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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, July 26th, 1895.

No. 35.

Contents.

	PAGE.
CURRENT TOPICS	819
LEADERS —	
The Pan-American Congress	821
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES —	
Criticism of Some Magazine Articles..... <i>Fairplay Radical</i>	823
A Passage from Maxime du Camp's "Recollections of a Literary Life".....	824
<i>R. E. K.</i>	825
Outraging One's Friends	825
And She Did..... <i>C. Langton Clark</i>	826
Nile Vignettes: II.—From Cairo to Luxor..... <i>Alice Jones</i>	827
Montreal Affairs	828
At Street Corners..... <i>Diogenes</i>	828
Parisian Affairs..... <i>Z.</i>	829
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR —	
Our Quadri-Centennial Celebration..... <i>R. Winton</i>	830
Newfoundland the First Place Discovered by the Cabots..... <i>Philip Torpe</i>	831
Observations on the Woman's National Council..... <i>Fair Play</i>	831
BOOKS —	
The Evolution of Industry..... <i>T. G. Marquis</i>	832
Legends of Florence.....	833
Prairie Pot-pourri..... <i>Alchemist</i>	833

Current Topics.

The Battle of Lundy's Lane.

The celebration of the 81st anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and the unveiling of the splendid monument now erected by the Government of Canada in honour of the brave ones who fell on the field that memorable day, took place yesterday afternoon at the Lane, an immense concourse of people being assembled together. A distinguished array of prominent speakers were present, the Secretary of State representing the Canadian Government. In the course of his speech Hon. Mr. Montague, in the name of the Government, formally delivered the monument to the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. A pleasing feature of the great event was the beautiful wreath of evergreen which was discovered upon the monument when it was unveiled.

Preferential Trade Regulations.

The despatch just published, giving the views of the British Government, as expressed in the minute of the late Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Ripon, upon the trade resolutions passed by a majority of the representatives of the Colonies at the Ottawa Conference, is, so far as Canada at least is concerned, a very important document. These views are, it is true, those of the Minister of a defunct Administration. But we know no reason for believing that those of the British Government as now constituted will be likely to be materially different. As our readers know, it has seemed to us from the first extremely improbable that the statesmen of the Mother Country would, under any circumstances, favourably consider a policy which, in the language of Lord Ripon's minute, "involved a complete reversal of the fiscal and commercial system maintained by Great Britain for half a century." British Governments are slow to reverse the action of predecessors in matters involving foreign and colonial relations. Nor is there any indication, so far as we are aware, that Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Chamberlain, or any of their colleagues, hold opinions in respect to trade policy materially different from those of their predecessors in office. It may as well, therefore, be taken as settled that the policy of inter-imperial and intercolonial trade, approved and adopted at the Ottawa Conference, is impracticable and hopeless. The opinions even of those who united in originating and recommending this policy will, no doubt, differ materially in respect to the relative importance of this part of their scheme, and so in respect to the extent to which its rejection affects

the whole plan of which it formed a part. It would, therefore, seem to be necessary for them, as the next step, to reconsider the whole matter, and determine whether it is essential to their scheme, and whether they shall reconstruct that scheme with a view to the abandonment of this part of it, or shall resolve to persevere in pressing it upon the attention of the Home Government, in hope of its ultimate adoption.

Low Water in the St. Lawrence

Recent despatches from Montreal contain the somewhat alarming statement that the water in the harbour is almost unprecedentedly low for this time of year, and is still falling at the rate of about an inch a day. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that ship-owners and other business men in that city are viewing with some anxiety and alarm the approaching completion of the Chicago drainage canal. Should the effect of this canal be to lower the level of the lakes only two and a half inches, according to the estimate of the engineer in charge, this itself, under the circumstances indicated, will be a serious matter. We presume that the Dominion Government are taking such measures as may be deemed desirable to call the attention of the British and United States authorities to the matter. It is encouraging to know that some of the cities on the other sides of the lakes and of the St. Lawrence are quite as deeply interested in the question as those on the Canadian side. Yet it is evident that there is no time to be lost. If there is real danger of material damage to Montreal and other cities from the reduction of the depth of water in the lakes and river, it would seem that the time for vigorous protest is before rather than after the completion of the canal. What would seem most desirable is that there should be a friendly conference between representatives of the Mother Country and Canada, and of the United States, respectively, in order to settle clearly, if possible, what are the extent and the limits of the rights of border nations, in the matter of deflecting portions of the water of boundary lakes and rivers. In this, as in most other affairs, an ounce of prevention costs much less and is worth much more than a pound of cure.

Education in England.

Another week of elections in England leaves it beyond question that the Unionist majority will be as large, if not larger, than the most sanguine friends of the new Ministry hoped or predicted. Apparently the most dubious questions will now be whether the disparity in the strength of the two parties is not likely to be greater than is compatible with the best working of the party system of government. It is very likely, however, as we have before observed, that the inherent differences in the opinions and principles, and still more in the habits of thought and feeling, of the two great component elements of the Parliamentary majority, may, to some extent, supply the place of a strong and compact Opposition. The educational policy of the new Premier, if we may forecast it from some of his recent utterances, will be one of those questions which bid fair to put the strength of the bond which unites the two elements of the party to a pretty severe test. Lord Salisbury has not hesitated to declare himself in favour of religious and denominational teaching in

the schools. In the House of Lords, shortly before the dissolution, he declared that there were two principles on which that House would always act. One was the principle that "endowments should be preserved for those for whom they were originally intended;" the other was "the supreme value of religious education, given according to the religion which the parents themselves professed." This latter pronouncement, taken with other similar hints, may be taken to indicate an immediate reversal of the direction in which the school legislation of Parliament has been, for some time past, steadily tending. This, in its turn, almost certainly means a renewal of the struggle for undenominational public schools, sterner and more fierce than any which has preceded it. The question before our mind at this moment is, where will such a contest find and leave the bulk of the Liberal members of the coalition, especially the Nonconformist members?

Professor Huxley's
Philosophy.

The papers, especially the semi-religious papers, continue to discuss the philosophy of the late Professor Huxley, though, perhaps, with waning interest. Though the name of this great scientific investigator will live long in the histories of our Science and of our Literature, there seems good reason to doubt whether the deeper currents of philosophic thought will, in after years, be found to have been sensibly deflected or even deeply tinged by his thinking. It may seem to many devotees of modern science almost like blasphemy to say it, but it has often appeared to us worthy of question whether the close pursuit of modern scientific methods does not tend rather to weaken than to develop the purely logical faculty as an organ of discovery. To take an illustration from the writings of Huxley himself: The student of his earlier works will remember that, in one of his "Lay Sermons," he lays down the principle that, in order to be fitted for the discharge of one's duty in the world, "it is necessary to be possessed of only two beliefs: the first that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." How it is possible to rescue such a statement from the dilemma to which it directly leads, we have never been able to imagine. Are our volitions themselves, or are they not, so many products of the order of nature? If they are, the second of Mr. Huxley's theses is nugatory, or at least superfluous, being included in the first. Are our volitions conditions outside and independent of the ascertainable order of nature? Then the second thesis surely contradicts and invalidates the first. Is there a third hypothesis conceivable which can harmonize the two statements? Professor Huxley evidently was not troubled by the perception of any discrepancy. Did his keen vision discover a place of harmony at some point too far distant to be perceptible to weaker vision?

Income Tax in
France

Deputy Cavaignac appears to have hit upon some plan for gilding that bitter pill, the income tax. The Deputy's scheme will, it is hoped, bring in about sixty millions of francs more per annum. This is not a great augmentation of the revenue, but the importance of the reform is not this augmentation, but in having an income tax voted. It will doubtless soon be increased, and thus replace a host of imposts which the French appear to have found very irritating. At present the tax appears in the innocent garb of a slight poundage; it will thus save augmenting the present four sources of taxation. The poundage asked is so small that

even a miser would not object to it, and its mode of calculation is not to be inquisitorial. No formal declaration will be demanded.

The Cuban
Insurrection.

The struggle for independence which is now being carried on by strong bodies of insurgents in Cuba is really a matter of considerable importance to other people as well as to Spain and to the people of Cuba. Yet it is an affair about which it seems discreet to say as little as possible, for the very good reason that it is well nigh impossible to know with certainty very much about it. Those in revolt have, no doubt, had considerable success, and as a result have had accessions to their ranks, but no one seems to be able to tell us, with authority, to what extent the better class of the population are represented in this revolt. Long decades of misrule have reduced the people of the colony to such a condition that one cannot but sympathize with the misruled in their periodical struggles for freedom. Their success would be a just retribution for Spain. Whether those struggling to achieve it have the intelligence necessary to enable them to govern themselves, and make a good use of their independence should it be gained, it is hard to say. There is some reason to believe that, in the majority of cases, the advantage has usually been with the insurgents rather than with the Spanish forces, when a conflict has taken place. The guerilla warfare waged by the insurgents has also been successful to a considerable extent. The insurgents appear to possess some tactical skill as well as an obstinate courage. The climate is just now, and will be for some time to come, their very potent ally. It literally mows down those unaccustomed to it, during the summer season. Meanwhile the home government is no doubt improving the time in the way of preparation for a vigorous renewal of the campaign whenever the season shall permit. Were it not that it is to the interest of Spain to conciliate so powerful a neighbour of her revolted colonists, there would be great danger lest the United States should be drawn into the quarrel. The sympathies of her people are, no doubt, almost wholly on the side of the insurgents, and great vigilance on the part of the Government is needed to prevent infractions of the letter as well as of the spirit of neutrality. Should the struggle be protracted this will eventually become almost impossible.

A Problem in
Morals.

When the schools are re-opened, the teacher who wishes to propound a simple problem in morals as an exercise for the development of moral thoughtfulness in his pupils may find an interesting one in a recent occurrence in Parliament. A man in one of the Provinces owns some mineral lands. The location of the lands is such that their commercial value depends altogether upon the construction of a certain railway. If the railway is built the mines will, it is morally certain, become valuable. If the road is not built they will continue undeveloped and virtually worthless. The construction of the railway depends upon the receipt of a subsidy from Parliament. Without such Parliamentary grant there is no hope of its being built. The owner of the lands has held them long, in hope that such a grant would be given, but has finally given up the hope, and offers the lands for sale at a very low figure. A man at Ottawa who knows the circumstances, becomes possessed of facts which make it morally certain that the Government grant will be given immediately. He at once sends a telegram to the owner of the lands offering to purchase the property at the very low figure at which it was being offered. The offer is accepted, the agreement made. Next day the Parliamentary grant is voted. The result is that within a short period the man who purchased the property for, say

\$2,500, sells it for \$20,000. What do you think of the transaction? Was it an honest and honourable one? Give reasons for your answer. How would its moral quality be affected if the person who profits so largely by the business were a member of Parliament, and of the Government, and so able to bring about, or at least materially aid in bringing about, the bestowal of the grant, by his vote and influence?

United States
Export Trade

The leading newspapers of the United States are congratulating themselves and the nation on the increase of the export trade, which has been quite marked within the last few weeks. Within that period there have been, we are told, several exports of pig iron, iron ore, wool, woollen goods, carpets, boots and shoes, and, most remarkable of all, it is now announced that there have been sent a thousand tons—not exactly of coals to Newcastle, but of steel billets to some other parts of England—the first shipment of steel from the Republic to a European country. It is interesting, in some cases amusing, to read the comments of the party papers, especially of the McKinleyite, or high-tariff Republican papers on this subject. Some of them have been taking on a lugubrious tone because of the marked increase in imports which has been taking place of late, whether from fear that some economical American citizen might obtain some article of comfort or luxury for his family to better advantage from a foreigner than from the protected home manufacturer, or that some foreigner might profit by the sale of such article to an American, is not quite clear. Now, however, these lights of the Republic are enabled to console themselves with the knowledge that the foreigner has, in return, been constrained to purchase at least an equivalent amount of goods of American manufacture, thus restoring the balance. True this is not quite satisfactory. What is really wanted is some means of compelling the foreigner to buy American products, without selling anything to Americans in return. Few of the commenters seem as yet able to accept the idea that it may possibly conduce quite as much to the prosperity of the citizen to be able to buy what he needs to the best advantage as to sell what he has to spare to the best advantage. There is, however, some reason to hope that the object-lesson so clearly taught by the present prosperity, viz., that the only way in which an increase of exports can be obtained and maintained is by arranging the tariff so as to encourage an increase of imports, may not be wholly lost. Even now some of the late staunch McKinleyite journals are beginning to question whether it will be worth while to greatly disturb a tariff which is working so well.

The Campaign
Issue.

Closely connected with the foregoing is the related question of the tariff in politics. During the terrible business depression of last year few, if any, questioned that when the campaign opened, Republicans would do their best to persuade the people that the Wilson tariff was the chief cause of the hard times, with a view to making increase of protection the main plank in the party platform. The unquestionable and really remarkable revival of trade, coupled with the increased activity and improved wages in so many of the great manufacturing industries has pretty effectually defeated this policy in advance and it is now probable that the party leaders will see the wisdom of leaving the present tariff for the most part severely alone, and seeking some other material for the campaign. Even so extreme a Protectionist journal as the *New York Tribune* seems disposed to "hedge" in regard to the issue. While declaring, on the one hand, that the present tariff must not stand, it talks glibly, on the other, of the necessity of making the proposed high-protection tariff

"to fit astonishing changes in industrial development." The task of revision, it says, "will require special study of details," and is "work for the kind of men who framed the Act of 1890, but for men with full knowledge of the marvellous changes which have come since that brave and wise Act was framed." These modifying and saving clauses are significant. The *Republican Transcript* (Boston) is more frank. It says:—"We have every reason for believing that merchants, manufacturers, as a whole, and business men do not desire any tariff tinkering by the next Congress." From these and other indications and in view of the fact that the Wilson-Gorman tariff has yet two or three years in which to prove by its fruits its comparative beneficence, though it is far from being a free-trade measure, it is altogether unlikely that a return to extreme protectionism will make a popular election cry for the next campaign. The effort which is just now being made to resuscitate that policy seems already wanting in vigour, and its vitality seems more likely to wane than to increase.

* * *

The Pan American Congress.

IF the Pan American Congress of Religion and Education has not fulfilled the expectations of its most sanguine friends, it has certainly disappointed the forebodings of the croakers. In no sense and in no respect can it be regarded as a failure, or as otherwise than a success. Only in one respect has it failed to realize expectations, namely, in the number of persons attracted to the city from other parts of the country, and from the United States; and this is easily accounted for by the fact that many other meetings and conventions were being held at the time—that of the Christian Endeavourers at Boston, with fifty or sixty thousand members, a Baptist convention at Baltimore, a meeting of educationists somewhere else; so that many who might have been expected at Toronto were engaged elsewhere.

This, however, was the only disappointment. The numbers present at the various meetings exceeded reasonable expectations. The morning meetings had considerable audiences, especially when we remember how many of our citizens were out of town, how hot the weather has been, and how many are occupied in ways that prevent their being present. The sectional meetings were quite as well attended as such meetings generally are; and the evening meetings from beginning to end have been very large, increasing night by night as the Congress continued.

A more important point remains—the quality and character of the papers read and speeches delivered at the meetings of the Congress; and on this point there can hardly be said to be a difference of opinion. There were, of course, degrees of excellence among these contributions; but the general level was very high indeed from beginning to end. The inaugural address of President Smith was admirable, thoughtful, eloquent, and evidently produced a deep impression on the large audience who listened to it with rapt attention, whilst the excellent paper of the Hon. Mr. Bonney, on the New Movement for the Unity and Peace of the World was carefully thought out and eloquently expressed. The few words spoken by Professor Clark on the importance of cultivating the spirit of unity were not only well received but evidently expressed the predominating sentiment of those present; and the absolute maintenance of friendliness of tone throughout the whole proceedings of the Congress was the best proof that we are entering upon a new epoch of peace and concord.

