom avarice or jealousy or some other sinister motive has through long indulgence become the ruling passion, should plot against the life of another; that men steeped in vice and crime, and dead to all the higher sentiments of humanity, should shoot or stab upon slight provocations—such things as these we can in a measure

understand. But that a man of education and refinement should be able to steel his heart and nerve his arm to take the lives of wife and children whom he loved, rather than have them live to know of his own breach of pecuniary trust; or that a young man of good antecedents and abilities, educated and intelligent, with an attractive and trusting wife beside him, and the world before him, should plan with fiendish deliberation, and carry out apparently without regret or remorse, the murder of a young fellow-countryman whom he had lured across the ocean with false pretences, and should do all this apparently for the sake of a gain so trivial as to be scarcely appreciable beside the horrible guilt of the crime, and the danger of almost certain detection and punishment—such cases as these seem to upset all our preconceived notions of human character and motive and to reveal phases of depravity unique and mysterious. The first of these instances is, as we all know, a fact of very recent history. Far be it from us to put the second in the same category, thus assuming the guilt of an untried man. However impossible we may find it at present to avoid the conclusion to which a lengthening and strengthening chain of circumstantial evidence seems to be irresistibly drawing us, it would be unjust and un-British to forget that the accused is as yet legally innocent. Nor is it beyond the range of the possible that some new discovery at present unimagined may at any moment turn the current of suspicion into another channel, or even clearly establish the innocence of the prisoner. In the presence of a crime so shocking and unaccountable, by whomsoever perpetrated, all other considerations are for the moment swallowed up in the question of the guilt or innocence of the unhappy Burchell. But when these questions of absorbing present interest shall have been settled, others of a different kind will come up for discussion. Among these not least in practical importance will be that of devising some more effective mode of checking and counteracting the villainous traffic in credulity by which it is evident young Englishmen are being lured across the ocean only to find themselves heartlessly deceived and sometimes utterly ruined!

THE Ontario Education Department made a wise change when it some years ago ceased to distribute the grant in aid of Public Schools on the basis of "payments by results," and adopted the present mode of payment by average attendance. The discussion which took place in the House the other day in connection with Mr. Martin's motion in favour of further increasing the grant to poor schools, and of changing the basis of distribution for the benefit of the sparsely settled districts, revealed a pleasing degree of satisfaction with the present methods, and at the same time brought out a commendable readiness to help settlers in new localities. From the general tone of the debate and the remarks of the Attorney-General at its close, it is pretty certain that an addition to the \$25,000 now appropriated for poor schools will be proposed and cordially voted. This appreciation of the disadvantages under which the pioneer settlers in new districts labour in respect to the education of their children speaks well for breadth of view of the members generally. The difficulty in supporting schools is often one of the most serious hindrances to the settlement of such districts. The House must have been no less surprised than pleased to learn from the Minister of Education that the grade of teachers employed in the localities referred to compares well with that of those in the more densely populated and wealthier districts. The fact speaks well for the former, whatever it may imply with reference to the latter. None the less is it in closest accord with the general principle underlying our school system that special aid should be given to those who have special hardships to encounter. We join heartily with the *Globe* correspondent in the House in deprecating the use of the term "Poor Schools," or making the appropriation bear in any respect the appearance of a charity. The correspondent's suggestion of "Pioneer Schools" is worth adopting.

A UNIQUE incident occurred the other day in Parliament when, Mr. Mills having moved an amendment to the motion that the House go into Committee of Supply, the Premier and Cabinet accepted what should have been, according to all precedent, regarded as a motion of want of confidence, and caused it to be carried unanimously. The motion, it is true, affirmed two principles so evidently just, that they ought to be accepted as axioms of administration, viz.: "That in the expenditure of public money the public interest and not party favouritism should control; and in the choice of places for the erection of public

buildings for post office, Custom House and Inland Revenue purposes, regard should be had to the amount of revenue collected and of public business done." Sir John A. Macdonald in promptly approving the motion and declaring his intention of voting for it, gave the House and the public another instance of the ever-ready tact and wit which are among the chief sources of his marvellous success in leadership. The resolution was very cleverly framed, and simply constructed a cap which the Government was challenged to put on by opposing it. To have evaded the issue would have had, to some extent, the same effect. The Premier proved altogether too wise a bird to be caught by so transparent a stratagem. By supporting the resolution he took the most effective course to turn its point and make it harmless. Nevertheless the debate which ensued, if that can be called a debate in which the speeches are all on one side, enabled the members of the Opposition to give instance after instance of alleged partizanship in the distribution of the public funds for the purposes named. The abuse is one which is inseparable from Party Government. It seems impossible to deny that under the present Ottawa Administration it has become notorious and most grievous, and the feeble efforts of the Government speakers to parry the force of the cases presented by speaker after speaker were almost confessions in themselves. Sir John's contention that a Government must take the advice of its supporters, and cannot follow that of a defeated opponent, if accepted, proves too much, and sounds the condemnation of the whole system. If it be true that the friends and supporters of the Government must have the virtual direction of the appropriations for the purposes named in the motion, it clearly follows that constituencies, like those of Prince Edward Island, which return only opponents of the Government, are to be punished by being robbed of their fair share of the public funds. This is carrying out the dictum, "To the victors belong the spoils," with a vengeance. Dr. Weldon defined the sale of parliamentary influence for personal gain as the crime of crimes. Is it really a worse political crime than the abuse of Government influence, and the breach of the greater trust involved in a partizan distribution of the public funds amongst the constituencies? If such a result is inevitable under the present system surely it is high time some better system were adopted, e.g., the constitution of a permanent, non-partizan Commission to make all public appropriations. Were not the people blindly wedded to their parties such debates as the one under consideration would open their eyes and lead to a very sudden and radical reform in the mode of procedure.

DIRECT charges of bribery in elections are, unhappily all too common in the party press, and even on the floors of Parliament, but it is not often that an "honourable" member of the House of Commons avows and glories in his own personal readiness to resort to such means. That distinction is, so far as we have observed, peculiar to Mr. H. H. Cook, member for Simcoe, E. R. The Hansard report of the speech made by Mr. Cook during the debate on Mr. McCarthy's dual language motion contains in some of its parts liberal and even lofty sentiments, such as would do honour to both the head and heart of him who uttered them, were not their effect marred by the shameless avowal with which that speech was closed. Referring, irrelevantly enough, to circumstances connected with his own election, and stung, apparently, by some gestures by which Sir John A. Macdonald suggested the "itching palm," and, we suppose, the means by which the speakers, had soothed it, Mr. Cook proceeded to state that a certain large sum of money had been sent from Ottawa to be added to funds contributed by others, to aid in securing his defeat at the last election. He then proceeded as follows:—"The right honourable gentleman knows so well how these things are done that he cannot afford to impute motives to others. Of course we will say openly and fairly that when we meet a man of that sort we do not intend to give him many advantages over us. If he endeavours to fight us with such weapons we are ready to meet him with the same." Mr. Cook proceeded to explain that he did not wish to be understood as using the "we" in the plural. Here then is what is clearly equivalent to an open admission and avowal by a member, on the floor of the House, that he had resorted to bribery on a large scale, in order to secure his election in the past and that he was ready to do so again in the future. And yet, neither did Sir John A. Macdonald, who it was clearly insinuated had been guilty of the same crime, rise to declare the insinuation a foul calumny, nor did any other

member on either side of the House come forward to rebuke a statement which should have been regarded, were the ethics of party politics as lofty as they should be, as a confession of unfitness to sit in a Parliament whose members should be all honourable men. Of what avail is it to make laws to punish electoral corruption in the courts, if a member of Parliament can boast, even on the floor of the House, of having resorted to it, and yet retain his caste among honourable members!

UNHAPPY Canada! is there really no future for her? Balancing the opinions and demonstrations which meet us day by day, one against another, we seem shut up to the melancholy conclusion that there is nothing for her but national extinction. That she cannot long remain in her present colonial position, everybody admits. Imperial Federation is over and over again shown to be impracticable or impossible, and undesirable, if it were both practical and possible. As to annexation, the people will have none of it, and if they would it would be national extinction. Independence, then, remains the only hope, as it is, indeed, the only project which really carries within itself the promise and potency of nationality. But independence, we are told, is hopeless. Why? Because Canada is but "a string of territories, geographically divided from each other, commercially unconnected, and devoid of any national boundary, either physical or ethnographical, such as now constitutes the Dominion. Without a partnership of the heart, without identity of character, without community of aspiration, is there any object in creating a separate community, or any chance of its holding together when it has been created?" This quotation condenses within two sentences almost everything that can be said in answer to the question we have asked. The difficulties are confessedly formidable; are they necessarily insurmountable? Are they not, too, somewhat exaggerated? Though geographically divided, the provinces are united by railways and water-courses. They are not wholly devoid of commercial connection, or of natural physical boundaries, and they have, as all travellers perceive, at least the beginnings of ethnographical, or at least of distinctively Canadian characteristics. Rhetorical overstatement adds force to style, but is sometimes mischievously misleading. We allude to this subject, however, not to deny the existence of very serious difficulties in the way of future independent nationality, but to make a single observation. When we complain that there is now no "partnership of the heart," in other words, no common spirit of Canadian patriotism to hold the provinces together as a nation, are we not confusing effect and cause? Can the national spirit exist before the nation? Is nationality the offspring of patriotism, or patriotism the offspring of common nationality? Is it not, in other words, rather unreasonable to expect a Canadian national feeling to spring forth full-fledged before there is a Canadian nation to beget the feeling? May it not be that a consciousness of sharing the responsibilities, the dangers, and the grand possibilities of distinctive Canadian national life is the very thing needed to draw the provinces together in a partnership of the heart and a "community of aspiration?"

THE recent disaster to the University of Toronto, and the need of prompt and liberal measures for its restoration, naturally tend to bring under review the ground upon which the higher institutions of learning are entitled to claim support from the public funds. The general question is too large for discussion in a paragraph, but there is one phase of it at which we cannot forbear to glance. Is a University, or let us say a College education, a thing to be desired for its own sake, or only as a means to an end? Is it a thing to be coveted by all, irrespective of native abilities, or is it fit only for the select and clever few? Is it a training ideally desirable for men and women as such, without regard to prospective occupations, or is the College performing its proper and highest function when it is preparing a limited number for learned professions and pursuits? Most of those who have given any thought to such questions are familiar with the ideas of Sir William Hamilton and other educationists and philosophers whose views agree with his. Are such views not only Utopian but erroneous? Is it a mischievous, as well as an impracticable dream, that leads enthusiasts to hope for a good time coming when higher education, the highest education available, shall be regarded as the birthright of the race; or to put it in a somewhat less startling shape, when a College education

shall be deemed of value chiefly for its own sake, as a training of the mental and moral powers necessary alike to the performance of the highest duties and the enjoyment of the highest pleasures of life, a development of the true manhood and womanhood, and so a boon to be brought as far as possible within the reach of all? May the gradual shortening of the hours of toil, and the upward extension of those educational facilities which are now within the reach of all, be regarded as tending towards a state of society in which the best culture may be had by every one, whatever his occupation, whose mental faculties are sufficiently aroused to make it an object of desire? These questions are not so impractical or visionary as they may seem, since, so far as we are able to see, the whole duty and relation of the public to the universities and colleges turn upon the answer. They are old questions, but still unsettled. They have just now been suggested afresh by the following passage in the current number of the *Bystander* :—

"A University education is a very good thing for such as can really turn it to account. Of these there are two classes; men who intend to devote their lives to science or learning, and men who, though they do not intend to devote their lives to science or learning, are capable of making good use of the fruits of high intellectual training in other walks of life. Both of these classes are limited, and the second, perhaps, is fully as limited as the first. To send an ordinary boy to college is not only to incur great expense on his account, but to expose his character, and especially his habits of industry, to no small peril."

If this be the true view of the matter, it should dampen the mischievous ardour of educational enthusiasts. A most serious responsibility is devolved upon those who are obliged to decide whether they or their children and wards belong to either of the two exceptional classes indicated, since to make a mistake, and thus expose a character to peril, is a very serious matter. The obvious inference is, since the most sanguine can hardly venture to hope that the great majority of our ordinary college students belong to one or the other of the two limited classes, that it becomes ordinarily a duty to discourage, rather than encourage, scholarly ambition. We cannot pursue the subject, but we cannot dismiss it without suggesting the query, whether, if the case be as described, it does not argue a serious fault in the character of the University education itself, and whether it is not both possible and natural to conceive of a true higher education which should stimulate and strengthen every good mental and moral quality, the habits of industry included, and so fit the man or the woman for the better discharge of duty in every sphere of life, however humble.

NOTWITHSTANDING the national fickleness and the fondness of the Deputies for embarrassing and overturning Ministries, the Republic of France seems to be, on the whole, progressing in the direction of stability. With the downfall of Boulangism there is some reason to hope that the country has entered upon a new era of internal peace and progression. The unexpected length of time during which the late weak Government was able to hold the reins, and the comparative quietness with which the transfer is being made to a new and probably stronger Ministry under M. de Freycinet, seem to argue that constitutional methods are becoming better understood and more firmly rooted among the populace. Outside observers will wait with some curiosity to see what course the new Cabinet will adopt with reference to the International Council now sitting in Berlin. It would be a cause of regret, and possibly of danger, should the wise and conciliatory action of the defunct Cabinet in accepting Emperor William's invitation to the Conference be reversed, especially should the delegates be unceremoniously withdrawn. It is to be hoped that better counsels will prevail, and that both Government and people may be able to see that they have nothing to lose, even of national dignity, in taking part in a Conference which ostensibly seeks to promote the well-being of the working classes in both countries, and that they may have something to gain from a relaxation of the severity of international industrial competition, and the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes, which such relaxation would render possible.

THE International Council which is this week commencing its sessions in Berlin is, we suppose, in the nature of the subjects it is to discuss and the ends for which it is assembled, unique in history. Whatever may be the results of its deliberations, whether these end in apparent success or apparent failure, the summoning of the Convention by the autocratic Emperor of Germany, and the acceptance of his invitations by the other nations,

mark an epoch in the development of the labour element as a distinct political force. This force has now become so formidable that it must henceforth be reckoned with in all national arrangements. The questions to be specially considered relate to the regulation of labour in the mines, labour on Sundays, and labour as performed by women and children. It is the fashion just now to sneer at the idea that the abuses connected with each of these phases of industry can in any degree be corrected by international action. That there are very serious difficulties in the way of concerted and uniform action is obvious. The broad differences in national circumstances, customs, temperaments, and so forth, make it very unlikely and, perhaps, undesirable that any good degree of uniformity can be obtained. Be that as it may, it is pretty safe to say that nothing but good can come from the study and comparison that the international consideration of such questions must bring about. It is no small matter to have the thoughts of some of the best minds in the public life of each of the great nations seriously directed for a time to the investigation of such questions. The practical admission that they are questions in regard to which the interests of the different nations represented are in harmony, and not in conflict, is in itself no small matter. Much of course, almost everything, depends upon the manner and spirit in which the delegates go about their deliberations. If the aim is simply to throw a sop to the Socialistic Cerberus, to agree upon the minimum of concession to the demands of labour which can be relied on to checkmate the labour agitators; if the inquiry and discussion are restricted within strictly official bounds, to the exclusion of the opinions and wishes of those who alone have practical knowledge of the views and feelings of the classes affected, there can be little hope of any very beneficial result. The labour representatives and agitators will be likely to look askance at the proposals that may be formulated, and go on with their own movement in their own way. If, on the other hand, the delegates take counsel freely with the real representatives of the classes whose interests are under consideration, and frankly recognize their right to a voice, and a very influential voice, in any proposed legislation, there is no foretelling what mutual benefits may be the outcome of the movement. The origin and constitution of the Convention do not, we confess, afford much ground for hoping for the best. The holding the Conference with closed doors and under obligations to secrecy makes, too, an unpromising beginning. But we shall see.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S NEW BOOK.*

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S retirement from public life has not been devoted to idleness or retirement or mere literary pastimes. He has worked with the energy and thoroughness that characterized him in Parliament and in office; and the results of his labours are perhaps more valuable than anything he could have accomplished in the more public and prominent career he formerly pursued. In 1888 he published "The British Army." In "The Problems of Greater Britain" he has given us "a treatise on the present position of Greater Britain, in which special attention has been given to the relations of the English-speaking countries with one another, and to the comparative politics of the countries under British government." In this survey of the English-speaking countries he includes the United States, and in some of his speculations he puts out of sight, as he put out of sight in his earlier work, "Greater Britain," the political separation between England and the United States, because "the peoples themselves are—not only in race and language, but in laws and religion, and in many matters of feeling—essentially one." Indeed it would be almost impossible to consider the development of colonial democracy without reference to the American Republic; and the comparisons that are constantly made throughout the book do not appear to be to the disadvantage of the colonial type. The enormous labour involved in accumulating material for and preparing such a work will be in some degree appreciated when we consider the vastness of the British Empire, the number of its colonies and dependencies, their wide distribution in every portion of the globe, and the almost infinite variety in their forms of government. Every page indicates the thoroughness of the author's study and his complete mastery of the mass of details he had to deal with. But while details are never permitted to become burdensome, occurrences to us apparently unimportant, and newspaper comments apparently

* "Problems of Greater Britain." By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. With Maps. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Williamson and Co. 1890.

trivial, are sometimes cited to strengthen an inference or confirm a conclusion; and in glancing through the book one is struck with the recentness of some of the facts and incidents that are cited, many of them being occurrences of but a few weeks ago. In a work covering so vast a field, and dealing with such a number and variety of questions, the material for which "has been chiefly amassed by some industry in reading many things that issue from colonial presses, and discussing the matters to which they relate with colonists of all pursuits," it would be strange if there were no mistakes, no hasty inferences, no questionable conclusions. No doubt there are such, but we are not greatly concerned to discover them at present. We wish, however, to point out the danger of taking newspaper utterances as the voice of public opinion, and isolated incidents as proofs of popular feeling or indications of popular tendencies. We take, for example, the following account of the disgraceful disturbances in Toronto on the arrival of Archbishop Walsh cited to illustrate the feeling existing between Protestants and Roman Catholics in the Province of Ontario, which, we are told, "runs high and leads to violence." "The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Walsh, was attacked on his 'welcome to his diocese,' in the latter part of 1889. His carriage windows were broken by stones, and he appeared in his cathedral with his arm in a sling." Disgraceful and deplorable as the tumult on that occasion undoubtedly was, and although perhaps not a single circumstance mentioned in the account of it is inaccurately reported, yet we venture to say that the passage is very likely to give an entirely wrong impression, or at least a greatly exaggerated conception, of the prevailing feeling in Ontario—notwithstanding the Equal Rights agitation—between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and possibly, also, of the general character of the Toronto populace. We mention this because the incident which gives point to the general statement happened in our midst, and so recently that it must be still fresh in the minds of our readers. That "feeling" does sometimes "run high" cannot be denied, but we think it has been caused to a great extent by the necessities of the politicians, and has been intensified from interested motives by some, and from sincere, if mistaken, zeal by others. We feel satisfied that the two great religious bodies desire, if they were only permitted to do so, to live together in harmony, or at least in a spirit of mutual forbearance. But, as we have said, it is not our concern at present to discover mistakes or challenge inferences or conclusions. We wish rather to call attention to the merits of this work, which takes rank at once with Prof. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and the two together are contributions to the literature of political science of almost inestimable value. Sir Charles Dilke is a political thinker of acknowledged reputation, and among English statesmen he has been long distinguished for the interest he has taken in, and his knowledge of, colonial affairs. In this volume, in which he has given us the fruits of his ripest knowledge and most mature reflection, he has done a signal service, not only to the colonies but to the mother country. He has removed every excuse for the ignorance that has so long prevailed in the old country with respect to the colonies, and he has enabled the colonies to become familiar with the institutions and excellencies and deficiencies of each other. If he has pointed out our weaknesses and defects, he has described our successes and achievements in terms of almost flattering appreciation, and his views as to the future of the great colonies are confidently hopeful.

