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THE WEEK.

Vol. XII.

Toronto, Friday, January 4th, 1895.

No. 6.

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Current Topics.

It is peculiarly unfortunate for Canada that we shall never be able to hear from Sir John Thompson's own report the result of his last interview with the Colonial Secretary on the question of the Copyright Act. If any satisfactory conclusion was reached we shall, of course, be informed in due time. It is highly desirable that the matter should be disposed of without further delay. Delay in such cases is often mischievous, not to say dangerous to good understanding and harmonious working. There are even now some indications of a rising feeling in Canada that the space of four or five years is quite long enough to wait for the enforcement of an Act which was passed by our Parliament with a degree of unanimity seldom reached and which, it can scarcely be doubted, is fairly within our jurisdiction. If there is really any serious doubt on this point why have not steps been promptly taken to obtain a judicial decision? This question of jurisdiction is the main question involved. That of the character of the Act itself is really secondary, and it would be a pity should any compromise in regard to the latter do away with the necessity for having a clear understanding with regard to the former. Mr. J. D. Edgar, in his letter to the *London Times*, has put the Canadian view very clearly, if, perhaps, a little bluntly. If once the British authors and publishers, whose influence with the Government is at the root of the difficulty, could be made to know that the right of Canada to enact its own laws in the case is indisputable, the way would be open for direct communication between those interested parties and the Canadian authorities, with a view to the removal or modification of any clause which can be shown to have in it the element of unfairness, or even of harshness, in respect to their interests. The Canadian Government and Parliament are as amenable as others, it may be hoped, to considerations of right and wrong, but neither they nor the people they represent could consent to have their legis-

ative rights really taken away by the action, not even of the British Parliament, but of the Government. It is pretty clear that some decisive action must be taken during the coming session of Parliament. It is gratifying to learn that there is good reason to believe that the Colonial office is in sympathy with Canada's contention.

The Ottawa Carnival.

Dr. Sanford Fleming, voicing the opinions of many of Ottawa's leading citizens, has addressed an impressive letter to the Mayor of the Capital protesting against the holding of the Carnival on the date originally fixed--21st January. The nation being in mourning, it is certainly an unfortunate time and place for a great public festival, and we are quite unable to see why the Carnival should not, as Dr. Fleming suggests, be postponed until the first week in February.

"It is not easy," writes the distinguished Engineer, "for some of us to understand the important position which Canada has attained in the eyes of the world, but of this some indication may be found in the Imperial honours to the remains of Sir John Thompson in the passage from Windsor to Canada. We cannot set out of view that Ottawa is the seat of Government. This city is peculiarly situated in regard to the death of the late Premier; it is the political capital of the Dominion, and, as such, the residence of the Governor-General and the members of the Ministry. The Colonial Conference held here in June and July last gave to Ottawa high rank in the Empire, and also world-wide distinction. It is incumbent on us, therefore, to have some regard to the position we occupy, and avoid all proceedings which may testify any want of self respect or suggest any absence of that consideration of the public propriety to be observed by every intelligent community. We owe this to our fellow-Canadians as well as to ourselves, for I honestly think that the feeling of respect for Canadians generally will not be enhanced when it comes to be known that the citizens of the Capital, with what many may consider indecent haste, after burying the Premier, hold a week of public rejoicing. . . . I now refer to the matter on broad, national grounds, and I venture to express the opinion that if the week's festival be carried out at the date originally appointed it will be a mistake afterwards to be regretted. The question is not as to the exact number of days which mourning should last. It is, Shall we launch into the opposite of mourning? Shall the Canadian capital precipitate itself into an abnormal condition of gaiety within a few days after the Cabinet Ministers return from the burial of their dead Chief, and by so doing bring discredit on the whole of Canada?"

We are informed that notwithstanding the fact that the Governor General has declined to open the Carnival if held on the 21st, the Committee have advertised it as under his patronage, and that the Parliament and Government buildings will be brilliantly illuminated every night during the week with electrical displays from the towers of the buildings, thus making the Carnival appear as if under the auspices of the Government. There is something very wrong somewhere.

The Future of Newfoundland.

"Hear the other side" is, or should be, emphatically the motto of independent journalism. In obedience to the spirit of that motto we cannot but feel that the view of the situation in Newfoundland presented in a short paragraph in these columns a week or two since, should be supplemented with at least a glimpse of the causes which have led up to the present

disaster, as seen from the point of observation of a loyal Newfoundlander, familiar with the past and present of the colony. Such a defender the colony has in Mr. R. Winton, whose letter, in the *Empire* of Saturday last, should be read by all who wish to get an all-round view of the situation. Mr. Winton holds, and pleads with ability and vigor in support of his contention, that the present general bankruptcy of the Island has been directly and inevitably brought about by the policy which has been steadily pursued by the British Government in regard to the claims of the French, for many years past. The story, so far as the general facts are concerned, is an old one. On the one hand we have the naval officials of the British Government steadily refusing to sustain the Island fishermen in their demand for the concurrent rights to fishing privileges which, it is claimed not only by colonial officials but even by expert officers of British Government, were provided for in the Treaty of Utrecht, while every facility was afforded to the French fishermen to carry on their work, drive the colonial fishermen from their own ports, and erect fishing establishments upon the land in places where the colonists themselves were not permitted to do so. The result of this partial treatment, aided as it has been by the high bounties paid by the French Government on all fish exported by their own subjects, has been to place the Newfoundland fishermen under conditions so glaringly and oppressively unequal that the unhappy colonists, unable to prosecute on profitable terms their chief industry, have been at length compelled to give up the hopeless contest.

The Meaning of the French Treaty.

The fundamental question, in connection with the foregoing statement and claims is, of course, that of the real meaning and obligation of the French treaty. If Mr. Winton's is the accepted interpretation of that treaty, it follows that the British Government, for reasons of its own, has deemed it better policy to permit the French to have, in a large degree, their own way, even at the sacrifice of the interests and means of livelihood of a few colonists, than to insist rigidly upon its territorial rights. This granted, the claim which Mr. Winton and others set up on behalf of the islanders, to compensation for past losses and the present ruin, from the Mother Country in whose interests they have been sacrificed, is morally valid. A somewhat similar claim, it may be added, is that presented, or at least hinted at, by a correspondent, in the last number of this paper, in respect to the abortive commercial treaty with the United States which was prevented from taking effect by the intervention of the Canadian Government. Apart altogether from the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of that treaty so far as the interests of Newfoundland were concerned, we must confess that the interference of Canada always seemed to us a somewhat ungenerous, dog-in-the-manger piece of business. If it can be shown to have contributed materially to hasten the present disaster to the colony, the responsibility for it becomes serious. In any case, our correspondent's suggestion that the occasion is a fitting one for a substantial manifestation of the sympathy of Canadians with their distressed fellow-colonists, is worthy of every consideration.

Municipal Politics. The question of improving and elevating the tone of municipal politics is occupying a good deal of attention in England as well as in the United States and Canada. A course of instruction or discussion on the duties and responsibilities of citizenship is being carried on in the evening schools, or, rather, perhaps, in a large number of them. Text-books dealing with the subject have been produced. It has also received a large amount of attention in sermons and public addresses by clergymen and other influential public speakers. Amongst

others, Cardinal Vaughan's address to the Roman Catholics of England contains some excellent advice, which is just as suitable for other self-governing municipalities and for other religionists, as for those to whom it is specially addressed. The following words, in particular, may be commended to all good citizens of Toronto and other Canadian cities and towns in view of the coming municipal elections:

"When you vote in a Parliamentary election," he says, "you will properly be largely guided by considerations of party politics. The question then before you will be the kind of policy you desire to see carried into law. But when it is a matter of the administration of laws already passed, other considerations present themselves. You should then inquire, not what are the party politics of the candidate, but what are his qualifications for dealing with questions of practical administration. Is he honest and disinterested? Is he intelligent, prudent, painstaking, in sympathy with the ends to be attained, and trust-worthy? It is political fanaticism to determine elections that concern religion, education, the guardianship of the sick, the aged, the poor, and the health and comfort of the community by mere party politics."

The Mayoralty. Contrary, we believe, to general expectation, there seems likely to be a pretty close contest for the Mayor's chair. Though four candidates were in the field, two have withdrawn, and the struggle will be between the present Mayor and his predecessor. If there should be found to be much difficulty in balancing their respective claims so as to determine the preponderance, the elector may have the satisfaction of knowing that the interests of the city will be safe from gross betrayal in the hands of either. Both have served, to say the least, without special discredit, though their personal characteristics and qualifications are of very different orders. In fact, many citizens may, we dare say, be conscious of wishing that the two could be so compounded as to produce a third with the merits and without the defects of each. Either Mr. Kennedy, with a considerable infusion of the decision, energy, and courage of Mr. Fleming, or Mr. Fleming, with the courtesy, urbanity, and other pleasing social traits of Mr. Kennedy, and also his knowledge of business affairs, would make an admirable mayor. Most of us will, probably, admit that Mayor Kennedy might have served the city more effectually had he displayed more personal force and strength of will in his dealings with the railway authorities in regard to the Esplanade affair, in pushing forward the tunnel project so as to raise the city permanently above the dread of a polluted water supply which still hangs over it, and so forth. Nevertheless, the probabilities seem to us to be in favour of his receiving a renewal of the people's confidence, rather than the somewhat severe rebuke which would be implied in their departure from the course which has almost become a custom, of giving a second term to every mayor who has not conspicuously failed in duty.

The Civic Elections.

The startling revelations before the Investigating Court have evidently failed to deter ambitious or patriotic citizens from volunteering to face the temptations and dangers which beset the pathway of the civic rulers of Toronto. It is pleasing to find so large a number whose consciousness of personal virtue and business ability makes them willing to brave all perils if they may but have opportunity to restore the fair fame of the city, and at the same time write their names on the honour roll of those who shall hereafter be declared by the voice of a grateful people to have deserved well of their fellow-citizens. Among so many competitors it can scarcely be assumed that all are equally worthy. It becomes, therefore, the duty of every elector to make himself as fully acquainted as possible with the character and record of every candidate, and to vote only for those who he is per-

sued are truly worthy, regardless of every other consideration. In determining the question of worthiness two qualifications rank far above all others in importance and should have chief consideration. The first and indispensable question is that of personal integrity. No man whose reputation is not only above reproach, but above suspicion, should be thought of for a moment, no matter what his other claims to support. The citizens ought surely to be able to elect a body of councillors every one of whom may be relied on as incorruptible. Second to that, and only less imperative, should be the demand for sound judgment and good business ability. Besides these two prime requisites all considerations of social position, party affiliation, or denominational connection, should not be even thought of. Amidst so many candidates, though the selection has not been made on such principles as we had hoped, there is probably an opportunity for the citizens to select, at least, a fairly reliable Council. Will they take the trouble to do so?

The Debs Conviction.