The preservation of peace and unity was the more remarkable from the fact that no person or party sought to

conceal or disguise their opinions or sentiments. Father Ryan hoped they might all become good Catholics. Angli-
cans declared themselves devoted to the English Church, and
Methodists to Methodism. Those in agreement with them
cheered. Those who disagreed did the same, or smiled—no
one quarrelled. This is really a point of importance and sig-
nificance, and is a sign of the times.

The most remarkable indication of this kind was the
great meeting at the Massey Hall on Sunday afternoon, at
which about three thousand persons of all denominations
were present. Father Ryan made an excellent and genial
chairman; and the papers by Dr. Eby, lately a Methodist
Missionary in Japan, and Dean Harris, of St. Catharines,
were beyond all praise. The paper of Dean Harris was a
noble tribute to the self-sacrificing lives of the martyr mis-
sionaries of the great Roman Catholic orders.

It is not quite easy to select papers from so great a
multitude, nor was it in the power of any one member of the
Congress to be present at all the meetings, as some of them
were held contemporaneously. But a few samples may be
selected for comment. The paper on Friday morning by
President Rogers, of the North Western University at Evan-
ston, Illinois, on Christianity and Education, was of first
rate excellence; and we hope it may be printed. The other
papers at the same meeting were also good. On Saturday
morning the paper of Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, was
deservedly received with great enthusiasm. It was a noble
plea for the wretched and suffering, and a touching account
of what was being done for them. Dr. Morgan Wood, of
Detroit, spoke with much vehemence and eloquence on the
adaptation of the Church to modern life; and much that he
said was true; but a great deal was also one-sided. Mrs.
Wood spoke with power and eloquence on "Our Girls."

The Saturday evening meeting was of great interest,
Father Ryan discoursed eloquently on the Organization of
Charity and the Catholic Church, and Mrs. Rogers read a
charming paper, which was imperfectly heard, on "Recent
Progress in Philanthropy." Professor Blackman, of Yale
University, came last, and, in spite of the lateness of the
hour, gained the thorough attention and interest of his audi-
ence whilst philosophically and eloquently expounding the
principles of the Family and the State. Few men at the
Congress produced a more favourable impression than this
speaker, whose address as President of one of the sectional
meetings on Philanthropy was one of the best delivered.

The meeting on Monday morning—"Editors' Day"—
was one of the best. Dr. A. Edwards, editor of *North
Western Advocate*, Chicago, gave a most charming and
powerful paper on "Reforming Printer's Ink"—that is to
say, improving the press, and many practical suggestions
made by him deserve to be remembered. Equally good was
the paper by Dr. Courtice, the new editor of the *Christian
Guardian*, on "Subjective and Objective Methods of Reform,"
and the eloquent address of Major Mervin, editor of the
American Journal of Education, on the "Press as an Edu-
cational Factor."

The meeting on Monday evening was one of the best of
the whole Congress. There were only two papers, so that
neither had to be curtailed. That by Dr. Burwash, on the
"Correlation of Intelligence, Religion, and Morality," was
almost as good as it could be, but the enthusiasm of the
audience was raised to the uttermost by the splendid oration
of the Coadjutor Bishop of Minnesota, on the "Outlook for
Church Unity." There were many present who could not
agree with the eloquent speaker; but there were none who
did not sympathize with his spirit, and listen with delight
to his words. One of the most striking addresses delivered
at the Congress was that on Tuesday morning by Dr. Conaty,

Rector of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., on the "Roman
Catholic Church in the Educational Movement of To-day,"
in which he eloquently repudiated the notion that the
Church of which he is a member had neglected her work as
the teacher of mankind.

It is impossible for us to comment at length upon the
sectional meetings, many of which were of great interest,
but a few remarks must be made upon the disappointment of
the Congress, at the non-appearance of Archbishop Ireland,
of St. Paul, Minnesota. We assume that the Archbishop
had sufficient reason for breaking his engagement; and we
can quite understand the somewhat strong language used by
the President, Dr. Smith. As regards the complaint, that
notice ought to have been given before the meeting assem-
bled, we can have been given either the method should be
adopted without there being reasonable cause for fault find-
ing. No one was injured, as there was no charge for admis-
sion. It would have been extremely difficult to give, in a
newspaper paragraph, the explanation which Dr. Smith gave
by word of mouth. Moreover three excellent speeches were
substituted—Mrs. Mountford's speech was eloquent and tell-
ing, and Dr. Bennett's was a powerful presentation, perhaps
a little one-sided, of the claims of labour. Dr. Smith's char-
acter stands so high that he needs no defence at our hands,
and we can only regret that some persons should have failed,
not merely in regrety, but in justice, in commenting upon
the course he adopted.

On the whole, then, our judgment must be that the
Congress was successful beyond reasonable expectations.
But, for all that, we think it might be improved, and we
will offer a few suggestions for that purpose.

In the first place, readers and speakers should be kept
rigidly to time. Let this be clearly understood, and there
would be no cause of complaint. It is unfair to the audience
and to the later speakers to break this rule.

Secondly, let the music be dispensed with, except, per-
haps, at the evening meetings, which might, with advantage,
be of a more popular character.

Thirdly, a greater unity of subject should prevail at
each meeting, and might be realized in some such manner as
this. Give the general subject to the first reader with
thirty or five-and-twenty minutes; some aspect of it to the
second with twenty minutes; and to the third, who should
speak rather than read, give fifteen minutes. Then might
follow as many volunteer speeches of ten minutes each as the
time would allow. This is very important. It would not
only lighten the burden of the hearers, but it would attract
outsiders who might wish to take part in the discussion.

Another point is debatable—the abandonment of sec-
tional meetings. It is quite true that this would somewhat
diminish the area of subjects; but the gain would be greater
than the loss. In some cases two subjects of great importance
were being discussed at the same time—a very vexing cir-
cumstance to those who were interested in both.

It is a matter of question whether a Congress extending
from Tuesday to Friday would not be long enough.

Finally, it would be well frankly to give up one
afternoon, or more than one, for recreation, visiting
places of interest in the city, and the like. It is not well
that this should be done whilst the Congress is actually in
session.

These remarks are made in all friendliness and good
will, and with no thought of faultfinding. We believe that
the adoption of these suggestions will be of advantage to the
further development of the Congress; and we sincerely hope,
as also we believe, that such meetings are calculated and
likely to be of inestimable value, socially and religiously, in
the future.

Criticisms of Some Magazine Articles.

PART III.

COBDEN PURPOSELY EXCITED NATIONAL ILL-WILL.

ABOUT 1864 Cobden made a painful exhibition of himself in the House of Commons. I read his speech in more than one paper. It denounced his fellow-countrymen generally. Sometimes that has been a labour of love to such as he. He imputed imaginary wrongful actions to those who differed from him aient the Secession War. But I cannot find any trace of it in Morley's Life of Cobden. Apparently he was ashamed to insert it. It made a great impression upon me for I was present when a strong Radical, after reading it in the *Times*, denounced Cobden as "lying Richard." His speech reported verbatim in the *Times* read like, and was meant to be, a long indictment against large sections of his fellow-countrymen. After his manner—when suffering from an anti-British spasm—the facts were distorted. No proper qualifications or allowances were made, and altogether it was just such a speech as must have gladdened the hearts of all in America who desired war between the two countries. Doubtless it was largely quoted there. And this from a man who posed as a great advocate of peace, and who falsely charged Palmerston and others—who differed from him—with a hankering for war. In that evil speech he did more to bring about an uncalled for war than any other Englishman of his time. In other papers that I read his statements were toned down. I did not then understand why the *Times* reported him verbatim. It was wrong to do so. Probably the explanation is as follows: There had been a personal quarrel between him and Delane, the then editor of the *Times*. The latter gentleman always attended the debates of the House of Commons when a great discussion was expected. He wished to expose Cobden on his weak side—when greatly excited—of gross inaccuracy; and he knew from long experience that all that he, as editor, had got to do was to give him "rope enough." Accordingly—unlike other editors—he printed his speech verbatim, and thus allowed Cobden to infame himself. Dogberry "wrote himself down an ass," but Cobden did far worse. Taken altogether it was the most incendiary speech by an Englishman that I have ever read.

In mitigation it may be said that he was in ill-health at the time, but then his friends should have prevented such an exhibition. Fortunately for his fame, and the good of his country, he shortly afterwards ceased from troubling. Had he survived there is no knowing what further mischief he would have caused in those troubled times.

GOVERNOR EYRE.

I deeply regret that Mr. Goldwin Smith should have permitted himself to write as follows: "The Manchester School joined against Eyre, who had judicially murdered his personal enemy, Mr. Gordon." Criminals often look upon officers of justice as their "personal enemies." The charge is utterly without foundation, and was so held to be by magistrates, juries, English judges and the general opinion of Englishmen.

His error has been caused by (1) blindly accepting the statements of lesser men as being true, and (2) by failing to allow for the difference in truthfulness between different persons and races. The evidence of one intelligent, careful-speaking, and truthful man, outweighs that of many others who lack such qualities. A judicial mind takes such differences into account; with such, it is quality, not number. As a mass the Manchester School possessed far less of the judicial mind than the Conservatives, Whigs, or the fairplay Radicals. To understand recent and current history, we must bear in mind the difference between the two sections of the Radicals, namely, (1) the more gullible Radicals, and (2) the more sober-minded fairplay Radicals. It is the former who are the principal adherents of what the London *Times* satirically styled the New Religion: Men who treasure up as sacred relics, the chips of wood scattered by him who has 'witched the world wits noble axmanship. The ancients said that a good man struggling with adversity was a sight fit for the gods. Of late years it has been—that street-corner piety, serenely unconscious—ostentatiously exhibited to open mouthed excursionists should be bowed down to. But the dawn of a brighter day is approaching.

In October, 1865, there was an insurrection of negroes in Jamaica. To quote a sentence from a sham-Liberal authority it was "the most serious event that had happened in any British dependency since the Indian mutiny." Out of the then population of 360,000, there were only 15,000 whites. The troops in the island were very few—some of them coloured. The House of Assembly, elected by the freeholders, had passed a law against trespassing and stealing. Property owners complained in the London papers that on an average one-fourth of their crops were openly stolen by the negroes, who were great thieves. Therefore the need for such a law was clear. The eighth Commandment thus became a grievance; not the only island where such has been the case. Gordon was the ringleader, but he imitated the conduct of the leaders of the early French Terrorists—put others in the forefront, prepared to sneak away if things went wrong. During the preceding 100 years there had been various partial risings, which caused the whites to believe that there was always a possibility of an outbreak like the terrible one in St. Domingo.

THE ATTACK UPON THE COURT HOUSE.

An offender against the Act was about to be tried at Morant Bay, when 150 men came to the Court House armed with sticks in order to rescue him should he be found guilty. There was a fight in court; one policeman had a finger broken and others were beaten. Warrants were issued against some of the offenders, and an attempt was made to arrest one, Paul Bogle; but a number of rioters, armed with cutlasses, bayonets, and pikes, captured three of the police and announced their intention of attacking the Court House the next day. Governor Eyre was asked to send troops and one hundred soldiers were sent immediately afterwards by steamer, but unfortunately arrived too late to prevent the outbreak. The magistrates had assembled about thirty volunteers to protect them at the Court House, when a large mob came armed with "cutlasses, bayonets fixed upon sticks, pistols, muskets and various other kinds of weapons." Practically it was to uphold their sacred right to steal. Doubtless the echoes of the American Civil War, acting upon the minds of ignorant men, made the task easy to incendiary agitators. The volunteers unsuccessfully defended themselves against overwhelming numbers. Some of the assailants were killed, also some of the volunteers, and in addition one of the magistrates and a clergyman who happened to be there. Several of the volunteers escaped. The school and court house were burnt, and various other excesses were committed, and the insurrection began to spread.

Eyre, anxious to stamp it out at the beginning, immediately proclaimed martial law in that district, and sent 200 additional troops who succeeded in suppressing it before it had time to extend all over the island. It was alleged that one of the agitators forced men to join him. Gordon, by his actions and seditious papers addressed to the blacks and coloured people, was the principal cause of the insurrection and loss of life. Seditious notices, directed in his handwriting addressed to the leaders of the rising, were intercepted.

THE RINGLEADER HANGED.

He was ultimately captured, tried by court-martial and hanged. Eyre was not present, although all was done under his authority. Apparently panic-stricken by the danger, haunted by the memory of previous partial risings, and by that of the terrible St. Domingo massacres, unnecessary severities were exercised by several deputies in some localities. It was asserted that the black soldiers unnecessarily shot numbers of those captured. But practically Eyre saved Jamaica from a repetition of the St. Domingo massacres; for if the rebellion had not been promptly suppressed; the whole island would have been a scene of horror. The proper way in such cases is to promptly seize and punish the ringleaders, but they usually escape. The sham-Liberal cry is apt to be, "there's a divinity that doth hedge" arch-conspirators, but common-sense thinks otherwise.

The Manchester School section of the Radicals excited a great agitation in England, and Mr. J. S. Mill, a ridiculously overpaid East Indian pensioner—shutting his eyes to what had taken place in India eight years before—acted as chairman of a league to hunt to death the man who had saved Jamaica from a repetition of the St. Domingo horrors. J. S. Mill is a vastly overrated man. In the Toronto Reference Library, also in the Citizen's Free Library, Halifax,

there are copies of a pamphlet exposing the childishness of his reasonings in his over-praised work "On Liberty."

Carlyle publicly opposed the attempt, and the fairplay Radicals, and the public generally, rallied to his side.

The end of all this discreditable persecution was, that English magistrates dismissed the charges against Eyre, a Metropolitan Grand Jury threw out a bill, and the Liberal Government paid all his expenses and costs. The public at large sided with him. This is not saying that every subordinate official had, in all respects, acted wisely and justly. There were excesses on the Government side. This is almost invariably the case when suppressing dangerous insurrections with inadequate forces.

THE RESULT OF EYRE'S PROMPTITUDE.

During the succeeding four year Jamaica prospered in every way. Far different would have been the case if the insurrection and attendant horrors had been allowed to spread all over the island as in St. Domingo. The blacks and professional agitators understood the stern lesson and there has been no trouble since.

It is the almost universal rule that in insurrections innocent people suffer, and often there is little discrimination between different degrees of guilt. In Paris, after the troops had (1871) recaptured the city, hundreds of prisoners—Communards say thousands—were shot in cold blood, in reprisal for crimes committed, including the murder of the Archbishop and priests. But it is reasonably certain that some of those unfortunate men had also, as in Jamaica, been coerced into joining the insurgents.

If there had been a Governor Eyre to command the Swiss on August 10th, 1792, Bonaparte—then an onlooker—would have been spared his sneer about imbecility, some of the ruffian leaders who—like Gordon—skulked, would have been summarily justiced; the monarchy would have been saved; the worst horrors of the French Revolution prevented; and the loss of millions of lives have been prevented. There was no leader like him with the necessary moral courage to assume responsibility.

So in the case of the Indian mutiny in 1857. If a man like Eyre had commanded at Meerut the mutiny would have been stamped out at the commencement. There were sufficient British troops actually present, but no man like him with the necessary brains and energy. Probably a hundred lives would have been promptly sacrificed—but that would have saved 100,000. Of course a Jamaica-howl would have been raised at home.

A FORECAST.