In the following extract the general well-being of people in the colonies is pointed out, and that contemptuous tone, too often assumed by people in Great Britain in speaking of the colonies, is illustrated and fittingly rebuked:

"The whole of the colonial governments, from the best to the least good, give the advantages of civilized government in a high form. The law is almost universally respected and obeyed. The average comfort and security of the people are at a consequently high level. There is order and there is justice, and the people are happy. There is complete toleration of opinion, and the weak and the little have been raised in the social scale, as compared with those of Europe, without any wrong being inflicted upon the rich, and the many have been benefited without driving out the few. While many of the so-called Great Powers of the Old World are suffering from many of the worst evils that can oppress peoples, the young countries of Greater Britain are those of all mankind in which the order of society seems to be the most secure and the condition of the people the best. These facts are not sufficiently recognized in the old country. A lecture was delivered at Toynbee Hall, last November, by a distinguished publisher, a man remarkable for his knowledge of men and things; but the only reference in it to the British Empire, outside of England, and to the wider public to which the works

published by him must be supposed to be addressed, was contained in the following words: . . . 'Then it was shipped to the colonies. Failed books, like failed men, criminal books, like criminal men, were sent off to the colonies.' Such a speech does more harm in Australia than half a dozen meetings of the Imperial Federation League, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, can be expected to do good. Here is a cultivated Englishman, a man who may be thought to be in advance of the great mass of his countrymen in his knowledge of the English-speaking countries, who seems to think that convicts are transported by us to the colonies, and that our daughter-countries are peopled by our failures. . . . In all the leading colonies the British people enjoy a higher average of comfort than in the mother country. The out-door life and the good wages have called forth the better qualities of the race; and if the speech that I have quoted seems to show a certain contempt for those who inhabit the daughter-lands, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the feeling may be returned."

Sir Charles Dilke mentions many instances in which colonial legislation has been advantageously imitated in Great Britain, and points out that the latter would do better to seek in colonial experiments solutions for her own perplexing problems, instead of continually looking to the countries of continental Europe:

"The experiments of the colonies in finance, like their other political experiments, have special interest for ourselves, because, unlike the political experiments of Switzerland, or the social experiments of Germany, they are tried among a people of our own race, and because, too, just as we have already in many matters followed Australian example, so there is reason to suppose we are likely to follow it in others in the future. . . . At the same time we still give more attention in our newspapers, our reviews, and our books to continental than to colonial legislation. So complete is our ignorance with respect to colonial experiments that it is equalled only by the want of knowledge in the colonies about one another. As regards the federated colonies of Australasia, the institution of the Federal Council has done something to familiarize a few statesmen with the legislation of other colonies; but generally speaking Australian politicians know little or nothing of what has been done outside of their own state, and nothing about Canada or South Africa, while Canadian statesmen are in a condition of blank ignorance about Australia. . . . In the chapters upon labour, upon education, and upon the liquor laws, I shall have to mention other colonial experiments (made, one would almost think, upon our behalf) in addition to those I have already described."

The constitution of Canada is compared with that of the United States, and is shown to be in most respects superior, but the passage is too long for quotation, and the characteristics of both constitutions are sufficiently well known to our readers. We give however Sir Charles' estimate of our public men and our newspaper press:

"That the tone of politics is on the whole higher in Canada than in the United States, and that there is less abstention from politics among the best men than is the case across the border, may be seen from the class of members who sit in both houses of the Dominion Parliament, and in the Provincial Legislatures. Party feeling runs high both at Ottawa and at Toronto and Quebec, and at moments of extreme bitterness, Canadian politicians, both Federal and Provincial, make serious charges against their opponents, but nevertheless, the best men are throughout the Dominion willing and anxious to undertake parliamentary duties. In the United States many of the best men are absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and the great railway and banking magnates are seldom to be found either in Congress or in the State Legislatures. The wealthy, and unfortunately a large proportion of the most highly educated, among American citizens shun political life as a career with which honest men of substance should have nothing to do; but in Canada, the rich men, like Sir Donald Smith, and the chief inhabitants of all the principal cities are active legislators. The fact that members are paid both in the Federal and the Provincial Houses does not call forth the imputation that they seek seats for the sake of the stipend, and scandals of corruption are almost unheard of. The Canadian political press stands as high as do the Canadian politicians. There are leading journals in Toronto and Montreal which may be compared in general character with such papers as the *Liverpool Post* or the *Manchester Guardian*, and it is remarkable, considering the proximity of the United States, how little the newspapers of Ontario and Quebec are infected by the sensationalism of a portion of the American press. The amazing headlines which are so conspicuous a feature of the leading journals of New York exist in Canada only in the mildest form."

This description if not flattering is at least not unjust; and it is to be regretted that recent disclosures in the Dominion Parliament have deepened some of the darker shades in the picture. It is still more to be regretted that our press cannot say of our Parliament and Legislatures, and would not, we fear, say it if they could, what a newspaper in Victoria, not over friendly to the Government and Legislature of that colony, said of the members of its Legislature: "Our members are bad enough at striving for

office, and wasting time over it; but our Legislature is the purest in the world. Bribery and corruption are absolutely unknown in our politics, bad and all as they are." Sir Charles gives further proof of the high level of political morality in Australia. "A remarkable testimony to the political honour prevalent in the highest places in the Australian colonies is the fact that two of the leading statesmen, belonging to different colonies, who have notoriously been in financial straits throughout their lives, although they have for long periods been all powerful, have not only remained scrupulously honest, which is nothing, but have never been charged with or suspected of dishonesty by their most savage political opponents, which is much. The *Argus* is a Melbourne Conservative newspaper, but the *Argus* is as proud of the financial purity of the Victorian Assembly as is the *Democratic Age*, and it is a fact that since payment of members was introduced parliamentary money scandals have been all but unknown."

Sir John A. Macdonald is frequently mentioned throughout the work, and the well-known features of our veteran Premier will be readily recognized in the following spirited sketch:

"The position of personal influence which Sir John A. Macdonald holds in the Dominion is unique among the politicians of the British Empire. If it were possible to institute a comparison between a colonial possession and a first-class European power, Sir John Macdonald's position in Canada might be likened to that of Prince Bismarck in the German Empire. In personal characteristics there is much in 'John A.' as he is often styled, to remind one of another European statesman now deceased—Signor Depretis, the late Prime Minister of Italy—for there are certainly not a few points of resemblance between "The Old Stradella" and "Old To-morrow," as Sir John is also frequently called from his custom of putting off all disagreeable matters. The Prime Minister of the Dominion is also frequently likened to Mr. Disraeli, but this is chiefly a matter of facial similarity, a point in which the resemblance is striking. . . . Sir John Macdonald's chief outward note is his expansiveness, and the main point of difference from Disraeli is the contrast between his buoyancy and the well-known sphinx attitude. Macdonald is the life and soul of every gathering in which he takes a part, and in the exuberance of his antique youthfulness, Sir John Macdonald resembles less Mr. Disraeli than Mr. Gladstone, whose junior he is by a few days more than five years, and whom he also successfully follows in House of Commons tactics or adroitness, as well as in his detestation of those who keep him past midnight chained to his House of Commons seat. Sir John Macdonald has had unrivalled experience as a first Minister—from Confederation up to nearly 1873, and from 1878 to the present time. Dominion Parliaments live long, considering that their duration is limited to five years, the dates of the last four dissolutions having been January 1874, 1878, 1882, 1887; but Canadian Ministries live longer still, and that of Sir John Macdonald seems eternal."

As a companion to this picture let us place beside it an Australian portrait:

"Sir Henry Parkes, who has something of the aspect of Mr. Punch's Father Thames, but with a clean beard, is the patriarch among colonial politicians. His career has been described by his enemies as a closely-knit tissue of successful artifice, and it is characteristic of the man that, a number of copies of the publication in which that statement was made having been purchased by a previous administration, on coming into office he caused them to be burnt at a bonfire at the Government printing office. Sir Henry Parkes is not only one of the oldest Parliamentarians in Australia, but one of its most experienced administrators and best political tacticians. The average ability of the leading politicians is not so high, I think, in New South Wales as in Victoria, but Sir Henry Parkes in New South Wales stands head and shoulders above his rivals. In England he had been a mechanic, but he began colonial life as a toy-shop keeper and a poet, and after a stormy career he is, with intervals, the supreme ruler of the colony. He is now by far its ablest speaker, and in his best efforts displays a rough eloquence which puts him on a level with the more cultivated Mr. Higinbotham of Victoria; with Bishop Moorhouse of Manchester, who has left a great reputation in the colonies; and with Mr. Dally, now no more. It is not often that Sir Henry Parkes reaches those heights, but he is at all times a powerful and suggestive speaker. He is not really popular, but only followed or admired, which is a different thing, and, while he has few old friends, has many foes. He is capable of large ideas, and is often the author of far-reaching proposals, but is wanting in grasp of detail. He is in his element in a popular assembly, reigning and rejoicing in the storms of debate with marvellous power."

Sir Henry Parkes has retired from public life more often than a popular actor from the stage, and the occasional raffles of his effects have not lessened the number of his political admirers. Sir Henry Parkes believes in himself, and that deep self-belief undoubtedly impresses many of those about him and makes them too believe. He is one of those to whom age is useful. His years protect him from the assaults of the young lions, and when he closes his speeches by reference to the whiteness of beard and hair which has come upon him in the service of his

adopted country, the people are apt to go and vote for the "poor old man." When Sir H. Parkes wrote in "The Strong Man":—

"Like a rock that breasts the sea,
Firm he stood, in front of foes;
To his friends a sheltering tree,
That in changeless beauty grows,"

he may have been thinking of himself, but in person he has been as little favoured by nature with good looks as Socrates or Darwin. For all that, there is an assurance of strength in the massy features, and a conscientiousness in the eyes that their owner is not an ordinary man. The fact is that, with all his faults and all his weaknesses Sir Henry Parkes is the only great political power in New South Wales. His sympathy with the democratic ideas which are uppermost in Australia, and his devotion to the colony, and broad grasp of affairs, give him a greater hold upon the people than any other Australian public man. His debts, his poetry, are powerless to sink him, and as a man who knows how to use, like so many chess-men, the sections which take the place of parties in colonial politics; he is undoubtedly one of the ablest of colonial politicians, in this respect almost ranking with Sir John Macdonald."

We would like to give in full Sir Charles Dilke's general estimate of colonial culture, but we have space only to notice very briefly his remarks on literature in Canada. We have not as yet, he thinks, a really great literature of our own. Although we publish every year "volumes of poetry, history and fiction, theological works without end, and scientific works of considerable value, as well as legal and educational hand-books," we have at present few living writers "who have more than a local reputation." "Of literature purely Canadian perhaps the best is still to be found in the works of Haliburton." Dr. Bourinot's works are mentioned as worthy to rank with those of Erskine May, and among distinguished scientific and educational writers Sir William Dawson is given a place. Of Canadian poets, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts—here called Douglas Roberts—is considered the best, and some stanzas from his poem "Canada," are quoted. We cannot say that we feel quite satisfied with the literary status assigned to us by Sir Charles, although he gives excellent reasons why a literature of the first-class should not be expected from us. It seems to us that he has not made so careful a study of Canadian as he has of Australian literature, and that he has formed his estimate of our poetry entirely from Mr. Lighthall's Canadian anthology, "Songs of the Great Dominion," the very scope and plan of which precluded it from adequately representing the best work of our best singers.

Not only in literature but in many other respects Australia is represented to be in advance of Canada, and the principal differences between the two great groups of colonies are pointed out in the following extract:

"Canada is too near to the United States, and too near to Great Britain, for her indigenous art and literature to stand a fair chance at present, and although she has taken the lead over Australia in the perfecting of her political institutions, she must be admitted to be a little behind our South Sea Colonies in many of these points which I have lately mentioned. Her press is good; her poetry not as yet equal to that which we shall find Australia has produced; her impatience of direct taxation, as compared with colonies raising a large budget expended with admirable skill, most striking; her labour, although well paid, not yet more politically or socially powerful than that of the mother-country; and her condition generally more like the old world than the thoroughly modern and typical colonial growth which we shall find existing in Australia. In one respect, indeed, Canada seems to have led the way, namely, in that temperance legislation which has perhaps too hastily been pronounced a failure."

Canada's greatest drawback, in the opinion of Sir Charles, is the absence of sufficient means for defence in the event of war. Even the Canadian Pacific Railway, useful as it is in times of peace, could not be held in a war against the United States; and Canada is recommended to imitate Switzerland, if she wishes to remain a self-respecting and independent power, by bringing "her brave citizen soldiery into a condition more closely resembling the Swiss in numbers and training." "Of wholly unprovoked invasion," he says, "the Dominion runs no risk, but war between the United Kingdom and the United States, though happily improbable, is a possible contingency for which the Canadians are unprepared. Considering the danger to which Canada is exposed, and the remote character of any that can threaten Victoria or New South Wales, it seems an extraordinary fact that more should have been done in the Australian Colonies for defence than in the Canadian Dominion. . . . The Canadian militia possess fine fighting qualities, but this fact only makes us regret the more that they should be organized with so little system. Compared with Canada Switzerland itself is a first-class military power. . . . As long as Canada refrains from providing adequately for her defence,

her wish to remain apart from the United States cannot be regarded as assured." Sir Charles does not exaggerate the insufficiency of our means of defence, nor can it be said that he regards with undue apprehension the dangers to which we are exposed. His warnings and suggestions are certainly well worthy of thoughtful consideration. But we must leave this and many other questions of equal interest and importance entirely untouched; and we are reluctantly compelled to omit several charming "bits of scenery" which at times relieve and enrich the grave political discussions to which the book is mainly devoted.

LONDON LETTER.

I RECOLLECT, in an old number of *Household Words*, a charming little sketch called "The Cruise of the Tomtit," in which Wilkie Collins told of certain adventures which befell on a voyage across the Bristol Channel to Hugh Town. It is many a year since the paper, written about a year after the Crimean War, was published, many a year since the pair of friends, Mr. Jollins and Mr. Pigott (out of the magazine Mr. Collins and Mr. Pigott) beat their way from the bay of Mangerton-on-the-Mud, accompanied by their valiant crew the Brothers Dobbs. Yet, I am sure, every small incident is remembered by the survivor who sits to-day over against his study fire in noisy, sunny Oxford street, and speaks of "Wilkie," his beloved old friend and comrade in so many sea-faring experiences, with sad and sorrowful affection. For among the host of friends Mr. Pigott has made since he was a lad at Eton, there is no one he more loves and laments than the famous novelist one of whose earlier stories "The Dead Secret" is inscribed with his name. And among the many journeys in Mr. Pigott's life, there is none to which he looks back with such a keen delight as he does to the humorous voyage with "Wilkie" in the tiny cruiser craft of seven tons, what time the autumn equinox blew hard against them as they "poked their way along anyhow to the Scilly Islands in the Tomtit."

