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# THE WEEK.

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## THE WEEK:

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

THE recent formation of an University College Alumni Association in connection with the University of Toronto is a movement which may have no inconsiderable effect upon the future of the University. In moving the resolution affirming the desirability of forming such an association, Mr. William Dale, M.A., dwelt on three useful purposes which, if properly managed, it should serve: (1) Such an association would be a centre of union for the graduates of the college. (2) It would form an effective means of defending the college endowment, which recent events had shown needed such defence. (3) It would be a means of bringing about a harmonious development of the various departments of study of the arts faculty in the college." The first and third of these objects the Association now formed will have in common with most similar alumni organizations. These objects alone would no doubt afford an ample reason for being and a large sphere of usefulness for the society. The second of the purposes named, upon which Mr. Dale dwelt for a moment or two, suggests, probably, the more immediate and pressing motive for the organization of the Association at this particular juncture. Two of the matters alluded to by Mr. Dale in this connection are of special interest, as showing the attitude likely to be taken by most graduates of the University in regard to certain transactions which have been touched upon, from time to time, in these columns. These were the recent transfer "under cover of the word equipments, by an order in Council, of over \$100,000 of University funds, to Upper Canada College—funds which should have been devoted to strengthening the teaching staff of the Arts Faculty." The other point referred to, Mr. Dale touched upon as follows: "Assistance (in the Arts work) was demanded from the authorities, but at first refused on the ground of straitened finances, though it was discovered that at the same time in the space of two years a sum of about \$100,000 was being expended on the Biological department, which to a large extent is in reality a medical college—an expenditure of money on purposes foreign to the original objects for which the endowment was intended. But this was not all. It had been stated, on what he believed to be

good authority, that a valuable portion of land available for the maintenance of the college had been appropriated to the funds of the medical hospital, which he believed was practically a part of the same medical college." These expressions are interesting and may be regarded as significant of the attitude which the graduates are likely to take with reference to the future policy of the institution. It is pretty clear to all who have given thought to such matters, that it is a great mistake for a university with a limited endowment to economize at the expense of the strength and efficiency of its Arts department, which must always be its chief department, in order to expend freely in the development of any professional department, the aim of which is necessarily to fit the student for a "bread-and-butter" occupation, rather than to implant a love of learning and literature for their own sakes.

WHILE we are glad to find ourselves at one with our correspondent, Mr. Ewart, on several points in regard to the school question we have been discussing, we are sorry to find that, in order to guard against being supposed to give consent, by silence, to propositions from which we emphatically dissent, and which seem to us to involve educational and political principles of the very first importance, we are obliged to recur to the subject. In so doing we shall merely point out, as briefly as we may be able, the points of difference which we deem of fundamental importance. To Mr. Ewart's first six propositions we take no exception. The assumed "parity of reasoning" in the seventh, we are quite unable to concede. The things compared—religious "doctrines" and "secular education"—are utterly disparate, for the purposes of this argument. With the one, as we have shown, the State has no right to interfere in any way whatever; the other, as a matter of self-protection and national well-being it must of necessity include within its domain. Hence, "while nothing could be more unjust than for it to use the taxes paid by the Catholics to aid in the propagation of the doctrines which the good Catholic detests," the same element of injustice is not at all present, so far as we can see, when the State uses those taxes for the purpose of imparting the "purely secular education" which we are agreed it is the province and the duty of the State to secure amongst all classes of its citizens. As this secular education is a necessary part of education, it seems a little absurd to speak of the Catholic as detesting it. If it be said that the emphasis is on the "purely," the reply is easy. The education need not be purely secular, because the good Catholic parent is at liberty to mix as much religion with it as he pleases. Hence, when we have eliminated the fallacy that lurks in the word "purely," the alleged injustice which would certainly be present if the State school prevented the Catholic parent, or guardian, or priest, from infusing as much religion as he chooses into the educational process, as it goes on from day to day, vanishes. We may just observe, further, that the mere fact that a Catholic, or any other citizen, detests a certain thing, does not of itself prove that the thing is wrong or unjust. That must be demonstrated on other grounds. Many citizens, both Catholic and Protestant, it is to be feared, detest paying their fair share of the necessary taxes, but that does not make it unjust for the State to collect those taxes.

TWO points more and we have done with the Manitoba School question for the present. From Mr. Ewart's eighth proposition we are forced to dissent squarely. First, there is a broad and fundamental difference between our admission that corporate powers may be conferred upon Catholic (or any other) citizens to enable them to unite and organize for voluntary educational work, and the proposition with which our correspondent asks us to agree. The parenthetical clause which he has introduced, "united and organized by the State for the purposes of education," introduces the very principle against which we have been protesting from the first. The State has, we hold, nothing to do with uniting and organizing Catholics or Protestants for educational or any other purposes. The State has to do only with citizens as citizens. To organize one particular sect for educational purposes, and to pledge

all its resources and all the machinery of organized society for the carrying out of those purposes, a principal part of which is the teaching of the doctrines and ritual of that denomination, would be to violate some of the most fundamental principles of politics. In the second place, to so organize the members of a religious sect, with the understanding which the proposition in question implies, that the members of that sect are to be exempt from the payment of the taxes necessary for the maintenance of the public schools, which are admitted to be necessary for the safety and well-being of the State, would be to add wrong to wrong. It will not do to say that the State may proceed in the same way with all other denominations, for the result would still be that a large residuum of the future citizens would be unprovided for, and these of the very classes whose presence in every community makes the State educational system a necessity.

THE Redistribution Bill promised by Sir John Thompson, on behalf of the Dominion Government, will probably be in the hands of our readers by the time that this number of THE WEEK is received. Whatever the character of the measure, the cry of "Gerrymander!" is pretty certain to be raised by the Opposition. For this reason, as well as for better ones, it is, we think, greatly to be regretted that the Government have not followed the precedent set by the Gladstonian administration in England, and put the business of redistribution into the hands of a mixed, or non-partisan, commission. They could have lost little by so doing, save on the assumption that they really wish to take an unfair advantage of their political opponents, which we are loath to suspect. It would be superfluous to say that a redistribution should be made with the most complete disregard of every partisan consideration. On the other hand, it is obvious that not only is the temptation to a dishonest Government to make it a means of party gain very great, but that the conditions are such that even the most conscientious one would find it very difficult to perform the task with perfect impartiality. It would be too much to expect even from such an administration that it should forget its own interests at the risk of giving its opponents perhaps two or three or more additional members in the House. Moreover, it is well known that the Liberal party in Ontario has been, ever since the redistribution of 1882, and still is, smarting under a bitter sense of injustice and trickery. To the shame of the Government that was responsible for that rearrangement be it said—and it is, we believe, hardly possible for their best friends to deny the impeachment, though we may hope for the sake of the honoured dead that the boast of a purpose "to hive the Grits," which has so often been ascribed to the Premier of that Administration, was either a pure fabrication, or a wicked perversion of a harmless jest. Be that as it may, and be the guilt whose it may, the fact is, as we have said, almost beyond dispute. The writer of these remarks has occasion to remember, it having been his task at one time to prepare a chart of the constituencies of the Province, as they are arranged for Dominion purposes, for use in engraving a map of the Province. The result made certainly a striking picture, as any one may see who will try the experiment. As a mere stroke of policy, to put it on no higher ground, it may well be doubted whether Mr. Abbott could better have signalized the new order of administration which he claimed to wish to inaugurate, than by bringing down an unobjectionable redistribution bill, unless, indeed, he had been fair and wise enough to have adopted the non-partisan course spoken of at the commencement of this paragraph.

THE imminence of an election in Toronto, to fill the vacancy caused by the lamented death of the late Mr. Clarke, reminds us that, if the testimony of an Opposition may be relied on, the Dominion Government has not a monopoly of the badly won advantage to be derived from a successful "gerrymander." The much-praised Liberal Administration of Ontario is said to have disgraced itself by using the same expedient—certainly one of the most cowardly and mean to which it is possible for any Government to resort. So far as the general outlines of the con-

stituencies, as arranged for local election purposes, are concerned, Mr. Mowat preserved better the appearance of straightforwardness, in that he respected county lines. But it is, we fear, beyond question that the re-distribution of a few years ago was made, in his hands, the means of materially strengthening his party in the Province, and increasing the number of his faithful supporters in the Assembly. If, and in so far as he did so, the principle is obviously the same, and worthy of the same downright condemnation on the part of every man who values honour above success in public life. Whatever the fact in regard to the constituencies generally in Ontario, it is certain that in adopting the new expedient of minority representation for the city of Toronto alone, the Mowat Government did not hesitate to make a doubtful innovation in order to secure an additional supporter. We do not now express an opinion on the merits of "minority representation" in the abstract. There is certainly a good deal to be said for it on general principles, though it is significant that it seems to have gone out of favour in England, where it had so many warm advocates some years ago. But it is certainly unfair and dishonourable to use it by bits, and only where it secures a certain party advantage. That there is something seriously wrong in our electoral systems seems evident enough from the fact that while a summing up of a total of votes cast for the Conservative and Liberal candidates for the Dominion Parliament for the last twelve or fifteen years would seem to show that the parties are pretty evenly divided in respect to numbers, the Government majority in the House of Commons has been almost uniformly very large, while with nominally the same party lines the Government of the other party has had an equally large preponderance in the Local House. But whatever may be the true explanation of these strange political phenomena, and whatever might be the effect of a general scheme of minority representation in rectifying what is wrong, the fact remains that no surer way of bringing such a system into disrepute could be devised than to make use of it, as the Mowat Government unquestionably did, in a special case, in which it was sure to result in gain to the Government.

THE Bill concerning witnesses and evidence which Sir John Thompson has introduced in the Commons contains one or two bold innovations. The proposal to permit accused persons in criminal cases to testify on their own behalf is one which commends itself so strongly, on grounds of reason and common sense, that the wonder to most persons will be why such evidence should have been so long prohibited. While we must all sympathize with the evident intention of criminal legislation to give the accused every reasonable protection, it must nevertheless be recognized as but just and right that the chief end of all legislation and all procedure in such cases shall be to elicit the truth. It is scarcely reconcilable with such a purpose that the mouth of the one person who knows better than all others what truth is, so far as the accused is concerned, and who often is the only person who does know that truth, should be arbitrarily closed. It may readily be believed that many an innocent person may have been condemned whose innocence might have been made clear had he been permitted to tell his own story and to be cross-examined upon it. It is scarcely conceivable that a prisoner who is conscious of innocence would in any case shrink from going into the witness box. Some guilty ones will no doubt perjure themselves, but such cases will probably be rarer than one might at first thought be disposed to expect. The dread of the cross-examination will generally be sufficient to deter the shrewd culprit from attempting to palm off an invention of his own, knowing as he must that the almost certain exposure of its falsity will tell powerfully against him. The instances will be rare indeed in which it will be possible for a guilty prisoner to escape through his own false testimony. We may have an instinctive shrinking from the thought of convicting a man on evidence drawn from his own lips, but the objection is after all sentimental rather than sound. Perhaps the strongest objection to admitting the testimony of the accused in the criminal courts is the unfavourable inference that the jury will naturally draw in regard to one who refuses to testify when opportunity is given. But it would be hard to show that such inference would not generally be just. The case in which the prisoner might choose to suffer in order to shield another might make a rare exception; but even in such a case the accused, however heroic his self-sacrifice, would have no just ground for complaint.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON'S Bill goes further, it appears, than a simple permission. He proposes that the accused and the husband or wife, if there be such, be not only permitted but compelled to testify when it is thought desirable that they should do so. To many minds this will seem to be a much more questionable enactment than one simply making such testimony optional on the part of those concerned, such as has been proposed in former sessions from the Liberal side of the House. We shall await with some interest the debate which will no doubt arise on the second reading. At the same time it must be admitted that the longer and more steadily we look at the seemingly formidable objections which spring up when so startling an innovation is first proposed, the more dim and shadowy do they appear. The primary object still being to ascertain the truth, it seems but reasonable, in the interests of society, that those who are, or are supposed to be, in the best position to know the truth should be examined in regard to it. It may seem harsh—it certainly is repugnant to our humaner sentiments—that a husband should be convicted on the forced testimony of his wife, or *vice versa*. But it is ingrained in the very nature of judicial proceedings, and essential to their true effect, that they should be stern and often seemingly pitiless. Nor is it a consideration without weight that the very fact that these nearest relatives have not hitherto been competent witnesses may have often operated as an encouragement to husband or wife to commit crime with the knowledge of the other, in the belief that detection was impossible. The very fact that the prisoner may be compelled to enter the witness box himself and that his wife may be compelled to do the same, can hardly fail to act as a new and powerful deterrent to the one tempted to commit a crime—materially lessening, as it must, the hope and expectation, which are no doubt almost universal in such cases, that legal proof of guilt can never be forthcoming. As a logical consequence of these radical changes in the law of evidence, the familiar proviso, which has long been somewhat of a puzzle to the unsophisticated, that no witness can be compelled to give testimony implicating himself, will have to go. Whatever may have been the chief consideration which has caused it to be so long retained on the statute book, there can be little doubt that it has very often been used to defeat the ends of justice; furnishing, as it does, unwilling witnesses with convenient pretexts for withholding testimony likely to prove damaging to those whom they may be anxious to shield. It would, we think, be hard to defend on its merits such an exception to the rule requiring the witness to tell the whole truth.

THE whole country will have learned with a degree of satisfaction that the Attorney-General of the new Quebec Government has instituted legal proceedings in the criminal court against ex-Premier Mercier. The charge is that of conspiracy to defraud Her Majesty, the Queen—that is to say, legal fictions aside, the Province of Quebec—of the sum of \$60,000. If it can be proved that Mr. Mercier really was guilty of such a crime, there certainly is no good reason why he should not be brought to trial and punished just as any other man would be for a similar offence. The high position which he occupied and the high trust to which he was unfaithful increase rather than lessen the turpitude of his wrong-doing, and the exposure and punishment should be exemplary accordingly. We are sorry, however, to see it stated in one Quebec despatch that it is rumoured there that "if there should appear to be any reason to indicate that a jury could not be had in Quebec to do justice in the matter of the accusations against Mr. Mercier, an application will be made for a change of venue, in which case it is even possible that the trial may be removed from the Province of Quebec altogether." The change of venue in any case would be to be deprecated as a serious imputation upon the citizens of the Capital city of the Province. But the mere rumour that the trial might take place out of the Province is one which should be promptly contradicted and repudiated by the authorities concerned. Such a thing would be an inconceivable insult to the Province and an outrage upon the rights of the accused. The idea that the people who have just condemned the deposed Premier so emphatically at the polls could not be trusted to do their duty in the matter of giving him a fair trial and a just verdict is little less than absurd. While the Quebec Government, acting no doubt with the approval of that at Ottawa, is thus preparing to prosecute those who have been unfaithful in the use of public funds, to the full extent of the law, it can-

not surely be that the Dominion Government itself will persist in shielding from trial its own members accused of similar crimes.

LORD KNUTSFORD'S despatch in reply to the address to the Crown, which was adopted at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, asking that Canada should be relieved from the operation of the "most favoured nation" clause in the trade treaties between Great Britain on the one part, and Belgium and the German Zollverein (now the German Empire) on the other, strikes a deadly blow alike at the Unrestricted Reciprocity policy of the Liberals and what Mr. Foster's budget speech and other intimations warrant us in regarding as the Imperial Trade League policy of the Conservatives. Had not the restricted reciprocity policy of the Government been already abandoned, this despatch would have been equally conclusive against any arrangement of that kind. The effect of the clauses whose repeal was asked for is, as the Government explained at the time of introducing the address, to prevent Canada from giving to the United States, or any other nation, to the West Indies, or any other British colony, or even to the Mother Country herself, any advantage in the Canadian markets without immediately giving the same to Belgium and Germany. Not only so, but, as Lord Knutsford, with commendable frankness, reminds the Government, under the similar clause which is contained in most of the treaties in force between Great Britain and foreign nations, the same privilege which would have to be granted to Germany and Belgium, would have to be extended also to all those nations. That is to say, as matters now stand, Canada cannot confer, by treaty or otherwise, any special commercial favour upon any nation, any sister colony, or even upon the Mother Country, no matter how greatly to her advantage it might seem to be to do so. It is true, as Lord Knutsford does not fail to make clear, that this limitation is not without important reciprocal advantages, as is seen just now in the fact that, under the operation of this same clause in the treaty with Germany, the Dominion, in common with every other part of the British Empire, is entitled to all the advantages derived by Germany herself from the important treaty recently concluded between that Empire and Austria, Italy and Switzerland. Whether and to what extent these benefits would suffice to countervail the disadvantages complained of, we need not stay to enquire. We are evidently shut up to them, seeing that the answer of the British Government is a decided refusal to grant the request of the Canadian Government and Parliament. Other and, it must be admitted, very cogent reasons, besides those we have indicated, are given for this refusal.

CRITICIZING certain comments made in these columns a week or two since, touching the debate on Mr. Mills' motion claiming for Canada the right to negotiate her own commercial treaties, the *Montreal Gazette* made the following, among other observations:—

This is a practical age. If popular interest is to be excited upon any question it must be demonstrated either that some grievance awaits redress, some disability requires to be removed, or that some substantial advantage is to be gained. In the matter of trade negotiations as presently conducted there is assuredly no grievance suffered, nor does the remedy offered by Mr. Mills promise to overcome the obstacles which now retard the conclusion by Canada of commercial conventions with foreign countries.