With the lassitude of one who in the political world has so often seen the brightest dawn overcast, Mr. Goldwin Smith observes "society may be at the opening of a new era and on the eve of a complete reconstruction." Time alone will show whether this highly probable forecast is a true one.

Personally I hopefully look forward to a time when a great discovery will materialize. One of its numerous indirect results will be the foundation of new schools of biography and history. Much that passes for such at present is unsatisfactory. Biography and history should "hold the mirror up to nature," and not, as is often the case, heroise second and third rate men.

Few have the gifts and acquirements of Mr. Goldwin Smith for history—this is not saying that he never makes mistakes, for I have shown that he has heedlessly made such. He would be the last man to claim such immunity.

CONCLUSION.

It is very difficult to set forth history. He who journeys along that road meets with so many pitfalls, quagmires, and misleading side-ways; he encounters so many who unintentionally or intentionally misinform him, that it is a great task to arrive at the true goal. History is a progressive science, that which passes as such during one era, will be bettered and laid aside at another.

The Manchester School did valuable work in its time; also some that was the reverse. It has had its day and henceforth will serve "to point a moral," and to benefit statesmen by its lessons.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Next week I propose to criticise Mr. Gladstone's misstatements in the *North American Review* previously referred to.

A Passage from Maxime du Camp's "RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE."

TRANSLATED FOR THE WEEK BY R. E. K.

LOVE is a commonplace sentiment doubtless, so in conversation they (Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert) always derided it, perhaps because they had never experienced it. They wished to devote themselves exclusively to art; therefore they claimed from life neither the best nor the worst it has to give, and were lacking in one of the most fruitful sources of artistic inspiration. When everything has crumbled into ruin around us, when we have realized the vanity of human ambition, lost faith in ourselves, recognized the uncertainty of all things, and the certainty of disillusion, then if we look back upon the past and count the dead fallen by the way, one form only still lives and stirs and smiles upon us. *C'est toi qui dors dans l'ombre, ô sacré souvenir!*

Bouilhet had no such memory: in his hour of darkness he could never borrow from the past the courage and vitality which had failed him in the present. Those only among the poets who understood love were great. It matters little who inspired the love, Ninette or Semiramis; not the object of the affection but the sentiment interests us, because it is a vitalizing force, and makes a man "the equal of the gods."

Late in the day, too late, Bouilhet learned this lesson. In the evening of his life, he put his finger upon the weak spot, probed the wound, took counsel with his vanished dreams and asked himself the question: why his wings had not borne him over the summits he had beheld in early youth. An inward voice replied and inspired Bouilhet with the beautiful verses I shall quote here for they contain an explanation as well as a confession:

Toute ma lampe a brûlé goutte à goutte
Mon feu s'éteint avec un dernier bruit;
Sans un ami, sans un chien qui m'écoute,
Je pleure seul dans la profonde nuit.

Derrière moi—si je tournais la tête
Je le verrais—un fantôme est placé:
Témoin fatal apparu dans ma fête,
Spectre en lambeaux de mon bonheur passé.

Mon rêve est mort sans espoir qu'il renaisse:
Le temps m'échappe, et l'orgueil imposteur
Pousse au néant les jours de ma jeunesse,
Comme un troupeau dont il fut le pasteur.

Pareil au flux d'une mer inféconde
Sur mon cadavre au sépulchre endormi,
Je sens déjà monter l'oubli du monde
Qui tout vivant m'a couvert à demi.

Oh, La nuit froide? Oh, La nuit douloureuse!
Ma main bondit sur mon sein palpitant;
Qui frappe ainsi dans ma poitrine creuse
Quels sont ces coups sinistres qu'on entend?

Qu'es tu? Qu'es tu? Parle, ô monstre indomptable
Qui te débats en mes flancs enfermé?
Une voix dit, une voix lamentable;
Je suis ton cœur et je n'ai pas aimé.

TRANSLATION.

All my lamp now drop by drop doth burn
With one last flickering sigh I lose its light.
Without a friend, a dog, to whom to turn
I weep alone in shade of darkest night.

Behind, if I but turned my head that way
I'd see, for there a phantom doth stand fast
A fatal witness of a bygone day
Spectre in rags of youthful bliss long past.

My dream is dead—no hope it may revive
Time passeth—that impostor Pride
All my young days to nothingness did drive
As they the flock and he their shepherd guide.

Like rising wave of useless Dead Sea tide
Over my corpse in quiet tomb asleep
Doth steal forgetfulness of all the world outside
And over me while still alive doth creep.

Oh, cold the night! Oh, night how drear!
My hand doth press a palpitating breast
What are those sounds ill-omened that I hear?
What knocks so loudly in my hollow chest?

Who art thou, speak—oh Being hard to tame
Who frettest thus shut up in mortal frame?
A voice replies—a voice with mournful tone:
I am thy heart—Love I have never known.

R. E. K.

Outraging One's Friends.

IT is good for a man to have definite opinions, if he comes by them honestly. It is also well to publish them, should their holder think the world may be benefitted thereby. He may

"Sing his songs unbiddlen,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

The sensation that many thinking and good people have been led to sympathize with your best thoughts, through your own writings, must be a very pleasurable one. To receive letters from distant places, and even far off lands, thanking you for happiness conferred, comfort vouchsafed, intelligence quickened, and incentive to right action, is an experience that has cheered many an author's heart, and has more than atoned for harsh criticism or cold neglect in the past. The friends one makes through published books or smaller writings are friends worth keeping, not to be driven lightly from one's side. Happy is the author who understands the truth of this caution.

In all cases of relationship with our fellows, of entertainment, of dependence, of leadership, there is a significant: "Thus far shalt thou go." There is such a thing, even with the kindest hostess, in outstaying one's welcome, and he who has been the delight of thousands may presume long enough to hear the ominous words: "Superfluous, lags the veteran on the stage." Many a clever young business man, elated by success and merited encomium, has gone a step too far, as Benhadad went with Ahab, and has lamented till the day of his death that his presumptuous estimate of himself was not shared by his indulgent employers. Lord Randolph Churchill discovered that his party could do without him, and there is no man in the world whose loss the world cannot healthily survive. Indeed, many institutions would be in a far better condition if some, who imagine themselves indispensable to their existence, were mercifully removed from the scene of their self-conceit. To fall suddenly from the position of an idol to that of a piece of lumber is gratifying to no man, but it is the next to inevitable fate of him who will not be taught, "Thus far shalt thou go." The waves had no respect for the throne of King Canute.

Henry Ward Beecher was a great man in many ways, and came at last to think he could do anything, and still be Beecher. But the paroxysmal kiss, whatever false slanders lay behind it, shrouded his last days in gloom. He who takes a step too far is at the mercy of the commonest scoundrel that lives. Mr. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, is exceedingly clever, and thoroughly in earnest as a moral Reformer. He had, and doubtless has still, hosts of admirers, but he killed off fifty per cent of the best of them when he announced himself a full fledged spiritualist. In social reform among the living they were ready to follow and to trust him, but when he took to necromancing, they cried "Avaunt Sathanas!" Mr. Bok says of Dr. Lyman Abbott that he and Beecher were the only clergymen he knew that could attract young men. Dr. Abbott had many friends besides young men. Thoughtful women and liberal kindly old men were heart and soul with him, until he tore the third chapter of Genesis out of the Bible, made God the author of evil, and gave us the ape for our progenitor. Can this clever genial man be so blind as not to see that he has outraged the feelings of those whom he had helped to educate to higher things? They will not go beyond the altar even with Dr. Abbott leading.

There is another man who was a power in liberal theology, Dr. Henry Drummond. His "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was a revelation in the harmony of science and religion. His little books, "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The City Without a Church," etc., stirred the souls of thousands, so that few religious writers could compete with him. But *quem diabolus vult perdere prius dementat*, and, confident in his grand powers of persuasion, he writes his "Ascent of Man," a wholesale defence of the evolutionary theory, a large and bitter pill for his admirers to swallow. They have tried to do so for the love of the man, but they can't. He has taxed their powers of endurance beyond its bounds, and now, it is no longer Macaskill of the Highland that he has to reckon with, but thousands of once devoted friends, whose feelings he has outraged.

Last of all, it is our Canadian Grant Allen, who, to put

it mildly, has gone and made an ass of himself. We liked the boy and were proud of him, with his trifles of science, love stories, social reforms, and all the rest of it. Accordingly he got it into his head that he could tell his readers what he liked, and they would say "It is Grant Allen's and therefore it is all right." Impelled by this delusion, he has written "The Woman who Did," a novel with a very inelegant title. But the contents beggar the title. The woman, with Mr. Allen's full approval, and against the right feeling of father, would-be husband, and numberless friends, refuses to submit to the degrading ceremony of marriage, only to lose the man who wished to make her his wife, to have her daughter grow up to curse her, and to commit elegant suicide. Mr. Stead says Grant Allen has knocked out his own brains with a boomerang, which is perfectly true. No sane man, no decent woman, will care to be taught or even amused by a microscopist, who is neither a Shelley nor a Swinburne, a Mill nor a Lewis, no Adonis certainly, that outrages all the conveniences of social life, and casts its necessary restraints to the four winds of heaven. Stronger men than Grant Allen have tried this sort of thing and have failed. He has taken a step too far and the world will show that it can do without Grant Allen. It does not pay to outrage one's friends.

* * *

And She Did.

Dramatis Personæ { Captain Reginald Holko Brandling, V.C.,
Miss Marie Van Stetter,
Host, Hostess, Guests, Servants, etc.

Scene.—An elaborately furnished dining-room. A dinner-party in progress. Captain Brandling seated next to Miss Van Stetter, to whom he has been hurriedly introduced a few minutes before.

Miss Van Stetter (aside).—Not a bad-looking man, but looks awfully stupid.

Captain Brandling (aside).—Pretty little girl, but looks rather uppish. (Aloud).—Rather a neat little crib this, Miss Van Stetter.

Miss Van Stetter (looking round on priceless objects of art).—Very neat indeed, almost painful in its extreme simplicity, don't you think, Captain Brandling?

Captain Brandling.—Haw. (aside) Thought she seemed rather inclined to be pert.

[Silence of several minutes, during which Captain Brandling consumes his fish, and stares in an abstracted manner at the table cloth.]

Miss Van Stetter (aside).—What a hateful man! He is daring to disapprove of me. (Aloud) Hadn't we better talk about something?

Captain Brandling (solemnly fixing his eyeglass).—By all means. Er—will you suggest a subject, or er—shall I?

Miss Van Stetter (flippantly).—You do remind me so of our old teacher who always used to begin our literature lessons like that.

Captain Brandling (stiffly).—Really (Sees an opening for retaliation). And do you like going to school?

Miss Van Stetter (indignantly).—What, do you — ? (bursts out laughing) Captain Brandling, I positively admire you. You very nearly succeeded in making me angry, and no one ever does that.

Captain Brandling (thawing considerably).—Thought that'd fetch you, always makes my sisters awfully wild.

Miss Van Stetter.—Well, I forgive you, and now what subject can you talk about best; how would "Is marriage a failure" do?

Captain Brandling (freezing again).—Extraordinary young woman this! (Aloud) Really can't say; never tried; haven't any particular desire to make the experiment.

Miss Van Stetter.—Oh! Then you are one of those delightful creatures called "A confirmed bachelor"; the depository of the love-secrets of half the girls of your acquaintance, and all the children call you "Uncle Charley."

Captain Brandling (rather annoyed).—Possibly they might only my name doesn't happen to be Charley.

Miss Van Stetter (frivolously).—Isn't it? Oh that doesn't matter in the least. Ha! ha! Do you know I shall always think of you in future as Uncle Charley?

Captain Brandling (frostily).—That is very good of you. (Aside) What the devil kind of an old fogey does the little woman take me for, confound her.

Miss Van Stetter (aside).—I'm even with him now. (Sweetly) Captain Brandling, I positively adore the English army, as a whole, you know; won't you tell me some of your adventures?

Captain Brandling (suddenly embarrassed).—Well—aw—really now.

Miss Van Stetter.—I know you must have lots to tell. Have you ever seen a shot fired in anger?

Captain Brandling.—Don't know about the anger; fellers don't usually get particularly angry exactly, don't you know.

Miss Van Stetter.—Oh, you know what I mean. Have you ever been in a real battle? (Aside) How hideously commonplace a really good-looking man can be sometimes.

Captain Brandling (rather surprised at the question).—Well, yes, rather. One or two little ones.

Miss Van Stetter.—And did you feel very lonesome and homesick?

Captain Brandling (smiling for the first time).—You've hit it exactly, Miss Van Stetter.

Miss Van Stetter (aside).—I'm sure he's brave at any rate, even if he is rather stupid, or he wouldn't have said that. He looked rather nice too, when he smiled, and his teeth are lovely. (Aloud) Do tell me, did any one in your regiment ever win the Victoria Cross?

Captain Brandling (uneasily).—Ye-es. One feller's got it. Didn't do much to deserve it though.

Miss Van Stetter.—Now, I think that's real mean and envious of you. How would you like that to be said of you if you had won it?

Captain Brandling (aside).—Why the dooce didn't I tell her. Thought she knew. Can't very well tell her now.

Miss Van Stetter (with fervour).—You know I am a perfect hero-worshipper. I positively adore bravery. (Sudden lull in the general conversation). If there is any man in the world I could bring myself to marry, it would be a man who had won the Victoria Cross.

Captain Brandling (aside).—Oh, confound it!

Host (slightly deaf, who has only caught the last words).—That's right Miss Van Stetter, Brandling's far too modest. Make him tell you the story of how he brought the sergeant in under fire, and won the right to put V.C. after his name.

(A smile goes round the table. Miss Van Stetter flames scarlet from brow to chin. Captain Brandling utters frightful curses under cover of his moustache. Curtain falls.)

EPILOGUE.

(Extract from *Morning Post*): "We understand that a marriage has been arranged between Captain Reginald Holko Brandling, of Brandling Hall, Leicestershire, late of the —th Dragoon Guards, and Miss Marie Van Stetter, daughter of Horatio Van Stetter, Esq., the well-known New York millionaire. The wedding will take place very shortly."

C. LANGTON CLARK.

Nile Vignettes: II.—From Cairo to LUXOR.

SEVEN days may seem but a short little bit of monotony when passed in the seclusion of a sick room, or the uneventfulness of a sea voyage, but seven days can remain an important memory in one's life when so crowded with fresh interest and beauty as were those river days between Cairo and Luxor.

Seven days of the crisp delight of the morning air, of the white intensity of the noontide light, of the glory of sunset and moonlight; seven days of energetic pleasure or lazy comfort, of riding over the plain, or watching the long panorama of the banks, or the river boats sweeping down with the northerly breeze, piled high with the white porus jugs of Keneh, or crowded with a human freight. It is often as well not to begin in too high a key, and one day, after the long Sakkarah one was, perhaps, the dreariest and most uneventful of our trip. A high, cold south wind was blowing, and, together with the strong January current, made our progress so slow that our day's run was not finished until nearly bed-time. This, of course, prevented our canvas walls being put up at the usual sunset hour, the wind whistled about the open deck, and a dreary afternoon was followed by a dreary evening.

We did not land at all, not that we much regretted that,

for aching bones were content to rest after yesterday's work.

If we looked ashore, the low desolate sand-banks that mark this part of the Nile lay pale under the grey sky, while the fierce wind swept up wreaths and columns of sand into the air. Sand was everywhere—in our hair, our eyes, and mouths, and the Arabs kept on their fruitless labour of brushing it up from the deck, and dusting it off the piano and tables. It was this day that the diary fiend showed its full vigour. Americans appeared to be the chief delinquents, and I wondered then, as I have often wondered since, what can become of the endless diaries which American travellers write. Do they drift to family attics and subsequent rubbish heaps, and are they ever, at any period of their existence, read by any one, even by their compilers?