Here in this quiet book-lined room one is only pleasantly disturbed, if disturbed at all, by the sounds from below, from De Quincey's stony-hearted Oxford street. The busy hive hums a soothing chorus as Mr. Pigott talks on with a wistful, melancholy smile, now of his early home life in Somersetshire, now of his working days in London, when he looked after the fortunes of the *Leader*, or, later (in company with Spencer Baynes), was assistant editor of the *Daily News*. Often I hear a remembrance which it pleases me to think would be of as much interest to you as to me; so I try and sketch in ineffective black and white some of the little scenes which leap into life among the crackling flames in Mr. Pigott's grate as he speaks of the folk, whose names are household words, with whom he has been familiar, or breaks off to tell me something personal, in a manner and with that unmistakable literary touch which makes every detail of value.

If he had only kept all the letters from famous people he has received! Then he would have something to show. He has never been fond of collecting, however, and so habitually burns every note as soon as it is answered. But to this habit there are of course exceptions, and I fancy in a certain drawer of his desk may be found some priceless inherited autographs, amongst others a little note from the Patriarch of Ferney. It is addressed to Mr. Pigott's great-uncle (a brilliant young gentleman, hot, as were many other ardent young gentlemen at that period, with Revolutionary notions), who, travelling in Switzerland with a Cambridge friend, begged for the honour of an audience with the author of "Candide." Certainly, M. de Voltaire writes, he will be delighted to see the Englishman: "*Les Pigots* (says the Historiographer of France) *ne sont sans doute pas parents des bigots.*" This same great-uncle of my host's remained all his days of the Voltairean mode of thought; and the marble tablets which he caused to be cut with inscriptions from the Greek and Roman poets still hang where he fixed them, as a solace during the long watches of the morning service, round the walls of his family pew in the beautiful little church of Brockley in Somersetshire. The little church was restored some sixty years since, in anticipation, it would seem, of modern Anglicanism, but happily the marble tablets in the old family aisle were held sacred, and one of them records in choice Latin, *Corpus suum comburi voluit, more antiquo, ne vivis molestum esset.* The whole case for cremation in four words!

By the way, Coleridge knew this sweet nook in the west country well, and wrote a sonnet, you will remember, on the view from Brockley Combe which is on the Pigott estate:

Proud towers [he cried] and cots more dear to me,
Elm-shaded fields, and prospect-bounded sea.
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop a tear:
Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!

which last remark settles the date of the poem within a year or two, as wishes for his Sara's society were not expressed I think after the Nether Stowey period.

Then Mr. Pigott tells me of an old heronry belonging to his family ("in my early days there were eighty nests"), and of how scarce and curious a possession a heronry is; and of a house on the estate, which is now a farm-house, but is still called Wood Spring Priory, and which was built in expiation for the murder of Thomas à Beckett, as were many other religious houses all over England. Then he talks of his Eton days and his Eton

friends (amongst whom he reckons affectionately Mr. Goldwin Smith), and how when he left the school he was second captain of the Oppidans and fifth from the top. Then came reminiscences of Oxford, where he took his degree, but did not go up, he adds, with something of a remorseful tone in his voice, for honours, and to that part of his life there is a comment, in a note from Dr. Jowett lying on the desk. "The time of our scholarship is drawing nigh," writes the Master of Baliol, "which always reminds me of many things. Amongst others of a copy of verse written by you on Mount Sinai. Lake said: 'What would not Arnold give if he could get a copy of Latin hexameters like that written at Rugby!'"

"Sinai!" says Mr. Pigott, with uplifted hands. "Sinai! Think of it! There is a subject on which to-day I could not possibly write a single line!"

In 1848 Mr. Pigott, with revolutionary ideas, inherited, perhaps, from his great-uncle, was lodging in the Rue du Helder during the terrible days of June; that frightful insurrection in which one half of Paris was bombarding the other, and there were as many killed and wounded as in many a battle-field, in which "two of my friends," he says, "in the National Guard, with whom I had been playing cards half the night before, never came back from storming the barricades. This cured me of political insanity. I have never been a Revolutionist since."

So our future Examiner of Plays came back to London, bought the *Leader*, and set about reforming mankind in a milder fashion, with pens and ink, instead of pistol and sword. The *Leader* was not a pecuniary success, for in many of its opinions it was thirty years in advance of the times, and advertisements, which come automatically now, were by no means general then, and the paper duty was excessively high. Mr. Pigott brings down a bound volume carefully from the book-shelf behind, and shows me George Lewes's art criticisms and Thornton Hunt's "Letters of a Vagabond," and contributions from all sorts of famous people, including George Eliot, and Herbert Spencer and Goldwin Smith. As he shuts the interesting three-columned book and puts it back in its place, I think he sighs a little over the perversity of an unappreciative public. "I sold the *Leader* in 1857," he says, with a wince that reminds me of Traddles.

But Mr. Pigott becomes quite cheerful again over the fortunes of the *Daily News*, which he joined when Mr. Weir was editor, and on which Mr. Pigott remained nearly nineteen years assistant and foreign editor, writing four leaders a week, principally on Foreign Politics. At that time the *Daily News* cost twopence halfpenny if not threepence. (You will recollect how Thackeray used to rejoice over the penny papers when he went over to Paris.) There was a second edition called the *Express*, published three times a week under Mr. J. R. Robinson, to which Mr. Pigott also contributed.

In 1874 the Queen gave Mr. Pigott his present post in her Household. As Examiner of Stage Plays—a function, in some shape or other as old as the stage itself in this country,—he reads on an average about three hundred plays a year, and has an immense correspondence over the country with theatre managers, as half the pieces are for the Provinces. He is, in fact, the executive officer of the Lord Chamberlain in that department, and necessarily his position is one requiring the utmost discretion and diplomacy: "But there are no beds of roses this side the grave," says Mr. Pigott with a laugh. "I've to contend against two besetting sins, licentiousness and scurrility. I have nothing to do with 'skirts.' That is a somewhat musty joke. There is a considerable and most respectable Puritan party who would be glad enough to shut up the playhouses altogether. They were closed at the time of the Civil War, you remember, and the actors (who by the way wore Court dresses on the stage) went into the army of the King. Shakespeare himself was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and not ashamed of it, either. Don't you recollect how Hamlet orders the Player not to mock my Lord Polonius?"

From Mr. Pigott's public duties he turns to his private pleasures, and tells me of his many years' intimate friendship with George Eliot. (Mr. Pigott's name, his passionate love of music, and his "delicious" tenor voice, are all often mentioned in the life of the author of Middlemarch.) And I hear of theatricals at Tavistock House with Dickens when the host took part in "The Frozen Deep": and of the time when Wilkie Collins and Mr. Pigott were called to the Bar together, since which day neither of them ever donned wig or gown. "Among my foreign friends,—intimate friends of early days—were Regnier the French actor of the Comédie Française; Ronconi, the greatest operatic singer and certainly the greatest actor, both in tragedy and farce that I have ever seen (says Mr. Pigott); Victor Hugo, Montalembert, the Viardots, Eugène Pelletan, Louis Blanc, Emile Fergues, all these I knew well. Then Dickens, Wilkie and Charles Collins, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Browning, Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Principal Tulloch, Spencer Baynes, Mrs. Oliphant—ah, I have been at least happy, if not in my fortunes, in my friends, but then I've been careful in choosing them. Write my reminiscences! No, no, I could never do that. The thing has been overdone entirely, I think."

Mr. Pigott should be persuaded to give us an autobiography. I know no one who has fresher or more interesting materials with which to work. He has known all sorts and conditions of men, and has something to say of them all. Perhaps one of his most valued friends in more recent years was Lady Waldegrave, with whom he has

spent the pleasantest of holidays in Somersetshire, in Essex, and at Twickenham. "My father," says Mr. Pigott, "bought at the Strawberry Hill sale a snuff-box set with brilliants, which once belonged to Mme. de Sevigné, and which Mme. Du Deffant gave to Horace Walpole. Her little note offering the gift was still inside when it came from my father to me. Long after, when Lady Waldegrave was living at Strawberry Hill, I presented the snuff-box to her, so that after years of wandering it returned again to its old home. I wonder where it is now. Lady Waldegrave prized it very highly."

Every paper has referred more or less strongly to the odious caricature of Mr. Pigott, which appeared some time back in *Vanity Fair*. The artist must have mistaken some one else for the Examiner of Plays, as the picture does not resemble Mr. Pigott in the least. It is not even a caricature. It is an outrageously defamatory fancy portrait, and has been justly denounced by *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*.

I would like a genuine portrait of my host now, as he sits in the firelight, books and papers near at hand, the murmur of the great city in the room, memories of the days that are no more filling his mind. An etcher would find in Mr. Pigott the finest study, and the sketch must form the frontispiece of that much-wanted book of Reminiscences—which, I fear, will never be written.

WALTER POWELL.

"MARCH GOES OUT LIKE A LION."

AYE, this is the music I love—the grand organ-march of the winds,
That touches the giant keys of the forest, and gathers and binds
Into one mighty chorus the voices of mountain and valley and shore—
The shriek of the terrified pines, the deep bass of the hurricane's roar,
The rush and the thunder of torrents unloos'd from their cavernous springs—
All gathered in one mighty volume, and shaken and flung all abroad,
As the dry leaves of autumn that cover in winnowing circles the sod;
Then oft in the dread pause that follows a minor-keyed spirit that sings
Sweet and low, like the pleading of angels with fiends.
Once more underfoot
You feel the staunch timbers of oak sway, as once from the huge twisted root
The oak in the forest sway'd too with the might of the on-rushing storm.
As if the great heart of the wilderness, monarch and lord of the woods,
Could yet feel the old exultation through fibre and steel-riven form
At the noise of hoarse torrents descending—the jubilant anthem of floods,
Set free from their mountain snow-prisons, with strident clamour and cry,
As the strong tempest calls to the ocean, the shuddering earth to the sky.
Hark to the roar of the river, the grinding of ice in the bay;
His solid entrenchments abandoned are bursting in foam-bells and spray.
Hark to the rush of the rain, and the trample of legions in rout,
"To the North, to the North! boot and saddle, to horse and away!"
His war-trumpets sounding, his cloud banners trailing, thus
March like a lion goes out!

Kingston.

KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

PARIS LETTER.

THE French view with great distrust the move of Emperor William in calling an International Labour Congress. It seems to them an invitation of the "Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly" kind. Yet democratic France cannot allow autocratic Germany to monopolize the glory of taking in hand the amelioration of the condition of the workmen of the Continent—a role, too, which France claims to be traditionally her own. Also, France cannot remain a stranger to great questions. If she abstained from the Congress, she would be isolated, and although she may inwardly hate Germany, it is expedient to not diplomatically show it. Nothing more useless than barking when one cannot bite, or threatening when you cannot strike. There is much that is mysterious and unknown in the character and in the policy of William III. Like Titus, perhaps, he aspires to boast, "I have not lost a day." Saint-Simon, that Pickwickian economist, ordered his valet when calling him every morning to repeat, "Remember, monsieur, that you have great changes to effect in the world." To be autocrat and socialist at once would be an original role for an emperor. Napoleon III. aimed at that union of extremes, but failed, owing to his vacillating temperament. And when Henri II. was next to overwhelmed by the Leaguers, he astonished them by becoming their chief. "I am your king; I will be your leader," said Richard II. to the Tylerites, when the Mayor of London sabred Wat.

German socialism is a stubborn threshold-twentieth-century fact. Like all great social movements, it has

grown by persecution; its wild disciples, instead of relying on time to redress inequalities in society, have too often resorted to violence; others rely on the State, or the Legislature, to make all the crooked ways in humanity straight. It is the old struggle between Carlyle's Haves and Have-nots. The capitalist, after paying the labourer his wage, puts all the gain secured to him by that labour into his purse. The excess of gain over and above the fair remuneration for capital, managing ability, etc., is called "surplus value." "It belongs all to me," asserts the capitalist. "I have a right to a share in it," retorts the wage-earner. That's Socialism's kernel. How to equalize or share the surplus value forms the basis of all the various schools or doctrines of Socialism. The individuals who claim their surplus value are the Haves; those who insist on a share of it are the Have-nots.

To abolish all private or individual capitalists; to unite all their resources in a common treasury to be controlled by the State, and to expend or farm that capital, not by individual, but associated labour, where every worker would be secured food, protected from precarious employment and provided with a human home, is called "collectivism." That is modern, that is German Socialism in a nut-shell. The solution is expected to extinguish competition and individualism, while that great middleman, the capitalist, will be replaced by the State. This presumes that humanity can be made to fit into a common measure; its wants, its liberties and its aspirations into a uniform mould.

Is the Emperor William capable of heading that reformation? As for the betterment of the workers, or the Have-nots, each country does what it can; yet

How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

The elections in Germany for the Reichstag or Federal Parliament, have gone against the Government, that is, against Bismarck. But the Chancellor has before shown how little he cares about Parliaments, and it is his proud and truthful boast that he accomplished German unity by putting his foot on the neck of Parliament. There are as many parties in the German as in the French or Austrian Parliaments. How lick the atoms into a working majority? That's all the statesmanship. Universal suffrage exists in the German Empire: will that electoral law be reformed? Will the new Parliament be dissolved? will the German Emperor become the leader of the working and the impoverished classes of Europe, and insist on the other Powers disbanding bloated armies to enable *proletariats* to live, on pain of a declaration of war?

Till the Duke of Orleans arrived, France was relatively calm. The Chamber of Deputies was drifting into an agricultural society, or becoming a sheep-fold. Now all is changed. What was a freak on the part of the Duke has changed to a grave political question. Had the Home Minister, when the Duke's presence was known, put him into the first train for the Swiss or Belgian frontier with two detectives, telling him that his services were not required in the army, as the exile law fully set forth, the matter could well have ended there, and the Minister would have received an absolution vote from the Chamber. Or M. Carnot might have immediately pardoned the Duke—as Augustus did Cinna—without imposing any conditions, while arranging a whisper in his ear that if the law was again violated, he would be handed over to the tormentors. Now he has become a cyst, a foreign body in the delicate and complex organism of the Republic. His friends have chorused him up a hero, and executed triumphal marches on his back; they declare that his prison, like that of Ham for Napoleon III., is the ante-chamber to the Throne-room, and this on the 24th February, the forty-second anniversary of his great-grandfather's, Louis Philippe, expulsion from France. Now the Anarchists, the Socialists, the Boulangists, etc., exact that their exiles be also pardoned simultaneously with the Duke of Orleans; this will likely delay the Duke's return to his "seventy-six royal cousins," that a Jeame's journal places to his credit. The only individual who has "struck ile" by the Duke's imprisonment is the tavern-keeper—an extreme Republican that was chosen to supply the martyr *déleu*, with special rations. He has sent in his bill, addressed to "His Majesty, Philippe VIII., King of France"; a beef-steak is there charged 15frs.; a roll, 10frs.; a fowl, 25frs.; a lobster salad, 25frs.; an apple, 3frs., etc. The present Emperor of Austria put up on one occasion unexpectedly at a country inn, where he had been shooting in the neighbourhood; for fun's sake he threw a glance over the bill, and remarked the charge 30frs. for two boiled eggs: "Landlord, eggs must be very scarce here," observed his Majesty: "Not at all, sire, but Emperors are."

A celebrated educationist once observed to an assembly of Paris students: "You will be truly an Association, when you give fêtes where we can bring our wives and our daughters." The "University" students—if the phrase can be employed—have given a fête at the Continental Hotel, coming up to that ideal; it was in every respect a success, and was intended to raise funds to start their club. The students wore satin *bérets*, each of a colour corresponding to the Five Faculties—law, medicine, science, literature, etc.; the ladies wore the high and pointed hats of the doctors, on which was printed "examination"; before them a partner had to appear, and receive his degree, "the pleasure of a dance." The rector of the University and each of the five deans were present, and they brought their wives and daughters. Madame Carnot is the patroness, so that secured the support of mothers, who had a belief that all students only danced at the Jardin Bullier, or the Moulin Rouge, and had long

unkempt beards and hair, with a pipe everlastingly in mouth. General de Gallifet was present, and his brilliant staff. "That looks like a fellow who would give us lots of work," observed a medical student as the General swept by; the student was thinking of other dances and of another orchestra. When the students inaugurate their club the *alumni* of foreign universities will be welcome to look in upon them. In the meantime, any Mr. Carnegie, who is suffering from the pain of having too much money, can secure convalescence by sending a few millions to the Association. In the new club, there will be no statues of past celebrities; these ever express the wearisome sadness of having departed this life, and must be relegated to cemeteries. *Tout à la joie!*

M. Alfassa, the son of a Portuguese banker, finding himself cornered for the sum of two and a half millions of francs, threatened to kill himself, his wife and his children, if not rescued. Mantalini, by the same menace, tided over a pecuniary crisis. Silver King Mackay advanced the salvation cash. As he was not repaid, he sued his creditor—who had nothing, a situation in which the king loses his rights. In addition to losing his suit, M. Mackay had to pay 250,000 francs costs. Z.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

AS increasing railways and a clear-eyed press have brought a much greater proportion of the public into the galleries of Parliament, certain phantoms of a dimmer day have disappeared; but in their place, I fear, have arisen other phantoms as unreal, as cruelly unjust, and as perfectly calculated to inflame the passions and prejudices of Ontario Protestants. We of Ontario are told by a certain section of the press and a corresponding section of public leaders that the French contingent in Parliament always votes solid at the bidding of the Church; that they are less loyal to Britain than they are to Rome; that they have an abiding hatred of the people of Ontario; that, in short, they are bad citizens, bad Canadians, bad legislators, and bad neighbours. It is not surprising that, where these statements are believed, there should be a corollary belief that French-Canada must be Anglicised before we can be a united and a prosperous people. I do not wish at this stage to discuss this latter belief and its far-reaching consequences, but merely to say that in the opinion of one Ontarioan at least it is based upon a wrong idea of French Canada and its representatives in Parliament.