The question is put by THE WEEK, "Why should not Canada be empowered to make the best trade arrangements possible with other nations on her own responsibility?" The obvious reply is that she already virtually possesses and exercises such power.

The foregoing paragraph might, perhaps, be regarded as constituting a sufficient answer to the *Gazette's* statements. For the sake, however, not of controversy, but of the general interest attaching to the subject, we should like further to place over against the *Gazette's* opinion—an opinion which seems, by the way, to have been to some extent shared by the Dominion Government, though the very fact of their having drawn up, promoted and forwarded the address above referred to, implies the opposite—the following from Lord Knutsford's despatch:—

The Parliament of Canada desires the abrogation of the clauses on the grounds, amongst others, that they are incompatible with the rights and powers subsequently conferred by the British North America Act on the Parliament of Canada for the regulation of the trade and commerce of the Dominion, and that their continuance in force tends to produce complications and embarrassments in such an empire as that under the rule of Her Majesty, wherein the self-governing colonies are recognized as possessing the right to define their respective fiscal relations

to all foreign nations, to the Mother Country and to each other.

In so far as the right here claimed consists in fixing rates of Customs duties applying equally to all foreign nations, the Mother Country and British Colonies, Her Majesty's Government do not contest the statement. But if the statement is to be taken as extending to the claim of the right to establish discriminating treatment between different foreign nations or against the Mother Country or in favour of particular colonies, Her Majesty's Government are obliged to point out that the claim is stated too broadly, for no such general right has hitherto been recognized, nor is it clear that it would be admitted by foreign countries.

I have to point out that the denunciation of these two treaties would not of itself confer upon the Dominion the freedom in fiscal matters which it desires to obtain, and I am disposed to doubt whether the extensive changes that would have to be made had been fully realized in putting forward this proposal.

These remarks must be regarded, we think, as furnishing a very different answer to our question, "Why should not Canada be empowered to make the best trade arrangements possible with other nations on her own responsibility," from that given by the *Gazette*. At the same time we are bound to admit that, in putting the question, THE WEEK—like the Canadian Government and Parliament in passing the address—may not have fully realized the "extensive changes" which would be involved, arising out of the "most favoured nation" clauses of Great Britain's treaties with other nations.

WHILE we are upon this topic, so closely related to Canadian well-being and progress, we cannot refrain from calling attention to one striking and apparently deeply significant paragraph in Lord Knutsford's despatch, which we do not remember to have seen commented on by any of our contemporaries. It is as follows:—

It is unnecessary now to examine the questions whether a self-governing colony is capable, with the assistance of Her Majesty's Government, by negotiations in the usual diplomatic course, to enter into special fiscal arrangements with a particular foreign State, or the question whether such colony is competent, without Imperial Legislation similar to the Australian Colonies Customs Act, 1872, to grant discriminating duties in favour of particular colonies; for these questions, important as they are, may be dealt with independent of the Anglo-Belgium and Anglo-Zollverein treaties, to which the address of the Canadian Parliament specially relates.

It must, we think, have occurred to many that it is difficult to reconcile the general tenor of the British Government's reply to the Canadian address with the fact that envoys of the Canadian Government have been, not surely without the concurrence of the Home Office, visiting various Colonial Governments, and even that of the United States also, with a view to the formation of just such preferential trade arrangements as those which we now learn could not be carried out without a "great break up" of Great Britain's commercial relations with various nations, such a break up as she very naturally declines to contemplate. Even if we suppose Mr. Foster to have been reckoning without his host, in a two-fold sense, when he was trying to bring about preferential agreements with the British West Indies, it is certain that he went to Washington with the knowledge and assent of the Home Government, and that all negotiations were to have been carried on there with the aid and concurrence of the British Minister. And yet, so far as we can see, even had the Canadian Ministers been ever so successful in framing an agreement for reciprocity in natural products only, such an arrangement could not have been carried into effect without admitting to its benefits not only Germany and Belgium, but all other countries which have "favoured nation" clauses in their treaties with Great Britain. Yet the extract above quoted surely implies that the power of a self-governing colony to make such fiscal arrangements, even with the assistance of Her Majesty's Government, is doubtful. Not only so, but Lord Knutsford's words seem to imply further that this doubtfulness exists, even apart from the question of the bearing of the Anglo-Belgium and Anglo-Zollverein treaties upon it. To what can the reference be if not to the constitutional question? We suppose, however, that we are not just now called on to attempt to fathom the meaning of this somewhat obscure passage. In taking leave of the general subject, two queries force themselves upon the mind. First, though this does not, perhaps, so immediately concern us, Are these treaties quite in harmony with the free-trade principles to which the people of the Mother Country are so ardently and with so good reason attached? Second, what is to become

of unhappy Canada if both the avenues of escape which are being looked to as promising deliverance from existing trade embarrassments, the one by the Government, the other by the Opposition, are to be thus ruthlessly closed and the country shut up to its present system, without the stimulus of a hopeful outlook in either direction?

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

IN reply to a question by Sir Richard Cartwright, the Minister of Justice said that the Redistribution Bill would be submitted early this week. This was welcome news to the House, as it seems impossible to make any noticeable progress in the work of the session until this long-looked-for measure has been submitted. The House has been in committee of supply several times, but progress has been slow. When the vote for immigration purposes came up the Opposition took a determined stand. They had the vantage and they knew it. Whoever is to blame we have not been successful in attracting immigrants, relative at all events to the amount of money which has been expended for the purpose. It was, therefore, with some reason that Sir Richard demanded before a single item was passed that Parliament should know the future policy of the Government with respect to immigration. Mr. Carling did not make a very strong defence, but promised that the end of the year would show something phenomenal in the way of settlers, who are to come, not only from Great Britain and Europe, but also by thousands from the United States. Two or three thousand people, he said, came from Dakota to our North-West last year, and many more would follow their example before the next session of Parliament. While on this question, that bugbear to the Government—the census—was resurrected from the convenient burying place where the Opposition have it hid ready to produce at any moment.

Sir Richard exhumed it on this particular occasion, stood it on its feet, then on its head, and presented the unwelcome creature in every conceivable form to the disgust of the Ministry and their supporters and to the infinite appreciation of the gentlemen of the Opposition. Mr. McMullen (figuratively speaking) clapped his hands with pleasure and shouted with delight.

A message from the Governor-General was received transmitting a reply from the Imperial Government to an address by the Parliament of Canada, praying that Her Majesty would take such steps as might be necessary to denounce and terminate the provisions contained in the most-favoured-nation clauses of the treaties with the German Zollverein and the kingdom of Belgium.

Lord Knutsford states that Her Majesty's Government have felt themselves unable to advise Her Majesty to comply with the prayer of the address. Reasons for coming to this conclusion are given at length. The Secretary for the colonies says "that the denunciation of these two treaties would not of itself confer upon the Dominion the freedom in fiscal matters which it desires to obtain, and I am disposed to doubt whether the extensive changes that would have to be made have been fully realized in putting forth this proposal. Many of the commercial treaties entered into by this country contain most-favoured-nation clauses, and these treaties apply in many instances to the Mother Country and to all the colonies. In order, therefore, to confer upon the Dominion complete freedom in its negotiations with foreign powers, it would be necessary to revise very extensively the existing commercial treaties of the British Empire, and a great break-up of existing commercial relations, of which Canada now enjoys the benefit, is involved in the suggestion." In the message it is further pointed out that Canada profits in the reduction of duties on goods exported to Germany, which last year amounted to £100,000.

Quite an animated discussion arose on Friday over Mr. Tupper's Bill respecting fishing vessels of the United States of America, which provides that power to renew the *modus vivendi* shall be vested in the Governor-in-Council, instead of the consent of Parliament being required every season. Col. O'Brien, M.P., of Equal Rights fame, who has on many occasions shown himself to be possessed of an independent spirit, which might, with benefit to themselves and the country, be imitated by other Conservatives, took a very determined stand against the Bill. He thought there was a growing tendency in all our legislation to have a good deal too much government by order-in-council. He objected to the Bill on this ground, and also because it would give colour to the establishment of a vested right in a matter which we had always proclaimed and held to be a special privilege of our own.

Sir John Thompson pointed out that the Governor-in-Council had already been obliged by the nature of things to exercise the authority in advance of the assent of Parliament, for the reason, principally, that the outfit of the American fishing vessels had to be begun very early in the year, before Parliament could meet. Unless the fishermen knew early in January whether they were to have the privilege of calling at our ports for bait and supplies, and for transhipment, the privilege was entirely useless to them by the time a statute could be passed by this Parliament; and from year to year we had to say in advance, taking the risk of Parliament sanctioning our action, and taking into consideration the circumstances existing at the time, whether the privilege of these licenses should be granted to American fishermen. The

Minister of Justice also called the attention of the House to the fact that the proclamation was not permanent, but that on the contrary licenses issued under the proclamation expired every year and it was entirely in the hands of Parliament whether or not the Act should be continued. Mr. Davies, who is probably the most argumentatively inclined member of the House, taunted the Government with having gone back on its principles, and adopting as practically permanent a policy which they had in times past pronounced to be only excusable as a temporary concession to the Americans, with a view of bringing them to "better terms."

There is another aspect of the Bill which, as Mr. Laurier asserted, is a "new departure." It is an amendment, providing that if the proposed hostile policy of Newfoundland towards Canada is carried out, licenses issued to American vessels in the ports of Newfoundland shall not entitle the American fishermen to privileges in Canadian ports. As this is a matter of great importance, implying an entire change in the provisions of the *modus vivendi*, further time to consider the amendment was asked and granted.

It has long been the opinion of the thinking people in Ontario that the salaries paid to the judges of the High Courts are inadequate to the duties which they are called upon to perform. Notwithstanding the honour which attaches to a judgeship, one can scarcely expect a lawyer having a practice varying from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year to be content with one-quarter the amount while holding a more public and more exacting position. Yet, of course, it does not follow that a money-making lawyer must of necessity be a success on the bench. Sir John Thompson has given notice of a resolution increasing the salaries of the judges throughout the Dominion by one thousand dollars per annum. This measure will probably meet with the unanimous approval of Parliament.

A few weeks ago M. Marceau, one of the two French stenographers on the Hansard staff, died of typhoid fever in Montreal. The vacancy has been filled by the appointment of M. Desjardins. On this recommendation from the chairman of the Debates Committee being submitted to Parliament, a strife arose among several of the French members. M. Langelier and his associates contended that the new appointee was not qualified for the position. Of course they disclaimed any personal animus in the matter; but it turns out that the Langeliers and the Desjardins are living under the influence of an old feud; hence the rub. M. Desjardins gets his appointment, however.

The Imperial Federation members of the House had a field day on Monday. Mr. McNeill, one of the most ardent advocates of closer relations, political and commercial, between Great Britain and the Colonies, introduced the following resolution: "That if and when the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland admits Canadian products to the markets of the United Kingdom upon more favourable terms than it accords to the products of foreign countries, the Parliament of Canada will be prepared to accord corresponding advantages by a reduction in the duties it imposes upon British manufactured goods." In the debate which ensued and lasted up to nearly two o'clock on Tuesday morning, several good speakers took part. They were mostly Conservatives, and favoured the principle of the resolution. Messrs. Hazen and Skinner, of St. John, N.B., ably supported Mr. McNeill; while a speech which would have been no discredit to his illustrious father was made by Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, of Winnipeg. For the Liberals, Mr. Davies made a remarkably fine speech; and he certainly perplexed the Government when he moved an amendment favouring a reduction of duty on British goods. This was out-heroding Herod with a vengeance, and, although the Government treated the matter lightly, it is not improbable that it may be used with considerable effect upon the stump at a future day. The division on the amendment and on the main motion resulted in a straight party vote, the Government having a majority of 34 in a House of 140 members.

It is now announced that the Redistribution Bill will be submitted to the House on Thursday, and that it will be so simple in its provisions as to lead to little if any discussion. It may be taken for granted that among the changes will be one increasing the representation in this House of the City of Toronto. T. C. L. K.

WHOEVER considers the study of anatomy, I believe will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body and coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxical that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of Nature.—*Herbert of Cherbury.*

THE latest additions to the Zoological Society's Gardens of London include a common rhea, from South America, presented by Mrs. Hatfield; a Brazilian caracara, from Brazil, presented by Mr. J. D. Spooner; a green-cheeked Amazon, from Colombia, presented by Miss Julia Croke; two leopard tortoises, five angulated tortoises, a tuberculated tortoise, four areolated tortoises, a Hygian snake, four smooth-clawed frogs, from South Africa, presented by the Rev. G. H. R. Fisk, C.M.Z.S., a L'huys Impehan pheasant, from Western China, deposited; two white-throated capuchins, from Central America; a Coquerel's lemur, from Madagascar; a small-clawed otter, from India; a collared peccary, from South America; and six Amherst's pheasants, from Szechuan, China, purchased.

## ORPHEUS.

Unto the realm of Pluto many roads  
Lead with dark winding from the bright abodes  
Of men, and when life's last detaining thread  
Is cut by Iris and the body, dead,  
With Charon's coin in palm, rests in the tomb  
Or on the pyre, the daemon of its doom  
After much pitiful forbearance tears  
The soul from its environment of cares  
With promise sweet of love's awaiting kiss,  
Of old friends greeting, and much holy bliss  
On shores Elysian, where all ways are peace  
And all existence virtue without cease;  
But ere the fields of Asphodel are won  
Dire labours manifold must first be done  
By soul and demon.

All the paths descend  
To four great streams, whose turbid waters blend  
With suffering souls: here flows sad Acheron  
On whose black banks impatient spirits run  
And call to that grim boatman ferrying o'er  
His last embarkment to the nether shore  
In silence, bent with duty's measured pull,  
Certain of all to follow; there with waters full  
Of awful lamentation from lost souls  
Cocytus its fierce waves of sorrow rolls  
Wherein dwells one whose face is only seen  
Above the surface, human and serene,  
Below, her horrid serpent form encloses  
And stings the hapless spirits in her coils  
With scorpion venom; Phlegethon rolls by  
Flaming with waves that hiss and mount on high  
To lick with burning tongue each crusted shore  
Where not the vilest weed dare clamber o'er,  
There swim huge salamanders, whose desire  
Mounts with the maddening tumult of the fire;  
And lastly Styx, that pool of pitchy slime  
Whereby the great gods swear their vows sublime,  
In whose black channel hatred finds a home  
And breathes with fury many a plague-born gnome  
Loathsome to gods and men.

These rivers run  
Far to the West, beyond the sinking sun,  
Beyond old Ocean's limits, past the range  
Of starry travel or where comets strange  
Rush in hot madness; there too Lethe flows  
Where souls must drink to gain the sweet repose  
Of all-forgetfulness before the Fates  
Lose power to plague them or their bygone states  
Haunt them like ghosts.

These waters safely crossed,  
The plains between thick filled with spirits lost,  
Avernus meets the view, vast, horrid lake  
At Hades' entrance, who its waters take,  
Sicken and die in torture that must rend  
With endless tooth, for such death has no end.  
Beyond Avernus stands the gate of Hell  
And Cerberus to guard its portals well.  
Unto that gate came Orpheus with his lute  
Whose most melodious music had made mute  
The wailing souls on Acheron's sad shore  
And charm'd old Charon as he ferried o'er  
The son of great Apollo in his quest  
For her whom of all women he loved best,  
And as he came fierce Cerberus stood still  
Fix'd by the magic of the player's skill:  
On Orpheus went and played, for he knew well  
The wondrous potency of this great spell  
Would by a pause be broken and his fate  
Never to pass alive the solemn gate;  
He rous'd the Harpies, those most fearful things  
With heads and breasts of women and the wings  
Of birds and talons of the lion's fierce,  
Whose breath is poison and whose venoms pierce  
Deep in man's soul—the hugs were planning then  
Foul plots for planting grief in hearts of men;  
He stay'd stern Nemesis, new poised for flight  
As she in darkness left her mother Night;  
The three great judges of the soul now paused  
In giving sentence, for the music caused  
Minos and Æacus and Rhadamanthus think  
What change the gods had wrought, that at the brink  
Of Tartarus such heavenly sounds should rise  
To make the heart leap and to the eyes  
Communicate swift tears of sudden joy—  
Had Jupiter grown mad to let this boy,  
This gold hair'd stripling with the silver strings  
Enter dark Hades with such sound that brings  
Pity to their stern breasts?

The Gorgons stare  
In vain at Orpheus through their viper-hair,  
He sings and heeds them not and he alone  
Looks at them eye for eye and not to stone  
Is turned; the Lemures, that spectral swarm,  
That fill the space of Hades without form,  
Halt in their wanderings to hear the notes  
That fall as from a thousand song birds' throats.  
Pale Death sits sharpening her dart and hears  
With sad dismay the sound that soothes her ears,  
Her arm grows powerless; the black dart falls  
With echoing clang on Hades' marbled halls;  
The triple sisters who turn mad the mind  
With envy, rage and hatred, and make blind  
The heart with judgment false, hear the high strains  
And knowledge of lost joy o'erwhelms their brains;  
Triptolemus stands still with bated breath  
While on his way to that great hall of death  
Where his stern fellow judges sit aghast  
Still pondering on Orpheus. Now he pass'd  
Poor Marsyas, whose love of music great  
Lured him to challenge for his after-fate  
The laurel crown'd Apollo and his lyre  
Wherefore he stay'd in the eternal fire;  
But Orpheus, passing, play'd so wondrous well  
That all the flames about him flicker'd, fell,

And left the wretch in peace to hear once more  
The power of sound he staked his spirit for.  
Black Discord in her den of hideous noise  
Grew sudden silent, and her breast with joys  
Filled as the gentle tremblings of the lute  
Found subtle ways to reach her.