The great resource on such inactive Nile days is the library which T.C. and S. have placed on board each boat. A remarkably well chosen library it is, with Brusch and Wilkinson and other authorities of old Egypt, and Amelia Edward's and other Nile travellers' experiences. Besides these there are books on Arab life and history, as well as all the most important accounts of the Egyptian and Soudanese wars. Then there is the never-failing object of tracing out our route in Murray or Baedeker, identifying the name of Coptic convent or church, of some sharp bend of the river, or one of the endless towns or villages on the banks. But stormy days wear by, and these occupations are quickly dropped when at noon of our third day, with the wind gone down and a bright sky overhead, we find ourselves stopping at Beni Hassan. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." The guide-book describes Beni Hassan as a nest of thieves, a karki clad policeman is waiting to form a solitary escort to our seventy or so, and every one of the seventy is nervously on the lookout for robbery and violence. Poor children of Hassan! A sorry looking group they are in their rags and tatters, and one thinks that perhaps Mohammed Ali had done better when he rooted out their village to have exterminated them altogether.

Sorry looking, too, are their donkeys, but I had luck, and mine was a sturdy hearted little beast, and instead of a full grown specimen of human misery, and depravity, I had two small brown boys whose ragged blue shirts scarcely held together over their shoulders. Poor little mites! They pathetically whispered entreaties for their backsheesh before we were half way back; and I saw the reason of it, when I had scarcely dismounted before they were seized upon and cuffed and shaken into giving up their small gain.

But the bark of the children of Hassan is worse than their bite, and we were in no ways molested as we rode up the hillside to the tombs.

Of all places of burial that I have ever seen these Beni Hassan tombs strike me as the most desirable. Hewn out of the stone of the hillside, with wide doorways, and dry, light rooms whose walls are covered with pictures of the same cheerful everyday life as at Sakkarah, with a prospect that one cannot but feel that even the dead might have come forth to enjoy, a prospect over the ever-smiling Nile valley, bright sheets of water in the late summer months, green or golden stretches of wheat in winter and spring.

Mighty rulers they were this family of feudal lords of the XII. dynasty, and one of them Ameni, announces his virtues with a cheerful self-complacency which let us trust did not fail him in his need. "I have never made a child grieve. I have never robbed the widow," is not an ignoble boast, and shows an ideal of good that many a stern Roman or mediæval lord might well enjoy. In these tombs we see the very germ and proto-type of all future Doric pillars, which is generally the guiltless cause of starting the old argument as to what and how much the Etruscans and Greeks learned of their civilization from the Egyptians. The next afternoon at four o'clock we were at Asyut—Asyut, that cheerful white town, forever smiling under its blue sky, among its palm groves and gardens.

From beginning to end Asyut is a pleasant memory. Even when one stayed on board there was enough amusement to be derived from the groups on the landing stage and bank. Sleek Hindoo merchants spread out their draperies of the most ordinary Indian type, solemnly swearing to any inquirer that they were made in the Soudan. Peddlers from the Bazaars set forth all manner of quaint jars in the red pottery for which Asyut is known, as well as inlaid work in ivory and ebony, and sticks of rhinoceros hide, and imita-

tations of the beautiful old, almost unprocurable black and gold Asyut veils. It was great fun bargaining from the safe vantage grounds of the deck, especially when the peddler laboured under the additional disadvantage of being every now and then charged down upon by the watchful policeman, who has orders to keep the landing stage clear.

When we go ashore, in the cool of the late afternoon, there is a pleasant sense of civilization in everything. Have we been only three days from civilization and do we already welcome it? Oh, well, it is our last sight of big white houses, and carriages and railways for two months, and when we see them again it will be with regret. But the cleanliness is pleasant, and the bright gardens and prosperous looks of the inhabitants. The boys mostly speak English, and have been taught at the big American Mission School, which is doing so much work here, especially among the Copts. Asyut has always been a Coptic centre, and there is no doubt that the Copts are taking their full share of the new life and prosperity of Egypt. The English who know Egypt best have a depreciating habit of speaking of the Copts, but for a thousand years or more they have been a persecuted race, and it is small wonder if they have the vices of the persecuted—duplicity and dishonesty. It may well be hoped that with freedom to expand these may disappear, and that some fresh life may be grafted into the drooping tree of their Christianity.

The exploring of the crowded, bright-coloured bazaars—the ride out to the foot of the hillside where the tombs are, and from which the city is very fair to see, come on the next morning, a morning whose fresh soft breath made life a joy, and soon after noon we were steaming southward with the glow over the blue hills growing deeper, the sunshine warmer, and all things telling of the south, the south.

That night when at dessert old Achmed appeared to make his usual speech, the statement, "De donkyns, him will be ready at half-past eight. Please, ladies and gentleman, do not forget your muniment tecket," brought forth a deeper groan, and a more sarcastic cheer than usual.

But, after all, in spite of our grumbling, they were pleasant things those early starts in the cool of the morning after a hurried, cheerful breakfast, when the last comer was remorselessly chaffed. The temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, at Denderah, was our destination, and after a short ride the massive portal, with its row of Hathor-headed columns, showed through the rubbish heaps and remains of Coptic mud houses that once covered the spot. It was our first sight of a well-preserved temple, and although later, we were to learn to be more exacting, and to speak slightly of "later Ptolemaic," the solemn strength of this deserted fane impressed us forcibly.

Solid and strong stood the walls and pillars and roof, as on the day when the long procession of priests wound out from the dark sanctuary where no profane foot might enter, through the crowded outer courtyards, and out and up the staircase to the great roof from which the conjunction of certain planets was worshipped.

We followed in the way they used to tread and loiter long on the roof, basking in the hot sunshine, exploring the small temple of Osiris, tracing out the route up and down steps and terraces, that the procession followed.

The air is full of a steady murmur like the sound of distant waves, but which turns out to be the murmuring of innumerable bees; and they are, indeed, innumerable, for the air is full of them, and what is worse, here, as in so many other temples, they deface the carvings and hieroglyphics with their clusters of conelike little nests. As long as time permits we loiter on the roof, and then scramble round over the rubbish heaps to the back of the temple to see the portrait of Anthony's Cleopatra that is carved on the outer wall. A full, simpering face, carved in the weak lines of a decadent art, so different from the delicate strength of the outlines of the Rameside golden period. One tires of it enough before one leaves Egypt, in photographs and in the decoration of hotel dining rooms. To what uses do the mighty of the earth come!

By noon we are on board and off, and by four o'clock that afternoon—a still grey day—we are all gathered in force on the forepart of the deck on the lookout for the first view of Luxor.

We strain our eyes eagerly over the Theban plain in search of the mighty ruins. We cannot understand why they should be so undiscoverable. I maintain that I can see the Colossi, in a place where I afterwards knew no Colossi to

be. Later on we were to learn to pick out the dark outline of each temple, but to-day we only succeeded in confusing ourselves.

There was no mistaking, however, that pallid-hued barren mountain that rose behind the Theban plain, and that all knew to contain the sepulchre of Egyptian royalty. There was no mistaking the great dark bulk of the Karnak pylons that showed across the Luxor fields. And there, close to the water side is the long line of brown pillars of Luxor temple, mixed up with the square pink and white houses of the modern village.

And then all at once a multiplexity of shore interests take hold of us. Letters, telegrams, washing, friends at the hotel or in dahabizehs, hotel accommodation, all these various pre-occupations scatter our watching group. The middle point of our voyage is reached.

* * * Montreal Affairs.

THE extraordinary development of the use of the bicycle has brought up the question of its rights in the streets, and the city authorities are now labouring on the draughting of a by-law dealing with the question. Heretofore bicyclers have been debarred from using the sidewalks, while the drivers of carriages have looked upon them as interlopers in the roadway; so the passage of a by-law defining their rights may be a good thing for them if the restrictions are not too severe. The first draft of the proposed regulations compels bicyclers to carry a bell all the time and a lamp at night, to slow up almost to the point of stopping at every intersecting street, and not to exceed the speed of six miles an hour, which is the time limit fixed for vehicles. The two last provisions do not meet with approval by the bicyclers, nor are they favourably disposed to the stipulation that lamps should be carried, as they contend that the streets are so well lit at night that it is entirely unnecessary. The restrictions on speed, if enforced, would seriously affect the value of the bicycle as a commercial agent, which it has now become. Many, of course, ride the wheel for pleasure, but the proportion of those who regard the bicycle simply as a business investment is steadily enlarging. The city canvassers for commercial houses, reporters for newspapers, and all whose business takes them over the city utilize the bicycles because they are cheaper and swifter than either cabs or cars. Scores of business men in the outlying portions of the city have taken to using the bicycle because they have found that with its aid they can go home at noon, have their dinner with their families, and get back to their offices in reasonable time. But if the bicycle is to continue to fulfil these functions a speed of from nine to ten miles an hour must be allowed. A careful bicyclist can go through the streets at that rate and do no damage. The real danger to pedestrians is from the "scorchers"—mostly young fools who make the asphalt streets a training ground and go along them at a breakneck speed with their heads doubled into their wheels.

The use of the bicycle by women is growing here as elsewhere. A year or so ago the sight of a woman pedalling her way along the street was odd enough to make pedestrians turn their head and look; now it is taken as a matter of course. Indeed, there is in existence a ladies' bicycle club made up of the most exclusive members of our upper ten. It was organized last spring when a hall was hired and an instructor engaged. If the club should ever determine to have a street parade it would certainly prove a drawing card in our Belgravia. The bloomer which seems to be sweeping along on the tide of popular favour south of the line has not, however, yet made its appearance. I have not heard of a single one being seen in the streets as yet.

Montreal as a resort for pugilists is getting to rival New Orleans. During the past nine months there have been held in this city repeated encounters between prize-fighters. These have been called sparring matches, but they are just as much prize-fights as the Corbett-Sullivan battle at New Orleans was. Last week a prize-fighter named Steve O'Donnell, the travelling companion of Corbett, fought a finish fight with another pugilist named Woods, in the presence of two thousand people, in the Crystal Rink which is situated in Dorchester Street, West, in one of the most exclusive parts of the city. They battered one another for fifteen rounds before Woods finally was "put to sleep" as the saying is. The people of that part of the city have

been greatly exercised at these periodical incursions of pugilists and their following into their neighbourhood; and have urged the Mayor and the Chief of Police to put in force the stringent by-law against prize-fighting which has been on the city statute book for over twenty years. No attention was paid to them, however, and they were obliged to take the law into their own hands, as invariably has to be done in this city for the righting of any wrong of this nature. On the afternoon of the last fight the Citizens' League swore out a warrant and had the two principals arrested on the charge of arranging a prize-fight, for which, under the Criminal Code, there is a heavy penalty. The enquete has been postponed until next month, but the defence is going to be that neither the Criminal Code nor the by-law applies in this case as it was not a prize-fight, but a sparring match. If the case is dismissed, we shall without doubt have an epidemic of fights. There was even talk some time ago of having the Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle here; and so far as the city authorities are concerned they could, doubtless, meet here without disturbance.

The gas question to which I have made several references in these letters has been settled. There has been something of a compromise, the city, however, yielding the most. The new rate is \$1.20 per thousand for fifteen years; but the city has the option of buying the company out at the end of the first ten years. If the city does not do so the Gas Company is thereafter to pay 3 per cent. of the gross revenue to the city. There is a good deal of objection on the part of those who want dollar gas and won't be happy until they get it; but, all things considered, the rate is not an unreasonable one. It is a reduction of twenty cents per thousand on the tariff in existence during the past decade. Mr. King, the representative of the Whessoe Works, is back in the city, however, more than ever convinced that sixty cent gas is a possibility.

Mr. John Macfarlane, of this city, has now in the press a volume entitled "The Harp of the Scottish Covenant," being a collection of poems, songs, and ballads relating to the Covenanting struggle. In all there will be nearly one hundred pieces included. A preface has been written by Prof. Clark Murray, of this city, and the book will be dedicated to the late J. Stuart Blackie, who approved of its design. Mr. S. R. Crockett also wrote to Mr. Macfarlane warmly approving the plan of the work. It will be published in Scotland by Alexander Gardner, of Paisley; and in Canada by W. Drysdale & Co. Only a limited edition will be printed. Mr. Macfarlane is an authority on Scottish literature; and is the author of "Heather and Harebell."

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At Street Corners.

NOW that the "Pan-American" Congress is over, we may take the lessons that it affords against the attempt to produce entirely by artificial means, movements that are nothing if they have not some roots of spontaneity. While saying with gratification, "all's well that ends well," I could not help being sorry for some of those who were captured by the astute and commercially-disposed engineer of the enterprize

Of all bores the worst is the retired veteran who presumes on his former standing to inflict himself on those who are now bearing the burden and heat of the day. A man who is no longer in the team ought not to stand around offering advice and saying what he did years ago. He never understands the problems of to-day, and he is frequently a maddening obstruction to men who want to do their work without hindrance and find it hard enough to do at that.

The so-called "war of the poets" in the *Globe* and *Sunday World*—the latter title by the way is a misnomer—is wearing itself to an ignominious end. While it has, perhaps, lowered the niches of the three Canadian poets concerned, in the estimation of the few, it has advertised them to the many, and this is an age in which advertising seems to be the thing. I was—by the way—very much amused in the course of the ebullitions to see that some raillery I had addressed in this column to one of the hangers-on of the fight was taken by him as being unmitigated praise. What a secret fund of self-commendation such a man must have always at disposal. It forms a rhinoceros integument against attack.

Among educational people that I honour in Toronto, is Mr. Thomas Parker, till recently principal of the Winchester street Public School. I do not know at present whether his former post has been filled by another incumbent. Mr. Parker has suffered from chronic and pronounced asthma, and has had a long leave of absence. I understand that he is now at Winnipeg, to try whether the air of Manitoba will be any better for him than that of Toronto. As a conscientious and painstaking instructor, and one who was able to impress his pupils with high ideas of rectitude and honour, he will be followed by the good wishes of all who have come into contact with him during his residence in Toronto.

Mr. H. A. Englehardt, the well-known landscape gardener, holds the opinion that no fence should be erected around residences on Centre Island, but that a park-like appearance should be aimed at. The park-like appearance is all very well, but I cannot believe that every body would be willing to throw down his fences. The Anglo-Saxon likes a fence, whether of personal reserve or of wood. I am afraid that Mr. Englehardt's suggestion that leases should only be renewed on the no-fence condition, is a little too drastic.

Dr. Sheard's work as the Medical Health Officer of Toronto cannot be too highly commended. He has brought to the task a remarkable amount of ability and determination, and he should receive the hearty moral support of all citizens in any labours he engages in for the welfare of the city. There is too much of a tendency on the part of the City Council to ignore the services of science, and, of course everything depends on whether scientific precautions are properly carried out or not. Pseudo-scientific inspection is of little use, but a system of daily bacteriological examination of the city water, such as is carried out at the Medical Health Office under Dr. Sheard's direction, by Prof. Shuttleworth, the eminent bacteriologist, is worth everything it costs, and a great deal more. It is surely worth something for the citizens to feel—day after day—that the water supplied to their household taps, and on the purity of which their health and the health of their families depends, is subject to a keen microscopical investigation that would reveal at once the presence of typhoid germs if they existed, and lead to measures being taken to put an end to the source of impurity.

The winning of the Queen's prize by Private Hayhurst, of the 13th Battalion, is an honour brought to Canada by an immigrant, but it is none the less welcome on that account to some of us, seeing that the immigrant is a son of the dear Old Land. Hayhurst will no doubt receive a fine ovation when he returns, and the City of the Mountain will have good reason to jubilate.