This "solid column" theory of the French members is only more mischievous than it is ridiculous. Imagine a solid column containing at once Mr. Laurier and Mr. Chapleau; Sir Adolphe Caron and Col. Amyot; and counting in its ranks Mr. Lavergne, a prohibitionist, Mr. Lepine, a member of the Papal-cursed Knights of Labour, and Mr. Bourassa, who for five years has represented a French Catholic riding in the face of the bitter and determined opposition of the parish priest! So far are they from being pawns under the finger of the Church that it is very seldom noticeable that the Church affects their action at all. They are at all times busied with the affairs of their constituencies, looking after the material interests of those by whose votes they are elected. Take the order paper for any day of the session and you will find the names of French members down for questions as to the mail service, the harbour accommodation, or other matters touching the convenience or the necessities of the people they represent. They are engaged in the business of Parliament, which seems to be very much the same for the County of Quebec as for the County of York.

The prevalent idea that Parliament is for ever struggling with race and religious problems is due to the opera glasses of the press, which magnify such debates, but are reversed during routine legislation. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a question, asked at the assembling of the House, about, say, the Hull riots, and dismissed in a half hour, to be given as much newspaper space as the entire balance of the sitting.

It may not be a high eminence upon which to place him, but, after some study, I, who began with as much prejudice as any, believe the French-Canadian member to be, first and last, a politician fashioned from the same clay as our own Smalls and Fergusons and Purcells; and, furthermore, I am convinced that he plays, not to the Cardinal's private box, but to the whole theatre, boxes, parquette and gallery. No one will doubt that he is thinking of the *habitant* and not of the Church when he solicits a new post office or demands that the county river be dredged. But the charge made is that when the interests of the Church are affected then he takes his cue from the Cardinal. The real position, I take it, is this. A Dominion politician has not only to please the men, whether priests or people, who elect him, but he must keep in some sort of harmony with the general policy of his party. He, be he French or English, cannot float on the brook of local opinion—he must, if he desire promotion, swim with the party current. When a Church question comes up, a French member must make as great a show as possible of defending the Church and still keep as near as he may to his party leader. The same politician-like policy is required of English members when the Church involved is of the Protestant fold. This show of Church loyalty will naturally be of a character to please the men who elect him, and it will be easily seen by its character whether it is meant for a shrewd priest, with a keen eye for substantial effect, or for the impulsive *habitant* with a taste for fireworks. Take, for instance, their action during the

recent discussion of the McCarthy Bill. This, it will be admitted, was a Church question, inasmuch as the moving objection to the retention of the French language in the North-West was that it served as a vehicle for the spread of the Catholic religion. The Bill was burdened with a preamble and introduced by a speech, both eminently calculated to exasperate and antagonize the French members, to say nothing of the vigorous anti-French crusade of which it was the outcome. It is safe to assume that the Roman Catholic authorities of Quebec were squarely opposed to the measure. Here, then, was an ideal chance for the advance of the "solid column" which we are told that the Church commands in Parliament; and for the display of that Jesuitical strategy, the masterly political tactics, by which, it is said, the Church outgenerals the Protestant majority in every parliamentary contest.

The initiatory move after the first reading of the Bill was the introduction of the Government-inspired Davin amendment, proposing to relegate the question to the Territories themselves. This was immediately denounced by the Church organs in Quebec as a surrender—the Territorial Assembly had already pronounced against the language and the result was a foregone conclusion. Now was the time for the "solid column" to march; but at this stage the Government, which is not by any means given to taking chances, confidently expected that the Davin amendment would receive the support of "the 188" and more. The "column" had come to the conclusion that if they all voted compactly for the amendment—if, too, there were no fanatical "thirteen" to stand out in contrast to their conduct—that they could explain this vote satisfactorily in Quebec. To whom? To the keen priests, think you, or to the credulous *habitant*?

Presently, however, Mr. Beausoleil, law partner of Hon. Mr. Mercier, saw a chance to make himself prominent in Quebec by taking an extreme position and he accordingly moved his strangling amendment. How like a politician! Let us consider now—was that the cool, diplomatic move of a man representing the councils of the Hierarchy which could have commanded a Minister to do the work; or was it a display of red fire by a politician anxious to please the simple minded French voter? Then and not till then did we hear of uneasiness among the Bleus. They felt that they could not allow a Rouge politician to outbid them for the French vote, so they determined "to go him one better" and bolted with the fiery Chapleau at their head. Has not this a familiar political appearance?

Then came a most remarkable development within "the solid column." Sir Hector Langevin was naturally quite anxious that Mr. Chapleau should not gain precedence over him in the affections of Quebec. As a member of a "solid column," directed by the Hierarchy, there was but one course open to Sir Hector, Mr. Chapleau having been already commissioned (?) to lead "the bolt." That course was faithful obedience to the commands of the Church and of its representative for the moment, Mr. Chapleau; with, perhaps, an indication, at some future date, in the private chamber of Cardinal Taschereau, of the points at which he would have excelled Mr. Chapleau had he been charged with the direction of the column. But if, on the contrary, the alleged solid column were a myth, and Sir Hector's task were to outshine Mr. Chapleau in the eyes of an independent electorate, it is obvious that no chamber explanation would do. He must play his cards in Parliament where the electorate could see. He chose the latter course. While Mr. Chapleau was out sulking with his Bleus and talking resignation, Sir Hector arose in the Commons and attacked Mr. McCarthy with a fierce brutality that would have horrified a suave, shrewd priest, but was well calculated to set the maddened French voter wild with delight. He played to the people and not to the Church. He either disbelieved in the "solid column," or else he was a tactical lunatic.

Now, according to "the solid column" theory, Mr. Chapleau had his old rival on the hip. Sir Hector had "bolted" the column, gravely imperilled the success of the Church's plan, and generally played the political game. Mr. Chapleau had merely to lead on his column to win in Parliament and to annihilate Sir Hector at the Palace. On the other hand, if the *habitant* was to be considered, Mr. Chapleau's course was not so easy. He either must bring a musket into the House and outdo Sir Hector by shooting Mr. McCarthy in his seat, or he must change his plan of campaign. The Mayor of Toronto had already taught him how to outflank a rampageous rival. When the Mayor's competitor for ex-Grand Master Bowell's shoes, Clark Wallace, rode the Protestant horse to exhaustion last year, His Worship did not try to spur the jaded steed to greater lengths but simply decided to stand with Sir John and the party machine. Mr. Chapleau profited by Mayor Clarke's example, and went and did likewise. He, who, on the column theory, had but to stand still and see the glory of the Church, took up arms against the Church, against French feeling, and risked his future on the strength of the party machine. He imitated Mayor Clarke; and, with us, the Mayor is considered something of a politician.

If we did not know that the French were moving in a "solid column," officered by sagacious Jesuits, surely we would never have suspected it. Mr. Chapleau's flank movement brought him in harness with Sir John Thompson on a compromise amendment, and now came the time for the final and victorious charge of "the solid column." It had lost Chapleau, but still by moving steadily forward, with unbroken ranks, it could, with the aid of the bulk of the Liberals and of the McCarthyites, defeat the Thompson

amendment. Its allies would then undergo a change of personnel, but would still be strong enough with "the solid column" to thrust aside the Davin proposal. Similar solidarity would secure the defeat of any other proposition, and finally of the Bill itself.

"This would wreck the parties in Ontario," objects one. The parties? Have we been taught to believe that the Church respects party interests when party interests lie athwart the path of the Church? Surely, according to the *Mail's* catechism, it is the Church that manipulates the party, not the party the Church. But, still, something curious happened about this time that shakes one's faith in the *Mail's* creed. On the morning of that last Friday the parties met in caucus, and the whips were pretty smartly applied. The party leaders had the hardihood to talk of party interests on a Church question—and "the column" listened. For that night, when the division bell rang, forty-one Frenchmen marched to the defence of party, and nine stalwarts only stood by the programme of the Church. Does this not remind some one of the occasion when thirteen English members supported the programme of the Protestant churches while the host of the politicians flocked to the rescue of party? Is there, in fact, any noticeable difference between the politician in Quebec and the politician in Ontario? I make bold to believe that it would be better for Canada were both governed more by the principles of religion and less by the exigencies of party.

A. R. CARMAN.

ANNIE.

HER eyes are shaded deep with prayer :
Around her forehead softly clings,
Like an aureole of light,
The golden glory of her hair.

The wonder on her face is strange,
As though to her it had been given
To look with those blue eyes beyond
The bourne that closes mortal range ;

As one whom nought else had sufficed
To still the longing of her heart,
Till God had drawn the veil, and she
Had looked within and seen the Christ.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—XXIX.

SKETCHES of the following prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK : Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Rea Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, and the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON.

BORN upon Canadian soil; educated at Canadian colleges; surrounded by influences which early cultivated the military spirit; enthusiastically sharing in every Canadian military movement; bringing honour upon his native land by his literary labours, and continuously urging by voice and pen the cultivation of a national spirit, and the adoption of patriotic principles, George Taylor Denison has ever proved himself a true and loyal citizen, and well deserving of the title "a Canadian of the Canadians."

In this utilitarian age, there are to be found many people who scoff at patriotism, and make a mock of loyalty, who sneer at sentiment, and appreciate nothing but what is material, or may be turned into money. To such, the career of the men who have made Canada what she is to-day; who have struggled amid good and ill report to build up a united country; who have never despaired of a magnificent future for their native land, and who have brought renown by their deeds upon the nation as a whole, cannot be of much interest.

On the other hand, to every thoughtful spirit, who dwells upon the stirring pages of Canadian history, and those records of British glory which recede into the background of the ages, must come a realization of the all-pervading influence which such men have had upon the trend of public sentiment in their own day, and upon the—to them—sealed book of their country's destiny.

It is in this sense that biography becomes the most interesting of studies, and that contemporary records of prominent men afford the truest index of the spirit and sentiment of a nation.

It is but two years short of a century ago, that Captain John Denison left England to live in Canada, and after a few years in Kingston came in 1796 to settle in Little York. His son, the first Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison was the organizer of the Volunteer Cavalry Troop now known as the Governor-General's Body-Guard, and was succeeded in its command by his son Colonel George Taylor Denison, who, although a lawyer by profession, devoted himself heart and soul to the volunteer service, and in 1855, took an active part in laying the foundation of what is now the Militia of Canada. He organized the Toronto Field Battery, and in 1860, at the request of Sir Edmund Head, formed the Queen's Own Rifles, and was appointed commandant of the Volunteer

force, of the 5th and 10th Militia Districts. Born at Bellevue, Toronto, on the 31st August, 1839, and brought up amid such surroundings, and by such a father, it is little wonder that the present Lieut.-Colonel George Taylor Denison has been imbued from childhood with the enthusiastic military ideas of his ancestors. Educated at Upper Canada College, and graduating as an LL.B., at Toronto University, he was gazetted to the active militia as a Cornet in 1855, became a Major in 1862, and was promoted in succession to his uncle, Lieut.-Colonel Robert B. Denison, as Lieut.-Colonel in command of the Governor-General's Body-Guard in 1866, which position he still holds.

In 1861, he had been called to the bar, and served in the City Council as Alderman for St. Patrick's Ward during the years 1865-66-67. During the Fenian Raid, in 1866, Lt.-Col. Denison commanded the outposts on the Niagara River under Col. Wolseley. It was at this time that he began those labours in the literary world which have since been so widely recognized—"A Manual of Outpost Duties" and a "History of the Fenian Raid," being published in Toronto in the course of the same year. "Modern Cavalry its Organization, Armament and Employment in War," was published in London during the year 1868, republished at Munich, Germany, in 1869, and at St. Petersburg by order of the Czar in 1872.

The year 1870 was a memorable one in the annals of our young Dominion. The North-West Territories had been newly acquired by the Federal Government; Hon. Wm. McDougall had been appointed Governor and driven back from Pembina; the Red River Rebellion was in full swing; Thomas Scott had been shot at Fort Garry by the rebel leader Riel, and an expedition under Colonel Wolseley had been started to suppress the insurrection. Lt.-Col. Denison by vigorous action, fiery speech, and with the co-operation of a band of patriotic men, who became afterwards known as the leaders of the "Canada First" movement, exercised considerable influence upon the events of the day. When the barbarous murder of young Scott became known in Ontario, and the full reports of Bishop Tache's conduct in offering a complete amnesty in the name of the Government to the very men whose hands were red with the young man's blood, came before the people, a feeling of deep and intense indignation was aroused. Mass meetings were held, many of them addressed by Colonel Denison, the result being that the expedition under Wolseley was finally despatched, and successfully carried through, though it at one time looked as if circumstances would compel the Government to recede from its determination and recall the expedition. Renewed agitation in Ontario, and more vigorous meetings, however, finally settled the issue.

It was about this time that a movement, developed by circumstances unique in themselves, and controlled by men possessed of youth, ambition, energy and ability, was inaugurated in this city. No history has ever been written of the "Canada First" party; no Canadian writer has dealt with it at any length; but little thought is given to it at the present day. Yet in that movement were to be found the germs of genuine patriotism, and the spirit which will make this country great. In appearance its results were insignificant, in fact they were extremely important.

Confederation had just been created; our Constitution was untried and ill-defined; the reaction from the effects of prosperous times during the American War was not yet over; doubts as to our ability to hold our own in the future were widely diffused; the North-West was in rebellion; the lower provinces dissatisfied, and the people generally disposed to be somewhat pessimistic. At this moment a band of enthusiastic young Canadians lifted the banner of "Canada First" started out to inaugurate a new patriotic party, and to preach a new political creed which should inculcate national hope, pride and confidence. Backed up by such men as Charles Mair, W. A. Foster, Robert Grant Haliburton, H. J. Morgan and others, the subject of this sketch threw himself with characteristic energy into the fray, urging with vehemence the necessity of national confidence and true unity, lecturing from Halifax on the one hand to Toronto upon the other regarding the special subject of "The duty of Canadians to Canada." A certain unfortunate speech delivered at a public meeting, which dealt in a hostile spirit with British honours and institutions had an exceedingly bad effect upon the incipient stages of the movement, but events and time, as well as the utterances of its leaders, have shown that independence was not the object of the "Canada First" party, and that separation from the Empire was as alien to their thoughts as was annexation to the United States.

In the course of his lecture upon the subject Lieut.-Colonel Denison deals clearly and well with this phase of the question: "Above all things it is our interest to preserve British connection. We are independent in all but name. We have every advantage we could have if actually independent. Let us consider what we gain by the connection. It may be mere sentiment, but a thousand ties bind us to the great nation from which we have sprung, and unless we have good reasons to the contrary we should be true to ourselves and to our traditions and not sever the link which connects us with the past. We are now a portion of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon, we have all the prestige, all the power of the empire at our backs."

In dealing with the question of national self-defence in the event of invasion, we see the martial spirit flashing through these burning words!

"They will have to meet Canadians fighting for all that is dear to them; fighting for their homes and firesides, for their native land, fighting side by side with the red-cross soldiers under the old flag that for a hundred years has floated proudly over our heads and that we intend shall in the future droop over our graves.

"For there's a flag that floats o'er every sea,
No matter when nor where,
And to treat that flag as aught but free
Is more than the strongest dare."

The "Canada first" organization has long been little more than an historical shadow, yet who can say how great a power such sentiments as these urged from a hundred platforms, for but a brief space of time it is true, may have had in moulding the thoughts and aspirations of the young men of that day? Can we not believe that such an influence may have had its effect in the adoption of the National Policy; in the building of the Canada Pacific; and in the welding together of our people into a nation able to bear with equanimity even that threat of Retaliation from the United States, which if uttered in 1869, would have thrown Canadians into a perfect paroxysm of alarm?

As a result of his feelings of indignation against the Dominion Government for their alleged truckling to the rebels in the North-West, through Bishop Tache, we find Colonel Denison in 1872 contesting the district of Algoma as a Reformer against Hon. J. Beverly Robinson.

Defeated, however, in this attempt to enter the House of Commons, he was shortly after invited by the Ontario Government to proceed to Great Britain as a Special Commissioner to promote emigration to this Province. During his visit to England and in conjunction mainly with Joseph Arch, who was just beginning to attain power amongst the working men, Colonel Denison addressed a large number of public meetings with exceedingly good results. In accordance with the wishes of the Ontario Government he succeeded in inducing Mr. Arch to accompany him on his return to this country, and by request, took charge of the somewhat noted visitor during his tour, which happened to be in the summer season, probably very much to our advantage. It is estimated that as a result of Colonel Denison's visit to the mother country on this occasion, and of the very glowing impressions which Mr. Arch formed of the resources of the Dominion during his trip, we gained between eight and ten thousand agricultural labourers.

From this time (1874) till the fall of 1876, Colonel Denison was busily engaged in preparing and writing the work by which he is so well known in historical and military circles. The preparation of a "History of Cavalry" which was to cover the period from the earliest times down to the present, involving as it did a knowledge—if not a personal examination—of the contents of hundreds of works, in almost every civilized language, was indeed a most arduous task. When we further recollect that the competition into which this Canadian militia officer had entered was open to the best writers of the day in every country of Europe, where moreover, every advantage was to be had by virtue of close vicinity to great libraries, and perhaps great military leaders, it is a matter of almost amazement that the prize offered by the Czar of Russia for the best work upon cavalry should have been awarded to Colonel Denison.

The research and ability which characterized the work was widely and immediately recognized, and its appearance in London, followed not long after by publication in different European languages, brought forth a chorus of praise and appreciation from the best known reviews and papers of the Old World. Colonel Denison's portrait was published in the *London News*, the *Saturday Review* drew attention to an especial point when it described the work as being a "critical study by an officer standing apart from the traditions and teachings of European armies," and the *Volunteer Service Gazette* in describing it as "an instructive and exhaustive work, whose writer well deserves the honour he has achieved," echoed the sentiment of the great mass of military and critical opinion.