The recent decision of Judge Woods, condemning Debs and other officers of the American Railway Union to six months imprisonment for "contempt of court," in connection with the great railway strike, has naturally given rise to much controversy in American legal and journalistic circles. To discuss the question in all its bearings would require much more space than we have just now at our disposal. Primarily the jurisdiction of the court which issued the injunction, which was disregarded by Debs and his associates, was involved in Judge Wood's decision. His conclusion, as we understand it, is that that court was within its right, a right given it under the Anti-Trusts Act, an act which, however applicable some of its provisions may have been found to be to the case in question, was, as everyone will probably admit, enacted for a very different purpose. The principle underlying Judge Wood's decision seems to be, in a word, that a man may be judged by what he may know or be reasonably certain will be the consequence of his act. The strike, or the ordering of the strike, was not in itself unlawful. Had no acts of violence been committed, it is fair to assume that no injunction would have been issued or thought of. The decision raises many questions. Is a lawful act made unlawful by the fact that disastrous consequences follow it, even granting that those consequences may or might have been foreseen, though not designed or desired, by the parties doing the act? Is it in the interests of good government and justice that the words of an Act, found to be applicable to a case never contemplated by its framers, should be so applied? It would be interesting to have the questions involved in this remarkable case discussed by some good Canadian authority, on abstract principles, of course. To us, we confess, the whole thing seems like a dangerous straining of legal forms and authority which is very likely to recoil in some way to plague the inventors. The result, several men imprisoned for six months for a criminal offence, by the mere fiat of a judge, without trial or opportunity for trial by a jury of their peers, seems a startling episode in the history of a free country.

* * *

The Ethics of Journalism.

THE question whether the Fourth Estate is not really the most powerful of the four in these democratic days, is one which may well be left to the debating societies, but the great and still growing influence of the press, especially the periodical, and above all the daily press, is a truth so patent to everyone's observation that the mere statement of the fact seems a stale truism. There was force and suggestiveness in

the sarcasm of the man who, when the mighty London *Times* was under discussion in its mightiest days, said to his admiring friends that having seen several of the leader-writers of the "Thunderer," he could assure them that not one of them was more than ten feet high." Yet so far as he meant to convey the impression that the influence of their leaders upon the world of thought and action bore the same proportion to that of other men as their physical stature of that of others, he was conveying a wrong impression. Everyone knows that this is not the case, that a writer of moderate abilities, given access to the editorial columns of any of the great dailies in either hemisphere, at once gains a hearing, and an influence upon the popular mind and will, out of all proportion to that which can be wielded by many a writer and thinker of greater ability who is obliged to come before the public in his own name, or over a fictitious signature.

It is not any part of our purpose just now to inquire into the cause or causes of this phenomenon. It may be and, as a rule, probably is, largely due to the fact that there is usually at the head of such a paper one or more minds of unusual force and penetration, and of large acquaintance with public affairs, and that the staff writer, when not himself a man of this description, generally does but put into good newspaper English, or whatever the language may chance to be, the thoughts and opinions of this leading mind. We say "newspaper English" advisedly, because it must be admitted that the style of the great newspaper is *sui generis*, and is not to be acquired in a day or a year by any but those who have a special natural aptitude of a very marked kind. To a certain extent, too, it must be admitted that the great party newspaper derives much of its weight from the fact that it has, or is supposed to have, access to sources of information and inspiration which are denied to others. It is, however, one of the signs of the times, and a most healthful one, we believe, that the inspired party organ, which plays for the public delectation only the tunes which are set for it in high places, is fast falling into desuetude. The tendency towards independent journalism has been especially marked in Canada within the last few years, and it goes without saying that a corresponding improvement is taking place in the character of the newspapers themselves.

But the special point to which we set out to call attention is the absence, among the members of the great fraternity of journalists, of anything like uniformity touching certain great questions of principle and practice in cases which must almost daily arise to perplex the wise and conscientious journalist. The members of other learned professions have usually their codes of professional ethics more or less clearly defined. Some of these, it is true, may seem arbitrary, unnecessary, or even mane to the minority and to the public, but none the less their observance is decreed, sometimes by a visible, sometimes by an invisible decree, or a well understood custom which has all the force of law. But in the wide field of newspaperdom every journal is, to a great degree, a law unto itself, amenable only to the judgments and tastes of the classes of readers for whom it caters. The writer remembers having, on one occasion, suggested to the manager and editor-in-chief of one of the most influential dailies in a large city, the propriety of suppressing reports of a certain kind, or at least of curtailing the amount of space given to them. The reply—and it was made by a man of principle, who, no doubt, sincerely desired to keep his paper upon a high plane—was to the effect that it had been found or was believed to be better, even from the ethical point of view, to keep up the large circulation of the paper for the sake of the good influence it would exert on the whole and upon all classes of readers, than to adopt a course which would result in a large reduction in the number of its readers, and consequently a mater-

ial narrowing of its sphere of influence. This was the obvious meaning, though these were not the exact words of the reply. We do not here undertake to show that there was fallacy or self-deception in them. We are not, in fact, attempting to lay down any system of ethics for journalists, but only point out the need for such a code, covering at least some of the more prominent questions, to be accepted and followed by those who claim a place among reputable journalists.

We are by no means of the number of those who think it a comparatively easy matter to determine, having regard solely to the highest moral considerations, just what ought and ought not to be admitted to the columns of a newspaper or other periodical. The questions constantly arising are many and complicated. Merely to instance two or three of the most common, such as those touching the character of the advertisements which should be admitted, whether and to what extent the records of the police courts, the details of evidence given in the criminal courts, in divorce cases in court or Parliament, the descriptions of horrible cases of murder, suicide, etc., must be for the present suffice. On the one hand parents and guardians must instinctively shrink from allowing children to defile their imaginations with such debasing pictures; on the other no thoughtful person can deny that the prompt publication of the ascertainable facts with reference to a crime committed is often a most valuable aid in the detection and apprehension of the criminal. Moreover, it may be said with some force that to suppress the facts in criminal cases, and to forbid the publication of evidence in the courts, would be distinctly dangerous to society, as tending to the re-establishment of secret tribunals and star-chamber procedure. The light of publicity, say these reasoners, is the best and only sure safeguard of the liberties of the people, and of equality in the administration of justice.

One thing may be said with a good deal of confidence. There are certain classes of vicious and demoralizing practices whose success depends altogether upon publicity. For instance, the newspaper report is the very life of the revolting pugilism, which from time to time occupies so large a place in the columns of almost all the dailies, without exception. It is difficult to see what possible good can result from the publication of the disgusting and brutalizing details of such encounters. Probably a great many of the papers, which do thus publish them as a matter of business, would greatly prefer not to do so, could they only be sure that their business rivals would not reap an advantage from their refusal.

All these questions and difficulties go to show the need for some code of ethics to be agreed on by all the reputable papers in a given community. We are glad to know that the Press Association is becoming an influential organization in Canada. These observations have been made largely with a view to suggesting whether it might not be an appropriate and noble work for this Association to discuss some of these more complete questions and seek to reach an agreement which would be binding upon all members of the Association.

* * *

Kingston Election Trial.

THOUGH only a few cases were investigated, at the Kingston election trial, out of some fifty charges, enough was elicited to show that the heathen Chinee is far from standing alone in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. In one of the cases submitted, the ruling of Mr. Justice Burton seems so extraordinary that I would like to know more of the mind of the profession with regard to its propriety. There is no dispute as to the facts. The Treasurer of the Conservative Central Committee testified to hav-

ing disbursed \$1,087 for old debts, particularly for "volunteer" rigs sent from livery stables. When the election of 1894 was impending the liverymen refused to "volunteer" again, unless the back accounts were settled. Accordingly a subscription was raised, the old claims were paid, and the rigs "volunteered" again.

Mr. Andrew Elder told the story frankly. He said that his firm had volunteered the teams in question for the Metcalfe and Drennan elections. *They had done it this way to get around the law.* They had subsequently pressed for payment of their accounts. No entry had ever been made of the "volunteering" of rigs, nor had any entry of money secured for them been made. Dr. Smythe's friends had applied to the firm for terms for his election. The firm, however, would not have "volunteered" their vehicles had not the back accounts been paid. Finally those accounts were paid, and the teams "volunteered," and sent out to carry voters on election day. Nine rigs in all were put on the road. Nothing had been paid since the election.

Clearly, as Mr. Blake put it, "volunteering" was but a synonym for "hiring." Seeing that hiring is contrary to law and volunteering is not, the livery stable-keepers were induced to call their action voluntary, when it was quite understood that they would be paid for their work, and that if they were not paid they would not act.

The case to the lay mind is perfectly clear, but the judges disagreed, and, consequently, the charge was not sustained. Mr. Justice Oliver had no doubt that it was bribery; but Mr. Justice Burton thought that it might be called blackmail, but not bribery!

If this case stood by itself, there would be no great need of calling attention to it, except as a specimen of "Justices' Justice." But if this ruling is to be accepted, the act against hiring cabs for election purposes is emptied of its meaning. All that Election Committees have to do is to hire cabs for one election, with the understanding that their act is not to be known as hiring, and that the accounts are not to be paid for some time, possibly not till the eve of another election. Everyone knew that something of this sort was done by both parties, but the men who arranged the deal in any case knew that it was shady and dreaded exposure. Now, they can do their dirty work, sheltered by a judicial decision. The effect on the minds of the people, especially on those of the baser sort, who hang on to the skirts of both parties, is deplorable. They are taught that it is legitimate to "get around the law" by hook or by crook, or, at any rate, that the law can be easily evaded, and that success means deliverance from unpleasant consequences for themselves and the party which has the honour of claiming them as agents or supporters.

The election was voided because agent Langdon paid \$5 or \$6 to bring a voter from Deseronto. In future, agents will be more circumspect. They will pay ten, twenty or fifty times the amount, for a previous election debt. The election will then stand, and the party will be able to claim the seat, as well as "a moral victory."

If there is any better way of bringing law into contempt than decisions like Mr. Justice Burton's, we would like to know it.

CANADENSIS.

* * *

Recent Fiction.*

IN the *Midst of Alarms*, by Robert Barr, is got up very prettily, and the inside of the book is worthy of the outside. It is a Canadian story dealing incidentally with the Fenian Raid, hence its title. The story first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, and we read it last year in a steamer chair whilst crossing the Atlantic, and having enjoyed it greatly there were glad to welcome it again in its book form. The two chief characters are Dick Yates, a New York reporter of the front rank, and a Professor Renmark, of Toronto University. Yates and Renmark had been class mates in Toronto, and the former being in danger of a complete break down in health from overwork, has arranged for a camping

* "In the *Midst of Alarms*," by Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"A Group of Noble Dames," and "Life's Little Ironies," by Thomas Hardy. Macmillan's "Colonial Series." Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Price 75 cents each.

"The Catch of the County," by Mrs. Edward Kennard. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

"The Matchmaker." By L. B. Walford. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Price, 75 cents.

expedition, with Renmark as his companion. The camp is fixed at a farm not far from Fort Erie. And the chief interest of the book turns on the relations established with the inhabitants of the neighbouring farms. As a picture of life in a Canadian farming district we fancy that the book could hardly be surpassed. The description of a revival meeting is one of the best things we have ever come across. The two campers are very different in character—Yates clever and flippant and shallow, whilst Renmark is solid and serious. There are two girls, Kitty Bartlett and Margaret Howard, with both of whom Yates falls in love in his own light and easy way, while Renmark becomes attached to Margaret. Yates openly discusses the state of his affection with Renmark, who for his part conceals his own. While things are in this condition a telegraph boy brings news to Yates that the Fenians are crossing into Canada and instructions from his paper to act as special correspondent at the scene of operations. Yates, who is enjoying his lazy life and his love affairs, refuses to be disturbed, and despatches the following answer which has the merit of being absolutely true and entirely misleading:

"I'm flat on my back. Haven't done a hand's turn for a week. Am under the constant care night and day of one of the most eminent doctors in Canada [Renmark is a doctor of laws] who even prepares my food for me. Since leaving New York trouble of the heart has complicated matters, and at present baffles the doctor. Consultations daily. It is impossible for me to move from here until present complications have yielded to treatment."