Resolute  
Stood Orpheus in his path and to the right  
Stood Sisyphus, the stone just at the height  
Of the great mountain, ready to roll again  
Into the vale beneath, but that sweet strain  
Held it in place so long as it could reach  
The spot it rested on—and to beseech  
Eternal playing Sisyphus held high  
Tired arms to Jove as Orpheus pass'd him by;  
There to the left Ixion ceased to feel  
The endless revolutions of the wheel  
Over the flaming river and the fangs  
Of serpents leave him as he, listless, hangs  
Listening to such sweet music.

Now the lake,  
Whose tempting waters Tantalus forsake  
When his parch'd lips and madden'd hands would take  
Of their intact relief, hears the new sound  
And Tantalus with surfeit is near drown'd  
For this brief respite, and with hungry clutch  
Plucks tender fruits before he could not touch,  
Eating in joyous wonder that Hell's God  
Gave him such feasting for a period.  
Now Orpheus passed the black oblivious lair  
Of Sleep, a cave devoid of light or air,  
Paved with strange shapes and horrid phantasies  
Inanimate and senseless, and they rise,  
As through the cave's dark mouth the music sweet  
Fills to the inmost parts that foul retreat,  
Crying for air to breathe and light to see  
The wondrous worker of such ecstasy.

Pluto's high throne within the distance looms  
Built of the gold and marble of men's tombs  
Upon a base of bones, and by its side  
Stood the pale throne of his beloved bride,  
Persephone—behind her shadowy seat  
Shone one blue star and at its cloud-hid feet  
Glared the red oval of a waning moon  
As tells sage shepherds of a storm in June  
When flocks grow restless;—when the player came  
Nearer to that great place a sudden flame  
Shot from the silent air and blazed as fierce  
As though a thousand lightning strokes would pierce  
In one vast sheet of overwhelming fire  
The daring mortal who would thus aspire  
To reach great Pluto's love-shrine;—in the blaze  
Millions of serpents writhe, but Orpheus plays  
Heedless of all, nor dares to cease lest he  
Lose the safe conduct of his minstrelsy.  
Unharm'd he passes through the floods of flame  
That would arrest his progress and he came  
Unharm'd beyond them.

Lo! before his eyes  
A scene of wondrous beauty did arise  
Such as a poet sees when every sense  
Leaves its abode and the intelligence  
Of soul usurps the functions of the mind,  
When unto every object he grows blind  
Seeing through all beyond.

For Pluto's throne  
Is more magnificent than love might own  
In higher regions. Orpheus stood beneath  
The lowest step thereof; a flowery wreath  
Crown'd his bright golden locks—the flowers  
Pluck'd from the dew-fed meadows and fair bowers  
Where he had wander'd with his beauteous bride  
In happy love-quests, ere that even tide  
When he was waken'd by the short, sharp cry  
Calling his name, and saw a snake glide by  
Into the thicket—when he saw the breast  
That oft had made his head a pillowy rest  
Mark'd with the fatal venom, which his lips,  
Used to the honey that the love-bee sips,  
Closed on in vain endeavour to remove  
The sentence of the gods on their sweet love  
When his strong hands clutch'd madly the thin air  
As unto Jove he pour'd his soul's deep prayer  
For pity—when, with all his blood turn'd lead,  
He look'd and saw Eurydice was dead,  
And when 'gainst all the gods he took that oath  
Sacred to her, Death's awful bridal troth  
That by the power of music's magic spell  
Against their will he would go down to Hell  
And rescue his lost love. Whereat Jove laugh'd  
And said to Bacchus as they gaily quaff'd  
In high carousal: "Let the fool take care,  
Pluto can mind his own. Once in the lair  
Of Hades, even Apollo's son must stay,  
No goats from that black fold can ever stray."

Thus Orpheus stood; but now no longer mute  
For to the rich-wrought tremblings of his lute  
He rais'd his rare-heard voice and still'd the word  
On Pluto's lips and then all Hades heard.

## THE SONG OF ORPHEUS.

Persephone! Persephone!  
Give back my lost delight to me;  
By thy great love for thy great lord,  
By each sweet thought for him adored,  
By love that thrills and love that fills  
Thy heart as with a thousand rills  
Of joy; break down his mountain breast  
And lull his vengeful mood to rest,  
Till mighty Pluto joyfully  
Shall from his very love for thee  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
Recall my lord's great love for thee,  
When in sweet Euna's golden meads  
Thou heard'st that rustling of the reeds

And in thy hands the love-crush'd flowers  
Were grasp'd with fear, as from earth's bowers  
He strain'd thee to his mighty breast  
And bore thee, senseless, to the West,  
Beyond the opalescent sea  
That nightly sings its song of thee  
Give back my soul's delight to me  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
I bring love's garland unto thee;—  
She made it with her loving hands,  
She plaited it in golden bands,  
And placed it on my chosen brow  
When by my side she sat, as now  
Thou sittest by my great lord's side;  
That night no lover snatch'd his bride,  
But Death seized all remorselessly  
And took her soul beyond the sea;  
And life became a memory—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
Let this lute's magic minstrelsy  
Find with love's music sweet and clear  
Thy heart-depths through each pearly ear:  
Behold! how when I strike one string  
The lone sound floats with cheerless ring;  
Behold! when double chords are driven  
With harmony the air is riven;  
So Fate plays on our souls, and we  
Yield plaints of love or misery.  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
By all the joy that lovers see  
When first they feel the hidden fire  
Burst forth in blaze of heart's desire;  
By all the music lovers hear  
When language laps against the ear  
Like crystal waves on golden sands  
By touch of lips and clasp of hands  
When long-zoned raiments are made free;  
By all love's sweets that fell to thee,  
Give back my soul's delight to me—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
Mark how thy lord yet frowns on me,  
Behold the tightening of his lip—  
Kiss—kiss his mouth lest there might slip  
One word of doom to dash my hope;  
Bend down on him thine eyes and cope  
With love the gleams that in them shine  
The while I summon to me, mine!  
Break—break—by love and memory  
The bond of Hades and set free  
Her soul, that is the soul of me—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
Clasp him so close he may not see;  
Look deep into his soul with love  
That from thine eyes he shall not move  
His own;—ah! thus I gazed on her  
That night and heard no serpent stir,  
For love, once thralling all the mind,  
Makes all the little senses blind;  
'Tis well! he drinks love's alchemy!  
Come back! my love! come back to me,  
Where'er in Hades thou may'st be—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
Lull him with love that unto me  
No thought may leap with sudden ire,  
And steal again my heart's desire  
When she shall come. Ye Gods! that light!  
It shone when on that fatal night  
The demons took her from my side;  
'Tis she! they bring her back! my bride!  
Let Pluto wake—let Jove decree—  
My self—my soul—comes back to me  
My joy in life and death to be—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

Persephone! Persephone!  
A moment more and we are free;  
I feel the breath of outer air;  
I see the upper stars so fair;  
I hear the lapping of salt waves;  
I see the light of day that saves;  
I feel her pulsing heart-throbs run  
Through her fair limbs; I watch the sun  
Uprising in her eyes—and see  
Its living light thrills into me;  
She has come back—come back to me—  
Eurydice! Eurydice!

SAREPTA.

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## TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER I—(Continued).

CRISTINE walked aft to The Crew, and served his apprenticeship to sitting on the tiller and propelling the rudder thereby in the desired direction. When he went wrong, while The Crew was lighting his pipe, the flapping of the sails warned him to back the tiller to its proper place. When hauling at the halliards, he had sung to his admiring companion in toil the "Sailor's Shanty":—

My Polly said she'd marry me when I came home,  
Yo hee, yo ho, haul all together;  
But when I came I found she'd been and took my messmate Tom,  
Yo hee, yo ho, haul all together.

Now, therefore, The Crew was urgent for a song to cheer up the lonesomeness a bit, and the lawyer, nothing loath, sang with genuine pathos:—

A baby was sleeping;  
Its mother was weeping.  
For her husband was far on the wide rolling sea.

When he came to the sea-ee-ee-ee-ee at the end of the third line, The Crew, who had been keeping time with one foot on the deck and with one hand on the tiller, aided him in rolling it forth, and, when the singing was over, he characterized it as "pooty and suitin' like," by which he meant that the references to the howling tempest and the

raging billow were appropriate to the present nautical circumstances. After much persuasion The Crew was induced to add to the harmony of the evening. His voice was strong, but, like many strong things, under imperfect control; his tune was nowhere, and his intended pathetic unctious was simply maudlin. Coristine could recall but little of the long ballad to which he listened, the story of a niggardly and irate father, who followed and fought with the young knight that had carried off his daughter. Two verses, however, could not escape his memory, on account of the disinterested and filial light in which they made the young lady appear:—

"O stay your hand," the old man cried,  
A-lying on the ground,  
"And you shall have my daughter,  
And twenty thousand pound."

"Don't let him up, dear sweetheart,  
The portion is too small."  
"O stay your hand," the old man said,  
"And you shall have it all."

The lawyer was loud in his admiration of this classical piece, and what he afterwards found was The Crew's original and only tune. "That was the kind of wife for a poor man," remarked Sylvanus, meditatively; "but she was mighty hard on her old dad."

"They're a poor lot, the whole pack of them," said the lawyer, savagely, thinking of the quandary in which he and his friend were placed.

"Who is?" asked The Crew.

"Why, the women, to be sure."

"Look here, Mister, my name may be Sylvanus, but I know I'm pretty rough, for all that. But, rough as I am, I don't sit quiet and let any man, no, not as good friends as you and me has been, say a word agin the wimmen. When I think o' these yere gals as was in this blessed schooner last summer, I feel it my juty, bein' I'm one o' them as helped to sail her then, to stand up fer all wimmen kind, and, no offence meant. I guess your own mother's one o' the good sort, now wasn't she?"

"I should say she is," replied Coristine; "there are splendid women in the world, but they're all married."

"That don't stand to reason, nohow," said The Crew, with gravity, "cos there was a time woust when they wasn't married, and if they was good arter they was good afore. And, moreover, what was, is, and ever shall be, Amen!"

"All right, Sylvanus, we won't quarrel over them, and to show I bear no malice, I'll sing a song about the sex," whereupon he trolled out: "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen." Wilkinson came running aft when he heard the strain, and cried: "Good heavens! Coristine, whatever has got into you, are you mad or intoxicated?"

"I'll bet you your boots and your bottom dollar that he ain't that, Mister," interposed The Crew, "fer you couldn't scare up liquor enough on this yere *Susan Thomas* to turn the head of a canary."

"We are exchanging musical treats," said Coristine in defence. "Sylvanus here favoured me with an old ballad, not in the Percy collection, and I have been giving him one of the songs from the dramatists."

"But about women!" protested the dominie.

"There ain't no songs that ain't got somethin' about women in 'em that's wuth a cent," indignantly replied The Crew, and Wilkinson sullenly retired to the bow.

When the captain emerged from the hold he was hardly recognizable. Instead of his common sleeved waistcoat and overalls, he was attired in a dark blue suit of broadcloth, the vest and frock coat of which were resplendent with gilt buttons. These clothes, with a befitting peaked cap and a pair of polished boots, had evidently come out of the large bundle he had brought from Belle Ewart, where the garments had probably done Sunday duty, for a smaller bundle, which he now threw upon the deck, contained his discarded working dress. Wilkinson was confirmed, by the spectacle presented, in his dire suspicion that the captain's niece would appear at Barrie, and, then and there, begin an acquaintance with him that might have the most disastrous consequences. But hope springs eternal in the human breast, as the poet says, so the schoolmaster tackled the commander, congratulated him on his fine appearance, and began to pump him as to the whereabouts of Miss Carmichael. The old gentleman, for such he looked now, was somewhat vain in an off-hand sort of way, and felt that he was quite the dominie's equal. He was cheerful, even jovial, in spite of the contrary assertions of The Crew, as he replied to Wilkinson's interrogations.

"Ah, you sly young dog," he said, "I see what you're at now. You'd like to hear that the pair of them are waiting for us at Barrie; but they're not. They've gone to stay with my brother-in-law, Carruthers, in the County of Grey, where I'll go and see their pretty faces myself in a few days."

Wilkinson swallowed the "sly young dog" for the sake of the consolation, and, hurriedly making his way aft, communicated the joyful news to Coristine. That gentleman much amused The Crew by throwing an arm round the schoolmaster's waist and waltzing his unwilling partner over the deck. All went merry as a marriage bell till the waltzers struck a rope coil, when, owing to the dominie's struggles, they went down together. Recovering themselves, they sat on deck glaring at each other.

"You're a perfect idiot, Coristine."

"You're a regular old muff, Wilkinson."

The Crew, thinking this was a special pantomime got up impromptu for his benefit, roared with laughter, and applauded on the tiller. He was about to execute a hoe-

down within tiller limits to testify his sympathy with the fun, when the captain appeared in all his Sunday finery.

"Let her away, you laughing hyena," he yelled to the unlucky Sylvanus, who regained his mental balance and laid his back to the tiller the other way.

"Sorry I've no chairs for you gentlemen," he remarked to the seated travellers; "but I guess the deck's as soft as the wooden kind."

"Don't mention it, my dear captain," said Coristine, as he sprang to his feet; "we were only taking the latitude and longitude, but it's hard work on the bones."

"You allow yourself too much latitude, sir, both in your actions and in your unjustifiable remarks," muttered the pedagogue, more slowly assuming the perpendicular.

"Now, captain," cried the lawyer, "I leave it you, sir, as a judge of language, good and bad. What is the worst thing to call a man, a muff or an idiot?"

The captain toyed with the lanyard of his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, then put them deliberately across his nose, coughed judiciously, and gave his opinion:—

"An ijit is a man that's born without sense and can't keep himself, d'ye see? But a muff is that stupid, like Sylvanus here, that he can't use the sense he's got. That being the case, a muff is worse than an ijit."

"Mr. Wilkinson, I bow, as in duty bound, to the verdict of the court, and humbly apologize for having called you something worse than an idiot. In my poor opinion, sir, you are not worse than the unfortunate creature thus described."

Wilkinson was about to retort, when The Crew called out that the schooner was in the Bay, and that the lights of Barrie could be seen in the distance.

"Keep to your helm, Sylvanus," growled the captain; "there's three pair of eyes here as good as yourn, and I hope with more sense abaft 'em."

Sylvanus relapsed into silence of a modified kind, merely whistling in a soft way his original copyright tune. As the travellers had never seen Kempenfeldt Bay before, they admired it very much, and forgot their little misunderstanding, while arm in arm they leaned over the bulwarks, and quoted little snatches of poetry in one another's ears. The twinkling lights of the town up on the cliffs suggested many a pleasing passage, so that Wilkinson told his dear Corry he was more than repaid for the trouble incident on their expedition by the sweet satisfaction of gazing on such a scene in company with a kindred spirit of poesy. To this his comrade replied, "Wilks, my dear boy, next to my mother you're the best friend I ever hope to have."

"Let us cherish these sentiments for one another, kind friend, and the cloud on the horizon of our tour will never rise to darken its happy future," after which the learned dominie recited the words of Ducis:—

*"Noble et tendre amitié, je te chante en mes vers."*

"Murder!" cried Coristine, "Do you know that that Miss Jewplessy, or Do Please, or whatever her name is, is French?"

"O, Corry, Corry, how could you break in upon a scene of purest friendship and nature worship like this with your wretched misses? O, Corry, be a man!"

"The anchor's agoin' out," remarked The Crew, as he passed by; so the travellers rushed to the capstan and got hold of the spikes. Out went the cable, as Coristine sang:—

Do! my Johnny Boker,  
I'm a poo-er sailor,  
Do! my Johnny Boker,  
Do!!!

The ship made fast, the captain said, "Sylvanus will take you gentlemen ashore in the dingy. It only holds three, so I'll wait till he comes back." The pedestrians protested, but in vain. Sylvanus should take them ashore first. So they bade the captain good-bye with many thanks and good wishes, and tumbled down into the dingy, which The Crew brought round. The captain shouted from the bulwarks in an insinuating way, "I'll keep my eye on you, Mr. Wilkinson, trying to steal an old man's niece away from him," at which the victim shuddered. Away went the dingy some fifty yards or more, when Coristine called out, "Have you got the knapsacks, Farquhar, my dear?"

"Why, bless me, no," he answered. "I thought you had them." "Row back for your life, Sylvanus, to get the blessed knapsacks;" and Sylvanus, patient creature, did as he was told. The captain threw them over the side with another farewell speech, and then the dingy made for the bank, while Coristine sang in a rich voice:—

Pull for the shore, sailor,  
Pull for the shore.

They landed, and, much against The Crew's will, he was compelled to receive a dollar from each of his passengers.

"I'll see you again," he said, as he rowed back for the captain. "I'll see you again up in Grey, along of the old man and the gals, mark my word if I don't."

"Glad to see you, Sylvy, old fresh (he was going to say 'old salt,' but corrected himself in time), glad to see you anywhere," bawled the lawyer, "but we've made a vow to dispense with female society in our travels. Ta, ta!"

#### CHAPTER II.

Barrie—Next of Kin—Nightmare—On the Road—Strawberries and Botany—Poetry and Sentiment—The Virago—Luncheon and Wordsworth—Waterplants, Leeches and Verse—Cutting Sticks—Rain, Muggins and Rawdon.