It is interesting to note that the author draws very largely upon the various incidents connected with the American Civil War to prove his deductions, and that his acquaintance with the most prominent of the Southern leaders was a wide and sympathetic one. With Mr. Jefferson Davis in particular he has spent since the war many a pleasant hour, and has numerous interesting reminiscences of the lately deceased leader. Upon his return from Russia, where he had gone to receive the prize awarded for his labours and where he met many distinguished men, notably the Emperor who encountered so sad a fate in the streets of St. Petersburg a few years since, Colonel Denison was given a dinner by the Toronto officers and welcomed by the press in a way which showed that the people felt that the success thus achieved was a vivid illustration of what one paper called "Canada triumphant."

Shortly after his return from Europe Colonel Denison was appointed Police Magistrate of the City of Toronto. It is not necessary here to do more than refer to the general appreciation of the manner in which he has since then exercised the onerous and responsible duties of that post. Impartial, quick and decided, his most vigorous opponents have been unable to find aught but praise for his judicial conduct.

In 1884 occurred the Centennial Celebration of the United Empire Loyalists of Ontario, and by virtue of his great-grandfather on the mother's side of the house, Lieut.-Colonel Denison was invited to be present and address the meetings. No man was more fitted to deal with such an

inspiring theme. Imbued with patriotic sentiment; thoroughly in harmony by descent, tradition and education with the stirring spirit of those who thus met at historic Niagara to celebrate the great anniversary; surrounded by all the evidences of historic valour and the industry of early pioneers, it is hardly necessary to say that his speeches were worthy of the occasion, and rang with vivid description and lofty sentiment. One extract will suffice: "Let our energies be devoted to building up our country, strengthening our defences, improving our commerce, increasing our confidence in ourselves and in each other, and it will not be many years or generations before Canada will hold a place in the British Empire as the most important and principal part of it."

The North-West Rebellion of 1885 saw Lieut.-Colonel Denison in command of the Body Guards and senior cavalry officer in the expedition which was sent to suppress the insurrection. About the same time, true to the martial instincts of his family, Lieut.-Colonel Fred C. Denison was to be found serving his Queen and country in the far-off Soudan as leader of the Canadian Voyageurs, and only prevented from being with his brother in the North-West by prolonged sickness, which held him at Cairo after the Soudan War had closed for the time being. The progress of the campaign against Riel; the gallantry of our volunteers; their dangers and final success; the magnificent reception which greeted them upon their return home, are oft-told tales and need not be dwelt upon here. Suffice it that the Body Guard experienced a full share of the hardships, and received a due portion of the popular appreciation upon their return home.

While the dormant patriotism of Canadians was thus being evoked by the stirring incidents of martial strife a movement was being inaugurated in Great Britain and elsewhere with which Colonel Denison's name was destined to be irrevocably connected. The Imperial Federation League had been formed in 1884 at a meeting in Westminster Palace, presided over by the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., and attended by the Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Charles Tupper, Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, and many other prominent men. A strong Branch was shortly afterwards organized in Montreal, and in 1886 attempts were made to form one in Toronto, Lieut.-Col. Denison being amongst the first who were approached upon the subject. On this occasion he declined to join the League, declaring his reason to be a firm belief "that for the present the country was better without change." The succeeding year, however, saw the commencement of the Commercial Union movement and its development into an insidious and continuous attack upon British connection. It thus became evident to Colonel Denison, as it must appear to all far-seeing and independent thinkers, that the possibility of remaining long as we are had become impossible, and he at once joined the League, throwing himself with characteristic fire and energy into the movement, and accepting, in 1888, the chairmanship of the Canadian Organizing Committee.

The cardinal principles of his political platform would seem to be a determination to retain our connection with the Empire; and by time and agitation develop the present union into one which shall give Canadians the full and free status of British citizens; vigorous opposition to every measure tending towards disintegration or in the direction of union with the American Republic, and a firm belief in the future of Canada as a great federal State in a United Empire.

The two movements thus brought to the mind of the reader are in all respects antagonistic. To free trade as an economic doctrine: to free trade with the world at large, the writer does not intend to refer. The Commercial Union agitation was started by a New York capitalist, who happened to have been born in Canada and who made wholesale use of this (unfortunate) fact to impress upon Canadians the belief that he was eminently patriotic. Slowly the idea took root amongst certain of our politicians, and before long a portion of the party which had been for many years advocating modified free trade or a revenue tariff took hold of a platform which involved discrimination against the Mother Country, their own fellow-subjects and the guardian of their national interests, in favour of a foreign and oft-times hostile power.

How different the inception of the Imperial Federation movement! Originated by men far above the charge of ulterior motives; based upon the noblest sentiments and the finest aspirations of the human heart; growing out of the natural desire for continued unity which must actuate the feeling and policy of every true British citizen; raised far above the suspicion of partisan bias, the progress of these principles illustrate one of the best phases of our wide-spread English political thought.

To men who, like Colonel Denison, had for years been preaching the doctrine of self-confidence and true independence, it must, indeed, have been galling to see the inception of an idea such as Commercial Union, which would inevitably result, if ever carried out, in political dependence—for a brief time—upon the United Kingdom, and commercial dependence upon the United States, followed by disgraceful annexation. On the other hand, the old idea of "Canada First" within the Empire found an indisputable vantage ground in the new proposal of closer Imperial Union. It was felt that this great country could not always remain a colony, and that its ultimate destiny must be either independence or a share in Imperial power. This feeling has been well voiced by a writer who some years ago described Canada as lying between two great tides of life and having little part in either.

"The national life of America, youthful, tumultuous and energetic, brimming with hope and purpose, sweeps surgingly past her. The national life of England, mighty in heroic tradition and strengthened by the wisdom of ages, flows on its stately course, little heeding the smaller eddies that circle by its side."

Thus the two tendencies of the day in Canada are now clearly visible to the careful observer. On the one hand, will be found forces which are as yet weak, but which may grow, if not opposed by the educating influence of a great idea, namely, American political principles, modes of thought and education; American commercial relations to the exclusion of all others; American literature and agitators, which must and will have a certain effect. On the other hand will be found a firm belief in our system of government; a veneration for the great and glorious past, which is bound up in our connection with the Mother Country; a deep admiration for the power of the Empire of which we are so proud to form a part, and a growing appreciation of the benefits which may be derived from drawing the existing union closer.

No need to inquire which side Colonel Denison would ultimately be found upon, and no need now to ask for evidence of the value which his active support has been to the newly inaugurated movement. Enough to say that meetings at Peterborough, Lindsay, Woodstock, and many other places have been addressed by him, and that his influence is daily being felt in the development of this grand idea. In Lt.-Col. Denison Mr. Erastus Wiman has found a most formidable and vigorous opponent, and the well-known exposure of the aims and mis-statements of the Commercial Union leader, which appeared in the city press about a year ago, attracted wide-spread attention by their truthful portraiture and withering sarcasm. Col. Denison has been for many years a constant contributor to the daily press, and his articles have been characterized by never-failing incisiveness of style and vigour of language. Amongst the societies of which he is a member is the Royal Colonial Institute, of London, England, an influential body which may be said to contain in its name and principles the germ of the Imperial Federation idea. In its proceedings, when at home on a visit, Col. Denison has always taken an active and prominent share.

And, now, in drawing this slight sketch to a conclusion, if the reader has never been in the vicinity of Colonel Denison's charming residence, "Heydon Villa," let me transport him thither on the wings of thought by a moment's description of what has long been one of Toronto's most pleasant homes. Situated upon an elevation surrounded by extensive grounds and a miniature forest of trees, through which are scattered shady walks and rustic bridges and seats, the house presents an exterior which is, in style and architecture, both plain and unpretentious. The interior, however, is exceedingly attractive. A spacious drawing-room, filled with many objects of interest and beauty; in one corner, a memento of the Hon. Jefferson Davis; in another, a portrait, with autograph, given to Colonel Denison by General Robert E. Lee; elsewhere the medal awarded him by Lord Dufferin, as Gov.-Gen. of Canada, for his work on Cavalry; in other parts of the room paintings of the three Colonels of the family, pictured in their regimental uniforms. Upstairs is the library, a large collection of books, bearing mainly upon military and historical subjects, but not by any means limited to such lines of thought. Through the whole house breathes an air of comfort and intellectual refinement which well befits the house of one of our leading historical writers.

Colonel Denison has been twice married—in 1863 to Caroline Macklem, daughter of the late Oliver T. Macklem of Chippawa, who died in February, 1885; and again in December, 1887, to Miss Helen Mair, of Perth, niece of Charles Mair, the well-known author of "Tecumseth." His eldest son, of the same name, is already following in his father's footsteps and has passed a creditable militia examination.

Lt.-Col. Denison was, in 1882, appointed an original member of the Royal Society of Canada, in the English Literature section, and has served as president of that section.

Little more now remains to be added to this brief account of the career of one who has had no inconsiderable share in moulding the sentiments and guiding the aspirations of the men of Canada. As a speaker Colonel Denison is clear, energetic, and successful in arousing enthusiasm; as a writer, he has earned much favourable comment by the comprehensiveness and vigour of his style; as a soldier and judge his record may safely be left in the hands of his fellow-countrymen. The writer does not know of any lines which more clearly portray Colonel Denison's sentiments as a Canadian citizen than that magnificent verse by his personal friend and favourite poet, Charles G. D. Roberts:

O strong hearts guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard,
These mighty streams, resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred—
What fields of peace these bulwarks will secure;
What vales of plenty these calm floods supply;
Shall not our love this rough sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the child of Nations by her name.

"OXFORD."

The only worthy end of all learning, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better.—
George Eliot.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ONE of the most interesting, and at the same time commendable, topics for a public popular lecture was chosen by Mr. William McLennan a few evenings ago, and the very large and critical audience that turned out to hear it bore witness to the success of the venture. Mr. McLennan is one of a community—most regrettably small among us—who take a pleasure and a pride in things Canadian, and who, while thousands of our youth are frittering their opportunities upon snow-shoe concerts, find their relaxation from business and professional duties in our old maps, manners, laws, histories, literatures, and the general records of what belongs to us from what of ancestors we possess. The lecture was one of a course which the Art Association is presenting to us, and was delivered in the Art Gallery, among the influences of refined form and colour. The subject was "Montreal in 1689," when we boasted some two thousand inhabitants, made up of soldiers, clergy, religious orders, a sprinkling of politicians, and a band of fur-traders. The city limits were then marked out by a wall which, running around St. Peter Street and Jacques Cartier Square, left the old Bonsecours Church out in the country fields. A delightful sketch was given of life and manners in the little town, and three specimen characters were boldly drawn, selected from citizens, lawyers, and priests. A residence of the period still stands on St. Jean Baptiste Street to attest the quality of craftsmanship in those days, and to compel our praise of things under "Building Societies" to hide its diminished head. The lecture from beginning to end was tinged with a rising patriotism, delivered with a seriousness worthy of a patriotic theme, and was enjoyed to the very last echo.

The Board of Trade has decided that in view of the increasing trade in the port of Montreal, Governments should no longer lease the wharf accommodation for five years, as in the past, but limit the time to twelve months. The Canadian Marine Association has asked the Board to aid it in opposing the proposed bridge across the river at Longueuil, on the ground that the piers in the river would interfere with the trade of the harbour, and that the proposed level is such that the results to shipping would be disastrous. The Board is, however, understood not to be opposed to the scheme, if these two difficulties may be overcome, and has suggested the alteration of the Bill to that effect. Much uneasiness is caused by the delay of the Government in the consideration of the Harbour Improvements, as the season is advancing.

Meantime the plans for the bridge have been exhibited on the Corn Exchange. Petitions in its favour have been forwarded to Ottawa from the councils of Longueuil and Chambly, urging the Government to support the scheme by granting the charter to the company asking for it; and against it by the Harbour Commissioners. The following alterations and additions to the Bill have been suggested:

Section 4. That a provision be added specifying that the abutments of the bridge shall be placed where they will not interfere with traffic on the wharves.

Section 8. That the capital stock of the company shall be three millions of dollars instead of one million, and that one-third of the capital shall be paid up.

Section 10. That a provision be added requiring that persons to be chosen directors of the company shall subscribe \$30,000 to the capital stock, and have paid all calls made.

Section 11. That the amount of bonds, debentures, etc., issued by the company shall be limited to the amount of capital.

Section 13. This section is objected to *en bloc*, and especially as regards the words, "Notwithstanding any act of Parliament of Canada to the contrary."

Section 14. That instead of within five and ten years respectively, the bridge shall be commenced within two years and completed within five years from the passage of the Act.

That a provision be added whereby the company shall be compelled during the construction of the bridge to take such precautions as the Harbour Commissioners may require for the protection of life and property on ships and at the wharves.

The Associated Charities has had a meeting to consider the prospect of procuring better houses for the working classes. The Peabody and other London systems were explained, and houses under these methods of construction and rental were shown to be at once good, cheap, pretty, and a profitable investment to capital. A committee was appointed to call on a number of influential citizens to sound them as to their attitude on the question. Another committee was nominated to give its attention to the matter of factories closing in the severe winter weather, as many members of the association believe that to shut down in the summer (when necessary) would not only be no financial loss, but an actual financial gain to the employers, whilst the suffering among the employees would be substantially reduced.

We are all so accustomed to see the Rose, the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Fleur de Lys, St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick, usurp the place of the Maple, the Beaver, and St. Canada, that any fresh departure in the direction of our individual household gods seems to call for commendation rather than for deprecation. Our Welsh citizens have established for the first time in Canada a branch of the great Eisteddfod of their native home. One of the mottoes of the Welsh Union is "Welsh we are, and Welsh we will be." It is evident that until we are drawn into some fierce and bloody civil war, like that which

has made one solid people out of thirteen distinct States to the South of us, we shall not be able to sing "Canadians we are, and Canadians we shall ever be."

The plan of a permanent Montreal Exhibition, for the products of farm, mine, wood, field, lake, factory, and fire-side, has been under consideration for some time. The scheme is becoming more definite, and the respective claims of several localities, as sites, are being weighed one against the other. A company has been formed, and a bonus from the Provincial Government is more than expected.

A gentleman who has had long experience of navigation on the Ottawa River writes that the sawdust is interfering with the waters of the river for purposes of trade. In some months of the summer the water is covered with floating sawdust, which gets washed up on the banks many inches deep. In the Lake of the Two Mountains it has become a regular nuisance. When the water falls a fringe a foot deep is left on the shore. What the effect of such a state of things must be to the inhabitants of the water is scarcely calculable. And yet our rivers and lakes are one of our most important legacies.

At a meeting, a few days ago, the Secretary of the Law and Order League presented a statement of the licenses issued among us for the last ten years to restaurants, shops, and hotels, for the sale of intoxicating drinks, which shows a gradual increase from 800 to 1081. During last year 305 minors were arrested for drunkenness, and still it is against the law to supply the poison to minors.

VILLE MARIE.

ON THE TERRACE.

We talk of Thoreau, Emerson,
Find Browning "subtle," Keats divine,
Suspect the morrow may be fine:
'Tis time the summer were begun;
We have been laughing, chatting free,—
Where can that pleasant freedom be?

Constraint comes o'er us as we sit
And hear the river foam below,
Above, the sky with pearly glow
Of moon-soft mist is over-lit,
That velvet-marble cloud afar
Is centre-pierc'd by one bright star.

The night is lovely like a bride
Who goes to meet her lord the sun.
I wonder if she may be won,
This silent maiden at my side;
A princess sure by right divine
Of royal grace in beauty's line.

Meanwhile she sits with flower-sweet face,
A lily proud-poised on its stem,
And calm as any carven gem
Expressionless, that shows no trace—
That has no sense of human pain,
Nor ever felt love's silken chain.

And I, bound fast, with throbbing breast,
Where hope and fear alternate come,
Essay to speak, but stricken dumb,
Leave all my longing unconfess'd;
So cold she seems, so bright, so fair,
Faint hope gives place to chill despair.

Then Love, again my bosom's lord,
Expels each craven hope and fear,
For thee, he cries, the hour is here,
Love's hour,—the time, the scene, afford;
For thee these gracious stars now shine—
I turn, and my love's eyes meet mine.

O Love did never yet break faith!
Trust Love, he speaks no idle words,
Though sweet as song of morning birds,
As true as prophet's holy breath;
Trust Love, for Love kept faith with me,
He surely will keep faith with thee.

J. H. BROWN.

THE LIBRARY IN EDUCATION.

A GENERATION ago it was still permissible for a university professor of chemistry to tell his class about the corrosiveness of nitric acid, the combustibility of sodium, or the redness of strontium's flame. That kind of thing is past. To-day the facts of chemistry are made subjects of demonstration by the student himself, and in the act of acquiring knowledge he incidentally gains dexterity of hand, accuracy and quickness of eye. Because the text-book no longer stands between him and the facts, he realizes them and their underlying principles as he never could through words alone. A reform which at the top of the ladder has set up laboratories and workshops in the universities, at the bottom has for a century offered children in the kindergarten their most rational and pleasing instruction. Slowly but steadily the intervening rungs of education are being occupied by methods let down from the colleges and carried up from the kindergartens. In Philadelphia, which has the best public school system in America, there is an organic link between every grade of instruction; a little child can begin with the gifts of Froebel, and fifteen years afterwards graduate at the Manual Training School, the Industrial Art School,

or the University of Pennsylvania. Throughout the whole system the value of the eyes, of the fingers, as avenues whereby intelligence is to be drawn out, is never forgotten.