Circumstances, and the journalistic instinct, however, prove too strong for Yates, and he and his companion get mixed up in most of the events of the invasion, and are arrested first by one party and then by the other. The raid over, Yates is able to devote himself once more to his love affairs. He calls constantly upon his companion for assistance, but in vain.

"Just reflect on my position," Yates would say. "Here I am dead in love with two lovely girls, both of whom are merely waiting for the word. To one of them I have nearly committed myself, which fact, to a man of my temperament, inclines me somewhat to the other. Here I am anxious to confide in you, and yet I feel that I risk a fight every time I talk about the complication. You have no sympathy for me, Renny, when I need sympathy, while I am bubbling over with sympathy for you, and you won't have it. Now what would you do if you were in my fix? If you would take five minutes and show me clearly which of the two girls I really ought to marry, it would help me ever so much, for then I would be sure to settle on the other. It is the indecision which is slowly but surely sapping my vitality."

The appeals bringing no help from Renmark, he decides to settle the matter by tossing up. The coin decides in favour of Margaret, to whom he promptly proposes and is surprised and shocked by being as promptly refused. He immediately transfers his proposal to Kitty, and is accepted. His eyes are shortly afterwards opened to the real inwardness of the situation, by the discovery that Renmark and Margaret have become engaged. The book is full of humour from beginning to end, and we laughed often and heartily whilst reading it.

From the Copp, Clark Co. we have Thomas Hardy's two latest books in Macmillan's Colonial series. Each is a collection of short stories. The first, "A Collection of Noble Dames," is a series of tales supposed to have been told at a meeting of Wessex Field and Antiquarian Club, the programme of which has been interfered with by a downpour of rain. Different members of the club tell incidents connected with ladies of the noble families in their neighborhood, and very interesting stories they are, though mostly dealing with the seamy side of life. There are ten of them altogether. Those which seemed to us the most striking were the two first, "The First Countess of Wessex," told by the local historian, turning on events arising out of a child marriage, and "Barbara of the House of Grebe," the old surgeon's story, which is rather horrible. The second book is "Life's Little Ironies." As its title would show there runs through it a note of sadness. It consists of a series of short stories dealing with incidents, in most cases commonplace enough, which have resulted in spoiled lives. They deal with ordinary people and generally tell the results of misplaced loves or mistaken ambitions. They are full of pathos and as we read them we feel them to be typical of what may be going on around us, unnoticed or unknown. The prevailing sadness is relieved by the con-

cluding portion of the book, "A Few Crusted Characters," which contains a number of sketches of village life told to a native who had been absent for many years. There are few who will fail to enjoy the predicament in which "Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver" finds himself, or the result of "Absentmindedness in a Parish Choir."

These little stories are all told in Mr. Hardy's perfect way, and show once more how closely and successfully he has studied the lives and modes of thought of the people of that West Saxon district he has made his own.

"The Catch of the County," though long, too long indeed, may be dismissed in a few words. Readers of Mrs. Kennard know what they may expect, and that it is generally liked is shown by their large numbers. Love and hunting make up her books. "The Catch of the County" is a young nobleman who has set his boyish affections on the daughter of the parson of his parish. His mother's opposition blocks his love affair. Then he for a time is bewitched by a sprightly adventuress and narrowly escapes falling a victim to her fascinations. But the adventuress is unmasked, and he returns to his old allegiance. His mother abandons her opposition and all ends happily. There is an amusing sketch of life in an old-fashioned watering place, which, however, is so much exaggerated as to be almost a caricature.

Mrs. Walford's field has always been in the narrative of domestic life, and she does not depart from it in "The Matchmaker." We do not think this is one of her best books. It would have been a great deal better had its length been curtailed, but we suppose the necessity of filling three volumes prevented this. Penelope East, the heroine, a bright London-bred girl, finds it necessary on account of her father leaving home to go and stay with some Scotch relatives, the Carnousties. Lady Carnoustie is the ruler of the household, and rules it strictly, too. She has moulded her two elder daughters according to her idea, until all their individuality has been crushed out. Mura, the youngest, however, has a strong personality, and the only effect of her mother's attempts to restrict her at every point has been to lead her into deceit. Prevented from seeing much of young men of her own station in life, she has fallen a victim to the charms of Torquil MacAlister, a handsome young shepherd in her father's employment. Penelope on her visit discovers this, and the whole story turns upon her efforts to wean Mura from this love and to transfer her affections to an English visitor in the neighborhood, Mr. Redward, for whom she herself began to develop an attachment. The attempts, though at first seeming to be successful, fail. Her well meant efforts end in a tragedy—the murder of Mura by Torquil in a fit of jealousy, and his subsequent suicide—whilst Penelope herself actually marries Mr. Redward. There are one or two of the minor characters that are particularly well drawn,—the old confidential servant of the Carnoustie family, the factor's sisters, and Tosh, a half-witted dependant of the family. The latter is really amusing, which is what we cannot say of most of the others.

* * *

An extraordinary thing has happened. The Roman Catholic church, in the person of the bishop of Versailles, has bowed down to science, and submitted no less an object than the "holy coat" of Argenteuil to the tests of Paris chemists, who have had a thorough examination, and state that their chemical tests prove its stains are due to human blood, and "very old." This holy coat is one of several such which have traditional presumption as the seamless robe which Jesus wore when he was taken to be crucified. There seems no resolution of perplexity in this scientific investigation, because there is the "holy coat" of Treves, to which pilgrimages were made a few years ago, and which is also attested by tradition and by many miracles, and which has in fact been rather the most famous of all the holy coats. It is lucky that the belief in the authenticity of these various garments is not forbidden by the pope.

Probably few readers are aware of the fact that modern industry has already got a foothold in the arctic regions, and that mines are worked on a large scale and a railroad regularly operated in such high latitudes. This is the case in Sweden, where the Lulea-Gellivare Railroad, built for the purpose of carrying iron ore from the Gellivare mines to the seaport at Lulea, extends 50 miles above the Arctic Circle and enjoys the distinction of being the first railroad to open up the Frigid Zone.

The Reviewer.

"Irresponsible, indolent——"—TENNYSON.

THE conventions of society are not so stupid as we sometimes imagine. To be properly introduced, for instance, seems a cumbrous ceremony till, on occasion, we are compelled to perform it for ourselves, without the intervention of a third person. Awkward as this self-imposed duty is in ordinary intercourse, it is ten times worse, when it has to be done in print. The charming manners of "Mr. Spectator" are equal to the task, and he presents himself at length and with unequalled grace, to the wits and beaux and well-regulated families of Queen Anne. No one can regret that he took a whole essay for the purpose. But for less gifted persons, the safest rule is to get it over as soon as possible. I do not flatter myself that the readers of THE WEEK care to know whether I am a black or a fair man; but it seems right to premise that I am a Canadian, and warmly interested in whatever concerns the intellectual life of our country. These are my chief credentials. It is only necessary to add that this is not my first appearance under this device, and that for the present I ride with my visor down.

There is room for criticism in Canadian journalism. At present, but one of our writers seriously attempts it; that urbane and clear-sighted "Observer," who also puts in an appearance every week. "At Dodsley's." Others, with every qualification for the office of literary censor, began the good work, but for some unfortunate reason have now held their hands. The world prefers the personal judgment with the man behind it, to the more splendid and ornate deliverance, lacking the man. To the one it will always listen, to the other it is always rather deaf. And the world is no fool; without real worth it is impossible to gain and keep its ear. The secret is the human touch. We are lonely creatures, we men and women. Apart we are helpless; we move in a great darkness, and we like to know that our fellows are not far from us. It is reassuring to feel that even behind the printed column there is not merely steam and much machinery, but another being like ourselves. This explains the unceasing interest in biography and all its branches; from the confessions of St. Augustine to the *causeries* of Sainte Beuve. This latter development of the eighteenth century essay, we have everywhere in English, though we have as yet fitted it with no name. It may be described as taking your reader by the buttonhole, instead of talking to him *de haut en bas* from the pulpit, or the platform, or the professor's chair. But there is no compulsion; the reader himself forms the nexus. To try and reckon up those who deal in it would be useless. Almost every journal of standing has its *causerie* in some form or other. And this explains why the Lord of the Blue Pencil, for lack of a better, has given me leave to speak my mind in this place.

What is the function of the Canadian critic at the present time? This raw, commercial democracy, entirely without inherited culture, has produced not a little good writing, of which the most striking characteristic is subtle, almost over-delicate refinement. Other literary output there is of a very different character; verse that will not scan, prose that will not parse. Should the critic leave the tares among the wheat? Should he attempt to divide the sheep from the goats? One answer is: "Leave them alone." But this springs from the two mistaken notions; that critic and author are natural enemies, and that criticism itself is under the bar sinister, as who should say the illegitimate sister of authorship. A portly anthology of picturesque and varied abuse, bestowed on the professors of the gay science, could be easily compiled from the writing of the last two centuries, based on these fundamental errors. But the critic is the author's best friend. Criticism is authorship. The great guild of which Arnold and Lowell are the latest masters, needs no apology. Even the rawest apprentice feels the honour of being indented in it. Granted the necessary equipment and honest purpose, what is the critic but a cultivated person who gives his opinion on a work of art, when required, without fear or favour. For his opinion is not thrust on the world, unmasked. The author, or his publisher for him, asks: "What do you think of this?" and he gets his answer according to the time, competence, and honesty of

his own elected judge. No author is bound to accept such decisions as final. Occasionally one cancels another in a bewildering fashion. But usually there is a remarkable agreement in praise or blame. Critics are simply the advance-guard of public opinion. By virtue of his office, the Canadian critic must have knowledge and honesty; but next to these his special duty at the present time is to speak out.

There are two reasons just now for especially plain speech. The first is that we have stultified ourselves by our habit of crying up literary shoddy and rubbish as good ware. All our native geese are swans. We seem to think that every Canadian who writes a book deserves a statue for the achievement. As a consequence, our literary criticism is a dead level of meaningless praise. There is no relief, no contrast, no light and shade. Who has not read eulogy of our birds, which could not, without modification, be applied to Burns or Shelley? The motive power is, in some cases, good nature; in others, pure ignorance. The net result is that Canadian literary judgment is a laughing stock; and "Canadian literature" is hardly discussed outside of *Grip*. In the second place, this indiscriminate praise harms the very men who most need appreciation and encouragement. Within the last fifteen years some half dozen Canadians have written books which deserved recognition, and got it. Why? Because they were Canadian critics with sufficient insight to first discern the rising stars? Because we had a critical authority, like the *Athenaeum*, whose decisions carried weight with the public? Not at all. But because American and English critics, whose opinions were entitled to respect, gave them their warm approval. It is notorious that no sane Canadian will publish a Canadian book, and that a Canadian book is the last thing a Canadian thinks of buying. The market is limited, no doubt. But the chief fault lies at the door of the critic. He has belauded the home-made book till the worshipful public, tired of being gulled, has lapsed into blank scepticism as far as Canadian literature is concerned, and has definitely refused to support it.