I do not know whether any of my readers have ever been so perplexed as I have sometimes been by the defective way in which the names of the streets are put up in Toronto, but if they have, they will sympathize with my wish that the system could be improved. When one goes into a new part of the city and is anxious to know where he is, it is distressing not to find the name of the street legibly inscribed. Surely this little matter might be attended to in such a way as to make it easy for even strangers to find their way about. At night, the difficulty is greatly increased, especially in some parts of the city.

Alderman Lamb, who is an exceedingly honest and useful member of the City Council, is, I am glad to hear, recovering from the injury to his foot which has kept him in doors for many days.

The studio and residence which are being built near Queen's Park for Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A., under the superintendence of Messrs. Darling, Sproatt and Pearson, the architects, will, I understand, be in every way complete and artistic. Mr. Patterson will be in such close proximity to the Ontario Legislature, that he ought frequently to attend the sessions of that body, so as to be prepared to paint a great historical picture of them all when they do anything particular. Conversely, it ought to be the aim of the legislators to do something worthy of being painted at once,

now they have the chance of being rendered immortal by Mr. Patterson's brush.

The British Navy League is an organization to which I have great pleasure in commending the notice of my readers. It is proposed under its auspices to form branch societies all over the British Empire of those who recognize the importance to the Colonies and the nation at large of Britain's maritime power. A letter from Admiral Vesey Hamilton on the subject appeared in the *Mail and Empire* last week, and Mr. H. J. Wickham, room 61, Canada Life Building, may be written to by any who think of joining a branch of the League.

DIOGENES.

* * * Parisian Affairs.

THERE has never been till now any individual responsibility for the construction of war-ships in France. That duty devolved on a commission, whose members were generally at loggerheads, with the most disastrous results for the out-put of ships. The French admiralty has now adopted the English plan, and makes one person responsible for the construction. The French are to construct a new class of war-ship, the "Corsair Cruiser," that will be a kind of greyhound of the seas, and will make it appear to England terrible. Before the vessels are completed England will have a dozen more of them. Half the misunderstandings between France and England are the consequence of the statesmen of the Boulevards not having the slightest idea of the naval strength and resources of England. They view a volunteer cruiser fleet of seven vessels, owned by Russia, the means to knock the British navy into a cocked-hat, totally oblivious that Cowes alone has thousands of steam yachts excellent for scout-duty—the great aim. In addition England owns all the marine cables, and the best and most convenient naval stations all over the world. Naturally that makes her a great object of jealousy. Russia may swell in dimensions, and France try to follow suit, but for England to do so would be a crime. Neither France nor Russia can maintain a large army and a powerful navy concurrently. Russia has but dry-land sailors, and the naval reserves of France include dock-laborers and porters, barge men, etc. For the moment England has to re-organize her naval reserves. That done, she may take the world easy. A powerful navy, the federation of her possessions, such are the two cardinal ends of England's foreign policy.

The French follow nearly as intently as do the English themselves the general elections. They know that a large Unionist majority means no walking over the diplomatic course, as has been the case hitherto with the foreigner. Impartial judges here, who coolly look on the unrolling of events, estimate the Salisbury Cabinet will score a majority of between 60 and 100. If so, that means grit in the handling of foreign questions. Opinion expects some very bold schemes in connection with the navy, and few doubt that the colonies will be welded with the Mother Country on a base of Anglo-Saxon defence and trade. As for the race after China for railway concessions, the Celestials having commenced the innovation will not likely stop half way. The country prepared to invest capital in railway projects will be given plenty and a very free hand. Curiosity is anxious to see how the Russo-Chinese loan will bite; what nations will most subscribe for it, and what will be the concrete results. The world, and China herself, must gain by these enterprises, but the Son of Heaven ought to insist that unless a fair commencement of the works be made within a certain date, the concession will become cancelled. Nor ought the lines to be converted into foreign monopolies. By the close of the current year, people will see clearer into the background of all the reigning intrigues—only the latter will pay.

There is not much sign of preparation for the keeping of the coming national holiday; there is no superfluity of cash to expend on amusements. However, the fête will be noted this year closely, to ascertain to what extent the Russian flag will be employed for window decoration. It will be a kind of plébiscite upon the Russo-Franco alliance. What damps the latter is, the freedom of England between the opposite alliances and her firm resolve to look after her own hand, backed up by all that can give her weight and strength. The naval demonstration in honour of the Italian fleet does not make the French very happy. They have laboured hard to run down,

or sit upon the Latin sister—"mother" would be more historically accurate—not so much out of jealousy of her springing into greatness, as in the expectation of breaking up the triple alliance by crippling the Italians. That plan of campaign is well understood. The best reply to all the attacks on Italy is to note that her funds keep up. The Italians will never again suffer—and in this respect they row a bow oar in the same boat with Germany—any foreign interference in their country. Hence the importance of the navy courtesies the Cronstadt fraternization between England and Italy. There is another cause that damps the French enthusiasm for the Russian alliance, not the fact of an important minority in France being opposed to it, but the impossibility to clearly perceive where Russia can come in to the aid of France, in the present cost of the powers. Despite all their political friendship, Russia and France shrink from briefing a case against England, and calling a congress to listen to the awful wrongs the British occupation of the Nile Valley has caused, not the Egyptians (they are now great, glorious and free), but to the French, who are kept out in the cold.

The American Ambassador here, Mr. Eustis, has got himself into a mess, by an extra-diplomatic utterance. In an interview with a leading journal, he expressed himself, as if simply a private individual, on the annexation of Canada to the United States, and of the sympathy of his country for the Cuban insurrection. Brief: Clear the British out of Canada and the Spaniards out of Cuba—then the world will wag better. As yet the American Minister has not comprehended his blunder by falling back upon the usual hole of extrication, that the interview is wholly imaginary, and the out-put of the heat—the thermometer is now in the nineties—oppressed brain of the journalist. The certainly uncalled for diplomatic opinions have offended both English and Spaniards in Paris; the Premier from his intimacy at the British Embassy, and the welcome guest at all English gatherings, was considered likely to end his days as a British subject, just as do Radicals in the House of Lords. Clearly the times are out of joint.

How can you blame Frenchmen for occasionally kicking against the Code, when the law is so openly violated and defied, in the matter of bull fights in France? On Sunday last, at Arles, near Marseilles, a bull fight was held and six bulls were killed. If a pickpocket commits an offence the law is down upon him without pity, but to destroy half-a-dozen bulls in an arena, to make a Gaelic holiday, is not at all heinous.

Nothing in the way of violation of laws is permitted by the Excise. Perhaps after a rag-picker, the next humblest or lowest employment is that of the "Mégotier" or the picker up of the cigar butts in the streets, especially in front of cafés and restaurants. They are a class of men in the last stage of social "done up." They have a light stick with a thin, sharp-pointed nail at the end and when they see the cast away bit of a cigar they harpoon it and drop it into their abyss coat pocket. In the morning, on some public seat, say in the place du Carrousel, they unravel the residue leaves, rub and mix up and leave the mass to partly dry in the sun, or in winter before the fire of a low pub.; then the tobacco is made up into small packets and sold to the proprietors of rum holes. That industry, limited to the picking up of unconsidered trifles, it appears affects the revenue—which had a drop of six million francs during the month of June—as the authorities say that that strangely manufactured weed, selling at a lower price, competes with orthodox trade. In the shape of cigars the remnants have already paid the tobacco tax. Hygienically the plan of smoking—though fire is said to purify everything—the refuse of what has been in diseased mouths is not good. In any case the industry has lived: henceforth beggarman manufacturers of compound smoking "mixtures" of navy "cut"—that is plugs, quids thrown away or rejected ends of cigars, if caught picking such up will themselves be "picked up."

Here is a *fin de siècle* way for a doctor to obtain payment of his fees. He resides at Neuilly, a suburb outside of Paris, which is largely occupied by English and Americans—of the cycling world especially. He sent in his bill, 408 frs., to an architect and a married man, for attendance on a Miss Johnson during her accouchement. Meeting with no attention the doctor wrote to the architect's wife, enclosing a copy of the bill for attendance on "Signoria" Johnston and her little stranger, and giving the address of the girl—

mother. It may be concluded that the wife inquired about Hagar and Ishmael. But the architect took another view of the matter. He entered an action for damages against the doctor for breach of professional secrecy and in addition demands that he be struck off the doctor's eculapian roll. Society could not exist twenty-four hours if model husbands had their private affairs so divulged.

The English Embassy appears to be on the *qui vive*; it has superseded its French by English *domestiques*. No doubt some eel has been discovered under the rock. As a rule all Embassies ought to only have servants of their own nationality. The trial of Bismark—now in the corner for the second time—*versus* Anim, some years ago, proved what the intelligent foreigner, in the rôle of a servant, can do.

M. Faure is a capital president. After visiting all the hospitals he is now doing the museums and will doubtless finish by making pilgrimages to all the monuments. He will shame Parisians into following his example. There are thousands of citizens who have never put foot inside many public buildings as yet. They always intend doing so.

Z.

Letters to the Editor.

OUR QUADRI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed a little space for reply to Mr. Howland's letter in your issue of the 12th inst.

To my mind Mr. Howland, with many others, has permitted himself to be led astray by the devious and doubtful suggestions of modern critics in relation to matters respecting which doubt would be quite impossible were it not necessary, from one motive or other, that some special theory should be cultivated—a feat which can only be accomplished by perversion or misrepresentation of the facts themselves. In saying this I do not wish to be understood as imputing any desire to mislead upon the part of the critics. I merely desire to express the opinion that, in too many instances, a theory being once formed the facts are innocently apt to be strained to conformity with the fancy. Of this we have innumerable instances in every department of literature, both sacred and profane, as well as in history, science and the arts. A striking instance was afforded only a few years ago in the erection upon the filled in area which formerly constituted what was called "the back bay," of Boston of a very imposing statue of Eric the Red, intended to commemorate the discovery by that celebrated adventurer (for what else can it commemorate?) of the junction of the tides of Massachusetts Bay with the muddy estuary of the Charles River.

I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Howland's acquaintance with the works of modern writers and essayists upon the subject under discussion is much more extensive than my own; still, I am not without a pretty intimate acquaintance with most of them, and I think I have seen copies of many of the maps to which he refers. Upon these latter, however, I place no reliance whatever for authoritative determination as to the exact locality of Cabot's landfall; no more, indeed, than I should be disposed to place upon a modern translation of the hieroglyphs of an Egyptian sarcophagus for the personal identification of its occupant. The Cabots were good sailors, and perhaps as good navigators as any of their cotemporaries; but their works show that they were not skilful cartographers,—an art but little practised at that period. Copies of their works which I have seen would apply as faithfully to the delineation of a stretch of coast line anywhere between the Straits of Belle Isle and Hamilton Inlet or any other point on the eastern coast of Labrador, or between Cape Bauld and Canada Bay or White Bay on the coast of Newfoundland, as well as they would to any part of the Cape Breton coast from Cape North to Bras d'Or Lake. Indeed, I may say that in the two latter cases the coast lines are so exactly alike, both in their compass bearings and their general configuration, as to make it difficult to determine t'other from which, or to say which of the two the old maps were intended to represent. This opinion, which I have always held, has just been confirmed by a very critical writer in this month's issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who says:—"Such scanty record was kept of Cabot's voyages in 1497-'98 that we cannot tell what land the Cabots first saw—whether the bleak coast of Northern

Labrador or some point as far south as Cape Breton." This is the assurance of one of our modern critics, and I think it will be found to be the opinion expressed in the new history by Judge Prowse, a gentleman with whom I am well acquainted and whom I regard as one of the best informed authorities on this point to be found in North America or anywhere else.

Now, sir, the readiest and most practical method of determining this question is to drop the critics and let the discoverers speak for themselves. It is by the seals which they have attached to their work that we have to determine its authenticity. If Cleopatra's Needle, or the plinths and columns of Karnak or Dendera were inscribed with Greek or Roman characters instead of Egyptian hieroglyphs, we should ascribe these memorials to Roman or Grecian, rather than to Egyptian, handiwork. And so with the nomenclature still attaching to the localities under consideration. Cabot was a Venetian, and not a Breton or Norman, adventurer, and the names he applied to his discoveries would be Venetian or Latin and not French. To his first landfall he gave the name which would naturally occur to him and in his own language, viz.: "Prima Vista" or Bona Vista ("a *Caboto primum reperto*"). To the adjacent island he gave the name of Baccalaos, "from the vast quantity of fish with which the waters abounded" and with which they abound to this day. Close to these localities, and within five or six hours' sailing distance of them, is the harbor of St. John's, and between the two points are the two Bays of Trinity and Conception, which still retain the original designations which he no doubt gave them.

If, then, any portions of the coast of Cape Breton or Nova Scotia were distinguished by these appellations no doubt would be raised in my mind as to their identification with Cabot's first landfall. This is not the case, however; on the contrary, the names distinguishing the coasts of Cape Breton are purely French, and such as were originally attached to them by Breton adventurers by whom they were discovered and named at least seven years after Cabot's voyages. If Cape Breton had been discovered by Cabot, it would not have been distinguished by such names as Bras d'Or, Aspee, Cheticamp or Glace Bay; it would in all probability have been distinguished by the more representative and appropriate designations which he would have employed rather than those suggested by a few obscure and comparatively unknown Breton villages—of the existence of which he probably never heard.

I have not entered upon this discussion, Mr. Editor, with any disposition whatever to question the propriety of erecting anywhere, whether in Cape Breton or any other part of the Dominion, a substantial memorial in honour of Cabot and his associates. It is a work which should have been accomplished long ago. I simply desire to protest in the interest of exact historical facts—of the accuracy of which abundant evidence still exists—against any mistake being made which may tend to mislead or confound the future historian. That is a matter in regard to which we cannot be too careful. No erection of memorials, statues or other insignia, no matter where they may be set up, can be so effective in determining the exact locations of Cabot's exploits as will be the designations with which he himself endowed them. Cape Bonavista (Cabot's own *Prima Vista*) and Baccalaos Island, two of the most extreme eastern points of land upon the Atlantic coast of Newfoundland still retain their historic appellations, and still look out upon the ocean as they did when he first saw them and gave them their names; and St. John's will in all probability bear testimony to his heroism in the name with which he endowed it on that 24th day of June, three hundred and ninety-eight years ago, long after the memorials which may be set up and those who set them up have passed into that oblivion which time, "the consumer of all things," inexorably provides for humanity and its labours.

In another short article, which I hope you will do me the favour to publish, I think I shall be able to satisfy Mr. Howland and others that no reliability whatever can be placed upon Cabot's map, and but little upon many of his general representations as to the extent of his first Western voyage. One of his contemporaries has referred to him as "a great liar as well as a great navigator," and it is quite

*"Nicholl's Life of Cabot," p. 112. London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1869.

certain that the statements he made to his friend Frascatoro, at Seville, a few years after his return, are simple incredible, because they represent an extent of work and discovery which, within the time it was supposed to have been accomplished, was physically impossible.

As I have said before, I am glad to know that a celebration of the great event has been determined upon, and I trust that Mr. Howland (than whom no more patriotic and public spirited citizen could be found for carrying it to a successful issue) and those associated with him will have all the support and assistance which so important an undertaking will require.

R. WINTON.

Toronto, July 22nd, 1895.

NEWFOUNDLAND THE FIRST PLACE DISCOVERED
BY THE CABOTS.