While teachers and professors are to-day more than ever emphatically doers, while it is conceded that "learning is earning," it remains true that books both to teacher and taught are an invaluable aid. Although deposed from the supreme station they once held, they now occupy a place but little lower, and a place broadened by the scope of ideas new in education. Every important observation, experiment, experience in any of the unnumbered fields of science, or of teaching, soon gets itself printed in a book. Thus printed, it is in no sense a substitute for individual use of eyes, hands and brain, but gives all these information, guidance, suggestion, of worth incalculable. Until twenty years ago publishers were content to employ some adroit compiler, some skilled literary artisan, to prepare a series of volumes encompassing the whole circle of knowledge. Compare such a method with that which engaged Professor Asa Gray to write his incomparable text-books of botany, or which asked his successor, Professor Goodale, to write "Concerning a few Common Plants." Libraries are now vastly more helpful than ever, because important classes of books have not only multiplied but have improved immeasurably. Works on physics, geology and other natural sciences are to-day written by men who bring to their direct transcriptions of fact the vital air of experience, of tests suggested through years of successful teaching. In other departments of literature, not so directly educational, a like influence has been at work. Five generations ago Oliver Goldsmith was penning his "Animated Nature." To-day, when a great publishing house decided on issuing such a work, a corps of specialists familiar with beast, bird, fish and insect is organized, and the remotest corners of the earth are explored that no form of life may be too rare to miss faithful illustration. And thus because the literature of science grows even more real and true, books are becoming more useful than ever to the artisan, the chemist, the naturalist. While in the study of architecture, geology, or engineering, the library is of increasing worth as an aid to work and practice, there are fields of research where it becomes the workshop itself. Research in law, history, philosophy, economics, literature generally, can only be pursued where books are gathered together and rightly ordered. Here, too, exacter methods have been at work to secure toil more profit, to make a scholar's paths straight and clear. Hume could write his history with scarcely any examination of original documents on record, and with a partisan bias he took no pains to conceal. In our day Parkman visits the scenes he depicts, converses with the descendants of the men whose story he is to tell, enters into their life by prolonged residence among them; accumulates treatises, despatches and letters by the thousand, and sifts all conflicting evidence with anxious impartiality.

Libraries have therefore come to have a new value in our day, and while within recent years this value was being conferred, a distinctly new conception of library management has been steadily dawning. It used to be thought enough that a librarian should be able to get books, guard them trustily, and give them out as desired. He was gatherer and custodian. The new idea is that he shall so vitalize his library that to make his books attractive and useful shall be his chiefest care. To that end he must know how to order them and indicate their contents that the whole capital entrusted to him shall be instantly available for any inquirer's purpose. He must be able to give seekers guidance, have the tact and sympathy to stimulate research, the kindly enthusiasm which promotes study by inviting it to helpful stepping stones. Such men are animating souls with an influence which stretches far beyond their shelves and cases. With an enlightened demand and appropriate special courses of instruction a race of librarians is springing up in America and Europe, a race as different from the old time jailers of books, as the banker welcoming his customer differs from the miser defending his hoard.

One of the leading spirits in bringing about modern reforms in library administration is Melvil Dewey, now Secretary to the Board of Regents of the University of New York at Albany. Until 1888 Mr. Dewey was Librarian at Columbia College, New York. His predecessor had been the college janitor. When Mr. Dewey's five years of service came to an end he left the library more than doubled in extent, and in arrangement and management the best in the world. From occupying several inadequate rooms scattered about the building, accessible only a few hours in the week, the books now fill the handsomest hall in New York,—a hall perfectly ventilated, sumptuously furnished, lighted by electricity, and open fourteen hours a day. Mr. Dewey, whose organized mind has in effect created this superb library, is the author of what is known as the "Decimal Classification" for libraries. According to this ingenious system, literature is divided into ten great departments, each of which is given its numeral. This numeral, which for example, is 7 for fine arts, is always the first figure in a book's number. The second denotes a subdivision; books on music have numbers beginning 7, 8; a further subdivision decides the third figure; volumes of vocal music, and works relating thereto, have numbers commencing with 7, 8, 4. These numbers, which can be extended to express any desired minuteness of classification, readily lend themselves to a shelf arrangement—which while self-explanatory is the simplest conceivable. At Columbia, and the other numerous libraries where the decimal system is adopted, card catalogues of the ordinary alphabetical

kind are used in a supplementary way. When one is hunting down a subject at Columbia, the cross-references given under a special heading name not only books wherein a relevant chapter may be found, but also make mention of helpful pamphlets and available newspaper cuttings. A beginning has been made in another most important direction, that of weighing and assessing the comparative values of books. When a reader can ascertain which authors are most trustworthy, which best for introductory, or for advanced study, an economy of effort must result which will double the library's worth. By co-operation between the world's great libraries there is promise that before many years elapse this appraisal of literature will be complete and universal.

Under Mr. Dewey's hand nothing about even the make-up of a book was allowed to remain accidental. At Columbia the colours of the bindings are significant, not as in the British museum of special subjects, but to declare the language in which a book is written. In the departments of art and science a chronological order is observed in the disposal of books, so that a reader sees at a glance the historical development of navigation or horticulture. As befits a time when so much of the best literature comes out as magazine and review, there is an extensive department of serials, accompanied by sets of indexes complete to their issues. Throughout the library the intent pursued seems to be the perfecting of arrangement and indication, so that whatsoever a librarian can put into fact or place on record is so put or placed. Cases however often arise when one fairly conversant with his books requires to consult a librarian. The result is always most satisfactory. He proves courteous, obliging, and thoroughly informed. At Mr. Dewey's instance Columbia College established a department of library economy; under his instruction classes constantly increasing in extent were prepared for library management according to the newest and best methods. His class, now expanded into a school, has followed him to Albany, where the course annually grows in scope and usefulness. When in New York his off-hand addresses to the college students on the art of reading, the art of remembering and recording, and how to get most good out of a library were attended with an interest rarely won in class-room or laboratory. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence and other American cities it is now common to find reference lists prepared at the public libraries for the assistance of students and others attending lectures, or for ordinary readers who have taken up some special branch of history, art, or political economy. Mr. W. E. Foster, of the Providence Library, has in this way written a complete and most suggestive little pamphlet which the Society for Political Education, New York, is to publish next month. It will give references to the whole literature of the United States Constitution, its sources, its commentaries and interpretations. Mr. Foster is one of the new generation of librarians, and his pamphlet while a most notable labour-saver to the student, is a striking object lesson in the art of reading with a purpose.

When Mr. Dewey went to Albany to enter the service of the State, a good many of his friends in New York feared that his usefulness would be sadly diminished. They were mistaken. He has infused new life into the University of New York. That university, it may be needful to say, dates from the foundation of the American Union, and conforms to the same idea of federation. As the Government of the United States is to the individual States which compose it, so is the University of New York to the colleges and high schools within the borders of the Empire State. Without being a teaching body, its purpose is to supervise teaching, maintain high and uniform standards of education, and serve as a means of helpful co-operation between all the institutions under its care. In his new and larger field Mr. Dewey finds the amplest opportunity for his organizing genius and splendid executive ability. It will be sufficient here to set forth his programme as far as it is in line with his former activities. He finds on the shelves of the State Library 150,000 volumes, and two-thirds as many duplicates. These latter, with the duplicates which have accumulated in other libraries of New York, he is to make useful for a well-devised plan of exchanges and sale. Hereafter any school officer in the State can receive by post or express from Albany any book on the shelves of the State Library. Any extract from a legal or other tome will be made for small cost, and if desired, will be notarially attested as correct before transmission; often saving an expensive journey to a student, author, or lawyer. For villages and small towns he will put into effect an idea which originated in Australia, and which, applied to museum collections as well as to books, has been most satisfactorily tested in Great Britain. This is the selecting of two or three hundred volumes and sending them to a settlement too small to have a local library; there a school house gives the books shelter and a teacher gives them distribution. At a year's end they are to be gathered in and sent to Albany for necessary renewal and repair, when the process will be repeated. In this way even the poorest hamlets will have their schools united to libraries, a union which in every field of education is acknowledged to be most vital.

GEORGE ILES.

It is about settled that the oldest newspaper now published in the United States is the *Maryland Gazette*, of Annapolis, the first number of which appeared January 17, 1745.

THE RAMBLER.

THE dramatization of "Moths"—author, Ouida—revealed some very curious points last week to those present at the McDowell performance. You would think that novels like that extravagant lady's should dramatize easily and well, be fairly brilliant and attractive at all events even if more highly seasoned than some of us quite like. "Moths," however, revealed great discrepancies. There was something so funny in the members of the McDowell Company, hardworking supers, scarcely promoted to more than a passing acquaintance with the stage and its traditions, trying to look superbly Russian, preternaturally innocent and extravagantly depraved. The meek young gentleman in broadcloth, always talking to the flies with his back to the audience, and very pink and white and clean, made such a remarkable "Corrèze," one of Ouida's strongest creations. Then the inuendo which the Duchesse de Sonnaz tried to throw into her unthankful part was so elaborate, so very *bien-entendu*, none could possibly have mistaken it for anything else. Which of course is what the young lady wished, when you come to think of it. A very wicked person was the Russian Princess, Miss Vincent by name, who delivered her lines to the gallery in the most fetching American accent, and was superbly arrayed in rhinestones, black velvet—een and hair *poudrée*. There was a splendid serf, very dirty, very unkempt and quite barbaric. There was snow falling outside the window, a first-class fire on the hearth, and a display of costly furs which carried one positively to scenes Alaskan. Nevertheless the little company had such an element of "go" in it that the performance as a whole went briskly and creditably, and Mr. McDowell as Lord Jura, created quite a sensation among the ladies present when he died in his shirtsleeves front centre stage. The pretty Fanny Reeves tried her best to whistle, smoke a cigarette, and enact the fast American heiress generally, but her English accent is too genuine and permanent, and her entire personality too delicate and refined for such a delineation. She is not a mimic. Miss Arthurs is a Canadian, and a rather charming brunette. Her acting has some latent power in it, and she may be heard of again.

I see that the author of the musical notes appended to Mr. Torrington's programme for the orchestral concert the other night, speaks of the setting to the "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presumably as a whole, and including the famous "Wedding March," as composed by Mendelssohn in his eighteenth year. This is probably an inadvertence of which Mr. Parkhurst is now quite conscious. The Overture alone was written in 1826, between July 7 and August 6, with which latter date the score is signed. Three years later it was performed in London at the Argyll Rooms, June 24, Mid-summer night, and upon returning from the concert the score was lost, left in a hackney coach. Seventeen years later—i.e., when Mendelssohn was thirty-four, the rest of the music was written; twelve numbers—"Scherzo," "Fairy March," "You Spotted Snakes," for two sopranos and chorus, "Melo-drama," "Intermezzo," "Melo-drama," "Notturmo," "Andante," "Wedding March," "Allegro Commodo," "Bergomask Dance," "Finale." Its first performance at the Philharmonic was under the composer's direction, May 27, 1844.

Joseph Bennett is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a popular and hard-working librettist and furnisher of Cantata Books. He is also regarded as a conscientious writer upon many musical subjects, particularly biography. But his claims as an original author are not always satisfactory. He is collaborating just now in the *English Illustrated Magazine* with a young composer of Scotch extraction, Hamish MacCunn, in a Cycle of Love-Lyrics. The latest effusion contains this pleasant and polished stanza—

Yet still ye say she's dead!
And my heart is heavy as lead!
On my brow a cold sweat stands;
I wipe it with trembling hands.

"The Ring of Amasis," Lord Lytton's psychological novel, also running in these pages, has created but little interest. The world has soon outgrown both the Lyttons as perhaps they themselves divined it would. At their best, as in "Kenelm Chillingly," or "The Caxtons," and in the more natural portions of "Lucile," they will still find readers, but they tend to be forgotten. There is a dismal air about this "Ring of Amasis," that works not in with the modern mind and method. Hugh Conway scored a great success in quasi-psychological tales, because he was so direct, so manly, so English. The mystic German school has never, I fancy, been generally popular in England. Jean Paul Richter has never found many men to appreciate him, however ardent the young women who frequent circulating libraries may be in praise of his transcendental style of love-making, living and dying. To the English mind there is always a tinge of hypocrisy in the German mystic as he appears in books compared with the German student and man of letters, as he is found in Heidelberg and Leipzig. The obsolescence of Jean Paul Richter is becoming evident to the German nation itself. A writer in *Unsere Zeit*, remarks at some length upon the decadence of the purely emotional side among modern women, and women have been the greatest admirers of Richter in every decade:—

"Jean Paul is indeed a great poet in his descriptions of nature. They are alive with the fiery swing of the ode, with a certain pantheistic world feeling, and we need not wonder if he captivated the hearts of similarly attuned women by this means also.

"Nowadays he could not do this. The time has become more sober. Our women have lost that emotional elasticity. They will let pass a pleasant and beautiful landscape that merits its fame, and perhaps also take an æsthetic delight in it; but there is no longer among us a vestige of "nature devotion": that has long been swept away by our superficial social accomplishments. But as regards that sensitiveness that was not without a morbid trait and had but little in common with genuine feeling, we may remark that it did not cross the threshold of this century, certainly did not extend beyond its first decade. It yielded its place at that time to the fancy and irony of romanticism. It is difficult to transport ourselves back to that epoch when not alone love was sentimental, but also friendship. Our women, also, can no longer understand that extravagance of feeling, and in this regard Jean Paul has indeed become obsolete.

"But what, moreover, made him especially esteemed by the women of his time was the wealth of maxims and thoughts that were attached like so many glittering jewels to the garment carelessly thrown over his poetical works, or often also independently preserved in some dazzling receptacle; there were among them cutting epigrams and dreamily opalescent gems of feeling. These permitted of being separated and woven into one's own garb. And in this way Jean Paul is still known to the women of the present. Maxims and mottos, reflections taken from his writings, solitary flowers from the rich magic garden of his genius, are still to be met in numerous anthologies, so that we need not read his complete works."

Viewed in this light, the "Ring of Amasis," fails to kindle more than a passing interest. The signature, "Earl of Lytton," is comparatively unimportant beside those of David Christie Murray, or Walter Besant, or any of the delightful Englishmen whose qualities are those of the modern romanticist, hearty, healthy, happy and humorous.

Mr. Edmund Gosse reminds "those who make it their pious duty to place memorial tablets on the dwellings of the illustrious dead" that 19 Warwick-crescent has very strong claims, inasmuch as Robert Browning lived there from the time of his return out of Italy, after the death of his wife in 1861, until he removed to 29 De Vere-gardens, in the summer of 1887. "Eighteen separate volumes of Browning's verse were cradled in this house," and, adds Mr. Gosse, "surely some will like in future years to make pilgrimages to the pleasant little house in which 'The Ring and the Book' was written."

This "pleasant little house" is one of a pretty row in a picturesque and very quiet street. I was at the time of my last visit to England visiting a musical friend who lived next door to the poet, Madame Whyte, a delightful professional pianist and teacher, who entertained in a singularly pleasant manner. She spoke of her illustrious neighbour almost as soon as we met, and I recollect, how across the clatter of five o'clock tea-cups, and the soft notes of her young friends' voices, I kept wondering where Browning was, and what he was doing at that identical moment. "In the garden" my hostess said; "he will walk for a very long time in that garden of his with a large soft hat on when it is too sunny, but frequently without a hat at all. He is very active, and goes out at least once a day in all sorts of weather. Perhaps if you care to sit at this window a little while, steadily, you may just catch a glimpse of his hat across all that green."

I sat down obediently and waited. The pretty London amateur pupils all around me sang songs of Tosti, Piniuti, Sullivan and Maude Valerie White, but I scarcely heeded them. To be so near Browning, and alas, not even to catch a glimpse of his "hat" after all! The drawing-room, which, as is so frequent in England, was upstairs, looked directly at the back into a delicious green-walled garden, and I watched the play of light and shadow upon the box and ivy and geranium and lobelia and three great oleanders, and a laburnum, the latter all in yellow, for it was just the middle of the May-time. But my devotion had to go unrewarded. However, as about six o'clock I was leaving Madame Whyte's presence, I saw three large canvases going into "next door," i.e. "Browning's." These were by his son, and candidly, were so bad that I fled in stupefaction.

The poet's son has progressed since then, but there was at that period of his career, a brusqueness, a wildness, a *bizarre* touch in all he did which must have occasionally reminded people of his great father's love of eccentric and unconventional literary form.

The N. Y. *Nation* is nothing if not trenchant and its criticism in the issue of March 13, dealing with Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard" would do credit to the *Saturday Review*. All the same, I have a suspicion that the *Nation* in living up to its code of relentless, severe and absolutely truthful criticism may sometimes make a mistake. "Dollard," says the *Nation*, "is an artificial, theatrical person." There is an "hysterical love affair," and a "melodramatic mystery," and a great deal more of the same kind. Was it not the *Critic* who called the book the production of a woman of genius? How is the reading public going to reconcile two such contrasting opinions?

The same number of the *Nation* is remarkable further as containing a spirited letter from Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, on the subject of copyright. The article is too good to quote from as it should be judged as a whole, but it is significant that an appeal to the American people not to oppose the Chace bill is made by a Canadian. Here is one passage which carries truth with it in every line: "In

books alone free foreign labour is encouraged to supplant American labour. And it does supplant it to an amazing degree. The American mind is not nourished upon American literature, but upon British literature. Look through the immense lists of books in the cheap libraries; you will find no American names. It is nothing to the point to say that British authors receive nothing out of that enormous mass of literature; neither do American authors, for it takes the place of American literature and displaces just so much of native work. Your wives and daughters read of deans and canons, and dukes and lords, of kings and queens and courts, and their ideas are formed, in spite of their surroundings, upon a state of society un-American. The British author is teaching them gratis. The men are saved by the daily newspapers—for the Sunday newspapers are now largely occupied with foreign syndicate matter also."