The remedy is not in a return to the methods of Gifford and other literary scalp-hunters, but in freedom and a sense of proportion. Doubtless it is to a man's credit that he knows enough to tag verses when he might not have learned his letters. But he does not on that account deserve a review, still less that ill-judged encouragement which turns a good mechanic into a conceited, local "genius." It is not necessary to tomahawk him. Leave him severely alone. Canada needs a Lessing, a man who will not be afraid to say what he thinks, a man who will measure all work by a single standard, the unchanging standard of the beautiful and the true. To say that our work should be tested by no other, sounds the flattest of platitudes. But it must be said. Too long we have been satisfied with a local, a provincial standard. Instead of asking "How would this read to an Arnold or a Lowell," we have said, "This is very fair, indeed, for the tenth concession," or, "What more could be demanded of an undergraduate?" or, "Who would think that a schoolmaster would have so much literature?" Now, a book that is good only in Toronto or Montreal is not a book. Unless it would be good in London or Paris or New York it does not deserve the name. In the next place, if it is possible to submit the Canadian book to the universal canons of taste—that is, if the book is worth considering—the best service the critic can render both author and public is to mingle with judicious praise, judicious censure of its faults and shortcomings, provided there should be any. This can be done easier in Canada than anywhere else. Our *so-genannte* literature is a family affair. Cliques and politics do not enter into the problem. And surely we can be candid among ourselves without anyone taking offence. Free discussion on the firm basis of knowledge would be a boon to authors and public alike. It might make a stir. Some mutual admiration societies (in which one may constitute a quorum) might be dissolved, some people might not take themselves quite so seriously, but attention would, in the end be focussed on the writers and works of real and permanent value.

Holding these views firmly though I do, I still do not aspire to direct the heavy artillery of criticism. But sometimes a line of skirmishers can hold a good position, till the guns come up; and a single sharp-shooter deploying by

himself may serve to inspire others to advance against—say, the close array of the Philistines. To change the figure, these straggling paragraphs do not aim at the completed outline and solid figure of the critical essay. They are little more than the notes we pencil along the margin of those books we read with pleasure. Transferred from their original entry, they are inserted here in the hope that they will prove finger-posts, neither unsightly nor misleading, to guide the feet of straying readers into those paths of pleasantness which meander endlessly through the world of books. Also, I take refuge in the device which I fly like a warning flag at the head of this column. It does not promise too much. A great poet gave it to us in a pleasant mood, and I must not shrink from wearing the badge of all our tribe.

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New Testament Theology.*

IN no respects do modern methods of the study of Theology differ more widely from those of earlier times, whether patristic, scholastic, Roman or Reformed, than in the recognition of the importance of the personal and historical elements. In former days if a writer wanted to prove the truth of a certain doctrine, he traversed the Bible from its first page to its last, picking out texts anywhere and anyhow, sometimes with a sublime disregard of their connection, in order to obtain the assent of his readers. It has now long been seen that such a method was entirely unscientific and its results far from trustworthy. A safer and a more reasonable way has been found in the historical method—the method which takes up the study of a writer or a period, and tries to ascertain the point of view and the whole scheme of the theology of that person or of that time.

It is obvious that there can be no study of this kind more important than that of the Theology of the New Testament. We are not, of course, disparaging Old Testament Theology, which has been admirably handled by Oehler, Schulz, and others, and which cannot properly be neglected; but the great subject of study for theologians must always be the New Testament; and, as we have now come clearly to see, the New Testament in its historical order.

One of the first workers in this field was the great Neander, in his admirable work on the Apostolic age, and he has been followed by Reuss, in one of the most fascinating works on the subject, including, however, the teaching of our Lord as well as that of the Apostles. Among later works we should mention especially the most learned one of Weiss.

The present work of Beyschlag has, quite naturally, been compared with that of Weiss; and we are substantially in agreement with what Beyschlag says on the subject of the difference between them. "We in Germany," he says, "prize Weiss's book as the most thorough and complete collection of materials for an historical account of the New Testament religion, but no one can call it an historical account in the proper sense." This is a little too strong; but it points in the right direction. We should strongly recommend students of New Testament Theology to have both books at hand. In fact, whilst we admit that Beyschlag's book is the more thoroughly organized, we are more disposed to accept the conclusions of Weiss, as being nearer our views of Christian truth.

The order and method of the present work are beyond praise. First, the author treats the Teaching of Jesus according to the synoptics, and we have admirable remarks on the Kingdom of God and on the other leading topics. In Book II., we have the Teaching of Jesus according to the Gospel of St. John; and there we note with satisfaction that Beyschlag holds unhesitatingly to the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel. We must add, however, that it is with a feeling of pain that we learn that he does not hold the proper Godhead of Christ, nor does he believe that it is taught by St. John.

The third Book deals with the "views of the first Apostles," first as represented in the Acts, next as set forth by St. James, thirdly in the first epistle of St. Peter—the second he regards as spurious, and late. Fourthly, he considers the Pauline system, at great length, and generally with supreme ability. Here, however, again, we find the

same need for caution as in his interpretation of St. John. He does not accept the Nicene faith; and we regard the Nicene confession as of the essence of Christianity.

Next comes the Theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews, admirably handled, with the exception already indicated. When he comes to the Apocalypse, he clearly leans to the opinion that it is the work of the Apostle, and utterly scouts the notion that it is compounded of a Jewish fragment and some Christian patches added at a later period. There is much in his exposition of the Apocalypse which is of great interest and value.

As we have noted one cardinal point in which we must separate widely from our author, we must mention that he is sound and clear on the resurrection of Christ.

It will be seen, from what we have said, that we have here a work of the highest rank, which no real theologian can afford to disregard. If, on the one hand, it must be read with caution and reserve, on the other, it is a mine from which may be dug much golden religious and theological thought.

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Can Brutality be Weeded Out?

A GENERATION ago most people calmly acquiesced in the existence among us of all manner of evil—physical and moral—on the supposition that so it had always been and so it must always be; and that the sole hope of amelioration lay in the reformation of each individual who might come under influences sufficiently powerful to regenerate him. Now the present writer would be one of the last to minimise this source of reform. It is the main source of the real moral elevation of the individual, and—as society is made up of individuals—of society as well. But it is not the only means of lessening the misery and evil of the world. Science, which teaches us so many things, has taught us now, pretty generally, how a great deal of the physical suffering of humanity is due to removable causes, and how a great proportion of the misery, which is not physical, is closely connected with these removable causes. We cannot, it is true, work a moral change in any man, through mere law and restriction, even though law and restriction have their place as preventives of vice and crime, and thus of great benefactors of humanity at large. This is the strong argument for prohibition, which, I think, takes much more philosophical ground than the arguments opponents recognise; and, therefore—when the wisdom of the majority of our people is cleared from the selfishness which biasses the judgment of so many—must eventually win the day. At all events it is in line with most of the great preventive movements of the day, to one of which attention has been recently strongly drawn in a contemporary periodical. Can viciousness and brutality be in any degree eliminated from our civilized life? This is clearly an important question, and if it could be answered in the affirmative we should all surely hail the answer with delight. And it seems to be, in some degree answered in the conclusions reached in a most suggestive paper in the *Arena* on the treatment of imbeciles, by a lady who has, as teacher in a school for imbeciles, devoted much attention to the subject.

The writer of this paper makes a distinction, at the outset, between imbeciles and idiots, which is not sufficiently observed; and defines imbecile children as those "who are feeble-minded, who are naturally slow, who are blunted morally and intellectually, but who show no special defect." And it is precisely this class which, if she is right, constitute the greatest danger to the peace of society, simply because the danger is not sufficiently recognized and guarded, as it is in the case of the idiotic and insane. For, as she asserts, from close observation "such children are totally unfitted to battle with the world, are the legitimate offspring in numerous instances, of the gaol, the infirmary and the insane asylum, and they grow up, following in the parental footsteps, and leaving to their own progeny the same inheritance of vice, disease and laziness; always either actively evil agencies, or a passive burden on society." "The imbecile is the result of corrupt living, frequently of guilt, sometimes of ancestry unbrightened for ages by a single responsible, moral individual. In every case where there has not been some pre-natal shock, accident or sickness, somewhere in the family annals there has been opium-eating, immoral conduct, drunkenness, insanity, imbecility, or actual crime, or perhaps all of these. The large majority of feeble-minded children come

*"New Testament Theology," or, Historical Account of the Teaching of Jesus and of Primitive Christianity according to the New Testament Sources." By Dr. Willibald Beyschlag. Two vol., price 18s. net. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1895].

from the lowest class, and are the product of gradual race degeneration, brought about by all the causes mentioned."

"The soul, conscience and mind are alike diseased. There is no capacity for correct judgment. There may be ability to learn slowly, there often is acute cunning, but the human being has become, to a certain extent, a brute. If kept where opportunity and incentive to wrong-doing are lacking, he becomes fairly peaceable and docile. Thrown upon society, with neither the desire nor the capacity to earn a living honestly, he becomes either a human parasite or a beast of prey." All who have come much in contact, personally, with the lowest and most hopeless class of the poor—the persistently pauper class—will bear witness how many among them answer precisely to the description here given of those who, by reason of something lacking in their moral or physical constitution can scarcely be considered as altogether morally responsible, and are certainly not fitted to contend with the world and use their liberty of action otherwise than hurtfully to society, if not only by perpetuating and multiplying a weak, lazy, shiftless mass of human parasites, in too many cases breaking out into the ruder and more dangerous character of a beast of prey! And moral reformers know, too, how utterly hopeless such incomplete human beings are, as to any chance of personal elevation. They are not susceptible to the higher moral considerations, and the utmost that can be hoped for them is to be kept comparatively harmless, in so far as actual offences against society are meant by "harm." Their children too often become petty criminals, in the way of larceny or hen-roost robbing, etc., etc., and there can be little doubt that many of the tramps who lead a perpetually roaming life and who so often are believed to be the cause of the burning of barns and unused buildings belong to this very class. The author of the paper, from which the above quotations have been made, has, no doubt that most of the mysterious and brutal crimes committed in lonely places without any conceivable adequate motive, are the work of just such low and incomplete natures as she has described. Some such criminals, who have been discovered, certainly seem to lack in a great degree, if not altogether, that moral sense we call conscience. But the alarming manner in which these dangerous characteristics descend by heredity and are multiplied in the natural course of things is one of the most ominous considerations. Says the writer of the article:

"It is not at all uncommon for whole families to be sent, one after another for imbeciles. Seven of one family went to Pennsylvania Institute, all born in an infirmary of an imbecile mother. Five brothers, also from an infirmary, were the children of one mother, still continuing to add to the imbecile population. The State of New York paid one million dollars for the support of eleven hundred imbeciles, criminals and paupers—the offspring of one such marriage!"

Surely such facts suggest the expediency of devising a remedy; and that which the writer proposes is very simple. "It is imperative," she says, "to put dangerous elements where they can do no harm. A child who, in early life, betrays decided viciousness, and is even below par intellectually, should be kept from society, as we keep poison from blood." Sanitary laws are needed for the moral as well as the physical health of a community. Four classes of this incomplete humanity are specified: the gentle and passive who drift into our gaols and poor-houses as vagrants, the congenital pauper who throws himself and his family as a burden on the community, the dull and brutal or low and cunning criminal against whom law supplies no protection; and a better class which, under careful supervision, might turn out somewhat respectable members of society. Now for at least the first three classes, we are told that custodial homes are needed, in which all such children as, from such deficiency as has been above described, are likely to prove a burden or an injury to the State, as well as unable to take care of themselves through life, should be placed where they can be guarded from the evils they might otherwise either inflict or endure, and also be prevented from propagating a similar race of handi-capped humanity. It has often been remarked as a fortunate provision that the dumb animals cannot light fires or use lethal weapons. If such a race of animals should arise, we can easily see that, for the sake of the safety of society, it would have to be exterminated. But this class of imbecile or half-witted human beings are very much like what such a race of too clever brutes might become, and while many of them

may be improved by careful training, their unlimited personal liberty is undoubtedly a perpetual menace to the safety of property and life. Their detention under kind and judicious restriction and protection would be by far the most merciful provision for them, as well as for the public weal; for too many of these unfortunates become victims of "man's inhumanity to man," almost as helplessly as the dumb brute he so often abuses for his pleasure. If the State could simply extend its care for the insane and the idiotic, so as to include the custody of these perpetual minors and often potential criminals, there might easily be saved in one generation enough property to maintain such institutions ten times over; not to speak of all the saving of suffering and sin, and of the hope that, at the close of that one generation, the poison would be, to a great extent, eliminated from the stream of life. Then especially if the alcohol poison could be simultaneously eliminated, a new generation might start on a new plane of vastly improved physical, mental and moral health, a consummation devoutly to be risked, and, surely, worth no little effort and outlay. And, as the writer of the article which has been our text well remarks, it is surely far better and kinder to keep such unfortunates where their depraved instincts and uncontrolled natures cannot find opportunity or temptation to evil than it is—after a brutal outrage has been inflicted on an innocent victim, plunging whole families into the deepest distress—to endeavour to bring the unhappy miscreant under influences which—by the disabilities of his birth, he is incapable of receiving—or to smooth his path to the gallows, or the cell in which he must be imprisoned for life.