THE travellers carried their knapsacks in their hands by the straps, to the nearest hotel, where, after brief

delay, a special supper was set for them. Having discussed the frugal meal, they repaired to the combined reading and smoking room, separate from the roughish crowd at the bar. Wilkinson glanced over a Toronto paper, while his companion, professing an interest in local news, picked up an organ of the town and read it through, advertisements and all, in which painstaking effort he was helped by his pipe. Suddenly he grasped the paper, and, holding it away from his face, exclaimed, "Is it possible that they are the same?"

"Who, who?" ejaculated Wilkinson; "do not tell me that the captain was mistaken, that they are really here."

"Do you know old Carmichael's initials, the doctor's, that was member for Vaughan?" his friend asked, paying no attention to the schoolmaster's question.

"James D.," replied that authority; "I remember, because I once made the boys get up the members' names along with their constituencies, so as to give the latter a living interest."

"Now, listen to this: 'Next of kin; information wanted concerning the whereabouts of James Douglas Carmichael, or his heirs at law. He left the University of Edinburgh, where he was in attendance on the Faculty of Medicine, in the spring of 1848, being at the time twenty-one years of age. The only trace of his farther life is a fragment of a letter written by him to a friend two years later, when he was serving as a soldier in the military station of Barrief, Upper Canada. Reward offered for the same by P. R. MacSmail, W.S., 19 Clavers Row, Edinburgh.' If James Douglas Carmichael, ex-medical student, wasn't the member and the father of that girl of yours, I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Coristine, I insist, sir, before another word passes between us, that you withdraw and apologize for the deeply offensive expression, which must surely have escaped your lips unperceived, 'that girl of yours.'"

"Oh, there, now, I'm always putting my foot in it. I meant the girl you are interested in—no, it isn't that other—the girl that's interested in you—oh, wirra wisha! it's not that at all—it's the girl the captain was joking you about."

"A joke from a comparatively illiterate man like the captain of the schooner, to whom we were under travelling obligations, and a joke from my equal, a scholar and a gentleman, are two distinct things. I wish the expression, 'that girl of yours,' absolutely and forever withdrawn."

"Well, well, I consent to withdraw it absolutely and apologize for saying it, but that 'forever' clause goes against my legal judgment. If the late Dr. Carmichael's heiress comes in for a fortune, we might repent that 'forever.'"

"What has that to do with me, sir, fortune or no fortune? Your insinuations are even more insulting than your open charges of infidelity to our solemn compact."

It was Coristine's turn to be angry. He rose from the table at which he had been sitting, with the paper still in his hand, and said: "You make mountains out of molehills, Wilkinson. I've made you a fair and full apology, and shall do no more, if you sulk your head off." So saying, he stalked out of the room, and Wilkinson was too much angered to try to stop him.

The lawyer asked the landlord if he would spare him the newspaper for an hour and supply him with pen and ink and a few sheets of paper. Then he took his lamp and retired to his room. "Poor old Farquhar," he soliloquized, as he arranged his writing materials; "he'll feel mighty bad at being left all alone, but it's good for his health, and business is business. Let me see, now. Barrie was never a military station, besides the letter had Barrief on it, a name that doesn't exist. But the letter was torn there, or the corner worn away in a man's pocket. By the powers, it's Barriefield at Kingston, and there's the military station for you. I'll write our correspondent there, and I'll set one of the juniors to work up Dr. Carmichael's record in Vaughan County, and I'll notify MacSmail, W.S., that I am on the track, and—shall I write the girl, there's the rub?" The three letters were written with great care and circumspection, but not the fourth. When carefully sealed, directed and stamped, he carried them to the post-office and personally deposited them in the slit for drop-letters. Returning to the hotel, he restored the newspaper to the table of the reading-room, minus the clipped advertisement to the next of kin, which he stowed away in his pocketbook. This late work filled the lawyer with a satisfaction that crowned the pleasures of the day, and he longed to communicate some of it to his friend, but that gentleman, the landlord said, had retired for the night, looking a bit put out—he hoped supper had been to his liking. Coristine said the supper was good. "What was the number of Mr. Wilkinson's room?"

Mine host replied that it was No. 32, the next to his own. Before retiring, Coristine looked at the faulight over the door of No. 32; it was dark. Nevertheless he knocked, but failed to evoke a response. "Farquhar, my dear," he whispered in an audible tone, but still there was no answer. So he heaved a sigh, and, returning to his apartment, read a few words out of his pocket prayer-book, and went to bed. There he had an awful dream, of the old captain leading Wilkinson by the collar and tail of his coat up to the altar, where Miss Carmichael stood, resplendent in pearls and diamonds, betokening untold wealth; of an attempt at rescue by himself and The Crew, which was nipped in the bud by the advent of the veteran, his daughter and Miss Jewplessy. The daughter laid violent hands upon The Crew and waltzed him

out of the church door, while the veteran took Coristine's palsied arm and placed that of his young mistress upon it, ordering them, with military words of command, to accompany the victims, as bridesmaid and groomsmen. When the dreamer recovered sufficiently to look the officiating clergyman full in the face, he saw that this personage was no other than Frank, the news-agent, whereupon he laughed immediately and awoke.

"Corry, Corry, my dear fellow, are you able to get up, or shall I break the door in?" were the words that greeted his ear on awaking.

"The omadhaun!" he said to himself under the bed-clothes; "it would be a good thing to serve him with the sauce of silence, as he did me last night." But better counsels prevailed in his warm Irish heart, and he arose to unlock the door, when suddenly it flew open, and Wilkinson, with nothing but a pair of trousers added to his night attire, fell backwards into his arms. It was broad daylight as each looked into the other's face for explanations.

"But you're strong, Wilks!" said the lawyer with admiration.

"Corry, when I heard you groan that way, I was sure you were in a fit."

"Oh, it was nothing," replied his friend, who found it hard to keep from laughing, "only a bad nightmare."

"What were you dreaming about to bring it on?"

Now, this was just what Coristine dared not tell, for the truth would bring up all last night's misunderstanding. So he made up a story of Wilkinson's teaching The Crew navigation and the use of the globes, when the captain interfered and threatened to kick master and pupil overboard. Then he, Coristine, interposed, and the captain fell upon him. "And you know, Wilks, he's a heavy man."

"Well, I am heartily glad it is no worse. Get a wash and get your clothes on, and come down to breakfast, like a good boy, for I hear the bell ringing."

Over their coffee and toast, eggs and sausages, the two were as kind and attentive to one another's wants, as if no dispute had ever marred their friendship. The dominie got out his sketch map of a route and opened it between them. "We shall start straight for the bush road into the north, if that suits you," he said, "and travel by easy stages towards Collingwood, where we shall again behold one of our inland seas. But, as it may be sometime before we reach a house of entertainment, it may be as well to fill the odd corners of our knapsacks with provision for the way."

"I say amen to that idea," replied the lawyer, and the travellers arose, paid their bill, including the price of the door-lock, seized their knapsacks by the straps and sallied forth. They laid in a small stock of captain's biscuits, a piece of good cheese, and some gingersnaps for Wilkinson's sweet tooth; they also had their flasks refilled, and Coristine invested in some pipe-lights. Then they sallied forth, not into the north as Wilkinson had said, it being a phrase he was fond of, but, at first, in a westerly, and, on the whole, in a north-westerly direction.

When the last house on the outskirts was left behind them, they helped each other on with their knapsacks, and felt like real pedestrians. The bush enclosed them on either side of the sandy road, so that they had shade whenever they wanted it. Occasionally a wayfarer would pass them with a curt "good morning," or a team would rattle by, its driver bestowing a similar salutation. The surface of the country was flat, but this did not hinder Wilkinson reciting:—

Mount slowly, sun! and may our journey lie  
Awhile within the shadow of this hill,  
This friendly hill, a shelter from thy beams!

"That reminds me," said Coristine, "of a fellow we had in the office once, whose name was Hill. He was a black-faced, solemn-looking genius, and the look of him would sink the spirits of a skylark down to zero. 'What's come over you?' said Woodruff to me one fine afternoon, when I was feeling a bit bilious. 'Oh,' said I, 'I've been within the shadow of this Hill,' and he laughed till he was black in the face."

"Corry, if I were not ashamed of making a pun, or, as we say in academic circles, being guilty of antanaclasis, I would say that you are in-corry-gible."

Coristine laughed, and then remarked seriously, "Here am I, with a strap-press full of printing paper in my knapsack, and paying no attention to science at all. We must begin to take life in earnest now, Wilks, my boy, and keep our eyes skinned for specimens. Sorry I am I didn't call and pay my respects to my botanical friend at the Barrie High School. He could have given us a pointer or two about the flowers that grow round here."

"Flowers are scarce in July," said the schoolmaster; "they seem to take a rest in the hot weather. The spring is their best time. Of course you know that song about the flowers in spring?"

"Never heard it in my life; sing it to us, Farquhar, like a darlin'."

Now, the dominie was not given to singing, but thus adjured, and the road being clear, he sang in a very fair voice:—

We are the flowers,  
The fair young flowers  
That come with the voice of Spring;  
Tra la la, la la la, la la,  
Tra la, tra la a a a.

Coristine revelled in the chorus, which, at the "a a a," went up to the extreme higher compass of the human voice and beyond it. He made his friend repeat the performance, called him a daisy, and tra la la'd to his heart's

content. Then he sat down on a grassy bank by the way-side and laughed loud and long. "Oh, it's a nice pair of fair young flowers we are, coming with the voice of spring; but we're not hayseeds, anyway." When the lawyer turned himself round to rise, Wilkinson asked seriously, "Did you hurt yourself then, Corry?"

"Never a bit, except that I'm weak with the laughing; and for why?"

"Because there is some red on your trousers, and I thought it might be blood—that you had sat down on some sharp thing."

"It'll be strawberry blite, I'll wager, *Blitum capitatum*, and a fine thing it is. Mrs. Marsh, that keeps our boarding house, has a garden where it grows wild in among the peas. She wanted some colouring for the icing of a cake, and hadn't a bit of cochineal or anything of the kind in the house. She was telling me her trouble, for it was a holiday and the shops were shut, and she's always that friendly with me; when, says I, 'There is no trouble about that.' So I went to the garden and got two lovely stalks of *Blitum capitatum*. 'Is it poison?' said she. 'Poison!' said I; 'and it belonging to the *Chenopodiaceae*, the order that owns beets and spinach, and all the rest of them. Trust a botanist, ma'am,' I said. It made the sweetest pink icing you ever saw, and Mrs. Marsh is forever deeply grateful, and rears that *Blitum* with fond and anxious care."

"I would like to see that plant," said Wilkinson. So they retraced their steps to the bank, over which Coristine leaned tenderly, picking something which he put into his mouth. "Come on, Wilks," he cried; "it isn't blite, but something better. It's wild strawberries themselves, and lashings of them. Sure any fool might have known them by the leaves, even if he was a herald, the worst fool of all, and only knew them from a duke's coronet."

For a time there was silence, for the berries were numerous, and, although small, sweet and of delicate flavour.

"Corry, they are luscious; this is Arcadia and Elysium."

"Foine, Wilks, foine," mumbled the lawyer, with his mouth full of berries.

"This folly of mine, sitting down on the blessings of Providence—turning my back upon them, so to speak," he remarked, after the first hunger was over, "reminds me of a man who took the gold medal in natural science. He had got his botany off by rote, so, when he was travelling between Toronto and Hamilton, a friend that was sitting beside him said, 'Johnson, what's in that field out there?' Johnson looked a bit put out, but said boldly, 'It's turnips.' There was an old farmer in the seat behind him, and he spoke up and said, 'Turmuts!' said he, 'them's hoats—ha, ha, ha!'"

As they tramped along, the botanist found some specimens: two lilies, the orange and the Turk's cap; the willow herb, the showy ladies' slipper, and three kinds of milkweed. He opened his knapsack, took out the strap-press, and carefully bestowed his floral treasures between sheets of unglazed printers' paper. Wilkinson took a friendly interest in these proceedings, and insisted on being furnished with the botanical names of all the specimens.

"That willow-herb, now, *Epilobium angustifolium*, is called fire-weed," said the botanist, "and is an awful nuisance on burnt ground. There was a Scotchman out here once, about this time of the year, and he thought it was such a pretty pink flower that he would take some home with him. So, when the downy-winged seeds came, he gathered a lot, and, when he got back to Scotland, planted them. Lord! the whole country about Perth got full of the stuff, till the farmers cursed him for introducing the American Saugh."

"The American what?" demanded Wilkinson.

"Saugh; it's an old Scotch word for willow, and comes from the French *saule*, I suppose."

"I am not sorry for them," said Wilkinson; "they say that pest, the Canada thistle, came from the Old Country."

"Yes, that's true; and so did Pusley, which Warner compares with original sin; and a host of other plants. Why, on part of the Hamilton mountain you won't find a single native plant. It is perfectly covered, from top to bottom, with dusty, unwholesome-looking weeds from Europe and the Southern States. But we paid them back."

"How was that?"

"You know, a good many years ago, sailing vessels began to go from the Toronto harbour across the Atlantic to British ports. There's a little water-plant that grows in Ashbridge's Bay, called the Anacharis, and this little weed got on to the bottom of the ocean vessels. Salt water didn't kill it, but it lived till the ships got to the Severn, and there it fell off and took root, and blocked up the canals with a solid mass of subaqueous vegetation that made the English canal men dredge night and day to get rid of it. I tell you we've got some pretty hardy things out here in Canada."

"Do you not think," asked Wilkinson, "that our talk is getting too like that of Charles and his learned father in Gosse's 'Canadian Naturalist'?"

"All right, my boy, I'll oppress you no longer with a tender father's scientific love, but, with your favourite poet, say:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"That is because of their associations, a merely relative reason," said the dominie.

"It isn't though, at least not altogether. Listen, now, to what Tennyson says, or to something like what he says:—

Little flower in the crannied wall,  
Peeping out of the crannies,  
I hold you, root and all, in my hand;  
Little flower, if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

There's no association nor relation in that; the flower brings you at once face to face with infinite life. Do you know what these strawberries brought to me?"

"A pleasant feast I should say."

"No, they made me think how much better it would have been if I had had somebody to gather them for; I don't say a woman, because that's tabooed between us, but say a child, a little boy or girl. There's no association or relation there at all; the strawberries called up love, which is better than a pleasant feast."

"According to Wordsworth, the flower in the crannied wall and the strawberry teach the same lesson, for does he not say:—

That life is love and immortality.

Life, I repeat, is energy of love,  
Divine or human, exercised in pain,  
In strife and tribulation, and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass  
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy?

At any rate, that is what he puts into his Parson's lips."

"Farquhar, my boy, I think we'd better stop, for I'm weakening fast. It's sentimental the flowers and the fruit are making me. I mind, when I was a little fellow in the old sod, my mother gathering wild flowers from the hedges and putting them all round the ribbon of my straw hat. I can't pay her the debt of that mark of love the same way, but I feel I should pay it to somebody. You never told me about your mother."

"No, because she is dead and gone long ago, and my father married again, and brought a vixen, with two trollops of girls, to take the place of an angel. These three women turned my stomach at all the sex. Look, there's a pretty woman for you!"

They had reached a clearing in the bush, consisting of a corn patch and a potato field, in which a woman, with a man's hat on her head and a pair of top-boots upon her nether extremities, looking a veritable guy, was sprinkling the potato plants with well-diluted Paris green. The shanty pertaining to the clearing was some little distance from the road, and, hoping to get a drink of water there, Coristine prepared to jump the rail fence and make his way towards it. The woman, seeing what he was about, called: "Hi, Jack, Jack!" and immediately a big mongrel bull-dog came tearing towards the travellers, barking as he ran.

"Come back, Corry, for heaven's sake, or he'll bite you!" cried Wilkinson.

"Never a fear," answered the lately sentimental botanist; "barking dogs don't bite as a rule." So he jumped the fence in earnest, and said soothingly, as if he were an old friend: "Hullo, Jack, good dog!" whereupon the perfidious Jack grovelled at his feet and then jumped up for a caress. But the woman came striding along, picking up a grubbing hoe by the way to take the place of the treacherous defender of the house.

"Hi, git out o' that, quick as yer legs'll take yer; git out now! we don't want no seeds, ner fruit trees, ner sewin' machines, ner fambly Bibles. My man's jist down in the next patch, an' if yer don't git, I'll set him on yer."

"Madam," said Coristine, lifting his hat, "permit me to explain —"

"Go 'long, I tell yer; that's the way they all begin, with yer madam an' explainin'; I'll explain this hoe on yer if yer take another step."

"We are not agents, nor tramps, nor tract distributors, nor collectors for missions," cried Coristine, as soon as he had a chance to speak. "My friend, here, is a gentleman engaged in education, and I am a lawyer, and all we want is a glass of water."

"A liyer, eh?" said the Amazon, in a very much reduced tone; "Why didn't yer say so at wonst, an' not have me settin' that good for nuthin' brute on yer? I never see liyers with a pack on their backs afore. Ef yer wants a drink, why don't yer both come on to the house?"

Wilkinson, at this not too cordial invitation, vaulted over the fence beside his companion, and they walked housewards, the woman striding on ahead, and the dog sniffing at Wilkinson's heels in the rear. A rather pretty red-haired girl of about fifteen was washing dishes, evidently in preparation for the mid-day meal. Her the woman addressed as Anna Maria, and ordered her to go and get a pail of fresh water for the gentlemen. But Wilkinson, who felt he must do something to restore his credit, offered to get the water if Anna Maria would show him the well or pump that contained it. The girl gave him a tin pail, and he accompanied her to the back of the house, where the well and a bucket with a rope were. In vain he tried to sink that bucket; it would not sink. At last the girl took it out of his hands, turned the bucket upside down, and, letting it fall with a vicious splash, brought it up full of deliciously cool water, which she transferred to the pail.