And further on Mr. Dawson observes, with a quiet humour not entirely devoid of sarcasm, that "in spite of everything, American literature is advancing—not as the literature of a nation of fifty millions ought to advance, for its discouragements are many, but yet it is advancing, and Canadian printers will every year have more and more of selection to reprint from. The population of Canada is about four millions, while your population is over fifty millions. We have more of a literature than you suppose; but much of it is French, and the same causes which have retarded your literary growth so long are acting with redoubled force upon ours, so that we shall have nothing to lose in comparison to you. We shall be able to give the people of the United States cheap editions of their own authors upon Canadian paper, as Belgium did for a long time of France, and all your custom-houses cannot keep them out, for the intercourse between Canada and the United States is incessant, and you say the people must and will have cheap books. We shall become public benefactors to that needy nation, and enable the poorest American citizen to nourish his intellect with pure American thought uncontaminated with the monarchism of Europe—free from the influence of deans and canons and dukes and peers and such like people—disturbing to American ideas. What a career you are preparing for the Canadian printers when you oppose the Chace bill."

ART NOTES.

THE Fine Art Exhibition held at Dundee has been a gratifying success. The sales amounted to nearly thirty-two thousand dollars.

ERNEST CHESNEAU, the French art critic, who did so much to spread a knowledge of English art achievements among his unappreciative countrymen, died on the 21st ult. His "History of English Painting" is a well written and widely read book, and has perhaps done as much to soften the international antagonism as any book of its day.

At a sale at Christie and Manson's, Romney's picture of Lady Hamilton as "Contemplation" fetched the high price of five thousand five hundred dollars, and his portrait of Mr. Butler fetched the still higher price of nine thousand one hundred dollars, while Reynolds' whole length portrait of Gen. Morgan sold for only one thousand six hundred dollars, and his Death of Dido for two thousand one hundred dollars. From this it appears that Romney's long-neglected pictures are rising to a high value.

A DISTINGUISHED Academician, whose name is for the present withheld, writes the *Athenæum*, says that the illustrated periodicals and magazines are making heavy demands on the popular artists of the day for sketches, drawings, and designs of their exhibited and forthcoming pictures, for which the said magazines do not give any remuneration, and that this growing evil is getting to be a burden on the artistic community which is the harder to bear when the said pictures return from the Exhibition unsold.

MR. ALLINGHAM and Mr. Hodson have been elected full members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. In both cases the honour is thought to be well bestowed, but a considerable amount of grumbling has taken place over the election of Mr. Henry as an Associate of the same body, inasmuch as a competitive exhibition has been held to which Mr. Henry did not condescend to send, but he was elected over the heads of all the exhibitors, who justly feel that they have been insulted by the action of the Society.

MORLAND's picture of the "Mask" is attracting much attention at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, while the exhibition of Wilson's landscapes is bringing that artist into favour again. His "Sion House" is spoken of as equal to any landscapes there, and the anecdote connected with it is being again repeated. It appears that it was a commission from the King, but Lord Bute objected to the price (sixty pounds) Wilson demanded when the picture was finished. "Well," said Wilson, "if his Majesty can't afford to pay sixty pounds at once I will take it in instalments." This remark cost Wilson the Royal patronage.

ROSA BONHEUR, seeing in an advertisement that a picture attributed to her was to be sold by auction, attended the sale, and found that it was a very bad daub, to which she was an entire stranger. She not only refused to let it be sold as her work, but had the name taken off it there and then. However, the public will still go on buying pictures at auction without any kind of authentication. It is not at all uncommon for auctioneers in this part of the world to give any name to a picture which strikes their fancy at the time.

TEMPLAR.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

Sparks from the anvil! sunlight gilds the plain!
Gentles! the Blacksmith is at work again.

'Tis often better far to be
Executor than legatee.

Men argue not when borne on Power's o'erwhelming tide—
But prate of justice when they're on the weaker side.

Less shameful 'tis, with some, to play the rogue thro' life,
Than eat a simple hot potato with a knife.

The motto of the billiard room's "Ware hawk,"
When challeng'd by the man who carries chalk.

Men will fight for religion—nay, generously give to it;
They will thirst for it, die for it—yea, aught but live to it.

A radian bliss! O patriarchal joys!
That knew not telephones—nor butcher-boys.

Land of the Three Isles! Land of Song and Story.
The grass is worn on Britain's path to glory.

The Virgin's fortress totters to the plain,
When Fear, not Virtue, is the châteline.

Your Communist is always worse than poor;
Once rich, and he's a Communist no more.

The Parsons—bless their hearts—are human, like the rest;
Heaven mostly calls them where the pay is best.

Tears lend the human heart a happier tone,
Whilst laughter's echo's often but a moan.

The rich man's kinsmen flatter—till he's dead;
They speak their minds after his will is read.

The crafty bill-collector knows the time o' day.
He knocks in view of all the neighbours 'cross the way.

The proudest man will often humbleness affect;
Humility is but the Pride of Self-Respect.

The average funeral—O mockery of woe—
Is nothing save an Undertaker's show.

A brother errs—how virtuous is our tone;
The same sin's not worth mentioning—when our own.

A large head's often but the damning strain
Of Genius—or of Water on the Brain.

Plodder's the lad who would if he could,
Genius, the sprite who could if he would.

To people writing verses (true, none heed 'em):
Don't button-hole your business friends to read 'em.

"Late! late! so late!"—sweetly the song he sang
At one a.m. to charming, dark-eyed Kate;
And, from above, paternal accents rang,
"Late! late! so late! Yes, dammy! 'tis so late."

The fix'd opinion in those halls
Where gibbering madmen bide
Is that the bulk of lunatics
Dwell on the outer side.

He boasted not the calm, reflective mind
That halts ere flinging reason to the wind,
For did a friend but smile while passing by,
He caught the glance of treason in his eye.

A man-child's birth,
A plaintive cry;
Fair boyhood's mirth,
A lover's sigh;
Strong manhood's hour
(How soon 'tis gone),
Then wisdom's dower,
And Life is done.

Steal but a paltry dollar, and
Men look at you askance;
Make it a million—then you're a
Napoleon of Finance.

Of the people who dwell to the south of our borders,
We are Kinsmen, not Lovers—and can never be one;
Apart lies our future, and He will afford us
The help of His arm till our destiny's done.
We like them; but yet are their ways not as our ways;
There, the marriage tie's but as a tale that is told,
There the Bench and the Forum are equally powerless,
Where Justice and Honour are bartered for gold.
Peace, an' they will—nay, more, a friendly hand,
But not one foot of our Canadian land.

"A bas McCarthy! a bas the firebrand!"
(Thus Gallic Anglophobia shrieks in ire)
"Firebrand" is good—we want such in this land
To start the dual language funeral-pyre.

Oh, not in the accents of hate do we say it,
Our future demands it, nor may we deny,
'Tis the march of a nation, and none shall withstay it,
Though sentiment plead that the chalice pass by;
Canadians are we—nor Protester nor Roman
But shall have equal voice in the nation's refrain,
No Canadian is he, but his country's worst foe man,
Who is deaf to the voice of the patriot's strain.
One God! one Language! and one Law!
Loud sound the slogan-cry;
Our laws be sung in the English tongue,
Or the bayonet, by-and-by.

Silent the anvil! Shadows veil the plain,
Gentles! a fair good night—we meet again.

THE BLACKSMITH.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MME. MODJESKA says (in *The Arena*) that before her debut in London Wilson Barrett had the city posted with bills bearing only her name, and adds: "Though my name had been mentioned in the papers, it was yet unknown to the great majority of people. 'What is Modjeska? Is it alive?' was one of the questions I heard in a car. Some guessers thought it a tooth-wash, or some exotic cosmetic for the face."

COQUELIN is to take Mme. Judic to South America with him on his coming tour, but he has taken care to sign a very cast-iron sort of contract with her. His experience with Jane Hading on his last trip is said to have given him a horror of theatrical tours with women of genius. Judic will pay a heavy forfeit if she does not obey Coquelin's directions.

CAMPANINI, who has not sung in opera since he lost \$90,000 by bringing out "Othello," about four years ago, had given up hope of being anything more than a concert singer, when he was told by a specialist a month ago that he had a hardening of the membranes in his throat which might be removed. For a fortnight he had several operations performed, and already he is beginning to feel the result, so that he is encouraged to believe that he will soon reappear in opera, with his voice as good as it was a dozen years ago. He is only forty-four years old.

FRANK DAVIDS, who used to play "Duke Plaza-Toro" in D'Oyly Carte's "Gondoliers" at Palmer's New York Theatre, left because Mr. Carte remonstrated with him for interpolating a few lines in his very stupid part. "If you don't like the manuscript as it was given to you," said Carte, "you know what you can do." Mr. Davids immediately contracted to play the part with John Stetson's Company, and left Mr. Carte without a "Duke"; or at least, with one who is a mere nonentity in the cast. If Mr. Carte be so sensitive in regard to changes in Gilbert's sacred manuscript, he should very carefully keep away from the Broad Street Theatre, where Francis Wilson, aided and abetted by his entire company, is nightly tearing a dozen different sorts of stripes out of the original lines of "The Gondoliers."

The following are some of Von Bülow's Boston programmes:—For the first concert: J. Seb. Bach, *Fantasia chromatique et Fugue*; W. A. Mozart, *Sonata F major*; Felix Mendelssohn, *17 Variations sérieuses*, op. 54; Robert Schumann, *The Carnival of Vienna*, op. 26; Fr. Chopin, a, *Notturmo*, op. 9, no. 3, B major, b, *3 Mazurkas* from op. 50, 55, c, *Polonaise*, op. 44, F sharp minor, d, *Tarantella*, op. 43. The programme for the second concert is: Joh. Brahms, *third grand sonata*, op. 5, F minor; G. Haendel, a, *Prelude and Fugue*, D minor, b, *Aria con Variazioni*, D minor, c, *Grande Gigue*, G minor; W. A. Mozart, a, *Andante*, b, *Rondo*, A minor, c, *Menuet e Gigue*; F. Mendelssohn, a, *Prelude e Fugue*, op. 35, no. 1, E minor, b, *Capriccio*, op. 5, F sharp minor; Robert Schumann, *Grand Fantaisie*, op. 17; F. Chopin, *Allegro de concert*, op. 46, A major. The programme for the third concert is: Franz Schubert, *Sonata*, op. 42, A minor; Joh. Brahms, *two Rhapsodies*, op. 79, B Minor, G Minor; Rubinstein, *Prelude e Fugue*, op. 53, no. 3; Tchaikowsky, *Tema con Variazioni*, op. 18, no. 6; F. Chopin, *Grand Sonata*, op. 58, B minor; J. Raff, a, selection from "Frühlingsboten," op. 55 (*Intermezzo—Notturmo, Fughette, Reveire*), b, *Scherzo*, op. 74, no. 2, c, *valse*, op. 54, no. 1, d, *polka* from op. 71; F. Liszt, a, "Ricordanza" *Etude de Concert*, b, *Polonaise*, E major.

It has been reported that the French Government intends to forbid the performance of the "Passion Play," a religious drama, which was to be given at the Odeon Theatre, in Paris, with Sarah Bernhardt in the character of the Virgin. The great actress was anxious to play the character of the Virgin, after having obtained success in her role of Joan of Arc. She asked M. Haramcourt, a young and well-known poet, to write for her the "Majesty of the Passion," which was to be represented at the Odeon only two or three times during the week preceding Easter. The whole drama has been written in 1,500 lines, which are full of poetry. It is a literary work quite different from "Passion Play" as represented at the famous German village of Oberammergau. The play is divided into two *chanta* or acts—the first entitled "The Son of the Man" and the second "The Sons of the Men." Each act is itself divided into three parts or tableaux. In the first act the poet starts from the principle that a man who is superior is forcibly endowed with an intelligence which leads him to love his fellow-beings, but as he sees them unhappy he suffers; hence the three sub-divisions—(1) Idea, (2) Love and (3) Grief. The first subdivision represents Jesus entering the Temple and driving away the Pharisees. The Virgin cannot enter the Temple, but sees her son going down the steps and followed by an enthusiastic crowd. The second represents the Lord's Supper, and the third shows Jesus in the Garden. He goes to sleep, and on awakening he sees Mary at his side. This is the principal scene of the play.

"MODERN pianoforte music demands a degree of physical strength and endurance which is very seldom found in a young and delicately-built woman. The critic would, in the majority of cases, accept the situation tranquilly, if such budding pianists would only choose the numbers of a concert programme with reference to their strength. Since it has become the fashion—that is the world for it—to play Bach and Schumann at all concerts, every half-grown girl, who is perhaps just capable of playing the little

things of Mendelssohn and Chopin, believes that she should exhibit herself in the most difficult compositions of Schumann and Bach. If the physical strength of our concert-giving rosebuds is in rare cases sufficient for the task the intellectual power is seen to be sadly insufficient. He who in daily and artistic life has not gained experience through pain and sorrow, who turns about in a little circle his thoughts and feelings which are as free from care and harmless as a rondo by Haydn—he had better for years to come leave the music of Schumann untouched. The rich complications of Schumann's piano style, with its fine ramifications, and the deep passion of his music, a passion only relieved by humour which smiles through tears—these very characteristics should warn off young hands which are all too small. And yet our young girls are accustomed to celebrate their appearance in public after they are 'through with their lessons' by making these hazardous experiments. After a young and weak pianist has chosen for her first concert Beethoven's E flat major Concerto, Liszt's Rhapsodies, etc., another one chooses Schumann's 'Kreisleriana,' Chopin's F minor Concerto, one of the most difficult compositions in modern pianoforte literature. And so a girl, whose blood is still lukewarm, and whose voice is still uncultivated, will sing at her debut Schumann's 'Stiller Liebe' (from Op. 35), a song which demands the most cunning declamation and the great depth of fervour which comes from heart and experience." It is thirty years since the above words were written, but are they not true to-day? Do not our young pianists, both male and female, attempt that which is far beyond their grasp? And is not the public too easily satisfied if the pianist plays the greater number of the written notes?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

RUBY DANA. A novel. By Mary Marsh Baker. New York: John B. Alden.

The hero of this story is a young minister who afterwards becomes a college professor of Natural History, and the heroine is a young woman who studies "Divinity" and becomes a preacher. The book is neither better nor worse than scores of others issued almost daily from American publishing houses. In style, matter or plot we can find nothing in it to justify its existence.

LIFE OF MILTON. By Richard Garnett, LL.D. "Great Writers." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.

The principal difference of opinion in this biography and Mark Pattison's excellent study of Milton in the "English Men of Letters" series, is the high importance Dr. Garnett attaches to the poet's controversial writings and political services. "There is," he says, "no doubt something grating and unwelcome in the descent of the scholar from regions of serene culture to fierce political and religious broils. But to regret with Pattison that Milton should . . . have turned aside from poetry to controversy is to regret that 'Paradise Lost' should exist. Such a work could not have proceeded from one indifferent to the public weal, and if Milton had been capable of forgetting the citizen in the man of letters, we may be sure that 'a little grain of conscience' would ere long have 'made him sour.' It is sheer literary fanaticism to speak with Pattison of 'the prostitution of genius to party.' Milton is as much the idealist in his prose as in his verse; and although in his pamphlets he sides with one of the two great parties in the State, it is not as its instrument, but as its prophet and monitor. He himself tells us that controversy is entirely repugnant to him."

LIFE OF GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. By T. W. Rolleston. "Great Writers." London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Co.

This little volume gives an excellent account of one who was undoubtedly the greatest literary influence of his time in Germany. Lessing is the most striking and powerful figure in the transition period between the intellectual lethargy and stagnation that followed the Thirty Years' War and the later age adorned by the genius of Goethe and Schiller. As a critic in the sphere of *Belles Lettres* his influence was far-reaching and effective; and as a dramatist he emancipated the German drama from its thralldom to French influence, and taught his countrymen that "the English stage offered them morals more congenial than the French." In 1755, in his twenty-seventh year, "his fame as a poet and critic was solidly established. All over Germany he was loved, admired, feared, anything but disregarded. He had fitted himself for half a dozen different careers, and no man, not even himself, could tell which he would choose to abide in. As a matter of fact he choose none of them; for, pioneer as he was in many regions, he settled nowhere; his restless energy drove him ever to new explorations, and it was left for other men to build and sow and reap in the clearings hewn by his great arm." His "Minna von Barnhelm," produced in 1766, which Frederick the Great, with his characteristic contempt for everything German in literature, could never be induced to read, "was German through and through—events, characters, manners and sentiments; and on all these was shed that ideal light which the popular and native German literature theretofore so deeply lacked." In 1781 he died after a life of tireless literary activity. "A manlier character there is not in the whole history of literature. And he knew how to turn his sorrow into labour, to dull the sense of earthly losses by the pursuit of ideal aims. . . . He loved battles, and he had many battles, and he

was victorious in every one of them. He loved friendship and no man had ever warmer and worthier friends. He had fame, if he cared for that; and before his death he had what he certainly did care for—the sight of a new generation, full of buoyancy, genius and hope, addressing itself to the tasks to which he had summoned it.”