FIDELIS.

* * *
Talleyrand.

IT is impossible to read the recently published memoirs of Talleyrand without being unpleasantly haunted by a suspicion that the veteran diplomatist who had so often deceived his contemporaries was, in his later years, seized by a highly characteristic ambition to perpetrate a joke at the expense of posterity, and that it was under the influence of this beneficent desire that he penned these highly decorous memoirs and confided them to his executors with solemn injunctions that they were not to be opened till thirty years from his death, thus conveying an implication that they contained profound and startling revelations of the secret history of the royal, revolutionary, and Napoleonic epochs. For these thirty years the people of Europe have very impatiently awaited the eventful day when the secrets, so long locked in that mysterious mind, would be revealed, only at last to find, when the seals of the memoirs are broken, that the diplomatist, who was false to everything else, was true, to the last, to his familiar maxim "Speech is given to conceal thought."

"We who make history cannot write it," said Metternich, but he might more fittingly have said: "We who make history dare not write it." For there are things behind the things we see, deeds delicately done and tragic tales untold, and ever through the hollows of the ages comes the muffled sob of candour crucified and the light laugh of duplicity triumphant. There is a subtle element in history which priests call Providence and fools Fatality, but which is neither providence nor fate but only human genius veiled. Behind the play of passions and the war of words lurks the brooding presence of ambition, and thought, concealed, moulds life revealed after the pattern of its dark desires. Dark are tides of the Tiber and red the recesses of the Seine, but darker and ruddier still are the depths of that realm unrevealed within whose sombre shades and haunts mysterious reign the masters of the unwritten arts that set the little puppets going upon the mimic stage of history.

In Talleyrand we see the greatest modern representative of that class of politicians of whom Machiavelli was the master and Guicciardini the historian, but whose earliest representatives are older by far than the worthy Sages of Florence and whose lineage, if traced to its remotest sources, would carry us back, perhaps, to the day when primeval man amid Cainazoic rocks mated his wit with the cunning of the wolf and matched his ingenuity with the snares of the serpent in the stern struggle for existence. Nor have the descendants of the primeval parent been altogether deficient in his art, and there can be little doubt that if from his cave amidst pliscene rocks where he mocked the futile strategy

of the lesser brutes and utilized his proficiency in perfidy to perpetuate the race—he could have looked forward to behold the long line of his progeny who carried the vulpine instinct to perfection—his soul would have swelled with as much pride as ours is sad with shame at the spectacle of innumerable rulers of mankind who have crept to power along the paths of perfidy and grown fat on a diet of duplicity.

A rustle of silk and a glitter of gold and the old court stands before us. There are the pretty puppets dancing on the crust of the volcano, while underneath, with resistless fury, rage the titanic forces of the avenging revolution. And over it all with smile and sneer the heirs of wealth and folly meet and mingle. Perfumed, powdered and polished, cultured, courtly and caustic, in gorgeous silks and glittering jewels, lord and lady and prince and peer, radiant beauty and ready wit, courtier, soldier, poet and priest, move through the palace and banquet halls; and in their midst Talleyrand, Perigord, Bishop of Autan, witty with the witty and wise with the wise, holy with the holy, haughty with the haughty, wicked with the wicked, courtlier than the courtliest, falser than the falsest, frailer than the frailest, deeper than the deepest, famous for his *bon mots* and delicate sarcasm, studying with amused interest the foibles of his fellows, delicately dissecting the motives of rulers, joining the intrigues of the court as he would a game of euchre, and all the time stealthily, politely elbowing his way with cultured courtly grace to power.

Why did Talleyrand not exert his talent to avert the revolution? Our answer to this familiar question is simply this: because his talent amounted to genius, and in its light he saw, what the advisers of Louis XVI were too blind to perceive, that the revolution was inevitable, that it was born in the past, that it was the offspring of the ages, the nursling of time, too strong, too vast, and, above all, too just to be averted by the wit of man. But even if he had been able to suggest some profound expedient to avert the impending catastrophe, it is doubtful if he desired to do so. Perhaps he was as anxious for a conflict as the mob themselves, for the crisis is the festival of genius. It is then the voice of necessity calls, and the door of opportunity is open, then in the strife of its guardians he can sweep down like an eagle and carry the crown away. To create a crisis—this is the ambition that has haunted the Richelieus, the Rhiperdas, the Mazarins, the Cromwells. In times of peace the minister can dispense with his minister, and play with his fool, but in an emergency the genius is inevitable.

The amateur Alberoni or mimic Machiavelli who, mystified by the attitude of Talleyrand at this period, seeks for a clue to his conduct in the altitudes of his historic prototypes, under apparently analagous circumstances, is liable to form a very mistaken impression of the aim of that profound and consummate conduct, strategy of the great French intriguer at this epoch. There was an element present in the environment, and consequently in the calculations of Talleyrand, which found no place in the counsels of Mazarin, Ximenes, Richelieu, Olivarez or other past masters of the art of intrigue. This was the element liberated by the revolution—the power of the people. The time when princely preference was the solitary path to power was past. If Talleyrand was the last of the diplomats, he was the first of the politicians. He marks a critical stage in the evolution of the demagogue—the stage when the courtier develops into the politician and the suppliant for royal favour became the candidate for the suffrages of the people. The pre-revolutionary epoch was unique as being that critical transition period when both royal and popular powers, being in close juxtaposition, it required the most delicate diplomacy to preserve an equipoise of favours. And when at last the spell was broken, and the crisis arrived, the petty politicians swiftly found that the waters of a deluge are not navigable by those who learned to swim in shallow streams. In the face of the vast emergency, when, in the clash of titanic passions and whirlwind of unique events, the ancient arts of intrigue were confounded, even Talleyrand was for a time appalled. He saw the futility of battling with the lawless waves, and, leaving his rivals to destroy each other in the conflict, he wisely withdrew to a secure haven till the waters of the deluge had subsided. "What have you done in the revolution?" was asked of an eminent politician. "I have survived," he answered.

Of the events following Talleyrand's return to France and his subsequent relations to the directorate and to Napoleon it would be superfluous here to speak, as these are familiar to

every schoolboy; and the secret history of the more subtle relationships of the epoch is of more interest to the individual politician than to the general public. In his relations to Fouche and Talleyrand, Napoleon attempted the difficult task of playing with edged tools. The fine perception of individual character, which told him that these men were equal to anything, should also have told him that they were capable of anything. Into the intricate relations of these three wonderful men, their intrigues, their rivalry, their subtle secret conspiracies, it is impossible to enter here. It was not, as the average historian imagines, a simple case of rats deserting a sinking ship, but of rats that gnawed the holes that made it sink. To survive the snows of Russia was an easy task, but to survive Talleyrand, that was the impossible thing. Like a mighty spider intent on destruction he wove the net of international intrigue and organized the conspiracy of the nations against Napoleon, and when the agony was over it was Talleyrand who dictated the terms of surrender and seduced the marshals from their master. When the emperor, again enthroned, sought to make terms with the then divided allies it was Talleyrand who baffled his efforts and re-united them again. And perhaps if the secret history of Waterloo were written Talleyrand alone could tell why Napoleon was taken ill at the eve of the battle and why Grouchy never arrived. After the wreck of the Empire he emerged stronger, greater than ever. "There is something in me that bodes ill to the Governments that oppose me," he smilingly remarked to the new King Louis.

This is not the highest form of genius. The loftiest genius is creative. It adds to the sum of human happiness. It touches into music the chords of the soul of man, and, with fingers of fire, in letters of light, writes deep upon the human consciousness the impress of a thought divine and deathless. Such is the genius of Shakespeare, Mozart, Plato, Whitman, Shelley, Beethoven. These are the beacon lights, the suns of the universe of thought. After them and on a lower plane come the men whose light shines not for humanity, but as a dark lantern to light their individual steps to power. Of such was Talleyrand. He was not the highest type of man. No! very far from that. Many a stately head was laid on the hard pillow of the guillotine which even, lying lowly there, was loftier than his. Many a heroic soul passed from that tragic stage weary and willing into the shadowland far more exalted than he. For this is the pathos of history, that they who sow so rarely reap. They lead the forlorn hope. They scale the heights, they conquer but they die, and, when they fall, in rush the birds of prey, the vampires and vultures of history, the Napoleons, Talleyrands, Fouches, and seize the spoils so dearly bought. But when these men die they die, while the grave of a Rousseau, a Voltaire, or a Danton is the portico to immortality and their coffin a triumphal car that passes down the aisles of many ages, well welcomed and well loved.

ETHELBERT F. H. CROSS.

* * *

To an Old Ledger.

Closed art thou, Book; no more my pen of steel
Will figures trace upon thy fading leaf.
A year thou wert my favoured friend; I feel
Thou madest the longest hours of life seem brief.
The thoughts which filled my soul and made my brain
Leap in response to some mysterious call,
And then rebound heavy with torturing pain,
In figures on thy page I wrote them all.
Each mark I know; I can the import tell
Of every figure on each page's face;
I, forming these, saw heaven; these, compassed hell;
These, felt the limits of my present place.
O Book! upon thy pages there does lie
A tragic tale in language clear to me,
A thousand hopes were born, alas! to die,
Within my soul while I bent over thee.
I had no Shakespeare's gift of language pure,
No Tennysonian tongue had I to tell
The story of my soul which shall endure,
And so I wrote in signs I knew full well.
If thou art opened, Book, in some far day,
These simple figures, which my sad eye sees,
Some soul, since born, will read, and, reading, say,
"Those figures are immortal tragedies."

Cairo Vignettes: The Pyramids.

A FINE January Sunday afternoon—a cloudless sky, and a high soft breeze.

The broad terrace of the Mena House is crowded with the notabilities, the beauty and fashion of Cairo. At that table in the corner under the bright colored Soudanese awning the General's beautiful young wife is having tea with a party of choice spirits. The latest importations in Parisian toilette, as well as the most correct riding costumes, male and female, are to be seen there.

A group of German princelings holds possession, with much loud Teutonic mirth, of another corner. The women of the party are as addicted to many-colored streaming gauze veils, as their less princely compatriots.

Smart dog-carts and tandems dash up the slope to the steps. The coach came out full two hours ago. A band is playing. Waiters rush about with the energy of despair. There is not an empty chair or table to be had.