"You are very clever to do that the first time," remarked the schoolmaster, wishing to be polite to the girl, who looked quite pleasant and comely, in spite of her bare feet and arms.

"There ain't no cleverness about it," she replied, with a harsh nasal accent; "any fool most could do as much." Wilkinson carried the tin pail to the shanty disillusioned, took his drink out of a cup that seemed clean enough, joined his friend in thanking mother and daughter for their hospitality, and retired to the road.

"Do you find your respect for the fair sex rising?" he asked Coristine, cynically.

"The mother's an awful old harridan—"

"Yes, and when the daughter is her age she will be a harridan, too; the gentle rustic beauties have gone out of date, like the old poets. The schoolmaster is much needed here to teach young women not to compare gentlemen, even if they are pedestriating, to 'any fool most.'"

"Oh, Wilks, is that where you're hit? I thought you and she were long enough over that water business for a case of Jacob and Rachel at the well, ha, ha!"

"Come, cease this folly, Coristine, and let us get along."

(To be continued.)

#### A PARSON'S PONDERINGS CONCERNING THEOSOPHY.

I RECEIVED, the other day, a letter from a gentleman unknown to me personally, who told me therein that he had just read my Ponderings in THE WEEK on "The Wise Men of the East." His remarks were extremely kind and laudatory, and I naturally felt highly gratified. But when I read a little further on, and was assured that my sentiments were quite acceptable to himself as a Theosophist, I became alarmed. My first thought was: Wonder if I said anything heretical? Wonder if I shall be hauled up before the Sanhedrim? Wonder if my clerical brethren will insist on my resignation or dismissal, as a dangerous character, as a heretic in disguise, as a Theosophist, no less!

My courteous correspondent sent me at the same time a couple of pamphlets explaining the elementary principles of Theosophy. These I read most anxiously and carefully. I had, a few years ago, tried to wade through some dozen numbers of the late Madame Blavatsky's periodical, the *Theosophist*; but I must confess the perusal left one somewhat bewildered, not as to my faith but as to theirs. The pamphlets, however, kindly furnished me by my correspondent ("Letters on Theosophy," 2 sets, by Alex. Fullerton, F.T.S.) have the merit of putting the Theosophic doctrine in as concrete a form as I conceive to be possible. When I had mastered them, my alarm subsided.

Mr. Fullerton opens his case in these words: "Any man, upon first hearing the word 'Theosophy,' naturally supposes it a new form of religion or a new interpretation of the Bible. Remembering the variety of churches and sects in even the smallest towns, and that these, as well as the fresh formations recorded in the daily press," etc.

Ah! there it is, the old story! The numerous divisions of Christians are the cause of still another effort to get some universal problem on which all can unite and so show forth the brotherhood of man! The late Lord A. Cecil used to begin his preachings in the same strain. So does every "fresh formation." So schism breeds schisms; so we Christians put a stumbling-block in the weak brother's way! I do not mean to say that there should be no differences of opinions or views among Christians; they are necessary and desirable. But it is neither necessary nor desirable that each separate opinion should be embodied in a separate organization. Fancy, if every shade of political opinion in Canada had its own separate Parliament and Executive!

Mr. Fullerton proceeds to expound in plain prose the two great central doctrines of Theosophy which Sir Edwin Arnold has drawn out in such charming verse in his "Light of Asia," viz., "Re-incarnation" and "Karma." The first of these, re-incarnation, is a new name for the old opinions of Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato, of the pre-existence and transmigration of every individual soul. Socrates (in the "Phædo" of Plato) argues that the soul of every individual must have existed in some bodily shape or other before it possessed its present organism, and that after death it will again tenant some other form, human or bestial, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Now this is just the Theosophic (or Buddhist) doctrine of "Re-incarnation." I remember, as a boy, reading a most curious and interesting tale—I wish I could get hold of it again—called "The Transmigrations of Indur." It ran something like this: Indur, a pious Brahman, while endeavouring to rescue some animal from the jaws of a beast of prey, receives his own death-wound from the ferocious creature. But before his soul departs, Buddha appears to him and benignantly asks him to name his last wish. The dying man asks that in all his future "transmigrations" he shall always keep the memory and personal consciousness of his present human "incarnation." The request is granted, whereupon his soul contentedly departs from his body. On awakening to his new life he finds himself in a vast waste of waters, no land visible anywhere. He splashes about; he spouts water through his nose; he feeds on minute creatures of the air and water which he swallows by the million; he admires the graceful lines of his back and tail; he is astonished at his own bulk. He is a whale. Notwithstanding, he enjoys himself hugely in his new "environment"; he is quite convinced that life is worth living; until, one fine day, he feels a sharp pain in the

nape of his neck. It is the stab of a harpoon. He looks with wrath upon a boat-load of fellow-souls, incarnated in shapes similar to that he wore formerly. He goes for them, but they dodge him, and he gets the prod of another harpoon. Finally through loss of blood his soul is again dislodged, and he "migrates." The next time he turns up as a tiger; then a monkey, and so on. We boys used to read this story as one now reads Grimm's "Fairy Tales" or "Alice in Wonderland." But it appears that, according to Theosophy, we were all the time absorbing the most solemn truths.

However, to be just, Mr. Fullerton says nothing about our re-incarnation or our pre-incarnations as brutes or fishes. He talks about the evolution of the spirit in its various human forms. Well, let it be granted (after the manner of Euclid's hypotheses) that my "Ego," or "soul," has been through numberless transmigrations or re-incarnations since the beginning of humanity. What would I not give to be able to recall at will to my memory any particular incarnation through all that time! I would not like to carry them all in my mind at once. But just suppose some "Mahatma" (or whatever the title of the proper authority might be) could act as a sort of "telepathic central." If I could only ring her up and shout, "Hello! central: connect me with the reminiscence of my 'Ego' in the Stone Age!" How interesting to see myself—or feel myself, or remember myself—clad in a cave-bear's skin and armed with a stone tomahawk, prowling around after some woolly rhinoceros! Then to recognize myself as an early Briton paddling a coracle; and then, may-be, re-incarnated in St. Augustine of Canterbury; and so on all through history! What a glorious panorama of the ages would the story of one such spirit be! Now that Madame Blavatsky is dead, and Col. Olcott retired, perhaps Mrs. Besant will devote her energies to becoming such a "central." It would give such a practical and useful turn to Theosophic teaching, and be of inestimable service in solving a thousand problems of the past.

Mr. Fullerton says that re-incarnation has no respect of country or sex. I wonder if my soul was ever embodied in Egypt? Possibly I might some day view the very mummy in which I once lodged. If so, I hope some "adept" will be there to inform me: it would be so interesting to know the fact. Or I might have been a Hindoo widow burning on a funeral pile—or Juliet of Verona—or Queen Elizabeth; who knows?

"Which is absurd," as Euclid would say. Besides, if the soul, between each transmigration or re-incarnation, is steeped in the waters of Lethe, what is the use of it all? What matters it to me whether my spirit formerly lodged in Greek or Trojan? Here Theosophy steps in with her second central doctrine of "Karma," which is to set this all right. So let us investigate "Karma." Mr. Fullerton thus describes it: "The great doctrine of Karma is in itself exceedingly simple. It is the doctrine of perfect, inflexible justice. It means, as first defined by Col. Olcott, 'the law of ethical causation'—'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' But it also expresses the balance sheet of merit and demerit in any individual character." "The Karmic law asserts itself over vast stretches of time and through numberless incarnations, not interpreting itself intelligibly in each specific incident of each life, but ensuring approximate justice in separate incarnations, and absolute justice in their totality." "There are . . . deeds of heroism or atrocity too momentous for full payment in one incarnation, and the settlement for such passes over and on till it suddenly appears during some distant birth, the long-pent force discharging itself at last, and, to our narrow vision, inexplicably. It is said that Buddha's favourite disciple was slain in his presence by robbers, and that he did not interpose. Questioned as to this, he replied that in a far remote date his disciple, then himself a robber, had committed a murder for which Karma had now overtaken him."

But, dear me, it is horrible to think what results may follow, if Theosophy becomes universal or even prevalent! Let us imagine a case in a criminal court in the distant future. A burglar is tried and convicted of having robbed and murdered a Mr. John Smith. The Judge asks the prisoner why sentence should not be pronounced. The convict replies: My Lord, I have simply to say, it is Karma. Some centuries ago the soul of the late John Smith whom I murdered—I mean, whom I assisted towards a happier re-incarnation—inhabited the body of a South Sea islander; at the same time my Ego was incarnated in a missionary. That islander slew that missionary and appropriated his goods and ate him up. So this little incident, in which we both met again under altered circumstances, is simply an act of vengeance—I mean, the operation of the Karmic law." What criminal could not so plead justification for all his crimes? But perhaps by that time there will be an "adept" in the Supreme Court to test the truth or falsehood of all such allegations.

And then, again, what a fearful weapon this will be in the hands of personal enemies—or political opponents—for destroying each other's characters. Fancy a Tory and a Liberal candidate on the platform of the future; the one asserting that he has it on the very best authority that the soul of the other once infested Ananias; and the other retorting that he has indisputable evidence that his opponent once had a life-lease of the body of Caligula. What libel suits the "adepts" of the future will have to settle! For my part, if my "spirit" is ever charged with the evil deeds it committed while dwelling in some

cruel or vicious monster of the past, I hereby repudiate all responsibility. I will not be answerable for what it did while some other fellow had possession of it, and this I fancy will be the general verdict of the western mind. We of this continent are very practical, very business-like; we expect quick returns for our investments. "Every man for himself" is the general creed; and the idea of a man being responsible for the acts of ten thousand individuals of the past ages will not I think take much hold of us.

On the other hand, jesting apart, we Christians are bound in fairness to look at the other side of the question. If we see in the religious opinions of another what seems to us absurd or repulsive, it is only right that we in turn should take cognizance of those things in our religious opinions which seem repulsive or absurd to him. We all need to see ourselves as others see us. I can quite understand that the many doctrinal eccentricities of Christians are in a measure responsible for the strange recoils of Materialism on the one hand and Theosophy on the other; and if these opposing systems have lashed us very sharply with their whips, it is (as my esteemed correspondent truly says) because the Christian temple needs cleansing.

Mr. Fullerton's first charge against us—our unhappy divisions—has already been dealt with. Doubtless our rivalries and wranglings—especially perhaps in our newspapers—do seem to them contemptible. I wish there were less of it. Then he charges the Christian doctrines of Atonement, Retribution, etc., with being opposed to all sense of justice. I am free to admit that these doctrines have been handled by very many preachers (and that not in one denomination, but in all) in ways to shock the sense of justice in many a scrupulous and cultured mind. But these are travesties of such doctrines, which the lashings of "our friends the enemy" may do much to correct.

And now let us see how far we can agree with our Theosophist friends. We, too, believe in Incarnation—in ONE Incarnation—so firmly and fondly that we deem it almost sacrilege to use the expression in any other reference. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; partaking of our human nature that we through Him might be "partakers of the Divine nature" (II. Peter i. 4). We believe also in re-incarnation, in a sense; for we hold that Christ rose again with His body. True, that body was changed; it was no longer a "natural" body but a "spiritual" body (I. Cor. xv. 44), call it an "astral" body if you will, for with it He ascended into Heaven. And in that same sense we believe in a (future) re-incarnation for ourselves. We do not believe that the "soul" abstracted from all organic form is the highest stage of our existence. Our doctrine looks upon the soul, when freed from the body, as in a sort of "naked" condition, waiting to be clothed with our "house from Heaven" (II. Cor. v. 1-3), when He "will change our vile bodies that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body" (Phil. iii. 21).

And we, too, believe in "Karma"—if Karma means absolute and eternal justice. The sentence quoted by Col. Olcott, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is taken from our Scriptures, written by St. Paul, who also wrote: "We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, that every man may receive of the things done in the body." For we believe that the body sins as well as the soul. In fact the body and the soul together constitute the individual who does right or wrong; and therefore we see the Karma—the eternal justice and fitness of things—in the body and soul re-united—of if you please, the soul re-incarnated, before the judgment seat of Christ—and therefore it is that we say, not, I believe in the Immortality of the Soul, but, "I look for the Resurrection of the Dead, and the Life of the World to Come."

Almonte, Ont.

GEO. J. LOW.

#### PARIS LETTER.

AT the present moment France commences to seriously feel that colonial expansion is a costly luxury, and that "superfluity is not the necessary." She is now in hot water in Dahomey and at Madagascar; in Tonquin, dacoity, under the name of piracy, is chronic, and the old colonies remain old colonies. In their hearts the thinking portion of the French condemn the grabbing of territory, but the moment the ultra patriots insist on possessing a colonial empire that in area will look big when coloured on a map, and fat when represented in square miles, opposition has to lie low and keep mute. It is quantity, not quality, of territory that is aimed at. It is useless reminding the French that colonies cannot be developed without colonists, and it is useless demanding capital for opening up any new country till European heads and hands have therein pitched their tents. Besides, the world's Gardens of Eden are in the possession of the Anglo-Saxon.

France is more unfavourably situated than any other nation for undertaking "little wars"; the people next to dread them, not wholly on account of their cost, the dribbling losses in men and money, but they are viewed as the occasion for tempting a rival or covetous power to take advantage of their being in a fix. Then again, the French expect the material proofs of success in a new take before attempts have been made to utilize the possession. England, Germany and Italy grab; France hence, it is concluded, must in self-defence do the same or her influence in the world will be diminished. She only forgets that what may be one man's meat may be another man's poison. The King of Dahomey is again on the warpath to clear



the French out of his hinterlands. He feels himself strong enough to discard his treaty obligations, and so comes up to the level of a European power. Evidently the French must suppress him at all costs, or secure his friendship by augmenting the 20,000 frs. annually allowed him as diplomatic backshish.

Following Deputy Mahy, who really is "one who knows," the situation of the French in Madagascar, is anything but smiling; for them "the heavens are hung in black" there. For the deputy, the American and English Protestant missionaries are the great source of all the troubles. He has no objection to the Catholic missions, however. In the Congo region, M. de Brazza seems to be most occupied in the steeplechase for Lake Tchad. In Tonquin, every mail brings details, more or less important, of collisions with pirates. M. Saint-Genest is a well-known roundabout correspondent; he is now in Algeria, and writes respecting the pretty region of Biskra; but his observations apply to the whole of Algeria. Fifteen years ago he first visited Algeria, when the agitation for a civil governor was at its height. The change was made, and since then matters have become worse.

At present the cry is for someone who can govern, whether a soldier or a civilian. The colonist wants to devour the Arab, and the Arab naturally resists. All the reforms for Algeria, it appears, are only on paper. The attempt to win the Mussulmans by education and assimilation has only damaged the French. Arabs and Kabyles more than ever detest the conquerors. The Arab is an idler, a voluptuary, a believer and a thief; he prays every hour and in every place, but he also robs always and everywhere. The writer apologizes that he cannot give full expression to his facts; the Mahometan world is wakening up, is growing and showing its teeth, especially in Kabylia, the most Frenchified part of Algeria; it reads the journals daily; has plenty of arms secretly hid, and will not wait, as in 1871, for a year to elapse before breaking into insurrection, should France be engaged in war. This cannot be palatable reading for the French, but it corroborates the foresight of Gambetta, almost his dying words: "Never allow the Turks to enter Egypt, if you do not wish to set Algeria on fire." And the French urge the Sultan to claim his Nile realm while the Giaour is accomplishing what the Padichâh could not—making Egypt "great, glorious and free."

We now know what "Ravacholism" is: it is *fin de siècle* anarchy. The founder of it, happily for society, is under bolts and bars, with three gaolers for cell companions, whom he is free to convert to his creed, as a variation in his pastimes of card-playing and book-reading. And that credo? "The perfect Anarchist must not beg—that lacks dignity; he must not work—that would enrich the employer and keep society a going concern; but, as he requires food, if he has no money, he must rob it, and if the owners resist, murder them." Ravachol fully acted up to his faith. He killed, he confesses, three fellow-creatures; and the money he took from his victims constituted his capital to make those explosives and infernal machines to demolish dwelling-places and slaughter unoffending inmates. Extirpation is the only answer to be given to the Ravacholists; philanthropy would be a madness to take them up, and the extension of even strained mercy to them a crime. One can now comprehend how the early Popes were right when they excommunicated Origen for praying for the conversion of the devil.

It only remains to hurry forward the trial of Ravachol and his dupes so as to hurry him out of the world. The new law, sending dynamitards to the guillotine, will compel such tragic reformers of society to consider their ways and be wise. It is a pity the law just voted does not empower the police to arrest the spouters of anarchy and lodge them for a time in one of those sinister tiny villas in the park of Salpêtrerie, and to practise a kind of perpetual motion on them with the douche hose. The waiter to whose acumen is due the arrest of Ravachol, and so, superior to the entire detective force, is being covered with honours and rewards. He has received, as he well merited, the Legion of Honour; he is the lion of the day, is the subject of song, and is in course of being made the same for story. Shêrot has his niche in that temple of fame, the Wax Work Gallery. He intends in time to return to Tunisia, where he has been a Zouave, and to plant a vineyard with the proceeds of the donations made him. His fiancée insists on his leaving Paris at once. Beyond doubt, his discovery of Guy Fawkes has prevented at least two more explosions and their miseries.