SIR,—The discovery of the West Indies by Columbus in 1492, and of Newfoundland by the Cabots in 1497, is detailed in almost every book written on America. In all the histories, it is said Newfoundland, *not Cape Breton*, was discovered by the Cabots on the 24th June, St. John the Baptist's Day, 1497. The discovery of America by the Scandinavians in the tenth century was thought not worthy of credence, but recent investigations by learned men and the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries' researches have led to the belief that America was visited by different nations at various times long before Columbus or the Cabots. There is a tradition that in the year 1170, on the death of the Welsh King, a dispute for the succession arose among his sons; that one of them, to get rid of the quarrel, sailed away with several ships and a number of people; they sailed westward till they discovered an unknown land. Here was left part of the people as a colony, while the rest returned to Wales, and after some time again sailed with recruits, but were never again heard of. A discovery on an island near the shores of Maine, U.S., gives additional plausibility to the theory that the coasts of North America were visited by the Northmen some centuries before the English, French, and Spaniards. In 1808, a gentleman in Bath, Maine, communicated to the Rev. Dr. Jenks, well-known as an accomplished Oriental scholar, a sketch of some singular characters found on the side of a ledge of granite rocks near the middle of a small island. At the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in May, 1851, Dr. Jenks (with whom I was personally acquainted) made a statement respecting the characters referred to. Since that time an accurate transcript has been made of the inscription. The characters are eighteen in number, and Dr. Jenks has no doubt they are Runic in their origin. He says:—"It may possibly countenance the hypothesis, which has of late been entertained with so much approbation and interest by the Danish antiquarians, that America was visited by the Scandinavians, or Icelanders, long before Columbus or Cabot." Cabot called Newfoundland, as well as the American continent, *Baccalaos*, a Spanish word for codfish. The use of this word, *Baccalaos*, by Cabot, has given rise to much discussion amongst American scholars. It is well-known that the Basques, both Spanish and French, are not only great cod-fishers, but also great whalers; they were the first to capture whales and seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Port-aux-Basques was one of their ports on the west coast of Newfoundland. Sydney, C.B., called "Spanish Bay," was another of their ports. El Conde de Premio Real, the late learned Spanish Consul for Quebec, wrote a very interesting pamphlet on the Basques in North America. His view is the Basques fished in Newfoundland and the Gulf before Carbot's discovery, and the general use of the name "*Baccalaos*," so early applied to these countries, lends great weight to his argument.

In the *American Antiquarian* for June, 1889, is an account of an almost forgotten record of an Irish missionary named St. Brenden as the first preacher to Mexico more than 800 years before the voyages of Columbus or Cabot. There is a tradition that a Chinese Junk came to Alaska some hundreds of years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. Some suppose that Alaska had been peopled from Japan, while others think the original inhabitants came from the interior of America.

Toronto, July 22nd, 1895

PHILIP TOCQUE.

OSSERVATORE ON THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL

SIR,—Your correspondent "Osservatore" seems to have forgotten the very obvious consideration, that they who undertake sharply to criticise any public movement, must expect to have their criticisms sharply criticized in turn. I notice that "O" (I use the initial letter only, for the sake of economy of space) objects to have her strictures on the Woman's National Council styled "an attack," though in the next line she characterizes as "a virulent attack," a reply which simply pointed out the irrelevance and unfairness of her objections, and the lack of generous sympathy implied in the gratuitous detraction of a body of women whose only object is the disinterested promotion of the well-being of their sex and country! I must say that I do not understand such fine distinctions, but will not waste time in discussing epithets. When I wrote my last letter, I did so under the impression that the attack (I really cannot find another suitable word) had proceeded from one of the sterner sex whose mental vision in such matters had possibly been impaired by some unfortunate domestic experience. It did not even occur to me as likely that any intelligent woman could write in a spirit so blindly unjust towards her sisters, and especially towards those high-minded and public-spirited women who have the strongest possible claims on her sympathy, esteem, and respect. I am sorry to see that her second letter is no improvement on the first. It repeats, in a still more flagrant form, two of the greatest sins of which a critic can be guilty, that of criticizing from obviously imperfect study, and that of attempting to discredit the subject of criticism by vague and irrelevant generalities and groundless insinuations, instead of discussing it fairly and squarely on its definite merits or demerits.

If "O" should consider this statement either "virulent" or "discourteous," I should like to suggest that she could scarcely have read even my letter without being aware that the efforts of the Council towards securing manual training for girls had nothing to do with *home* teaching, as she misrepresents it, but directed towards the much needed introduction into our public schools of instruction for girls in needle-work and other housewifely arts, the entire lack of which has long been felt by thoughtful women to be one of the greatest defects of our educational system, and which the agitation led by the Women's Council is likely soon to remedy. Similarly, she ought to have known that its action in regard to pure literature was not, as she puts it, prescribing to parents what mental food to give their children, but a consultation in regard to the best remedy for an evil of whose magnitude and effects few people are aware—the influx into our country of quantities of poisonous literature, so-called, frequently finding its way through the mails into the hands of children without the knowledge of their parents. If the Council can accomplish the task it has attempted in reference to even these two objects, it will be unquestionably a benefactor to Canada, and "O" must know full well that such things cannot be done without combination and preliminary conference.

Scarcely less unfair and ungenerous is her reference to the conclusion arrived at by the Council in continuing its original practice of opening its meetings with silent instead of audible prayer, as the most expedient method of invoking the Divine blessing, in the presence of religious differences and ecclesiastical complications of which all Canadians at the present juncture must be fully aware. Here again, had she read the clear statement of this matter, which appeared in the same issue with my letter, from the pen of a writer who was a strong advocate of the use of the Lord's Prayer, she could scarcely have thought it justifiable to quote with approval such sheer nonsense as the assertion that the Council "had negatived all the creeds of Christendom" in preferring to conduct its devotions in silence, after the manner of our Quaker brethren. Such language is not only insulting to the many earnest Christian women who, after much consideration, came to this conclusion, but it is a complete perversion of both fact and language.

The palpably offensive insinuation concerning talkers and workers does not need or deserve a reply; since "O" must know full well, if she cares to know, that among the leaders of the Women's Council are to be found some of the most indefatigable workers in the Dominion, whose work has been equally admirable whether done in their own households or outside of them, and who certainly do not need anonymous

lectures on the subject of being "keepers at home" or of looking well to the ways of their households. But, as she frankly informs us that, like the German theologian, she "she does agree with Paulus" on all points, that part of her letter might better have been omitted.

I have no desire to be either "virulent" or "discourteous" towards "O," whose identity I have no means of guessing; but such unfair and unprovoked detraction of what I hold to be a salutary and hopeful movement, can scarcely be allowed to pass without pointing out for the benefit of uninformed readers the futility and irrelevance of the detraction. Let "O" bear in mind that though she may not see the need for such an organization, bringing so many representative women together, "to further the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom, and law," its need has been seen and expressed by many of our best and most patriotic thinkers, of both sexes, who welcome the movement and bid it God-speed. I am glad to see from the editorial remarks of the last WEEK, that it feels strongly that there is a worthy mission for such organizations in the body politic, and that it appreciates the services they can render. I would advise "O," in conclusion, even if she cannot sympathise with the *methods* of the Council, to endeavor to cooperate with it in spirit, in seeking to promote the general practice of the great Christian principle which would be the surest remedy for all our social troubles. And the more she throws her energies into positive effort in this direction, the less inclined will she be to invidious comments on others who are seeking the same goal, and the more will she be inclined to welcome all aid, from whatever quarter it may come, towards the promotion of the same great end.

FAIR PLAY.

The Evolution of Industry.*

SOCIAL science is demanding a good deal of attention from some of the clearest minds of the age. Difficulties, abuses, meet the student of human institutions on all sides, and he who thinks he sees somewhat more clearly than his fellows embodies his vision in a book—sometimes a help, oftener a stumbling block, to the uninitiated.

One of the latest efforts to cast some light on the darkness that hangs like a pall over the relationship of capital to labour, and of the individual to society is "The Evolution of Industry," by Henry Dyer. The title is something of a misnomer as in reality only two chapters deal absolutely with the evolution of industry. These are written very graphically, and with great succinctness. They rapidly sketch the history of merchant guilds, craft guilds, and state regulations, and trace industry from domestic industry,—through the factory system—through companies—to monopolies. The bulk of the book, however, is not taken up so much with the evolution of industry as with the results of that evolution, and with an attempt to set people thinking rightly on the great questions of the time.

While there is nothing startlingly original in the book there is a great deal that is helpful and suggestive. By education and sympathies the writer is well fitted to grapple with the mighty problems that lie at the base of such a subject as "The Organization of Mechanical Industry," on a basis that will at once make a united humanity and preserve the individuality of the members of society. In the preface he clearly lays down his point of view: "I believe, therefore," he says, "that the solution of the problem I have mentioned" (to find a social organization corresponding to the modern conditions of production) "will not be brought about by a revolution, or a brand new organization, but by the evolution of movements at present going on and by the development of intellectual and moral training."

As might be expected from this quotation the book is a criticism of existing institutions, and an attempt to direct thought into proper channels. It lays down no scheme for universal brotherhood on a Socialistic principle, but it is a calm recognition of the principle of evolution as a great law of life and society that rolls on its course despite the sudden breaks that seem here and there to interrupt its progress. The author is a thorough scientist, and the book is impregnated with science and with scientific allusion. He, indeed, considers that "social science is only the final chapter of physical and biological science."

* "The Evolution of Industry." By Henry Dyer. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

The book is not intended for scholars, but for the general reader, who "has neither time nor patience for minute accounts." At the same time it demands careful thought, a wide reading, and something more than a mere smattering in science. Indeed the author, in his determination to connect sociology with the natural sciences—by analogy at least—drags in a lot of matter that is irrelevant, and in the introductory chapter his disquisition on conservation and dissipation of energy, his lengthy scientific illustrations, tend to weaken rather than strengthen the truth he is enforcing.

He accepts Ruskin's dictum that "Government and cooperation are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death." He ably criticises the competitive system, and shows clearly that it ultimately leads to our modern monopolies, trusts, and combines. He would in some degree do away with "the present industrial struggle which marks our competitive system, and gradually replace it by one in which cooperation takes the place of competition." He recognizes the dangers in the way, and sees that cooperation means, to some extent, Socialism; but, as he points out, a degree of Socialism is required to prevent the few from tyrannizing over the many, for in the end, under our present system, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Carnegies, the Pullmans, soon take away all chance of competition by absorbing all the small dealers into themselves.

The chapter entitled "The position of women," is, perhaps, the noblest in the book. He believes in the emancipation of women, but he believes that the emancipation should be "from shallowness and ignorance, not from anything that is truly womanly." He would give them an "equal weight with men in the counsels of the nation." He deplores the fact that some nations pride themselves on their ability to manufacture cheap goods by means of cheap woman-labor, and declares that "no industry can be for the good of a nation which only survives on the degradation of its women." He would have men and women paid equal wages for equal amounts of work of the same kind. The race can never expect to reach anything like ideal development while the present iniquitous system—a system happily rapidly changing—lasts. "When women," he says, "are practically the slaves of men they have all the defects of slaves, and they avenge themselves by the training which they give their children, who come to possess many of their mental, moral, and physical malformations." This a stern truth, ably put, and one that it would be well for our educators and our legislators to ponder over. But while writing thus he would guard against having his reader suppose that the women have to become as men. "Their chief work is to be found in the home," he says, and instead of rushing into fields for which by nature men are peculiarly adapted, "they should seek to fully utilise both the bodily and mental energy of the men, so as to allow for the fuller development of their own."

To bring about a truer state of society he would have all the workers, and indeed the employers too, properly educated; and would go so far as "to make a training in the life and duties of citizenship an essential part of our national system of education. It, after all, resolves itself into a matter of ethics. No mere machinery can place society on a stable basis, and it is only by being morally educated that men can become truly altruistic. Mere intelligent education will not suffice. We have had that, and we have found it merely "a means of sharpening tools in the ever-increasing competition of the world." It has given us machines, and they "seem to have become our masters."

It is, then, by cooperation, in which an enlightened individualism would tend towards a stable social condition, by the elevation of women and by education, that the social difficulties are to be solved. We must not rest content with a "land of settled government;" at the same time we must be careful to use the material at hand for the construction of an ideal state of industry. In the opinion of the author all the struggles of the industrial mind can be used, and "Individualism, co-operation, trade-unionism, and the various forms of municipal and state control are alike necessary for the social and industrial organization of the future." He has in his study reached very much the same conclusion as that with which Richard T. Ely closes his able work, "The Labour Movement in America": "In the harmonious action of State, Church, and Individual, moving in the light of true science, will be found an escape from present and future social dangers."

The book must help all readers. It is written with con-

siderable literary finish, it is as broad as humanity in its sympathies, it shows a scholarly mind, it is free from pedantic learning, or dogmatic assertiveness, and is truly altruistic in its spirit.

T. G. MARQUIS.

* * *

Legends of Florence.*

FOLK-LORE is always interesting; but when we think of folk-lore we think of the legends, the tales that have grown from the soil, that have been inspired by the mysterious hills, or the strange voices of the forest, or the wondrous murmur of waters. In "Legends of Florence" by Charles Godfrey Leland we have, however, a very different kind of folk-lore. Here the stories have grown out of the stones of the city. They refer to its places and buildings, "to the Cathedral and Campanile, the Signoria, the Bargello, the different city gates, ancient towers and bridges, palaces, crosses, and fountains, noted corners, odd by-ways, and many churches."

The book is not intended for artists and art critics—for Florence always suggests art—or for scholarly folk-lorists, but for the general reader. The tales have not been wrested from musty parchment, but like Scott's tales and ballads have been culled from among the people. The writer's chief authority, indeed, was a fortune-teller skilled in witchcraft. "These tales," he says, "are Maddalena's every line—I pray thee, reader, not to make them mine. The spirit will always speak." The spirit does indeed speak. The tales are evidently not of Mr. Leland's invention. They are simple, direct; the children of wondering brains. The marvellous art, the strange buildings with their grotesque adornments, the monuments of great men have all weighed upon the minds of the people till a strangely supernatural explanation has been given for everything great, or beautiful, or odd in Florence. While these stories are not intended for the scholar, the student of Roman literature would find an interesting task in connecting many of them with the Latin myths and legends. Many of them will be found on careful examination to be as old as Ovid and Virgil.

The mediæval witch plays an important part in them, as does the monk. The poets and artists who have made Florence great in the eyes of the world have likewise their legends, and every story fascinates. There is, perhaps, a lack of arrangement in the material, and a crowding in parts. The best wine, too, has not been kept till the last, and the first dozen or so stories are by far the best; some of the later ones, indeed, read like mere padding. The book has one grave defect: the legends require but little setting, and the few introductory words concerning the objects about which they have grown is all that was needed, but Mr. Leland frequently adds stories (not Florentine—American stories) by way of illustration, and occasionally takes away from the strength of the legends by jocular remarks. The book itself is magnificently gotten up, the very cover suggesting Florence and art.

* * *

Prairie Pot-pourri.

AN interesting and bright North-West book is being issued through the Canadian booksellers. It is entitled "Prairie Pot-pourri," by Mary Markwell, which is the nom-de-plume of a clever writer who is already known under a different name and whom this book will assist in making her mark. It consists of tales and sketches racy of the soil and characters of the Territories, and, being published at Regina, takes a unique place as the first story-book ever written by a North-Wester and published in the North-West. In some respects it suggests the "Tales of Western Life," which the gifted H. R. A. Poccock published some years ago at Ottawa. Rich in wit and pathos, this author will, we think, be yet further heard of.

Here is an example from "The Lah-de-dah from London," a very original love sketch:

Face to face with his first real difficulty, the Lah-de-dah paused by his blighted acres, his "improvements" in bills and costs weighing like lead on his troubled mind, and his bank account badly on the wrong side.