But where do the Pyramids come in? Oh, the Pyramids are over yonder. Up that slope of sand and broken ground, their grey bulk rises apparently so close that you could touch them and yet it is a bit of a walk up that winding road to the height they crown. Cairo society is far too busy with its tea-drinking and gossip and flirtation to take any interest in the Pyramids, but if, turning your back on the gay scene, you drew up a chair to the terrace edge, you will find plenty of interest in even this aspect of them. Like all grand masses without detail they are slow to impress one's fancy. They require effect to help them—the misty haze of the wonderful Egyptian night, or the strange gloom of a khamsin day, when the sun glowers majestically above the drifting desert sands.

To-day, in the bright mid-day light, the details of their broken steps are not seen; but if you look attentively, you will see the dark hole in the centre that marks the entrance of the nearest stone and half-way up, do you see those white specks moving so quickly around two, three brown ones. The white swarm are Arabs, and the three brown ones, tourists who have made the ascent, and are now coming down. Every moment their figures grow more distinct. See that Arab against the sky line as he jumps from one great step to another. It is half an hour before the party appears at the hotel steps, flushed and triumphant after a final struggle with the Arabs, to imbibe whiskeys and sodas and tea.

As the afternoon goes on there are every moment parties returning on camels and donkeys from the tour of the three pyramids and from the hollow where the Sphinx, Abu'l-hol, "the Father of Terror," hides its face from the profanities of the present.

From no distant point can you catch a glimpse of that grim figure. You must ride right to the edge of the hollow made in the sands that perpetually drift around it, and the vision of Harmachis, perched high upon the desert slope and gazing over the green plain towards the river of life, must remain a vision. The Sphinx is a disappointment. In its patched up, desultory condition it is hard to realize its wonder as well nigh the oldest survival of man's handiwork; and the noisy Arabs, the broken hillocks around it, do not assist in the realization.

Well, whether disappointed or not, the tourists flock back to the hotel, and great is the saddling and bridling and calling of carriages that ensues. With toot of horn, and jingle of harness, the coach sweeps up, takes its freight, and dashes off down the long straight, acacia-shaded road that leads Cairo-wards. The noisiest hour of the day is over—the sun is shining near the edge of the desert hills—let us take a stroll.

Along the garden terrace, past the dainty Moorish court of the villa hotel, past the out-buildings, round the steep slope of a barren hill, and one is alone in the desert.

The hotel with its Cairo gay folk, its band, its waiters, its noisy Arabs might be miles, centuries away. There is nothing around one save soft brown desert curves, deep velvety purple where in the shadow they meet the gold of the western sky, every shade from orange to russet red over there in the valley where the light strikes down a cleft.

Down into the plain that brown stretches into bluish distance where it joins the misty green of the palm tree. There is no flash of light from the hidden river, but beyond, is that a star low in the sky or is it the light on the citadel, the citadel where England holds the key of the future? There

is the present, and the future; but turn towards the hidden sunset. See above the dark hillside those dark wedges of stone, only two from this point, shadowed against the primrose tinted there is the past. The past that was old when Abraham wandered here a stranger, when Joseph ruled under the Hyksos kings, when Moses was a priest of Heliopolis.

A turn of the path has hid the valley, and the light of the distant city. It is the past alone that lives; the past, and over all the palpitating sky with all its magic manifold tinting, a fitting funeral canopy over the dead kingdoms and centuries, a canopy now studded with the first few stars.

* * *

The New Year.

New year, thou little tract of time,
An acre in life's humble farm,
An unexplored ascent to climb,
Replete with good or full of harm :

Or dull and dreary like some years
That palled by likeness to the past,
Crowning no hopes, and leaving fears
Immovable as in the last :

What art thou unto me, that I,
The fiftieth time, thy name should praise,
Save that some hope of treasure lie
Amid thine undiscovered ways?

The past is ours, its good and ill,
Its flowers and dust our feet have trod :
The scenes the coming year that fill,
Whate'er they be, are known to God :

To God, whose beauty tints the flower,
And gilds the gaudy beetle's wing,
And laves with greenery the bower
Wherein the birds His music sing :

To God so rich, so wise, so great,
So good, the coming year belongs.
Ah, well I know he can create
For me a year of joyous songs.

His Son, who found gold in the tide,
And turned the water into wine,
The barley loaves that multiplied,
And many thousands called to dine.

Is Lord and King o'er earth and sea.
Naught can His royal word withstand,
Can make this year that is to be
For me a year of Fairy-land.

As great as God, in whom I trust,
So great my expectations are ;
My ship of hope he floats, but just,
How near, I know not, nor how far.

For He and I are not alone
On this wide world of ill and good,
Else bread had never turned to stone,
And that bread had been angels' food.

As Daniel waited three long weeks,
Ere came the answer to his prayer,
Because amid the cloudly peaks,
That float in firmament of air,

The unseen prince, whom evil hour
Made potent over Persia's land,
Was vested with Satanic power
Even God's angel to withstand ;

So, agencies to me unknown,
On earth below, in air above,
May wreak their malice to postpone
The message of my Father's love.

The Father suffers still, as did
His Son, in righting this world's wrong ;
Great is the honour, should he bid
Me also suffer and be strong.

To all that comes thus reconciled,
The future holds for me no fear ;
I hear a voice that calls " My child,
Thy Father sends a glad New Year ! "

J. CAWDORE BELL.

* * *

Lord Randolph Churchill has been a bigger gainer under the recent eccentric will of Miss Raine than was at first imagined. It is now believed that the property in the parish of Wolvercot bequeathed to him "in recognition of his commanding political genius" is of the value of about £70,000.

Paris Letter.

THERE was nothing of the unexpected in the death of M. de Lesseps. For four years past his life has been but a continued doze. Yet the parting of the shattered links is not the less affecting. The most extraordinary circumstance connected with his death is that no where was the suggestion made to pass the sponge over the Panama shade of his glory, and accord him a public funeral. It must then be concluded that the private, that is to say, the unofficial funeral, responds to the feeling of the nation. And perhaps it is better thus. The Suez Canal Company are in their role, sending delegates to the obsequies; the Panama Company that was, could hardly be expected to follow suit. The career of M. de Lesseps exemplifies the wisdom of calling no man happy till he be dead. His biography is so well-known that no necessity exists to repeat the oft-told tale, save to keep a few kernel facts of that career before the foot-lights. He was a man of indomitable energy and perseverance. His first achievement was, when a young attaché in the Foreign office, to ride from Paris to Marseilles, without halting, to overtake the mail boat with supplementary despatches. He played a fearless role during the insurrection of Barcelona, where he was Consul. Sufficient credit has never been given to him for his independence, when, as Consul in Rome, he protested against the French Republic bombarding that of the Eternal City under Garibaldi. He escaped from being dismissed only by the skin of his teeth. He retired on half-pay to his little estate, and it was there he ruminated on the project of wedding the Mediterranean and the Red Seas.

He carried the project to a successful issue, not by the originality of the idea, which was as old as the—desert; not by surmounting engineering difficulties for there were none, and he was only a diplomatist, not a professional engineer, but by a dogged habit of pegging away; a Guzman state of spirit, that knew no obstacles, and an unflinching belief in his work. He was no sentimentalist; indulged in no romance about his star of destiny, etc.; he concluded his Suez scheme to be feasible, and the world never doubted that, if accomplished, it would be profitable. Then he called up the capital, not from capitalists, but from the humble purses who find in their Suez prosperity a set off for their Panama losses. Three days after the gala inauguration of Suez, November 1869, he married his second wife, being then 64 years of age; and his ninth child was born when he was 80. All his babies received a geographical name. It is a pity the French do not clear their heads of some legends about the opposition of England to the Suez Canal. Professional opinion was as divided on the project, as much in France as in England. Only Lord Palmerston's policy of hostility is remembered. He never denied the feasibility of constructing the canal. He viewed its success would be a political triumph and preponderance for France in the Mediterranean necessitating a larger naval force for Britain on that lake, with ultimately the certainty of an Anglo-Saxon occupation of Egypt. His Lordship's forecast was right; only he did not predict that it was British shipping—representing four-fifths of all the transit—would make the canal a pecuniary success, and that Britain would become the owner—a capital national bargain—of the moiety of the shares. As to Panama, the curtain has been long since rung down upon that monetary tragedy, and the hot-bed of corruption it engendered in high, as well as in low latitudes. One milliard and a half of francs, chiefly the frugalities of the humble French, disappeared as if in an earthquake gulping it down. The logic here of M. de Lesseps was: "I made a Canal at Suez, hence, I can make a Canal anywhere," he forget to add, wind and weather permitting. History will class him among its meteoric men. In the fortunes he lost, he included his own—he never enriched himself.

A happy calm is succeeding the diplomatic fluttering, caused by the success of that Grand Ambassador, the Prince of Wales, with the Czar. The French are recovering rapidly from the surprise caused by the union of hearts between the British and the Russians. They will join that fraternity in due course; leave it to themselves. The Germans having clumsily shown their spite, and observing that it produced neither consternation nor effect, are putting water into their wine. Thus all political stormy petrels, and the anglers in troubled waters, had for their base of growling, and fee, fow, fumism, only the stereotyped belief of the classic antagonism

between the Lord of the Land and the Mistress of the Sea. France once in that swim all will go well. The new French Ambassador, Baron de Courcel, will be an assiduous labourer in the Vineyard for both England and France cultivating better relations. Strange, individually, the French and English like each other; but both are more or less thin skinned when national peculiarities are joked or exploited. Let both people turn over the new leaf, and find in each other what is excellent and appreciable. Neither nation can expect to change the idiosyncracies of the other. To commence this betterment, let not the French say, as they did at Fontenoy, "Gentlemen, *Anglais*, commence you the first." Let both begin the betterment campaign of common-sense relations simultaneously. Let them ever remain rivals, but never enemies; rivals of the no-surrender character in works of intelligence, civilizing industries, and human advance. Let them crack international jokes without malice aforethought; have neither gush nor sentiment, but kind manliness and studied mutual esteem. No bitter railleries, no violent invectives, no misstatements, no imaginary charges. Let both people join the quest for the Holy Grail; they will be certain to find it when marching hand in hand; and having found it, let them jointly guard and treasure it. The Holy Synod of Moscow will bestow its benediction on that guest and rest.

The French journals that sent special correspondents to the seat of war in the far east, commence to send home letters. A French traveller is ever worthy of being read in what he writes. One correspondent puts the origin and the significance of the Japanese action to the omnipotent influence of public opinion which left the Mikado only one course to adopt—fight the Celestials. For over twenty years the Japanese have felt belittled in being treated by the Western Powers as an uncivilized nation, undeserving of equality in diplomatic standing and treatment. They set to work, Europeanised their institutions, and then demanded a revision of all the go-cart treaties as evidence of their *renaissance*. The Japs were only too happy to treat all foreigners in their empire on the same footing of common law as their own subjects. England has been the first to recognize the new birth. But one nation was to be excepted, the Chinese. Accord them that favour, and in a very short time they would inundate and swamp Japan. The remedy? Being fully up to date in modern war, and having studied all the weaknesses in the Chinese armour, they regarded and concluded China to be a *quantité négligeable*. Instead of dealing with the Korea as a Tonkin, and so waste their soldiers and their money, they resolved to strike down the Chinese navy, capture Port Arthur, and they mean to break the back of the Son of Heaven, by occupying Peking, and there dictating the conditions of peace. So far their bill of work has been realized. It remains now to be seen, will the coming winter prove an 1812 for the Japs?