The brilliant weather will soon make Parisians forget Anarchists, church rowings, influenza and "Psittacid consumption"—the latter is the name given to the new tuberculosis malady introduced here by parrots from Brazil and Senegal. The hippodrome has opened, and this is now viewed as a surer harbinger of spring than the "old chestnut" of 18th March reputation or the almanac date of the 21st of the same month. Crowds went to the first representation as a kind of hygienic duty, but the programme had nothing sensational save the inevitable winding up act of la belle alliance between the French and Russian peasantry. The latter had all the appearance of being a well-fed and happy people. But this was inferior, in point of amusement, to the lump of "Russian delight" given at an opposition circus, where a bear drinks a stirrup cup like a man, and rides a horse as if a heavy weight round the arena.

The latest "cure" for cancer is a "league" for its suppression. Professor Duplay, in accepting the presidency, remarked that for thirty years, while the disease

has been making rapid progress, no progress has been made towards its extirpation. Mental anxiety, worry, in a word, is considered by many medical celebrities to be a predisposing cause of the disease. There are cancerous, as there are phthisical and lunatic, families, and if the league aims to discourage marriages where one of the fiancés exhibits the symptoms of the incurable disease, the prevention would be a social gain. Only love, laughs at locksmiths and hereditary diseases.

The chief mammoth soft goods shop of Paris gives 14,000 frs. a year to its head cook, who is also house-steward. This is double the salary of a French bishop or a general. Few of these monster shops, if they do not positively own, "control" some of the daily newspapers. The *Patrie* has just become the property of the proprietor of a leading *magasin*. Few journals in France but are farmed by, if not the property of, financiers.

Rochefort divided French functionaries into three classes: those who work, those who do something and those who do nothing at all. He, when a clerk in the Hôtel de Ville, admitted he belonged to the second category, as he only read novels from nine till three o'clock, when he varied this occupation by going out for a stroll. He always left a hat on his desk to suggest his presence, just as maiden ladies who live alone in Paris keep a couple of men's hats hung up in the entrance hall to suggest caution to questionable callers. When Rochefort arrived late at his office he left a hat and umbrella with the office porter, then borrowed a pen, placed it between his lips and walked with a business step to his chair. Z.

### THE LIBERAL PARTY.

It is difficult to say when the Liberal party began. It is true that Victor Hugo traces all measures for the general benefit of man to the French Revolution; but it is a question whether we should attribute his views to excessive patriotism, or to a general contempt for history as related by others than himself. There were certainly traces of Liberalism before that; indeed, if we read history right, it is doubtful if there was a period without them. There is even ground for the view that it is as old as our first parents. Eve certainly showed signs of a discontent which may or may not have been divine, and Adam might stand for the Tory prototype, at first protesting, then complaisantly following Eve's example.

This may be going a little too far back. If we come down to Moses we get on pretty safe ground. He was the type of the Liberal leader. He found the children of Israel wholly steeped in Toryism. They wore their fetters with ease, not to say unconsciousness, and they gave their services to a boss, accepting the flesh pots of Egypt in return as a suitable equivalent. Even when they got liberty they did not know what to do with it, but required forty years' drill in the desert to awaken their spirit and make them fit for anything. The Prophets were obviously radicals; indeed, some of their indictments of existing institutions were most intemperate. But this has been sufficiently recognized; among other things, the resemblance of a certain Liberal light to Jeremiah having been fully and frequently established.

Turning to profane history, we naturally look to the Aryans for the beginnings of later tendencies. There was a time when the Aryan population had so expanded that the land was unable to support them. What happened? They did not begin to eat each other, or adopt any plan of mutual subjection; but the party of progress took the manly and enterprising course and migrated to Europe. That their descendants have made some stir in the world must be admitted; but who knows anything of the stay-at-homes?

As history proceeds, the influence of Liberalism is more marked. Again and again was the attempt made to gather all power into the hands of a few and let the many feebly struggle on or fail entirely in the strife. It is appalling, when we look back on it, to consider what a large proportion of the world were, at certain periods, slaves. But tyranny has this characteristic, that, if its victims can bear a hundred turns of the screw, it will give them a hundred and one. Tribunes of the people are not necessarily heaven sent; they are often forced into existence. The story has been repeated time and again, with only the name changed. Solon, the Gracchi, Wat Tyler, Hampden, Mazzini are but a few of those whom the sufferings of a people made leaders. We, the readers of history, take our stand by them; we sympathize with the sorrows of many of their lives; we rejoice in their victories; we wonder, if any one of them had not come, what the world would have done without him. If we ever picture ourselves as living in the past, it is not in the gilded chariot of a tyrant; but, in our enthusiasm, we see ourselves mixed up with half-clad mobs, plebeians and agrarian rioters. In the present day we gladly pay the price of a seat in a Pullman, so we have at least a first-class car between them and ourselves.

But, is it not a little curious how we shed tears over history, and look with calm indifference on the wrongs of living men? Take an example. A year or two ago nearly all the pearl buttons used in the United States were made in Austria; it was the sole industry of thousands of not very prosperous workmen, who probably spent each day what they made that day, and had little or nothing as reserve between them and starvation. When the McKinley Bill was in progress, some persons thought they saw an opportunity in pearl buttons and took measures to shut off

the Austrian competition. Congress did not prohibit the importation, at least they did not say "it is forbidden"; but they put on an import tax amounting to about 1,400 per cent., and said it was meant to encourage home industry. Now there are accounts of great distress in Austria. But the Americans are not sorry; they say it is foolish to confuse business with sentiment: there are plenty of dead people with wrongs and Russian criminals to be sorry for. Their children can weep for the Austrians.

It is said, of course, that we have nothing as bad as that, which is very true; but the question is one of kind, not of degree. The function of Government, so far as money is concerned, is to tax the people and expend the money economically. It is a distinct usurpation to pass any laws with the avowed object of making one man or class of men more or less wealthy than they would otherwise have been. It does not even justify the practice to say that the condition of all is improved; for, with any interference, the proportion of profit must be changed. What right has Government to pass laws which alter a man's income by a single dollar? It may be said that the right is established by a vote of the majority, but even the rights of majorities have their limit. No majority can annul the Ten Commandments, or alter eternal laws. The transfer of money by law from man to man can be justified only on the ground of legalizing robbery. The whole theory of protection is wrong, not because protection is contrary to the law of the land, but because it is *per se* immoral.

Another evil of the day is Nationalism. A very little thought will show that nations are accidents due to the defective civilization of earlier ages. Then as now there was constant migration; but there was little subsequent intercourse. After a certain separation people acquired accents, which developed into dialects, which very soon became new languages. With each new language came a new nation. Had it been possible to maintain regular communication with home, by means of letters or books or rapid travel, it seems probable that such a thing as a nation would never have existed. Nations, then, are not of divine origin, or bound up with the stability of the universe, but rather mistakes due to our imperfect natures. However, an error has always ten votaries, where a truth has one; and, no matter what their origin, nations must now be sacredly preserved. Christianity and education and travel have been a serious menace to their existence, but a means has been found in the customs tariff to support them for a time with a fictitious vigour. So we open our newspaper to find the Americans grumbling at "British duplicity," and the *Saturday* complaining of American "impertinence." Blaine blows his penny trumpet in Washington, and Tupper answers with a counter toot in London. People say they do not want war; but even war would be preferable to the international scratching and back-biting we now indulge in. Even diplomacy bears the flavour of five o'clock tea.

There are other questions that will soon require settlement. We shall soon have to decide how far it is right for large dealers to crush out small; whether trusts are conspiracies against individual rights or not. Say we have nine cotton mills, with equal capital; it seems possible, theoretically at least, for five to crush out four, and of the remainder three may crush out two, and so on till one or two command the market, that is, our pockets. This is a question that must be dealt with in a year or two, and it is question with which the Conservative party, according to the terms of their contract, are not in a position to deal. Then there is the question of labour and capital which has assumed a new phase of late, in the recognition by labour of the value of capital, but in assailing the manner in which it is held and administered. The object now is to abolish, not capital, but capitalists, and make the state a great joint stock company in which each citizen is to be a sharer. Essentially this is the same thing as dividing capital up at so much *per capita*; but it is a much more specious presentation of the scheme. The real question is whether the sole motive for thrift and industry is to be removed. This is becoming more and more a living issue and will soon be one of the most serious of the day. Lastly, there is the matter of sound and economical government, which we have always with us.

All these are questions which demand an independent and intelligent treatment. They will leave no time for the squaring of election debts, which now seems to be the end and aim of all legislation. The Conservative policy is to keep people quiet with sops—tariffs, national policies, and the like; they have never endured banishment rather than sacrifice a principle. The Liberals at least profess something better; they claim principle as their peculiar property, and are ready to make any sacrifice rather than abandon it. It must be confessed that, judged by their own standard, their performance is pretty poor; their policy has been simply one of experiment, not justified by right or reason or use. Their election methods are quite as bad as those of their adversaries; they have alienated the educated classes, which naturally belong to them, and they have got near enough to the criminal classes in Quebec to share their taint. It is a mystery that the bye-elections are all against them, and that the people should prefer a Government, which, though grounded on pure selfishness, at least appears to know what it is about? One thing is certain, the country cannot spare its Opposition. In the present state of public opinion no party can have the run of the pasture; they must be tethered in some way. The Liberals have performed a tedious and thankless service in this respect; if they abdicate now, others must be

found to take their place. If they wish to retain it, and to be ultimately returned to power, they must make themselves worthy of doing so. There are signs of a re-awakening. The Conservative victory in Quebec is one of them. It was a victory of honest Liberals; nothing else will account for such a change. That a Province which in three preceding elections had been strongly Liberal should in a few months return such an overwhelming Conservative majority can be attributed to nothing but a huge Liberal secession. It was recognized as the only means of reconstruction, and it was unhesitatingly followed. Parasites are often killed only by violent measures, and it required something pretty strong to dispose of Mercier and Pacaud. In the same way the party throughout the Dominion may be restored to usefulness and power, after enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. Two things are necessary; the restoration of honest methods, and a return to the policy which is right, not that which is expedient. These are occasions when the path of duty and the path of glory are the same. May not this be one of them?

F. W. F.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It would not be proper for me again to intrude upon your columns any lengthened discussion. Permit me, however, to note, with pleasure, the very close approximation to which the discussion has brought us. We agree:—

1. That the State ought to protect itself from vice by education (or a modicum thereof).
2. Catholics may "unite and organize for the establishment and support of schools for the education of their children on any plan and according to any system which they deem best, so long as the intellectual education provided is sufficiently thorough to meet the reasonable requirements of the State in regard to citizenship."
3. "There could be no objection" "to confer corporate powers" upon them to enable them so "to unite and organize."
4. But these powers should not "enable compulsion to be used to make any one contribute to, and patronize, a denominational school against his will."
5. The State may properly raise money by taxation for the purposes of education.
6. There is nothing "more unjust than for it to use the taxes paid by the Catholic to aid the propagation of the doctrines which the good Catholic detests" (rightly or wrongly is immaterial).
7. Or, by parity of reasoning (let me add without agreement possibly), to use it in diffusing a purely secular education "which the good Catholic detests" (rightly or wrongly again immaterial); but that he is right, a large number of Protestant ministers would warmly testify. Possibly even you, sir, would balk at the French notion of a purely secular education).
8. And what more just (can we not agree?) that Catholics (united and organized by the State for the purposes of education) should be permitted to pay their own taxes, if they desire to do so, to their own schools, instead of having them applied to the erection of "rudderless warships" which they detest.

You have agreed to proposition three and four. If we add to these proposition eight (almost self-evident, I think) we have the Separate school system in Ontario, for there, as you are aware, it is purely optional with a Catholic whether he pay his taxes to the Catholic schools or to the Public schools. There is no "compulsion." If it be said that the Catholic schools receive a ratable share of other moneys, again I answer that that is not "a necessary part of the system. It might be an easily-answered argument for the stoppage of the supplement, but not for the abolition of the schools."

JOHN S. EWART.

## A LOSS TO CANADIAN SCHOLARSHIP.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I sometimes see references concerning myself in the press which make me question whether I am myself or not. One of these is a statement in your issue of April 22nd, in the article "A Loss to Canadian Scholarship," which—contrary to my usual practice—I must notice, because it implies that I did some grievous injustice to my old and highly esteemed friend, the late Rev. Geo. Coull. Here is the statement: "In 1873, for the cause of health, he came to Nova Scotia. He was to have gone to Fredericton, N.B., but Dr. Grant sent him to New Glasgow, instead of into his true place, a college. He was buried there." The travesty of facts and the ludicrous conception of Dr. Grant's powers that these words convey is almost bewildering. It is enough to say that Mr. Coull came to Nova Scotia with a commission from the Col. Com. of the Church of Scotland to do ministerial work; that I had no more power than the writer of the article to send him to Fredericton, New Glasgow, or a College; that there was no College in Halifax needing Mr. Coull's services; that at the time I was neither Principal nor Dr.; and that New Glasgow is one of the intellectual centres of Nova Scotia.

It is unnecessary to dispute the accuracy of anything else in what I have quoted; though it seems almost neces-

sary to hint that to put any man, not to speak of an entire stranger and "a foreigner" into a College, is not so simple a matter as some writers imagine.

Kingston, April 23.

G. M. GRANT.

[The writer of the article referred to assures us that he had not the slightest desire to disparage Dr. Grant; he wrote solely from a wish to do justice to the memory of his distinguished and lamented friend, and from facts within his own knowledge and information afforded by others. Dr. Grant's word is of course unquestioned.—Ed.]

## KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.\*

WE welcome Dr. Kingsford's fifth volume which is, in all respects, quite up to the level of his previous contributions to the history of this country. In some ways the author has rather a difficult task in the first part of this volume, dealing, as he has to do, with the frequent risings of the Indians and the defence of the scattered forts, in the country west of the present Canada, from their assaults. It is not quite easy to gather these incidents together so as to produce anything like unity of effect; yet the story is an interesting, sometimes even an exciting, one, and it illustrates, like so many other stories, the strength and the weakness of British action and administration.

On the Indian side, the most remarkable figure is Pontiac, a man thoroughly ill-affected towards British rule, and only giving in where there was no chance of succeeding. As regards his character, Dr. Kingsford is undoubtedly right when he says, "he was in all respects a savage in his instincts, led by his passions, his jealousies, and his passing feeling; he can be looked upon in no higher light than the instrument of the French officials and traders." His cruelty was as aimless as it was barbarous, although he was not without ability; and he has some claim to ingenueness. "We love liquor," he says, speaking of his countrymen, "and did we live here as formerly our people would be always drunk, which might occasion quarrels between the soldiers and them." It is a relief to have done with Pontiac although "in reality nothing is known beyond the fact that he was killed by an Indian in 1767, and that his body was found, his skull cleft with a tomahawk."

The mention of French intrigue reminds us of the old relations between English and French—the English honesty and stupidity being generally remarked, over against French cleverness and unscrupulousness. Long ago the chronicler of the age of Charles XI. of France told us that the English are very good sort of people, but very stupid. "Never was there a treaty," he says, "between the English and French in which the sense and cleverness of the French did not show themselves superior to those of the English. It is indeed a common saying with the English, which I have heard in treating with them, that they always or generally have got the best of their battles with the French, but loss and damage in the treaties they have with them." Some such reflections would have been quite in place in Dr. Kingsford's history; but, after all, there is this comfort remaining, that these clever fellows generally outwit themselves in the long run, and the stupid ones remain in possession.

Certainly there was a good deal of stupidity shown on the English side in dealing with the Indians. On the one side, nothing could be much better than Bouquet's management of the business entrusted to him; but nothing could be much worse than that of Bradstreet. It makes an Englishman almost "mad" to read the record of his unvarying want of knowledge, observation, ability, although Mr. Kingsford's narrative is as calm and dispassionate as that of an historian ought to be. If it is a comfort to hear the decisive tones of Bouquet in dealing with those savages, "I am now to tell you, we will no longer be imposed upon by your promises. The army shall not leave your country, till you have fully complied with every condition that is to precede my treaty with you"—if words like these give unmingled satisfaction, there is a great deal of a very different character to get angry over. That eternal English disposition to despise an enemy, which has wrought them evil in every country and every age, comes out conspicuously in this history (see p. 41). It was not Bradstreet this time, his friends might be glad to hear, but Dalyell, who was responsible for the "bloody run."

We pass away from this portion of the history with two matters of congratulation. In the first place, the dispossession of the French from the country west of the Mississippi was a gain. But for this, "we should have had a western Acadia, with its disaffection, disloyalty, and machinations." On the other hand, we have a just and equitable settlement of the claims of the Indians—one which was, naturally, far from satisfactory to many of the selfish and covetous settlers of the period. It was indeed, as Dr. Kingsford remarks, "extremely unpopular in the British provinces"; but "it is a proof of the wisdom and justice of these provisions that the principle then laid down has always been acted on in the Queen's dominions."