SYLVIE AND BRUNO. By Lewis Carroll. With forty-six illustrations by Harry Furniss. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Readers who have been delighted with Mr. Carroll's stories of "Alice in Wonderland" will welcome another fairy-tale by the same author, but we are afraid the peculiar construction of "Sylvie and Bruno" may make it, for some at least, a little puzzling at the outset. In his preface the author gives an interesting account of the genesis of this book. Two chapters are a reprint of a little fairy-tale written in 1867 for *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. In 1874 the idea first occurred to him of making this tale the nucleus of a longer story. As the years went on he "jotted down, at odd moments, all sorts of odd ideas, and fragments of dialogue," that occurred to him. "Sometimes," he says, "one could trace to their source these random flashes of thought—as being suggested by the book one was reading, or struck out from the flint of one's mind by the 'steel' of a friend's chance remark—but they had also a way of their own, of occurring, *à propos* of nothing—specimens of that hopelessly illogical phenomenon, 'an effect without a cause' . . .

And thus it came to pass that I found myself at last in possession of a huge unwieldy mass of literature—if the reader will kindly excuse the spelling—which only required the stringing together, upon the thread of a consecutive story, to constitute the book I hoped to write. Only the task, at first, seemed absolutely hopeless, and gave me a far clearer idea than ever I had before of the meaning of the word chaos; and I think it must have been ten years, or more, before I had succeeded in classifying these odds-and-ends sufficiently to see what sort of a story they indicated: for the story had to grow out of the incidents, not the incidents out of the story." Mr. Carroll suggests two interesting puzzles to his readers, to discover the three consecutive lines of "padding" in a certain passage and "to determine, as to the gardener's song, in which cases (if any) the stanza was adapted to the surrounding text, and in which (if any) the text was adapted to the stanza."

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES: Founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, B.A., Lond.; Hon. M. A. Oxon; LL.D., Edin.; D. C. L. Dunelm, etc., sometime President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Part V. Cast—Clivy. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan and Company. \$3.25.

As this colossal work progresses its vastness and the labour it involves become more apparent, and if one regrets one is not disposed to complain of the long intervals between the parts. This part takes up somewhat more than three hundred and fifty large pages of three columns each. It contains 5966 Main words, 1031 Combinations with separate explanations and 1374 Subordinate words; in all 8371. Over twenty columns are devoted to the first word *Cast* "the largest space yet claimed by any single word in the Dictionary." This part contains many of the great words of the Christian Church, the word *Church* alone, with its compounds occupying twenty columns. Among noteworthy words treated of in this part is *Caucus*, on the etymology of which however very little light is thrown. The Indian derivation suggested by Dr. J. H. Turnbull will scarcely obtain acceptance. The origin of *Cent* as used in the monetary systems of Canada and the United States is thus accounted for: "Apparently the first mention of *cent* occurs in the letter of Robert Morris to the U. S. Congress in 1782 suggesting that the American monetary unit should be the $\frac{1}{100}$ of a dollar, and that a coin equal to 100 of these or $\frac{1}{100}$ of a dollar (about $\frac{3}{4}$ d. Eng.) should be made and called a *cent*. This proposal was not taken up, but it may have suggested the name 'cent' for the coin— $\frac{1}{100}$ of a dollar ordained by the Continental Congress on 8th August, 1782. There exists however an American copper token, commonly called the *Washington cent*, bearing on one side a wreath with the legend 'Washington and independence' and date, '1783'; and on the other the words 'one cent,' and the exergue $\frac{1}{100}$. But it is not certain that 1783 represents the date of issue; this token was probably struck as late as 1789, the date 1783 being merely that of the conclusion of the War of Independence. Previously to the coining of the cent, or $\frac{1}{100}$ of a dollar, and down to 1789, accounts were kept in dollars and ninetieths, a relic of the time when the Spanish piastre or piece of eight reals, called by the colonists 'dollar,' was worth 7s. 6d. (90 pence) of the money of account of Maryland and Pennsylvania."

The March number of the new magazine, *The Arena*, amply fulfils the promise of its predecessors. The frontispiece is a portrait of Howard Crosby who contributes a characteristic article on "Rum and the Rum Power." Helena Modjeska, of whom also there is a portrait, continues her "Reminiscences of Debuts in Different Lands." In this number the first of a "No Name" series of articles appears, entitled "The Glory of To-day." A

striking poem, "Pan's Revenge," by Rev. M. J. Savage; "The Extinction of Shakespeare," by A. C. Wheeler, and the opening chapters of a story, "Ungava," by W. H. H. Murray are some other features of this number.

"COMMUNISM," by the eminent French publicist, Emile de Laveleye is the opening paper in the March *Contemporary*. Malcolm MacColl contributes an interesting sketch of the late Dr. Von Döllinger, and Joseph Thomson writes of "The Results of European Intercourse with the African." In "Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" Andrew Lang sharply criticises a conclusion of Grant Allen's in the January *Fortnightly*, and in "A Plea for the Publishers," Dr. Jessopp speaks some salutary truths to grumbling authors. "Anglo-Catholicisms, the Old and New," by Principal Fairbairn; "The Taxation of Ground Rents," by J. Fletcher Moulton; "Reminiscences of a Church Rate Struggle," by Mary Stedman Aldis; "Free Schools and Public Management," by E. Lyulph Stanley, and a letter to the editor on "The Four Oxford History Lectures," by Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers complete the number.

We have received the first number of the *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, a new quarterly established to take the place formerly filled by the *Presbyterian Review* which, after an existence of ten years, has been discontinued. The new quarterly is published by Anson D. F. Randolph and Co., New York and is conducted by an able editorial staff which includes Principal Caven of Knox College. It takes its stand "by the Standards of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches." It will "maintain and enforce Presbyterian polity as against Episcopacy and Congregationalism—Calvinistic Doctrine as against Lutheranism and Arminianism;" but it will heartily unite with all evangelical denominations in presenting a united and aggressive front to Romanism, Socinianism, Rationalism and Communism." President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, contributes to this number an article "On Preaching," and Rev. Dr. Kellogg of this city a thoughtful paper on "A Tendency of the Times." The review of Venn's *Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic* is by Prof. Baldwin of Toronto University.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY will publish at once "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome, the rising English humorist, author of "Three Men in a Boat."

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY announce for early publication a large work on "Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands," with descriptions by Mrs. Francis Sinclair, and forty four plates painted in water colours.

"THE Old Poetic Guild in Ireland" is the subject of a curiously illustrated paper, in the *Century* for April, by Charles de Kay, who, for years, has made a special study of Irish lore. The cuts include drawings by Alexander and Bacher.

THE discussion on anonymity in journalism will be continued in the March *New Review* with extracts from letters by Labouchere, Lang, Justin McCarthy, Grant Allen and others; and Mr. Allen also contributes an article on the "Origin of Animals."

It is said that but two people in London know who "Stipniak" is, one of the two being Mr. William Westall, the novelist, who has been his collaborator. He lives in London, and that is practically all anybody knows save these two, who guard the secret very carefully.

MISS SARAH ORME JEWETT, who has been spending the winter in Florida, contributes to the April *Scribner's* a story entitled "The New Methuselah," describing the efforts of an eccentric New England philosopher to rear a child according to theories that would prolong its life for several centuries.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP, the acute Boston musical critic, in the April *Scribner's*, makes a sharp attack on those "Wagnerian Extremists" whose faith in the Master's Formula seems "rather of the mediæval sort, as based more upon the miracles the prophet worked, than upon any unbiassed sifting of his preaching."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has just established a new sort of Toynbee Hall in Gordon Square, it is said, where the new religion, as outlined in "Robert Elsmere," is to be taught. "Mrs. Ward is high priestess of the new church, and Dr. Martineau and Stopford Brooke are among the influential persons interested."

BISHOP LIGHTFOOT's literary remains are far more extensive than had been expected. He has left an unfinished work on the "Northumbrian Saints," a much-enlarged edition of "Clement," a series of elaborate notes on the Epistles of St. Paul, some notes on Æschylus, and a sufficient number of manuscript sermons to fill several volumes.

IN "The Source of the Ancient Mariner," a brochure to be issued immediately at Cardiff, Mr. Ivor James will argue that the tale of which Wordsworth gave one version and De Quincey another, is derived from "The Strange and Dangerous Voyage of Capt. Thomas James, London," 1633, a copy of which it is almost certain Coleridge must have read.

THE *Philadelphia American* suggests to "those who pride themselves on being well up with the times, that now is the time to read biographical sketches of M. Anatole France and the very interesting chapters of "The

Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," Lafcadio Hearn's translation of which has been recently published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

ROBERT BROWNING's will, dated February 12, 1864, was witnessed by Tennyson and F. T. Palgrave, and left all his property to his son, the artist, Robert Barrett Browning, save a charge of \$1,000 a year to Miss Browning, the poet's sister. The gross value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom is sworn under \$84,000, but there is also property in Italian stocks and real estate. This was chiefly inherited money, well invested.

By the death and will of Dr. Westland Marston, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton comes into possession of the type-written and other original writings of his son, the late Philip Bourke Marston, together with £200, and she is understood to be editing some of the poems hitherto unpublished for a volume that is to appear shortly. This legacy Philip Marston himself left to Mrs. Moulton; but so long as his father lived she refused to receive it.

IN the April *Century*, Mr. Joseph Jefferson continues his autobiography most interestingly by a chapter on "Guying," which he discusses in relation to the art of the comedian; and then proceeds to relate how he came to play "Rip Van Winkle." The paper is accompanied by three engravings of the writer in that character. It seems that Mr. Jefferson's first appearance as "Rip" was in the city of Washington, and under the management of John T. Raymond.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, whose short stories of life in India, from *Macmillan's*, have just been reprinted in New York, under the title of "Plain Tales from the Hills," is looked upon as a rising young novelist. Miss Ethel Arnold, in a letter to the *New York Ledger*, says that Mr. Kipling is only twenty-four years old, that he is a nephew by marriage of Burne-Jones the artist, and that he has just settled down to literary life in London, after having spent the last nine years almost exclusively in India.

DR. AMELIA B. EDWARDS, the novelist and Egyptologist, fell down a flight of stairs at Columbus, Ohio, on Monday afternoon, March 3rd, and broke her left arm above the wrist. This was at five o'clock, and at eight she mounted the lecture platform and delivered a two-hour address. She travelled all night, and delivered another lecture in Pittsburg on Tuesday night. All this time she suffered intensely. On Wednesday evening, again, she addressed a crowded house in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will at once begin the publication (in New York and London) of the previously announced series of "Heroes of the Nations," biographical studies of the lives and work of a number of representative historical characters, about whom have gathered national traditions and who have been accepted as types of the several national ideals. The series is under the editorial charge of Evelyn Abbott, of Balliol College, Oxford. The first volume in readiness will be "Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England," by W. Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," etc., which will be published in April in a handsomely illustrated volume.

A most interesting autograph manuscript of Tennyson's was recently sold in London for twenty guineas. It consists of the five following songs in the "Princess," but varying considerably in many lines from the songs as printed, viz.: "As thro' the land at eve we went," "The splendour falls on castle walls," "When all among the thundering drums" (printed "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums"), "Home they brought her warrior dead," and "Ask me no more, the moon may draw the sea." These songs are all written on a single sheet of note paper, and the manuscript is older than the first edition of the "Princess." Our readers will be glad to know that this autograph of the Poet Laureate's comes to Toronto, as it has been presented by a friend to Dr. Rand, of McMaster University, now in London.

Now that William D. Howells has shaken off Gotham's dust and become once more a resident of the Hub, I hear that he is devoting himself with doubly increased zeal to the study of those phases of Boston life that he so cleverly depicted in "A Modern Instance" and "The Minister's Charge." One of his favourite haunts is a certain dirty little Italian restaurant set down amid the squalor of historic North Street. Howells and Edward Bellamy, who have become great cronies, quite frequently resort in each other's company to this classic establishment, where, if they find grime and poverty, they also, so 'tis said, find ideas and delicious spaghetti. Edward Everett Hale has, for a number of years, had a similar habit of visiting and dining at the lower grade of cheap restaurants, though his purpose is rather philanthropic than novelistic. The superintendent of the Wayfarer's Lodge, on Chardon Street, Boston, once told me, by the way, that Mr. Howells spent twenty-four consecutive hours in that institution, several months previous to the publication of "The Minister's Charge." It was in that tramps' lodging-house, it will be remembered, that Lemuel Barker formed his unfortunate acquaintance with "the bum."—*N. Y. Herald*.

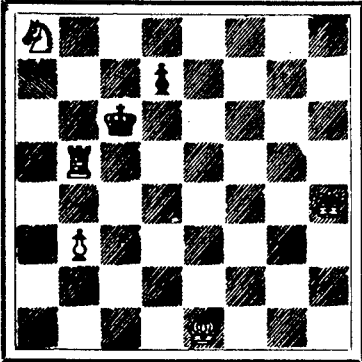
AN English court has just decided that a wife married in Japan after the fashion of that country is a legal wife in England, on the ground that "Japan has long been recognized as a civilized country."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 445.

By C. T. GRAY.

BLACK.



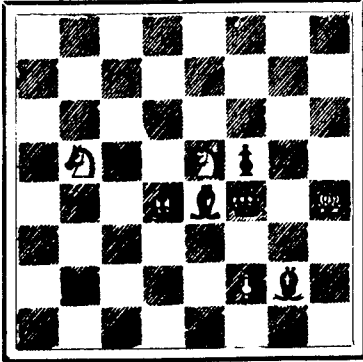
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 446.

By MR. GUNN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 439.

- | | |
|----------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt-B 4 | K-B 6 |
| 2. Kt-K 2 | K-Kt 5 |
| 3. B-R 3 mate. | |
| If 1. K-K 4 | |
| 2. Q-Q R 1 + | P-Kt 7 |
| 3. Q x P mate. | |
- With other variations.

No. 440.

- Q-B 8

GAME IN THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR 1890, PLAYED BETWEEN MR. DAVISON AND MR. MCGREGOR ON JANUARY 28TH, 1890.

RUY LOPEZ.

Mr. DAVISON. White.	Mr. MCGREGOR. Black.	Mr. DAVISON. White.	Mr. MCGREGOR. Black.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	16. Q x P + (a)	Q x Q
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	17. Kt x Q	Q R-Q B 1
3. B-Kt 5	Kt-B 3	18. Kt-K 3	Kt-K 2
4. P-Q 4	P x P	19. B-Q 2	P-K Kt 3
5. P-K 5	Kt-Q 4	20. B-B 3	Q R-Q 1
6. Castles	B-B 4	21. Q R-Q 1	P-K R 4
7. B-Q B 4	K Kt-K 2	22. B-K 5	P-Q B 3
8. Kt-K Kt 5	Kt x P	23. P-Q B 4	B-K 3
9. Kt x K B P	Kt x Kt	24. P-K R 3	Kt-B 4
10. B x Kt +	K x Kt	25. Kt x Kt 3	B x Kt
11. Q-R 5 +	Kt-Kt 3	26. P-Q Kt 3	R x R
12. Q x B	P-Q 4	27. R x R	R-K 2
13. Q x P on Q 4	R-K 1	28. P-K R 4	Q-Q 2
14. Kt-Q B 3	B-K 3	29. R-Q 4	R x R
15. P-K B 4	B-B 4	30. B x R	

And after a few moves the game was given up as a draw.

NOTES.

(a) P-K Kt 4 is better and should win.

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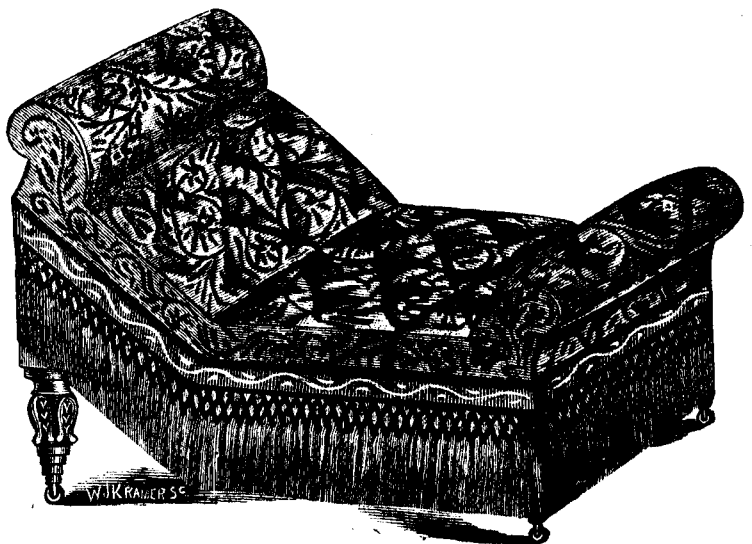
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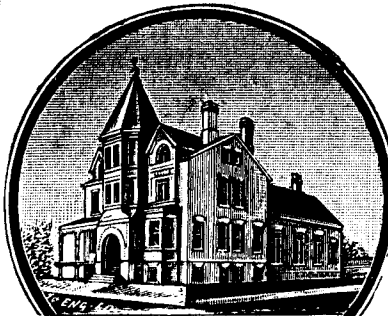
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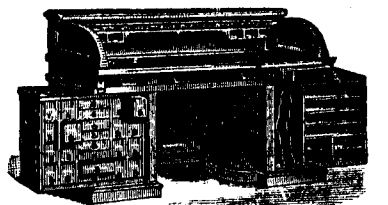


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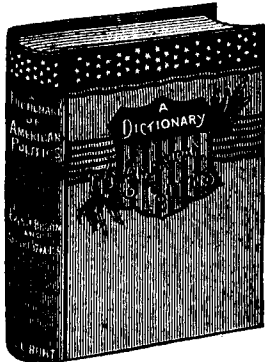
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Magazine of American History

CONTENTS FOR MAR., 1890.

- Portrait of Charles Dickens Frontispiece.
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