Monseigneur d'Hulst is the Rector of the Catholic University, of Paris, and also a deputy. In politics he is a Royalist, but he does not quite represent the views of the Vatican, since the Holy Father has had already to rap him over the knuckles on account of his bad theology and worse politics, for Leo XIII. is an ethical Republican. In a recent debate in the Chamber, Monseigneur exclaimed, "Give us"—that is the Church—"the benefit of common law, and we will be willing to abandon the annual endowment for the clergy," a grant amounting to 54 million francs, just the cost of two iron clads. The Radicals and the advanced Republicans seized the ball at the bound; that solution of the separation of Church from State is just what they desire, it is their own "Christian Socialism." The public has run away with the idea that the separation of Church and State is now a reality. Not a bit of it; it is just where it was, and where it will remain for many a long day. The Republic cannot fight the Church and the latter is a necessity for her foreign politics. Called upon to be precise in his words, Monseigneur has hedged. He lays down first of all that his opinion is subject to approval by the Pope. Once bitten, twice shy, he thinks it probable that if the clergy were allowed to accept legacies and own property; if the concordat were abolished and the Church permitted to nominate its bishops independent of governmental approval; and, lastly, if the annual endowment was capitalized for a round sum, in three per cent. stock,—then the Church might be separated from the State. But that's the Irishman's reciprocity, all on one side.

The Minister of War has acted well in prosecuting the leading ironmongery establishment in Paris for fraud, in supplying drinking utensils, in tin, to the ambulance. The

manufactured articles did not come up to model. They were refused, and so marked with an "R" by the War Stores department. The metal was thin, and lumps of solder were deposited to bring the utensil up to weight. The order was to be re-executed. The "new" articles were delivered; they were simply the old vessels; the "R" had been obliterated, the lumps of solder extracted, but to secure the weight, a false bottom was made, leaving the intervening space to become a perfect breeding ground for bacteria, and so poison the sick soldiers. Apart from the question of humanity, the indictment has an exceptional importance, as it enters into the press scandals, the accusation being that to hush up the matter 100,000 francs was promised to be given, a charge yet to be corroborated. Z.

* * *
To "B. D."

(*Vide* last issue of THE WEEK).

Sir, your argument is rather clever,
But I think a little bit pedantic.
Also, does pronunciation ever
Vary on this side of the Atlantic?

From my rhyme I do not like to budge;
There's no word pronounced in English 'clearer-r.'
Has the ugly Scotch and Irish smudge
Some folks call Canadian, made your ear err?

CRITIC.

* * *
Glimpses at Things.

WHY is not utility more studied in ornaments, as a secondary consideration to beauty? Might not quill pens, for instance, with their feathery ends artistically dyed, be tastefully arranged in ladies' hats, so as to form fair substitutes for the feathers of singing birds, with some chance of their coming in handy besides? Might not people in cold and changeable climates wear small thermometers on their fur caps, which might warn them when to doff their furs, or to go home for more wrappers, or to cover their horses with extra care, when standing? These thermometrical appendages might be made prettier than the shaving-brushes(?) that crown the bushies of hussars and gunners, and quite as pretty and more useful than cockades.

It is a pity that those who named certain institutions after classical or foreign personages did not caution the people of the locality in advance against mispronouncing the names, for a mispronunciation once grown popular is hard to correct. The names of two large musical societies in New York (the Orpheus and the Arion) are, or were, pretty generally mispronounced there, the former being treated as a trisyllable and the "i" in the latter being wrongly shortened. I have just found to my surprise, that Webster's "International Dictionary" sanctions the trisyllabic mispronunciation of Orpheus as an alternative pronunciation. The name was a word of only two syllables in Latin as well as in the original Greek, the last syllable making an exact rhyme with our noun "use." The mispronunciation is common in Canada also.

Once upon a time the Eyes asserted the beauty of the Mouth, but the Nose denied it. The Eyes judged by appearance alone; the Nose was prejudiced by its too close proximity and its sensitive sense of smell. By tacit consent they referred the decision to the Voice. "The Eyes have it, of course," equivocally answered the minion of the vocal organs; "although there are certain Features about the Mouth, or not far from it, that cannot exactly be termed beautiful." The Nose turned up in contempt of the referee's decision and snorted with indignation at the inuendo that accompanied it; and both its chambers voted unanimously never again to agree to a partial umpire.

Like Principal Grant I should be sorry to see football dying out. As duelling and prize-fighting have been made illegal, and as fox-hunting is likely to be prohibited for its cruelty, exciting games, with a spice of danger, serve to keep up the pluck and the spirit of fair play that distinguish Anglo-Saxon youths. To control one's most violent motions and emotions by the rules of the game is an excellent discipline, and to attain it a few accidents and losses of temper

may not be too dear a price. But there are too many accidents and losses of temper in football as it is played, especially in the United States. The game, as Lord Aberdeen virtually observed to the Yale students, should be mended but not ended. Reforms in the rules might be hit upon which would make the game more open and the scrimmages less frequent. Besides this, it would be desirable if the public would enthuse a little less. Immense and demonstrative crowds of spectators create a tension in the players that is dangerous to self-control. Straining to earn the applause of their partizans and to display their manly strength and courage before the fair sex, some young men lose their heads and half-unconsciously do deeds of apparent brutality. The "berserker-rage" of a viking or a ghazi is not a bad thing in a fight; but no young man who is liable to the complaint should be invited to play football for his college before an audience of twenty thousand people.

I think it was in 1887, at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, that Senator Sherman was rash enough to prophecy that in ten years Canada would be represented either at Westminster or Washington. It is still possible, however, that the Dominion may express itself before the close of 1897 in favour of representation (with its necessary adjuncts) in Congress or the Imperial Parliament. Senator Gallinger's unconventional, though not impolite, invitation to Canada, may possibly suggest to some British member of Parliament to introduce a somewhat similar resolution, offering full partnership in the Empire to Canada and the other great Colonies. Some such offer is very likely to be made if Home Rule should ever be given to Ireland, Scotland and England; and this may possibly take place before 1897. The parliament at Westminster being then a purely Imperial Legislature, and being relieved of most of its present business, would be better prepared to receive Colonial representatives. And the autonomous realms of Ireland and Scotland being represented in the Imperial Parliament, and contributing to the Imperial establishments, would bring into bolder relief the fact that other realms of the Empire, equally great and equally autonomous, were not so represented and did not so contribute. Justice, manliness, security and education demand that Canada should soon cease to be a subordinate and become either a co-ordinate or an independent state; and I should therefore like to see her deciding, earnestly but peacefully, between the rival invitations of her mother and her cousins, whether these invitations be formally or informally made, or whether they be expressed or merely understood.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

* * *
Correspondence.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS: A REJOINDER.
To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I could heartily wish that the converse—not controversy—in the columns of THE WEEK, in so far as a correspondent is concerned, were in abler hands than mine; but I have learnt to do what I can in any path, however difficult, upon which circumstances have constrained me to enter; therefore both editor and reader will bear with me in further discussing the question of religious instruction in the Common Schools. I am not concerned about laying down a "boundary line between ethics and religion," or engaging in a "quarrel about a name," further than to make clear some practical principles; and, since editor and correspondent are one in strongly insisting upon "the necessity of distinct and positive ethical teaching in the schools" equally deploring "the utter lack of anything like definite moral teaching under the present system," there is a common ground on which to stand. Are we here to part company; or can we still further agree as to how this lack is to be supplied? I fear that just here is the little rift within the lute that breaks the harmony. THE WEEK has "distinctly referred to the great moral law which the founder of Christianity quoted as the sum of his system on its manward side." Why "on the manward side?" The founder of Christianity based the manward side of his system upon the prior teaching of a "Father which seeth in secret," without which the manward side is but a shadow over vacuity. And here methinks we touch upon the border land of definition: "these two commandments," of which the first and great one is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy

soul, and with all thy mind ;" is religion, from which the ethical flows, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is Christian ethics, or religion, or both, whichever you will, and the latter is impossible either in education or practice without the former; the two are one and this is what I mean by religious education in our schools.

I fully agree with the position that "genuine education demands the development of the intelligence," I differ *loto coelum* from the statement that "nothing less than a certificate of theological qualification granted by the education department after searching examination could guarantee the teacher's fitness to answer" such a question as "a child of active mind" would ask as to the meaning of either the first and great commandment or the sublimely simple Lord's Prayer. A sympathetic loving heart would readily unfold to the child all that the child would need to know regarding the Father in heaven; the theology of an examination paper would mystify and perplex. Moreover the position proves too much; must the ghost scene in Hamlet be eliminated from our school editions of Shakespeare, or Ariel from the Tempest unless we are prepared to require as a requisite in teaching a child of active mind a theological degree in a paper on purgatory, or a pass in a department of angelology? Let us step out from our sectarianisms which are as cowardly in this connection as capital proverbially is. We need not be afraid, for we cannot go far wrong if we allow Jesus of Nazareth to be our exponent and guide as to what we should teach, and how, to our children; as Dr. Martineau writes in a letter now before me on this subject: "If anywhere the central essence of the religion (our common Christianity) is to be seen, clear of all extraneous admixtures, it will surely be in the primary utterances of Jesus Christ Himself, whether heard in His public teaching, or overheard in His solitary prayers. At this fountain head we are in contact with the personal religion of Christ Himself, with that conscious relation of His humanity to God which reveals to us our own; and we are not yet entangled in the theories about Christ, whence all later divergencies sprang."

I am fully conscious of reiteration in this letter, but so thoroughly have religion and "ism" been held as practically identical that "line upon line" becomes necessary if the question before us is to be brought to a restful issue. We need to clearly distinguish between the teaching of Jesus and the teaching about Him. I pleaded for the former in our schools with all the earnestness of which I am capable; the latter I am content to keep for other occasions. The teaching about Christ is full of controversy, the teachings of the founder of Christianity are so simple that readily they enter into a child's mind and heart; and "among the things more often missed by the wise and prudent than by the trustful child is the secret sense of a living God who sees him in the dark and knows the thoughts he fain would hide."

May I say in conclusion, that the judging of a teacher's qualification to teach mainly by examination papers from a department is one of the banes of our present system; character is as essential in a school as the knowledge of the multiplication table. What we need is not a host of automatic Normal schoolites, but a band of living men and women. I am thankful to say we have such in many cases which even our mechanical grinds have not spoiled—whose very presence is an inspiration, and whose teaching brightens both heart and head.

JOHN BURTON.

Gravenhurst.

(We thank Mr. Burton for his valuable letter. Our space is too limited to permit of further discussion.—ED. WEEK.)

* * *

Herr Whitman, the publisher, of Berlin, says *The Echo*, has issued a curious account of how the libretto of Rossini's "William Tell" has from time to time been changed for political reasons on the Continent. At the Royal Opera, Berlin, in 1830, for example, the title "William Tell" was altered to "Andreas Hofer," the hero of the Tyrolese insurrection against the French and Bavarian, who was shot at Mantua in 1810, while the tyrant Gressler was, of course, replaced by a French general. In Russia the piece was, some sixty years ago, rechristened "Charles the Bold," and instead of William Tell another hero was invented, called *Rodolphe Doppelguggelo*. It may be added, Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" has, in Italy and elsewhere, suffered similar alterations, for both religious and political objects.

Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, I wonder much what lies for thee
Beyond the rose-blown hedge that hands of love
Build round the garden of thy youth. Above,
Divinely lovely, thou droop'st over me.

Down falling into mine thine eyes' soft light—
Those eyes into whose depths of golden wine
Men look, and, evermore, have dreams divine,
Falling on mine as eyes that have no sight.