* "Legends of Florence." By Charles Godfrey Leland. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

All at once he felt conscious of some breath of contentment; something like balm stole over his senses and he turned to find a pair of blue-grey Irish eyes looking up at him, and misty with the heart's dew tears.

"Why Mollie," he exclaimed, taking off his hat and smiling down on her, "I'm looking over my failures you see—trying to figure myself out of this—hole." He swept an arm in the direction of his blackened acres.

"Ma sent me up, Mr. Periwinkle-Brown, to ask you to—come down—to supper—Mr. Binning brought the mail up too—and there are—some letters—Mr. Dick is there." Pretty Mollie's voice could keep its key no longer, "I'm—I mean we are all so sorry." Then little Mollie began to cry like the tender-hearted little soul she was, and right there, out on the open plain in full view of the trail, and above his blighted possessions the La-de-dah took Mollie in his arms and told her that he loved her.

Men are such oddly constructed beings that, finding themselves in one difficulty floundering, they blindly plunge into a greater.

Now Mollie O'Toole was a properly trained young woman; she immediately wriggled herself out of the awkward position of being caged in the arms of a handsome young man—in broad day. She knew that D. G. Periwinkle-Brown was a gentleman—she understood the relative positions of the descendant of conquering kings and heir to Aunt Toe's millions, and the daughter of a plain settler out West; so that when the La-de-dah surrounded by his losses, borne down by his crosses, contemplating nothing but disaster (why should he not make the final plunge and drag somebody down with him? Misery, especially male misery, likes company) proposed to pretty Mollie O'Toole and was—refused; it knocked D. G. Periwinkle-Brown—descendant of conquering kings and "busted" gentleman farmer—out. The vulgar frost might be blind to his value as "gentleman-farmer;" fate might treat him as an ordinary mortal, the whole North-West might ignore his importance, but to be refused by a chit of a Canadian bread-and-butter Miss out on the prairies of the unenlightened Territories,—it knocked D. G. Periwinkle-Brown out.

It isn't often a well-bred young man, with prospects, sees a pretty girl—especially a poor one—running away from him, and the La-de-dah lost none of the peculiar effect. Pretty Mollie, her black hair floating out, her tiny feet scarcely seeming to touch the earth as she ran, her pink gown like waving rose leaves clinging about her, passed out of sight, and the La-de-dah heaved a tremendous sigh—of relief: "Gad," he said, in one wordless breath, "Whatever would I have done if she'd said—yes? Fawney the little Kinajin refusing me? Of course she never dreamed I meant it; I rather half did—I believe? Fawney; she refused me? Oh well, I'll go back to Aunt Toe; this fawning isn't walt it's cracked up to be"——

"Farming's all right," broke in Dick suddenly, bringing a strong hand down on the La-de-dah's shoulder, "It's trying to farm *without farming*, that is the whole trouble."

"Now I say, Workman," said the La-de-dah, "havn't I spent ever so much? havn't I done"——

"You've spent too much—and done nothing," said Dick determinedly. "Look at all that fencing—useless; look at that lawn—useless; look at that artificial lake—useless. I tell you what, Brown (Dick had dropped the prefix and the hyphen), if you want to succeed out West you've got to roll up your sleeves and go at farming like a man."

"Now—you—you know, Workman, I—I—well you understand—I—I—of course I—well, you know that me Aunt Toe"——

"Oh," says Dick, suddenly plunging both hands into pockets, "I've got a letter for you—here it is, Binning brought it up—and yes, the Major, I mean Mrs. Major, wants you to come down to supper."

D. G. Periwinkle-Brown was making a slit in the large square envelope with a very handsome pearl-handled pen-knife he said:

"See here, Workman—I'm going to cut the whole thing; fawning may be all right—I don't say it isn't you know—but it requires—er—well, it requires special sawt of—er—education, you know—I've decided to cut the whole bloomin' thing; I'll cable me Aunt Toe for funds to square up the—the deficit, and I'll go back to London and"——

"What's wrong," shouted Dick. The La-de-dah suddenly widened his eyes, his jaw dropped, his hand clenched the page with spasmodic and trembling strength, he grew pale, white, ashen, then tumbled against the fence as one stricken to the soul.

"God bless you man," shouted Dick again, "Have you got bad news?" The La-de-dah turned his helpless glance upon Dick—caught the top rail with shaking hands, beads of sweat appeared on his head, his cheeks seemed to hollow with the pallor there. He fixed his wild eyes on Dick as if craving sympathy and moaned:

"Me—Aunt—Toe—is—is—go—ing to—be—married!"

Dick burst out laughing so sudden was the revolution of feeling. He had imagined for one awful moment that Aunt Toe had followed the conqueror and gone the way of all flesh.

"Married!" echoed Dick, smacking his leg and roaring out a hearty guffaw that struck his woe-begone companion painfully indeed.

"Married!" Dick rocked himself out of excess of humour. "Then, Brown," he shouted, "you're cake is dough old boy—and you'll succeed in spite of yourself."

Several other sketches, "The Light of Other Days," "Episode at Clarke's Crossing" and "How the End Came," are thrilling. Anyone interested in Canadian literature and good short stories ought to order his bookseller to obtain the volume.

ALCHEMIST.

Art Notes.

Cazin always seems to me to be the connecting link between the Barbizon School and the few amongst the modern French landscape painters who have carried on the traditions of the so called Romantics. The most recent developments of modern French art are so bewildering that it is impossible, without a certain course of training (and, perhaps, of diet), to form an idea even of their intention; but there is always, in the vividly artistic metropolis of Paris, a sane and intelligible minority which bases its title to consideration on the accomplishment of work which immediately appeals to anyone possessing the æsthetic sense, and without any process of *parti pris*. These sober workmen serve to check somewhat the impetuous movements of the newer progressive schools; and even in the *Salon of the Champs de Mars* their pictures are a rest to the eye, bewildered by a medley of violent hues and erratic compositions. But the sincere originators of a forward movement are, of course, entitled to respect; and there is not a wild and aggressive school of impressionism or any other "ism" which had not for its beginning the patient and sincere striving of some earnest student after a nearer approach to truth and beauty. It is regrettable that the disciples of the originator, in their blind infatuation, should tear his theme to pieces; and, following the letter, should miss the spirit of the master mind.

Amongst the noteworthy spirits amongst the younger men of the new movement are Besnard and Friant. The former a daring innovator, the latter an off-shoot from Lepage and Dagnan-Bouveret. Besnard's early efforts were received, as are the efforts of most revolutionaries, with coldness and mistrust; at least, this was their reception in Belgium; but, to the credit of the *Salon* be it said that within its walls his work immediately had a place. It is amusing to reflect that some of those brilliant examples of his work that we have seen in Paris had had the distinction of rejection at Brussels. The nude is frequently his theme; and his masterly, simple treatment of the flesh tones with conflicting lights from lamp and sky are achievements of the highest order. His colour is of extraordinary purity, and he loves the contrast of those which are complimentary to each other. I confess that his earlier work appeals to me more than his recent pictures which seem to me to be occasionally forced and extravagant. A reputation for originality is difficult to maintain. The most original painters do not conceive a new *motif* except at rare intervals; and the effort at novelty often produces the grotesque. So we have Besnard painting phantasmagoria in every colour of the rainbow; and the Besnard of the old days of modest and earnest endeavour is no more.

Friant followed, as I have suggested, in the footsteps of Lepage and Bouveret; but it would be unfair to charge him with plagiarism or servile imitation. He has a strong original bent. In the first of his pictures that I saw the dominant key of colour was black, but a beautiful black, treated with the most nervously acute perception of its subtle shades and variations of tone and colour. The subject, as far as I remember, was a number of people—of the *bourgeois* class—dressed in mourning, approaching a church. Possibly they were going to a funeral: the picture was doleful enough to justify the supposition. The figures were life-sized and draped in black, with some variety of materials—*crêpe*, broad-cloth, cotton, etc.—all black, but with refined distinctions of texture and colour. All this indicates the student diligently searching for truth and for actualities; but in the development of his genius Friant has passed gradually from the purely realistic to the decorative, and to-day he produces canvases which are "arrangements," and in which the

actualities play a minor part. But the originality of the painter is perhaps more clearly evident than formerly, and whereas in the past we saw how perfectly he painted a texture or a tree, we now are charmed by the painter's vision of beautiful things as he chooses to make them appear.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Periodicals.

Temple Bar is, as usual, filled with attractive matter. The contents for July embrace "In Memoriam—George Bentley," "Scylla or Charybdis," a continued story of great interest; "Maria Edgeworth," a biographical sketch of the novelist; "Heinrich Hoffmann's History," Chap. XVI.; "Dives Loquor"; "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble," 1871-1882; "The Grave of the Druids," and "Thakeray's London"—the gem of the number.

The Popular Science Monthly for this month contains several articles of interest and importance. Herbert Spencer's "Mr. Balfour's Dialectics" is the article which doubtless will receive the greatest number of readers. His papers on "Professional Institutions" are continued in this number, the present instalment dealing with "Dances and Musicians." Dr. Crothers contributes an article which deserves careful consideration on "A Medical Study of the Jury System." The question "Why Children Lie" is discussed by Dr. Oppenheim, who sees a frequent cause in disorders of mind and body. "Climate and Health" and "Morbid Heredity" are other papers of note.

The current number of the *Westminster Review* contains an article on the "Manitoba School Question" by Hugh H. L. Bellot, who concludes by saying: "That there is any danger of an ultimate deadlock between the Provincial Legislature and the Dominion Parliament is extremely improbable. Conflicts of a similar nature, and of as serious a character, have arisen on numerous previous occasions, and have been successfully surmounted, and in spite of the attempt to render this controversy one of Protestantism *versus* Roman Catholicism, it is in the highest degree unlikely that the Canadian people will, of their own free will, pull down the national educational edifice they have so laboriously and carefully erected, although they may be expected to extend to the Roman Catholic minority that protection which their own keen sense of justice dictates."

Blackwood is full of good matter as usual. "A Boer Pastoral," by Mr. H. A. Bryden, is a masterpiece in its way. It is a verbal impression of a party of Boers on the "trek." In conception and execution the literary skill displayed by the writer is most marked. He makes one see with wonderful vividness the scenery, and the physical and mental characteristics of the Boer. Mr. S. S. Thorburn, B.C.S., contributes a spirited account of "Our Last War with the Mahsuds." An article of considerable literary interest is "Mr. William Watson's Serious Verse." The writer evidently appreciates Mr. Watson's verse more than he cares to admit and seems afraid to speak out boldly what he thinks. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is reviewed with some severity. The distinguished author is meeting with a great deal of hostile criticism. Amongst the other articles in this fine number are Mr. Skene's "Glimpses of Some Vanished Celebrities," and "The Gladstonian Revolt in Scotland." The writer of the latter paper says that the change in Scotland is due to the attitude which the Gladstonian Government took towards Scotland and its affairs ever since it was in power.

Queen's Quarterly for July fully sustains the excellent reputation which this review has already won. This number begins the third volume, so the *Quarterly* can no longer be called a venture, its success and long life are assured. Rev. John Burton occupies the first place with a valuable paper entitled "Some Practical Aspects of our Presbyterian Polity." Professor Adam Shortt continues his "Observations on the Great North-West," dealing in this instalment with the social and economic condition of the people. The article is worth

careful study. The writer says some pretty plain things, not altogether calculated to please the Minister of the Interior. Mr. J. L. H. Neilson continues his interesting "Diary of an officer in the War of 1812-14," and Professor Macmechan, of Halifax, writes of "The Canon of Chimay." Mathematicians will find Professor Marshall's note on "Kinematics and the Cycloid" very much to their taste, and Professor Watson's "Browning's Interpretations of the 'Alcestis'" will be found a paper of great interest and of decided literary significance. "Inventions and Inventors" is the subject of a good article by Professor Dupuis. Amongst the Book Reviews is a striking notice of Farrar's "The Book of Daniel" bearing the well-known initials G. M. G., whose "notes" by the way, on current events, are greatly missed in this present number of the *Quarterly*.

The opening article of *Harper's* for July is entitled "Some Imaginative Types in American Art" and includes many fine engravings of pictures by Dewing, Tryon, and MacMonnies. The fiction of the issue is above the average, notably "Annie Tousey's Little Game" by Miss Briscoe, and George Hibbard's "Rosamond's Romance." The illustrations of Richard Harding Davis' "Americans in Paris" are by C. D. Gibson. The article is written in Mr. Davis' usual charming style. He alludes to the American colony as follows: "The emigrants who shrink at the crudeness of our American civilization, who shirk the responsibilities of our Government, who must have a leisure class with which to play, are colonists who leave their country for their country's good." Frederic Remington contributes a spirited account of his experiences while bear-chasing in the Rockies. Frances N. Thorpe gives an historical sketch of the University of Pennsylvania. In the course of his remarks he says: "Our universities are still doing college work." Would it not be wise for our strong universities to abolish their undergraduate departments and do university work only? The "Editor's Study" discusses the question of the source of the perennial charm of Italy and finds it in its youth, its state of perpetual renaissance.

Publications Received.

- F. Edward Hulme. Natural History, Lore and Legend. London: Bernard Quaritch.
- Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Story of Bessie Costrell. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.
- Ida Lemon. Matthew Furth. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
- F. C. Philips. A Question of Colour. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.
- Egerton R. Young. Oowikapun. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Annie S. Swan. Elizabeth Glen, M.B. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Paul Carus. The Gospel of Buddha. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
- W. J. Courthope, M.A. A History of English Poetry. Vol. I. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Charles Godfrey Leland. Legends of Florence. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Mabel Osgood Wright. The Friendship of Nature. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Rudyard Kipling and Walcott Balestier. The Naulahka. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- Daniel Defoe. Captain Singleton. New edition. London: J. M. Dent & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.
- George Meredith. Ordeal of Richard Feverel. London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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A Winter in Paris.

MR. G. T. FULFORD'S RETURN FROM THE WORLD'S GAYEST CITY.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With Him—Some Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring, introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pills business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, and it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the best of them—at Versailles, the Paris suburb where the Emperors used to keep their court—has given favourable testimony through the press of quite wonderful cures through the use of Pink Pills in his practice; and the Religieuses, an order of Nuns like the Sisters of Charity, have also made an extensive use of Pink Pills in their charitable work, and given strong testimonials as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all round?"
"Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million three hundred and sixty thousand boxes of Pink Pills."

"That is a pretty large order, isn't it?"
"It is the best twelve months, business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. If all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—4 years, 21 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes, counting at the rate of 100 a minute. Or, if you want further statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but

to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London to whom I showed my figures, told me that no business of the kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years, there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills, and one of these is over thirty years old, while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market then?"

"I cannot attribute it in reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills."

"Was everything lovely," asked the reporter, "or were there any crumpled rose-leaves in the couch?"

"Can't grumble, except in one way. There's a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores, and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had to prosecute on the criminal charge for it."

"But what do the substitutes do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?"

"No, not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can possibly know what is in Pink Pills; and if he did, he couldn't prepare them in small quantities to sell at a profit. They are not common drugs, and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying if the formula could be improved, and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing?'"

"After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be made a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favour with which the public has received the medicine, demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical men there, and as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than \$50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris."

"When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months' trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was 'Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn-out thing like Bland's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopœia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of Pink Pill advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Bland's pill (which is not a proprietary at all, any one can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignoramus and never ought to be trusted to sell medicine at all. A druggist as ignorant as that certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison someone one day."

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June-July, 1895.