Leaving the Indian troubles in the west, we turn to Quebec and its affairs. The first newspaper, the *Quebec Gazette*, printed in Philadelphia, came out in 1764. Soon after came the first quarter sessions grand jury, an insti-

\*The History of Canada. By William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Vol. V. 1763-1775. With Maps. Price \$3.00. Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison; London: Kegan Paul and Company. 1892.

tution at first very little understood, even as the presiding judge seemed to have little understanding of the people over whom he was appointed. We wish we had space to give some estimate of Murray's Government; but we must refer the reader to Dr. Kingsford's careful and impartial account. To us it seems that Murray was not merely before his time, but he was trying to do what very few people want to be done, equal justice to all. The man who attempts this in advance of public opinion always has to suffer for it. We quite agree with the author that Murray's administration was "honest and enlightened." The closing scene of his life, in another place, shows what the man was made of.

From Murray we pass to Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, "one of those rare men who, during a long and varied public life, lived so utterly irreproachably, that his memory remains untainted by the charge of a semblance of a vice." These are strong words, yet not unjustified by the history of the man who had laid upon him the arduous task of adjusting the law of Quebec, so as to meet the demands of the French clergy and laity, and yet work in some of the advantages of the Common Law. Dr. Kingsford gives a full account of the difficulties by which he was met and the manner in which he surmounted them.

And this brings us to the beginning of the uprising in the New England States, a subject which could not be avoided in a history of Canada, not merely because at that time all these provinces were equally dependencies of the British Crown, but also on account of the hostilities between the rebels and the Canadians, as, for example, in the attempt of Arnold upon Quebec. In some respects Dr. Kingsford seems here to move with an easier and more assured step. It is not that he does not think for himself or that he adopts the conclusions now generally accepted. There is not, we suppose, any great difficulty of opinion on any of the principal points connected with the rise and progress of the American Revolution. But the author sets forth in a plain and sensible manner the different causes which were at work to produce misunderstanding and bad feeling between the Mother Country and the colony.

It comes natural to a young country—especially a colony composed of people of our blood—to wish to manage its own affairs; and it is equally natural for people at home to imagine that this is their business. People are sent out from England to fill posts which those who are on the spot think belonged properly to themselves. Differences of opinion arise on many subjects until a degree of sensitiveness is produced on both sides, so that the colonists are almost on the watch to take offence, and the Home Government is obstinately resolved to make no concessions.

Everyone can see now—what Dr. Kingsford so well remarks—that the British Government ought either to have given way or else made vigorous preparations to insist upon their prerogative. In the first instance there was no thought whatever, on the part of the colonists, of breaking away from the Mother Country, and it was a long time before they could have entertained the hope of being able to do so. Dr. Kingsford has some excellent remarks (p. 368) on the subject of attachment to the Mother Country in reference to present circumstances and to those of the period of the revolution; and he shows how little trouble the people at home gave themselves to understand the feelings and wishes of the colonists. The character of George III.—no inconsiderable factor in the business—is well sketched in its weakness and in its strength. The importance of Bunker Hill (is Dr. Kingsford right in calling it Bunker's Hill?) is properly estimated.

But it is unnecessary to dwell longer upon a period so familiar. We must congratulate the author on being able to bring out these important volumes with so much regularity. There is no diminution in the high qualities by which the earlier volumes were distinguished, whilst there are, in other ways, marks of improvement. We have the same exhaustive use of original materials, the same fairness and freedom from bias, the same fulness of detail, whilst we think there is a freer hand and an easier movement than we remarked at the beginning of the work. We sincerely hope that it may be brought to a successful termination.

## ART NOTES.

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG has been elected to fill the office of Director of the Irish National Gallery at Dublin, in the place of the late Mr. Doyle. Unlike the latter, Mr. Armstrong is not an Irishman. He gets \$3,000 per annum, a residence in the best part of Dublin and his travelling expenses.

*La Maison de Molière* is the proud and affectionate title which the comedians give to the Comédie Française, that noble monument where the glory of Molière is enshrined. The House of Molière is indeed the house of a grand seigneur, with its staircases adorned with statues, its sumptuous saloons, its gallery of statuary and paintings, its thousand souvenirs and relics of the past that bear witness to a long and illustrious lineage. It is unlike any other theatre. In the vestibule the exhibition of the art treasures of the house begins. It is a rotunda with vaulted roof, walls covered with mirror glass, and staircases radiating on either hand. In the centre is a marble statue by David d'Angers, representing Talma in the costume and attitude of a Cæsar, studying a rôle. On each side of Talma is an allegorical statue, "Tragedy," by Thomas, and "Comedy,"

by Duret, the former recalling the features of Mlle. Rachel and the latter those of Mlle. Mars. Near by is Clesinger's statue of Rachel impersonating the tragic muse, with sinister mien and a poignard in his hand. Around the walls are busts innumerable, and in the second vestibule at the entrance, on the side of the Place du Palais Royal, seated in niches that are softly lighted at night by two modest reflectors, are the tutelary geniuses of the house, Corneille and Molière, by Falguière and Audran. Let us mount the grand staircase, with its fine caryatides by Carrier-Belleuse, its admirable balustrade and its grandiose architectural lines. At the top we turn to the left and find ourselves in the public *foyer*, which has the appearance of a magnificent princely salon. In this room are some masterpieces of sculpture, notably Caffieri's bust of Rotrou and Houdon's Voltaire. On one side of the monumental chimney-piece is a bust of Molière, and on the other a bust of Pierre Corneille, while in front of each of the sixteen fluted pilasters that panel the walls of the room is the marble bust of some celebrated author of the past, signed by Houdon, Caffieri, Pajou, Boizot, etc., an admirable series, which is continued along the adjoining gallery, at the end of which we admire a seated figure of Georges Sand, by Clesinger. This public crush-room and the gallery that runs along the façade of the theatre constitute the Museum of the Comédie Française, so far as concerns the public. As Arsène Houssaye has remarked, the gallery of busts is the Elysian Fields of the Dramatic Muse, a promenade full of souvenirs and of symbols, of great names and of glorious talents: Dancourt, Le Sage, J. B. Rousseau, Diderot, Sedaine, De Belloy, Beaumarchais, Colin d'Harleville, Scribe, Alfred de Musset, Ponsard, Marivaux. The assembly is mixed; the sculptors, too, are of unequal talent, for while Caffieri signs J. B. Rousseau and De Belloy, the amiable Mlle. Dubois-Davesne signs the effigies of Scribe and Marivaux. —*Theo. Child, in the Magazine of Art for April.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

### THE GRAND.

"HERRMANN," the wizard of diabolical feats, attracted large audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. This light-fingered gentleman of satanic appearance is perhaps the modern King of legerdemain, and is ably assisted in "The Slave Girl's Dream" and other feats by Madame Herrmann.

### THE ACADEMY.

PRIMROSE AND WEST'S Minstrel Company have delighted Academy of Music frequenters by their fine programmes of songs, choruses and several new minstrel specialties.

### TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE concert of the Toronto Vocal Society comes off too late to be noticed in this issue of THE WEEK, but will receive due attention next week.

### ARTHUR FRIEDHAM.

THE report that Arthur Friedham, the celebrated pianist, was charged with manslaughter is incorrect. The Deputy-Coroner having performed an autopsy on the body of Battenhausen, the door-keeper, declared his death was caused by heart disease. Witnesses testified that no blows were struck. Friedham is out on bail.

### EDWARD LLOYD CONCERT.

MISS CARLOTTA PINNER, soprano, who is to appear at Mr. Lloyd's concert in the Pavilion, May 5, won laurels recently in Berlin. The *Courier* says of her: "Miss Pinner was an agreeable surprise, her clear, true soprano voice showing what study can accomplish. She received four recalls for her singing of the 'Shadow Song' from Dinorah." This concert promises to be an eventful success.

### WEDNESDAY MUSICAL CLUB.

THIS association, chiefly of amateurs, held a delightful "At Home" on Saturday evening last, when piano solos were rendered by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Boulbee and Miss Janes; songs by Mrs. Macfarlane, Madame D'Auria and Mrs. Garrett; a vocal duet by the Misses Reynolds and Bonsall; violin solo by Miss Hays, and concert violin, cello and piano music by Misses Littlehales, Gunther, Archer and Gordon. A beautiful clear-toned Knabe piano, kindly furnished by Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, lent an additional charm to a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

### TRINITY MUSICAL LECTURES.

PROF. E. M. LOTT, organist of St. Sepulchres, London, Eng., and visiting professor of music to Trinity College, Toronto, gave a lecture upon the life of "Haydn" in Convocation Hall on Friday last. The genial composer of the "Creation," "The Seasons" and many other classical works, was ably dealt with, from his youth up, many anecdotes told of him going to show Haydn's deep sense of the humorous. Illustrations were supplied by Mr. E. Fisher and a few of the Conservatory pupils, admirably executed. On Saturday Mr. Lott lectured upon "English Church Music," a subject deeply interesting to Torontonians, amongst whom so great a divergence of opinion exists upon this vital musical subject. The lecturer dealt with his subject in an able manner, and was listened to by a large audience with deep interest throughout.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WHAT MUST I DO TO GET WELL; AND HOW CAN I KEEP SO? By one who has done it. New York: William A. Kellogg; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

This well-written little book contains an exposition of the Salisbury Treatment, a method of curing indigestion and all the evils which flow from that terrible malady. The Salisbury treatment seems to consist chiefly in the use of minced lean beef for food, and very hot water for drinking. We are quite assured that many persons have found the Salisbury treatment effectual, and we can testify that the volume before us is lucidly and pleasantly written. But we must decline to go further, having the fear of the faculty before our eyes. We imagine that the book can do no possible harm; but "cuique in arte sua credendum."

ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL. By Matt Crim. Price, \$1.00. New York: C. L. Webster and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

This is a very pretty and very touching story of the American Civil War. The heroine belongs to a Southern family, and is connected with another one member of which is an officer in the federal army. The heroine loves him and marries him during the war, whilst he is disowned by his nearest relatives. As far as we can judge we get here a very true picture of the Southern States during the time of Sherman's invasion, and we know how fearful was the state of things when members of the same family were found in the two contending armies. The volume ends with the taking of Alabama and the collapse of the Confederacy, when things come right in regard to the leading characters, and not so right in other respects.

ROGER HUNT. By Celia Parker Woolley. Price, \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

Roger Hunt is a very disagreeable person, full of egoism and self-satisfaction from beginning to end. Marrying in early life a giddy girl who turns out a confirmed inebriate, and, with all his masculine strength, having a dependence upon female sympathy, he induced a lady of rare excellence to share his lot, and although he married her after the death of his first wife, he never seemed to forgive her that she regretted the step she had taken, or rather disapproved of it. A boy was the fruit of the first marriage and a girl of the second; and there were various complications arising before the death of the second wife who fell a victim to consumption—the consequence of mental suffering rather than of constitutional weakness. This picture of Roger Hunt is not without power, but it is painful and even offensive. Still it is not without its teaching, and we think it quite likely that readers may get more good than evil out of it. But we don't think they will get much pleasure.

POTIPHAR'S WIFE and other Poems. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Price, \$1.25. New York: Scribners; Toronto: Williamson and Company. 1892.

The choice of a title to a book often affords a revelation of the feeling of the author; and we cannot honestly say that we approve of the taste of Sir Edwin Arnold in his choice of a title for the present volume. There are many better subjects for poems than that of "Potiphar's Wife," even though its treatment should be "after the versions of the Koran, and the Persian poet Jami." But even if the poem made part of the volume, it need not have given its title to it. However, this is a matter of taste. As regards the general contents, we think they are quite up to the general level of the author, and this will mean much or little according to our estimate of his poetic faculty. One feels about Sir Edwin Arnold as about Mr. Louis Morris, that if they have just missed being poets, they need not for that reason be the less acceptable to a large number of English readers. The little poem on the Chipmunk, written in the metre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," is, in the judgment of the present writer, one of the pleasantest in the volume.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE. Delivered by Thomas Carlyle, April to July, 1838. Edited with Preface and Notes, by Professor J. Reay Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Everybody talks about Carlyle nowadays; those who have read him and those who have not. For the latter class this book will form a most excellent compromise. There are in these lectures certain flashes which remind one of that great seer who puzzles M. Taine quite as much as Voltaire stupifies English critics. The lectures cover three periods: the first three bring us to the end of Paganism, and in these the average reader will be a little hurt, perhaps even a little shocked. "Method," speaking of the Romans, "was their great principle, just as harmony was that of the Greeks." No one will deny the truth of this, but his further comparisons between the two great nations of antiquity are so obviously to the depreciation of Greece that we will forbear from quoting them. The Second Period covers the ground from the middle ages to "The Beginning of Scepticism;" of these five lectures, the best are those on Italy and Spain; his sketches of Cervantes and Dante being particularly interesting. The four remaining lectures which comprise the Third Period bring us to modern German literature which Carlyle

appreciated and knew so well. Carlyle always disparaged the French; in these lectures his spirit of antagonism is unconcealed. On the whole, when we think of the "Sartor Resartus" on the one hand and "The French Revolution" on the other, we cannot refrain from wishing that these lectures had not been delivered by one of the greatest men of this century.

THE LITERATURE OF FRANCE. By H. G. Keene, Hon. M. A. Oxon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Literature," says Mr. Keene at the opening of his carefully-written introduction, "is a word of twofold import, implying (a) Recorded impressions of things; (b) the art whereby this record is expressed and made attractive." Having arrived at the conclusion that "the history of a nation's literature will be seen to be the history of the nation's intellectual evolution" our author has treated French literature from the chronological point of view, "but only as to distinct periods often quite antagonistic." These "periods" are not distinguished by centuries or reigns of kings, but by the different states of society, ruling circumstances and varying phases of national thought. Mr. Keene traces the five ages of Infancy, Adolescence, Glory, Reason and Nature from their very commencement, always impartial in his criticism; he has in our opinion arrived at a pure estimate of the possibilities of the French genius. The age of Infancy reaches a climax in Philip de Comines who is to Froissart what Xenophon is to Herodotus. In the age of Adolescence are to be found the names of Rabelais and of Montaigne, and between Comines and Montaigne the author points out a development (as to style) out of all proportion to the difference between Froissart and Comines. Then comes the Age of Glory; and in speaking of Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine and especially of Racine, Mr. Keene is at his best. Speaking of the golden age of French prose, he says: "Pascal, before Molière, anticipates pure comedy. Madame de Sévigné falls into this graceful age which was so soon to be snuffed out by D'Alembert and Voltaire. The great central mark of the Age of Reason is Voltaire, though it also includes the name of Mme. Staël! In the chapter entitled "The Age of Nature" Mr. Keene's studies of Balzac and Hugo are amongst the best in a book, which, for breadth of judgment, impartiality and keen literary insight deserves to be read by all who pretend to take an interest in the language and literature of the great French people.

THE *Manitoban* for April has for its frontispiece a representation of the C. P. R. Hotel at Banff. A serial story entitled, "Beatrice Cameron," by Osman Maber, is begun in this number. H. N. Ruttan, C.E., has a concise contribution on "The Waterways of the North-West," and the narrative of "The Red River Expedition of 1870" is continued by "An Officer of the Force."

THE chief attraction in *Poet Lore* for April is the translation of a paper of Ivan Turgenev from the *Zlatá Proba*, on "Hamlet and Don Quixote." The fine critical analysis displayed by the great Russian romancer in comparing these striking characters will impress every reader. Dr. W. J. Rolf has a thoughtful word upon "Much Ado About Nothing." Another instalment of Björnson's play, "The Glove," is given. Other good matter completes the number.

THE Easter number of the *Theatre* is the best issue of this periodical that we have seen. It contains a number of portraits, the frontispiece being one of Joseph K. Emmet. The most striking of the portraits, however, are the double page groups of great dead and living United States journalists. The literary article of the number is the fine critical notice entitled "Tennyson's New Play at Daly's" by the accomplished critic and essayist, William Winter.

THE *Expository Times* (April) fills a place in our religious literature very ably and efficiently. It is essentially the publication for students, Bible class teachers and pastors. Whether we are students of the Scriptures or of theology; whether we are teachers or preachers, there is hardly a page of this excellent periodical from which we may not derive assistance. Here we have "Notes of Recent Expositions," "Studies in Paradise Lost," "The Divine Library of the Old Testament" (by Professor A. B. Davidson), "Difficult Passages in St. Paul's Epistles," and much besides. Young clergymen are to be envied in the possession of such helps.

MARION CRAWFORD'S delightful serial, "Don Orsino," is continued in chapters IX. and X. of *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, and "Lord Beauprey," a clever three part story by Henry James, is begun. Mr. J. C. Atkinson has a good word to say for that much-maligned, little feathered bandit, "The Sparrow." A capital and scholarly review article is "Horace" on Professor Sellar's "Horace and the Elegiac Poets." One of equal excellence is that entitled "Hampton Court," being founded on "The History of Hampton Court Palace," by Ernest Law, who we believe to be a relative of Commander F. C. Law, R.N., the genial and popular aide-de-camp, for so many years, of the Lieut.-Governors of Ontario.

*Greater Britain* for April, amongst other articles, has one by "A South African" which speaks of the policy of England as "fatal as it was glaring in the case of the North American Colonies," and again we read that "Canada to the present day is governed by old French law." It is a pity that the writer of the article had not confined

himself to South African matters. Principal Grant's remarks on "Imperial Federation" are timely, and his reference to New Zealand is impartial. G. W. Cotton, M.L.C., urges a referendum for Federated Australasia. The editor, Mr. Astley Cooper, has a most encouraging statement, with press references, bearing upon "The Proposed Periodic Britannia Contest, and All-English-speaking Festival."