ALLADINE AND PALOMIDES. A Prose Play. (Com-
plete). *Maurice Maeterlinck.*

THE DEVIL INSPIRES THE MONK: An Anglo-Saxon
War Story. *Lindsay Todd Dunton.*

VIRGIL'S ART. *John Abbe.*

THEOCRITUS: Father of Pastoral Poetry. *Josiah
Kendall.*

GREEK TRAPTS IN WALT WHITMAN. *Emily Chris-
tina Monk.*

URIEL ACOSTA. (Translated). *Karl Gutzkow.* Trans-
lated by *Richard Hovey* and *Francis Stewart Jones.*

RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO CHESNEAU: A Record of
Literary Friendship. III. *William G. Kingsland.*

CHOICE OF SUBJECT-MATTER in the Poets: Chaucer,
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Periodicals.

Canada, it seems, has had an Oliver Gold-
smith of her own, says the *Canadian Gazette*,
and a poetic Oliver, too. He was a native of
New Brunswick, a grandson of the brother of
the great Oliver Goldsmith, and therefore his
grand-nephew. Mr. Macfarlane tells us all
about him in his "Bibliography of New Bruns-
wick." His father was one of the Loyalists
who, at the time of the American revolt,
sought new homes under the old flag in New
Brunswick. Following his father, he held
the position of Deputy Assistant Commissary
General at St. John, and devoted his spare
time to the Muse—Oliver Goldsmith, of St.
John, could not forget his great progenitor,
and in the preface to his chief work, "The
Rising Village," we read:—

It would, perhaps, have been a subject of
astonishment to him—the celebrated author
of "The Deserted Village"—could he have
known that in the course of events some of his
own relations were to be natives of such dis-
tant countries, and that a grandson of his
brother Henry, to whom he dedicated his
"Traveller," would first draw his breath at
no great distance from the spot where

"Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

In "The Rising Village" I have endeav-
oured to describe the sufferings which the
earlier settlers experienced, the difficulties
which they surmounted, the rise and progress
of a young country, and the prospects which
promise happiness to its future possessors.

In the July number of *Scribner*, Mrs. Hum-
phrey Ward's story "Bessie Costrell" is con-
cluded. While there are passages in it which
hint at the power she has elsewhere shown, on
the whole the story is rather commonplace,
and apart from the author's name it would
hardly have been read. Robert Grant gives
us, perhaps, the best paper of his whole series
on "The Art of Living," and that is saying
much, by one on "The Summer Problem."
His description of and prescription for that
newly created product, "The American Sum-
mer Girl" "who invariably wishes to go
where it is gay," will, we are sure, cause many
an inward chuckle at least. The best of the
short stories is "An Assisted Destiny" in
which a practical joke after putting the recipi-
ent thereof into a very tight fix, turns out
very much to his advantage. Stories of girls'
college life, posters and poster-designing, and
the history of the U.S.A. in the last quarter
of a century (dealing this issue with the great
riots in the coal region, 1873-8, and the red-
emption of the paper currency) are con-
tinued and well illustrated. Life at the ath-
letic clubs by Duncan Edwards, gives an in-
teresting description of several, pointing out
how athletics is by no means the "be all and
end-all" of them. As he points out, many
who are no athletes themselves are attracted
by good performances, for "it is fine to see a
quartette of hurdlers set for the finals, and to
watch them break over the low hurdles like
the fast curling wave of a fresh water lake
that tosses itself rapidly along and rushes up
the beach as it breaks"—a capital metaphor
to describe such a race.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

Applications for the position of Principal of
Upper Canada College will be received by the
undersigned up to the 15th of July next.
Minimum salary \$2,400, with family residence,
fuel, light etc. Duties to begin on the first
of September next. Applications must be
accompanied by testimonials. Further par-
ticulars can be obtained by application to

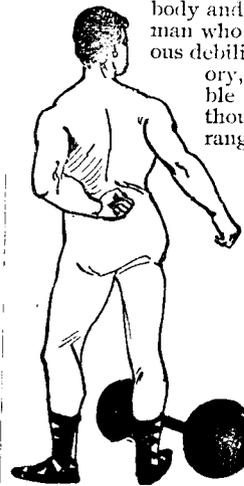
ARNOLD MORPHY, Bursar,
Deer Park P.O., Ont.

The time for receiving applications under
the foregoing advertisement has been extended
until and including August 1st, 1895.

ARNOLD MORPHY, Bursar.

His Excellency the Governor-General
opened the new creamery at Renfrew yester-
day, and afterwards proceeded to open the
North-West Exhibition at Regina.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH,
cheerful spirits and the ability to fully
enjoy life, come only with a healthy
body and mind. The young
man who suffers from nerv-
ous debility, impaired mem-
ory, low spirits, irrita-
ble temper, and the
thousand and one de-
rangements of mind
and body that
result from, un-
natural, pernicious
habits usual-
ly contracted in
youth, through
ignorance, is
thereby incapac-
itated to thor-
oughly enjoy
life. He feels
tired, spiritless,
and drowsy; his
sleep is disturbed
and does not re-
fresh him as it
should; the will power is weakened,
morbid fears haunt him and may result
in confirmed hypochondria, or melan-
cholia and, finally, in softening of the brain,
epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor
ataxia and even in dread insanity.



To reach, re-claim and restore such
unfortunates to health and happiness, is
the aim of the publishers of a book of
136 pages, written in plain but chaste
language, on the nature, symptoms and
curability, by home-treatment, of such
diseases. This book will be sent sealed,
in plain envelope, on receipt of this no-
tice with ten cents in stamps, for post-
age. Address, World's Dispensary Medi-
cal Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century
physicians connected with this widely
celebrated Institution have made the
treatment of the diseases above hinted at
their specialty. Thousands have con-
sulted them by letter and received advice
and medicines which have resulted in
permanent cures.

Sufferers from premature old age, or
loss of power, will find much of interest
in the book above mentioned.

LIGHTHALL & MACDONALD.
Barristers,

Solicitors & Attorneys-at-Law

Chambers: No. 1, 3rd Flat City and District Savings Bank
Building,

108 St. James St., Montreal.

TELEPHONE No. 382.

W. D. Lighthall, M.A., B.C.L. De Lery Macdonald, LL.B.



Parisian Steam -
Laundry.

67 Adelaide St. West.

PHONE 1127.

Shirts, collars and cuffs
specially. Mending
done free.

Established 1873.

E. M. MOFFATT,
Manager

RIPANS
TABULES

REGULATE THE
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS
AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medi-
cine known for Indigestion, Bloating,
Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic
Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Bad Complexion,
Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all dis-
orders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to
the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to
take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief.

Price—60 cents per box. May be ordered
through nearest druggist, or by mail.

Address
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Literary Notes.

Mathuen & Co. will publish in their Colonial Library early in October, "Vailima Letters," by Robert Louis Stevenson. This very charming and important volume is being awaited with the keenest interest. It consists of a series of long journal letters written from Samoa to Mr. Sidney Colvin during the last five years. They form an autobiography of Mr. Stevenson during this period, giving a full account of his daily life and literary work and ambitions. Mr. Colvin has written a Prologue and Epilogue, and has added numerous notes. There are also several illustrations.

It is said that *The Century* has secured Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, the first chapters of which will appear in its January number. The story is still unfinished, but was, at last reports, within a few chapters of completion. It is about 100,000 words in length, and will run through twelve numbers. Mrs. Ward is not allowing much time to elapse between her latest books. "Marcella" will not have been published quite two years before the new one is begun, and in the meantime "The Story of Bessie Costrell," has appeared. The last story is a short one, 25,000 words or so.

"Dr. Vincent recently reported to the Academy of Sciences at Paris," says *Modern Medicine* (April), "the result of experiments for the purpose of determining the best disinfectants for rendering fecal matters innocuous. He required of each disinfectant that it should kill all pathogenic microbes, including the bacillus coli communis and the bacteria of putrefaction. His experiments showed that the best of all disinfecting agents for the destruction of fecal matters in vaults and cesspools is sulfate of copper employed in connection with one per cent. of sulfuric acid. The quantity of sulfate of copper required was one pound for every three cubic feet of fecal matter mixed with urine. Half this quantity was found sufficient to destroy the cholera bacillus. It was found necessary that the disinfectant should remain in contact with the infectious material for at least twelve hours.

Macmillan & Co. are about to publish two new volumes in their series of "Commercial Class-Books." *A Handbook of Marine Insurance*, by Mr. Wm. Gow, of Liverpool, and *A Handbook of Book-keeping*, by Mr. James Thornton, whose smaller books on the subject have been well received. Mr. Gow hopes that his book, which has grown out of a course of lectures delivered at University College, Liverpool, may satisfy the needs of beginners, and of those who may desire to obtain a general knowledge of the principles and practice of marine insurance. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a Text-book of "General Pathology and Pathological Anatomy," by Professor Richard Thoma, of Dorpat. It is translated by Alexander Bruce, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.E., Lecturer on Pathology, Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, Pathologist to the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Assistant Physician and formerly Pathologist to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

Personal.

Attorney-General Clifford Sifton, of Manitoba, has been appointed a Queen's Counsel.

Lieut.-Governor Daly, of Nova Scotia, whose term of office expired on the first of this month, has been re-appointed for a second term.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell left Ottawa yesterday for the North-West to be present at the opening of the Territorial Exhibition at Regina next Monday.

The British Society of Authors has appointed Mr. Hall Caine a delegate to confer with the Canadian authorities and statesmen on the copyright question. He will sail for Canada in September. His utterances on the subject so far have been characterized by marked ignorance and insular prejudice. It is to be hoped that his visit to Ottawa will not be unproductive of good to the distinguished novelist.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS and CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.
Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, **Dorchester, Mass.** is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

ALWAYS RELIABLE,
PURELY VEGETABLE.

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

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

—AND—

All Disorders of The Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by Druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 410 St. James St., Montreal, for Book of Advice.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
PRICE 25c.
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Private T. H. Hayhurst, of the 13th Battalion, and the star marksman of Hamilton, has won the Queen's Prize at Bisley. It is an honour to Hayhurst, to Hamilton, and to the Dominion. The prize consists of the N. R. A. gold medal, the N. R. A. gold badge, and £250. He who wins this prize is considered the best marksman in the world, and his fame is noised abroad amongst all the nations.

THE
GREAT WEST.

If you desire to learn what is going on in British Columbia; what openings for business and investment; what opportunities to make a new home in that delightful Province, subscribe for the Vancouver "NEWS ADVERTISER."—Daily, \$8.00; Weekly, \$2.00 per annum, free by mail.

If you want to secure new customers or to sell your goods in the West, advertise in the Vancouver "NEWS-ADVERTISER."

MANITOBA.

THE FREE PRESS, Winnipeg, is the oldest newspaper in the Canadian Northwest and has a larger daily circulation than all the other Winnipeg daily papers combined.

THE DAILY FREE PRESS circulates in every town reached by rail between Lake Superior and the Mountains.

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS has the largest circulation amongst the farmers of the Northwest of any paper.

ADVERTISERS can reach the people of Manitoba and the Territories most effectually by means of the FREE PRESS.

FOR RATES APPLY TO
THE MANITOBA FREE PRESS CO.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

QUICK CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

GIVES HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS
KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY.
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WORKS CROYDON ENGLAND

SEMPER ADAM
CAMPBELL'S SKRELL
FAMOUS
COD LIVER OIL
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOPIING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

—For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford Street, London.

And sold by all medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

The Week's Business Directory.

- Architects.** { Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.
{ Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, *The Mail* Building.
- Banks** { Bank of British North America, 24 Wellington Street East.
{ Bank of Montreal, Corner Yonge and Front Streets.
{ Bank of Toronto, 60 Wellington Street East.
{ Canadian Bank of Commerce, 19-25 King Street West.
{ Dominion Bank, Corner King and Yonge Streets.
{ Imperial Bank of Canada, 33-34 Wellington Street East.
{ Ontario Bank, 31-33 Scott Street.
{ Quebec Bank, Corner King and Toronto Streets.
- Booksellers
and
Publishers.** { Carswell Company, Limited, 30 Adelaide Street East,
{ Copp, Clark Company, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.
{ The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.
{ Methodist Book and Publishing House, 29 Richmond Street West.
{ Rowsell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
{ R. Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Bookbinders
and
Stationers.** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, 64-68 King Street East.
- Brewers.** { Cosgrave Brewing Company, 293 Niagara Street.
{ Davies Brewing and Malting Company of Toronto, Corner Queen and River Streets.
{ Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists.** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Avenue. Dispensing under direct
supervision of Principals.
- Dry Goods.** { John Catto & Son, 59-61 King Street East.
{ James Scott & Son, 91 King Street East.
{ R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Financial.** { The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.
{ The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.
{ London and Canadian Loan and Agency Company, Limited. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and
103 Bay Street.
- Hardware.** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels.** { The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. Most desirable for summer Tourists.
{ The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.
- Insurance.** { North American Life Assurance Company. Wm. McCabe, F.I.A., Managing Director.
{ For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries.** { Parisian Steam. E. M. Moffatt, Manager. 67 Adelaide Street West.
{ Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 106 York Street. Open front and collar attached shirts
done by hand.
- Music
Publishers.** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.
{ Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Piano
Manufact'r's.** { A. & S. Nordheimer. Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.
{ Whaley, Royce & Company, Pianos. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.
- Teas.** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
- Type
Writing.** { George Bengough, 45 Adelaide Street East.

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
Assurance Company.**

Head Office, - - Toronto, Ont.

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JOHN L. BLAIRIE, ESQ.

VICE-PRESIDENTS
HON. G. W. ALLAN, J. K. KERR, ESQ., Q.C.

The Compound Investment Policy, as issued by this Company, combines under one form nearly every advantageous and desirable feature in an insurance policy.

Write for further particulars and the last Annual Report, showing the unexcelled position attained by the Company, to

WM. MCCABE, F.I.A.,
Managing Director.

**Books For
Summertime.**



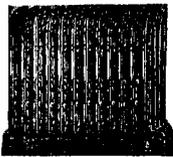
What better company can you have through a summer day than a good book? On the lake, in the woods, by rail, by boat, wherever you are or wherever you go, you will feel the need of a book. Don't go away without seeing our enticing selection. Complimentary expressions with regard to our stock are constant, and we are sure to suit you.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,

(Successors to Retail Department of
Hart & Riddell)

12 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

You
Have
To Live



The greater part of a life-time in the rooms where the Radiators stand.

THE

"Oxford" Radiators

are artistic in design, and can be ornamented to suit any room; have large heating surface, and never leak, being the only Radiator that has IRON TO IRON JOINTS, no packing being used. See the "OXFORD" before purchasing.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Anaglypta.

We have just received a large importation of this Queen of wall coverings from England, at prices lower than ever before sold in Canada. There is no paper to equal Anaglypta for Hall, Library and Billiard Room Walls, Dining Room or Hall Dados.

RELIEF FRIEZES.

Wall Papers,
Room Mouldings,
Relief Ornament Ceilings,
Parquetry Flooring,
Stained Glass.

Memorial
Windows.

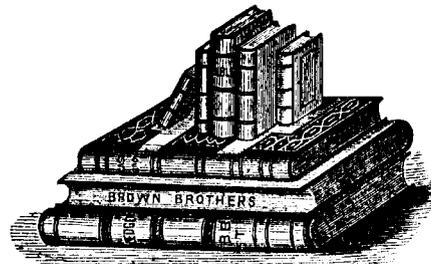
Elliott & Son,

94 Bay Street.

Garden Hose,
Lawn Mowers,
Lawn Rollers,
Lawn Sprinklers,
Syringes,
Garden Shears,
'Daisy' Lawn Rakes.

RICE LEWIS & SON,
(Limited.)

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Toronto.



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