A KINDLY sketch of the late Archbishop Thomson opens the *Quarterly Review* for April, and later on appears an appreciative notice of the late Dean Burgon, which says that "The supreme object of his life was . . . the establishment and defence against assaults, from whatever quarter proceeding, of the inspired and written Word of God." Under the title "Culture and Anarchy," the latest works of J. H. Shorthouse, Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphry Ward are reviewed. Of "Robert Elsemere" the critic writes: "Its hour was short, of course, as will be the hour of all books which succeed by virtue more of what is written about them than of what is written in them." And yet he rates "Grieve" as much inferior to "Elsemere." In a scathing article on "The French Decadence," the writer says: "We look upon the tribe of Zolas, Renans, Bourget, Daudets and Maupassants as amongst the most dangerous enemies that France has nourished in her bosom."

THE *Edinburgh Review* for April is a full and interesting number. Some important books are noticed at length. The first notice bears upon our own continent, and three works of geologic research are grouped under the heading "The Ice Age in North America." Under "Semitic Religions" Professor W. Robertson Smith's "Lectures on the Religion of the Semites" and "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia" are noticed. Travel and Geography receive attention in the articles "The Adventures of François Legout," and "Travels in Thibet." "Dr. Schliemann's Last Excavations" is a scholarly notice and includes Professor Mahaffy's "Problems in Greek History." The "Third Volume of General Marbot's Memoirs" deals with the decline and fall of Napoleon's Empire. It is needless to say that these fascinating memoirs, which have all the life and movement of a romance, sustain their interest. A number of books are grouped under the article "The Beasts and Reptiles of India" by various authors, among them being John Lockwood Kipling, father of the famous Rudyard. A full review of David Grieve also appears in this number.

J. F. MOULTON, Q.C., advocates a scheme of State Pensions in aid of poor adults in the opening number of the *Fortnightly Review* for April. Sir Robert Ball has an able scientific contribution on the subject "How Long can the Earth sustain Life?" "The Coming Crisis in Morocco" is graphically foreshadowed by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Algernon Charles Swinburne has a critical notice of an old English playwright, "Richard Brome," who was a servant of Ben Jonson. That clever Frenchwoman, Madame Adam, has a word to say on "Woman's Place in Modern Life." Walter Sickert exhausts eulogy on the subject of "Whistler To-Day." Under the caption "Death and Pity," Ouida says of Pierre Loti's "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort": "I would that this little volume, so small in bulk, so pregnant with thought and value, could be translated into every language spoken upon earth, and sped like an electric wave over the dull, deaf, cruel multitudes of men." How shocking of Ouida to say such a thing. George A. Mackenzie gives some interesting information on "The Mombasa Railway," a new African venture.

MATILDA M. BLAKE, in a clear and forceful paper entitled "The Lady and the Law," in the *Westminster Review* for April, which has received the approval of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, points out a number of reforms which should be made in English law in the interest of women. "The greatest of all wrongs," says the writer, "is the denial of the Parliamentary vote." Janetta Newton Robinson contributes in the article, "A Study of Mr. F. Marion Crawford," a very fair and competent estimate of that favourite author's work and ability. The ever-important subject of education has more than passing notice in the review article styled "The True Aim of Education." In his long-spirited and able article styled, not inaptly, "Sacrificing the First-Born: England and Newfoundland," Mr. E. R. Spearman discusses the question of the French demands on Newfoundland in the light of treaty, custom and history. He says: "France has no treaty rights of 'fishing' in Newfoundland—not one shred of a right," and he ends with these words: "Newfoundland . . . is our own, our eldest born. We should deserve to be wiped away from the list of honourable nations if we do not stand by the island in this hour of her distress."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER replies to some critics in his very able opening article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April on "How to Federate the Empire." Sir Charles is nothing if he is not practical, and he gives his opponents some solid food for serious thought on this great question. The "Prospects of Marriage for Women" is elaborately discussed in the light of statistics by Miss Clara E. Collet. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt prepares us for "Vegetable Diet" by his high-pitched and extravagant estimate of the literary work of the late Lord Lytton. The warmest friendship can scarcely excuse these words: "Apart from these three (i. e., Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti) I see no contemporary who is likely to be placed as Lytton's equal.

Not Browning, with his tortuous method of thought and disjointed diction; not Matthew Arnold, with his intellectual melodies always a little flat in the rendering; hardly even William Morris, great singer though he be, in the purely lyrical field." Professor Masson re-tells an old story in the light of later day research in his contribution "The Story of Gifford and Keats." Two Colonial articles are that on "The Attack on the Credit of Australia," by R. M. Johnson, and "Impressions of the Canadian North-West," by Michael Davitt. Mr. Davitt's article is well considered and will do good to Canada. In the five series of book reviews the most notable is that by Mr. Gladstone on "The Platform, its Rise and Progress," by Henry Jephson.

#### LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. OLIPHANT has undertaken to write a Life of Thomas Chalmers for the "English Leaders of Religion" series.

MR. A. T. QUILLER COUCH is about to publish a further volume of his serial novelettes, under the title of "I Saw Three Ships, and other Winter's Tales."

THOMAS COUTURE, the famous French painter, was a personal acquaintance of the American painter Healy, who writes of him in an illustrated article in the *May Century*.

HENRY G. WREFORD, who for over fifty years contributed the paragraphs under the heading "Southern Italy" to the *London Times*, died recently at Capri and was honoured with a public funeral.

THACKERAY'S daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, has in the press of Macmillan and Company a series of sketches called "The Light-Bearers," the same being devoted to Tennyson, Ruskin, and the Brownings.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has written for the May number of the *North American Review* a severe arraignment of the methods of party government, both in the United States and in Great Britain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S recent visits to Sydney, Australia, have borne fruit in the May instalment of "The Wrecker," in *Scribner*, where there is a most graphic description of certain phases of life in Sydney.

ONE of the severest attacks on the idea that devotion to party is a political virtue is to be found in Charles Richardson's monograph on "Party Government" published by the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

THE N. Y. *Critic* of April 16 prints a long letter from Poe, written on July 6, 1842, in which he tells of his relation with *Graham's Magazine*—whose namesake and founder, by the way, is still living, penniless and blind. The letter is believed to have been hitherto unpublished.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage, the house where Shakespeare wooed and won his bride, is advertised for sale. Halliwell-Phillips, it is said, valued the Hathaway house at £3,000, and the present owner demands three thousand guineas, and tells the trustees that even at that figure it would be a good investment.

ACTON DAVIES, the clever young Canadian, whose sketches, "Dimple and Dumpling" and "What Mrs. Johnnie Did," made a hit when published in the *New York Evening Sun*, is about to publish his first novelette. It is called "Miss Pernickety, a Boarding House Chronicle." It will appear in the May number of *Romance*.

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S translation of "The Dialogues of Plato," the second edition of which has been for several years out of print, will reappear in May in the third edition, forming five 8vo volumes. The work has been revised and corrected throughout and in a great part rewritten. Macmillan and Co., the publishers, have copyrighted the new edition by resetting the entire work in this country.

ACCORDING to the *Pull Mall Gazette* the widow of the celebrated Spanish novelist, Fernandez of Gonzalez, has just died at a Madrid hospital in the greatest poverty. Her husband is said to have made at least £80,000 by his writings during his lifetime, yet died a poor man. He squandered his money in princely style, and often arrived at his publishers with 'copy' without a penny in his pocket. When in want of money he dictated his stories to three secretaries. At the zenith of his fame he was under contract to a Madrid publisher, who paid him £15 a day for anything he might write in the way of stories of military life.

THE *London Literary World* says that "although the acceleration of the work of publishing the 'New English Dictionary' may not be very apparent to the general public, who reckon up the volumes actually completed, the work is nevertheless being rapidly advanced. Considerable progress has been made as far as the letter N. Indeed, one adventurous gentleman is at work on W. Parts of D, E, and F are already in type. In addition to having a paid staff, Dr. Murray is assisted by a large number of learned volunteer helpers. There are several honorary sub-editors and many 'readers.' Fifteen of the most industrious readers have during the past year sent in nearly 30,000 separate notes on words, one gentleman alone contributing over 5,000."

THE first number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to be issued under the editorial management of Mr. Howells will be that for May. The authors, whose work appears in this issue, are: James Russell Lowell, Thomas W. Hig-

ginson, Murat Halstead, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Brander Matthews, Edward Everett Hale, Edgar Fawcett, Richard L. Garner, John Hay, Luther Guy Billings, Henry James, Prof. S. P. Langley, Frank R. Stockton, Dudley Buck, Theodore Roosevelt, H. H. Boyesen, Sarah Orne Jewett, Gertrude Smith, Lilla Cabot Perry, William Wilfrid Campbell, William Dean Howells. And the same number is illustrated by Walter Crane, C. S. Reinhart, Wilson de Meza, E. W. Kemble, George Wharton Edwards, Charles Howard Johnson, William M. Chase, F. S. Church, Frederic Remington, Dan Beard, Henry Sandham, Louis J. Rhead.

JAMES MCCARROLL, who died in New York on the 10th inst., at one time resided in Toronto. Born at Lanesboro' County, Longford, Ireland, in 1815, he came at an early age to Canada and engaged in literary work. He was a contributor to the *Quebec Chronicle* and the *Toronto Leader* and the *Colonist*, also the *Grumbler*, a well-remembered little satirical sheet published here some thirty years ago. After serving in several official positions in Canada, Mr. McCarroll went to New York, where he wrote for the press, contributing numerous valuable scientific articles to the daily papers. He also assisted in the compilation of "The People's Encyclopedia" and "Appleton's Encyclopedia"; afterwards was connected with *Belford's Magazine*, and latterly acted as co-editor of *Humanity and Health*. He was a prodigious worker, and produced numerous poems, of which a volume has been published, besides essays, reviews, dramas, novels, etc. He also delivered lectures, and achieved success as a musician and musical composer. The *Tribune*, the *Herald*, and the chief New York dailies had notices of his death. Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Menet, and Miss Mary McCarroll of Toronto are daughters of the deceased.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND Co. have issued a beautiful and appropriately-embellished fac-simile of the letter addressed to the nation by Her Majesty on the occasion of the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The border is from a design by Mr. E. J. Poynter, Royal Academician. No better memento of this sad event could be had. It gives to every subject of the Queen, who sought by loving sympathy to soften her sorrow under the great and sudden bereavement which befell the nation as well as herself, a direct and touching answer, in the form in which it is presented in exact representation of Her Majesty's own handwriting. The concluding words are these: "Though the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from my position have been great, yet it is my earnest prayer that God may continue to give me health and strength to work for the good and happiness of my dear country and Empire while life lasts.—VICTORIA, R.I." Messrs. Tuck and Co. have to say that their own services and the services of their entire staff are gladly rendered free in this national cause; and they have arranged to hand the entire profits realized by the sale of the Fac-simile Letter to charities selected by Her Majesty, the Gordon Boys' Home being the principal participant.

PROFESSOR BREAL of Paris, best known for his failure to interpret the Euboean Tablets, and Professor Krall of Vienna, have been giving their attention to the Etruscan manuscript of Agram, the latest thing in epigraphy. A Croatian merchant, resident in Egypt, presented to the museum of his native place, Agram, a mummy of the Ptolemaic period. Herr H. Brugsch, who presided over the unwrapping of the mummy, observed that the linen bands in which it was enveloped were covered with writing of a non-Egyptian character. This writing, on close examination, was found to be Etruscan. It covers a strip of linen, three metres and a-half in length, and forty centimetres in breadth, and is divided into columns similar to those in papyrus documents. The whole will soon be published in fac-simile in the transactions of the Academy of Vienna. It will be the largest Etruscan text known. The Cippus of Perugia, once cited as the most important monument of that language, contains only 125 words. This new discovery contains more than 1,200, forming about 200 lines. It has been asked how an Etruscan manuscript come to be wrapped about an Egyptian mummy. Many conjectures are permissible. The most likely one is that set forth by Professor Krall. He supposes that there was, perhaps, a colony of Tuscan merchants or artisans at Alexandria in the time of the Ptolemics. They brought with them a ritual document, which, being sold for old linen, found its way into the workshop of the embalmer. The people whose business it was to prepare mummies made a great consumption of linen, and cared nothing whence it came. This outcome of an Alexandria rag-bag may yet furnish the key to the supposed hitherto undeciphered Etruscan inscriptions.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Boldrewood, Rolf. Nevermore. \$1.00. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.  
Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth. Essays on German Literature. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
Imbert De Saint. Armand. The Duchess of Angoulême and the Two Restorations. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.  
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XXX. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

THE bravest of men have the least of brutal bullying insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, placid and free.—*Shaftesbury*.

**THE SARATOGA MIRACLE**

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN "EXPRESS" REPORTER.

The Facts Already Stated Fully Confirmed—Interviews With Leading Physicians Who Treated Quant—The Most Marvellous Case in the History of Medical Science.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related:—

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis; simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an Express reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the Journal, has been copied into hundreds if not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers, and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany Journal and copied into so many other newspapers, should, if true, be verified; or, if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts in the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who, after weeks and months of treatment by the most skilful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the State of New York—the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, and St. Peter's Hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied admission into several others to which application was made in his behalf. The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany Journal, is as follows:—

"My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway and, excepting while travelling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years I was travelling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dys-

pepsia. But I continued to grow rapidly worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs, and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kind of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York Hospital on Fifteenth Street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian Hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany Hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and, upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable, and paid the \$1,000 total disability claim allowed by the Order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some fifteen boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills, and I took them according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel beneficial results from them. My pains were not so bad. I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eye came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost of only \$4.00—see!—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Such is the wonderful story which the Express reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details, from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter his card of admission to Roosevelt Hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

(SERIES B) ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL. 451

OUT-PATIENT.

No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16. 89

Chas. Quant.

Age 34 Birthplace N.Y.

Civil Condition Single

Occupation Organ-maker

Residence 17 Park St. Hoboken.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. (OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago (March 31st, 1892), called on Dr. Allen Starr at his office, 22 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City. Dr. Starr is house physi-

cian of the Roosevelt Hospital, situated corner of Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. In reply to enquiry he said he remembered the case of Mr. Quant very well and treated him some, but that he was chiefly treated and under the more especial care of Dr. Ware. He said he regarded this case as he did all cases of locomotor ataxia as incurable. In order that our reporter might get a copy of the history of the case of Mr. Quant from the hospital record he very courteously gave him a letter of which the following is a copy:—

Dr. M. A. Starr, 22 West Forty-eighth Street, office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., New York, March 31st, 1892.—Dear Dr. Vought: If you have any record of a locomotor ataxia by name of Quant, who says he came to the clinic three or four years ago, No. 14,037, of the O. D. Department, Roosevelt, sent to me from Ware, will you let the bearer know? If you have no record send him to Roosevelt Hospital. Yours, STARR.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows:—

"No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889, Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. Married. Hoboken."

"History of the case: Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About fourteen months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strabismus of left eye and dilatation of the left eye.) Some difficulty in passing water at times; no headache but dizziness; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. Bi pep. and Soda."

These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured, and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."

"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case, as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised," he said, "that the man is alive, as I thought he must be dead long ago."

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third Street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him about eight months. This was in the early summer of 1890. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"

"That is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for his was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."

Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 319 West Eighteenth Street, to whom our reporter is indebted for assisting courtesies, said of locomotor ataxia: "I have had several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession."

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday, April 2nd, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry Streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the Sister Superior of St. Peter's Hospital, and when told the object of his visit, said she remembered the case of poor Mr. Quant very distinctly. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow, he couldn't be cured, and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's Hospital, said he found only that Charles A. Quant entered the Hospital March 14th, 1890, was treated by Dr. Henry Hun, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up, by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a dreadful disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—I was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies for 2 years. Albert Co., N.B. GEORGE TINGLEY.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—I had a valuable colt so bad with mange that I feared I would lose it. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured him like magic. Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Wasting away of Flesh, Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

PICROTOXINE has been found by Murell to be an excellent remedy for night-sweats, in dose of one milligramme. It is supposed to act on the respiratory centres. Though its action on the perspiration is like that of atropine, it is indeed an antidote to this drug, as well as to hydrate of chloral.—New York Medical Record.

REV. WM. HOLLINSHED, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Sparta, N. J., voluntarily writes strongly in favour of Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "Nothing I know of will cleanse the blood, stimulate the liver or clean the stomach like this remedy. I know of scores and scores who have been helped or cured by it."

THE highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy, yet efficient, action.

A PECULIAR vegetable material has recently been imported into this country from Oran, an Algerian port on the Mediterranean Sea, which is said to possess the quality of being so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture backs and seats. This material is so expansive, and so easily affected by high temperatures in its dry state, that when packed the bales they have to be held in place by means of heavy steel bands. The peculiarity of this grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic slopes of Oran and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves—the latter being always in a semi-active state, and the earth around so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or ever seen to grow, except this steel-like product.—Philadelphia Record.

**You Need It Now**

To impart strength and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems peculiarly adapted to overcome that tired feeling caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

We earnestly urge the large army of clerks, book-keepers, school teachers, housewives and all others who have been closely confined during the winter and who need a good spring medicine, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

**Glad to Recommend Hood's.**

"I had a very sore leg for a long time, owing to impure blood, and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did and found it of great benefit to me. I have much pleasure in recommending it." T. CROW, Carriage Builder, 619 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**For Blood Poisoning.**

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for blood poisoning, and it cleaned my blood and cured me entirely. I recommend it to others as the best blood medicine." Mrs. E. JOHNSTON, 188 Chestnut St., Toronto, Ont.

**Hood's SARSAPARILLA Cures**

Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache.

**"August Flower"**

What is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.