And, ah! methinks they have no sight for me,—
Scenes none but youth e'er saw dim all beside;
Garlands of amaranth, fabrics glory-dyed,
Ships, fortune-filled, sailing a stormless sea.

I saw such once, myself, when for me flew
In evening's skies the flags of morn; or ere
Time and tears dimmed mine eyes. I'm thinking, dear,
I saw them later than most women do.

But these are creatures of young hearts and hopes;
Real life holds little of such splendor. So
I wonder what it holds for thee, while slow
Beneath my hand its way a tear-drop gropes.

Yet why, Sweetheart? When, whether night or light,
One walks with thee whose wounded hands and brow
Attest His wondrous love,—the hapless slough
From whose sad depths He lifted me,—His might.

In solitary place or crowded mart,
Fair land, or stormy sea, what reck's, while so
Beside thee walks God's Son. Come weal, come woe,
Come life, come death,—all's well for thee, Sweetheart!

M. JEAN TRENHOLM.
(Owen Simpson.)

Hantsport, Nova Scotia.

* * *

Library Table.

Letters Addressed to a College Friend. By John Ruskin (New York: Macmillan & Co. London: George Allen 1894).—When Ruskin writes all the world is prepared to read—or at least to be strictly within our rights we might say—the lettered world. As it is scarcely reasonable now to expect many more additions to the noble work of this distinguished writer and art critic, one need not be surprised that any available material that can be culled from his literary *impedimento* should receive publication and revive our interest in its remarkable author. The letters included in this volume were written to a college friend during the years 1840-45: Some from Rome, Naples, Venice, others from places in England, and a few with no mention of either locality or date. Vigor of thought and expression, keenness of insight and observation, delicacy of perception and artistic enthusiasm are impressed upon the reader, with a charm of diction and grace of style, none the less evident, though untrammelled by the restraints of formal composition. One is delighted to find an old favorite thus fully appreciated. "Seriously, I admire George Herbert above everything, and shall learn 'The Church Porch' by heart as soon as I have time." The splendor of Italian art failed to diminish, even so far ago as '40, the love which the young English art student bore for the magic and mystery of Turner. "He is," said he, "the epitome of all art, the concentration of all powers; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for that he cannot do better than the most celebrated. He seems to have seen everything, remember everything, spiritualized everything in the visible world; there is nothing he has not done, nothing that he dares not do; when he dies there will be more of nature and her mysteries forgotten in one sob than will be learnt again by the eyes of a generation." This is extravagant—ecstatic, if you will—but loyal and beautiful nevertheless. Here is our Englishman again, but in quite another vein: "As for Ancient Rome, it is a nasty, rubbishy, dirty hole—I hate it. If it were all new, and set up again at Birmingham, not a soul would care two-pence for it." Different, however, is the impression made by Venice: "I have found nothing in all Italy comparable to Venice. It is insulted by a comparison with any other city of earth or water. I cried all night last time I left it, and I was sorry enough this time, though, of course, I have lost the childish delight in the mere splashing of the oar and gliding of the gondola, which assisted other and higher impressions." In another letter we have a view of the mission of art: "The object of all art is not to inform, but to sug-

gest, not to add to the knowledge, but to kindle the imagination. He is the best poet who can, by the fewest words, touch the greatest number of secret chords of thought in his reader's own mind, and set them to work in their own way." Again, the assimilating process in artistic study is indicated in a paragraph: "I have been ten years learning to understand Turner—I shall be as many more before I can understand Raphael; but I can feel it a little in all first-rate works. The Apollo never strikes at first, nor the Venus; but hour by hour and day by day the mystery of its beauty flushes like life into the limbs as you gaze; and you are drawn back and back for ever—to see more—to feel that you know less." But we must cease to rob the reader of the pleasure of following such fine thought and exquisite fancy in its own proper sequence and content. Let then this last quotation from a letter to a clerical friend suffice: "It is quite as wrong and as far from anything like real humility to underrate as to overrate ourselves, and to say, when you are working very hard in the noblest of all professions, that you are hiding your talents under a bushel is not giving God credit nor honour for the grace he has given you."

My Lattice and other Poems. By Frederick George Scott. (Toronto: William Briggs. 1894.)—The list of Canadian authors is now a very considerable one, especially the list of poets. "How they warble," says an American reviewer, and proposed that a net be thrown out and they be all annexed. The fact, however, remains that the Canadian poets are taking high rank, and, we might indeed say, that it is to the North of the St. Lawrence that all eyes are turned in expectancy. Among the younger Canadian writers Frederick Scott deservedly holds a place. We already know him by his volume, "The Soul's Quest and other Poems," and his story "Elton Hazlewood." His latest volume contains many good pieces, some very admirable work, and some exquisite sonnets. The opening poem "My Lattice" gives the title to the book and is a beautiful dream-journey of the universe. "Samson," the next poem, has something Prometheus-like in its rebellious strains and ends up with a very fitting prayer from the captive giant. The last three stanzas run:

Give me splendour in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath
Creeping down my blood like slime
Till it wastes me in my prime.

Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power,
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint.

"In Via Mortis," an Avernian dream, reminds one in the closing stanza of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. "Thor" is the story of the fall of the Thundergod under the spell of the Moonlady, his enthrallment and consequent self-rescue under the spur of Balder's admonishings. The moral of the poem is:

Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lip,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip;
But a poison that lurketh within.

"The Frenzy of Prometheus" is an ambitious attempt showing that the author is alive to the problems of life, but so many poets of the first rank of all countries have treated the subject that it has become very difficult of treatment. On the whole it is a very creditable bit of work. Another poem and that a very fine one, "Dion," celebrates the Syracusan philosopher, a contemporary of Dionysius the Second.

Among his sonnets, which are all good, the ones which appealed most to the reviewer are "Columbus" and the first one of the three headed "A Cypress Wreath." The latter gem we quote:

Death met a little child beside the sea;
The child was ruddy and his face was fair,
His heart was gladdened with the keen, salt air,
Full of the young waves' laughter and their glee.
Then death stooped down and kissed him, saying; "Thee,
My child, will I give summers rare and bright,
And flowers, and morns with never noon or night,
Or clouds to darken, if thou'lt come with me."
Then the child gladly gave his little hand,
And walked with Death along the shining sand,

And prattled gaily, full of hope, and smiled
As a white mist curled round him on the shore
And hid the land and sea for evermore—
Death hath no terrors for a little child.

Quite a number of the poems in the volume are on religious subjects. Among these "Van Elsen," "The Everlasting Father," "Le Judice" and "Calvary" are worthy of mention.

It has not been the reviewers purpose to give a table of contents of the volume and the reader will doubtless find other pieces as worthy of mention as those cited. What must strike every reader is the honesty of purpose, sober judgment and high ideals which animate the author. To us it seems that there is good stuff in the work which gives promise of better in the future. There are some slight faults in diction and versification that can easily be corrected in the author's next work.

More Memories. By Dean Hole. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. 1894.)—When the author of this cheery book lectured in Toronto some weeks ago the serious-minded folks who gathered together in a great multitude to listen to his discourse were more or less shocked by his bubbling good humour and high spirits when treating of so grave a subject as the Church of England. They wept with shame when the merry Dean cracked little jokes about long-winded divines and other solemn and heavy things. They wanted a sermon, and because the Dean did not preach they thought him frivolous, and were offended by his joyousness and hearty life. This amused the venerable gentleman very much, and he cracked yet more jokes and waxed exceeding merry. His irrepressible wit and humour overshadowed his graver claims upon his audience; and the probability is that he will never now take quite his rightful place among Toronto Churchmen—that is unless they read this winning volume of "More Memories," and its predecessor "Memories." The fact is that even when he is laughing the Dean has more often had a serious purpose than not—serious enough to satisfy even Toronto the Good. There is much more in him and his books than mere jocosity. There is a strong element of what is very much nobler and higher. One cannot read his "Memories" without being impressed by the earnestness and sincerity of the man, by his magnanimous and reticent strength, by his large and generous philosophy of life. He is entirely without any taint of artificial saintliness, which perhaps accounts for the severity of some of his critics. With us a clergyman who talks and acts like an ordinary human being is looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion. So the poor man is forced to attempt to live up to the people's conception of what he should be, which is something quite impossible, being neither human nor yet quite divine. In the old world there is more liberty for the parson, and he and his people are much the better and happier and more rational for it. This larger freedom is noticeable all through the Dean's writings. And how interesting is all that he has to say! Our space will not permit us to give proofs of this. We can but commend "More Memories" most heartily to all our readers, and express the hope that the book will have a wide circulation in Canada. There is only one thing that we Canadians need more than books like this, and that is men like the good and generous big-hearted Dean Hole.

The Poetical Works of Robert Browning. Vol. xvii. "Asolando." Biographical and Historical Notes to the Poems. (New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.)—It would be hazardous to say that an edition in seventeen volumes will remain the standard edition of Browning's works, but this edition deserves such an honour. The volumes are handy and beautifully printed. The *Ring and the Book*, e. g., fills three of the volumes. The present volume, which is the last, contains *Asolando* which was published just before its author died. The balance of this volume is made up of notes, Biographical and Historical. They have been prepared with skill and care. Suppose in reading *Paracelsus* the reader wishes to know who the poet *Aprile* is, he turns up *Aprile* in the notes and finds:—*Aprile* (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 53), the Italian poet (not historical), who represents the Renaissance spirit in its emotional aspect as *Paracelsus* represents the scientific spirit. They were "halves of one dis severed world." Such a note is perfect. It tells the reader just what he wants to know and in two lines gives a penetrating interpretation of a noble poem.

Browning requires such notes to explain his numerous and often out-of-the-way historical allusions almost as much as the Roman poet Horace. In fact, such a glossary is a necessity, for Browning makes as heavy demands on his reader's knowledge as upon his intelligence. In order to make this edition perfect we would suggest to the publishers that one more volume be added, compiled from the numerous handbooks which have appeared during the last few years; perhaps arrangements could be made for making Arthur Symon's Introduction (Cassell & Co.) the basis of the work. It is one of the best possible books of the kind, and no doubt for such a purpose it might be considerably improved. Such a handbook clears up many of the obscurities which perplex so many of Browning's readers, who, while they feel they are in strong hands, are conscious that a little help would very much deepen that conviction. The volume before us contains a general index and also an index to the first lines of the shorter poems. The publishers are to be congratulated on the completion of this undertaking. It is the best edition of the works of one of the greatest English poets.

Olaf the Glorious. By Robert Leighton. (London: Blackie and Son. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.)—Though we do our best in these modern days to teach our boys that war is barbarous and inhuman, the military instinct is still strong in the unregenerate heart of every lad who is not destined to be altogether useless. The pomp and pride and circumstance of glorious war appeal to him with a force against which the training of gentle mothers and the logic of the shorter catechism struggle in vain. Various practical manifestations attest the truth of this at a very early stage, and when seemingly the civilizing influences should have begun in earnest, that is, when the boy has learned to read, the use to which he puts his new accomplishment is but another proof of the innate nature of this kind of total depravity. Any story of fighting delights him; and the more terrible the fight, the more pleased is he. To such readers, Robert Leighton's story of the Horse King, Olaf the Glorious, who was one of those who invaded our own England in the days of the "redeless" King Ethelred, will be captivating in the extreme, for it is a story full of fighting from beginning to end. The perils of Olaf's childhood, when driven, with his mother, from his heritage by the wiles of a wicked woman, he became a thrall, the wonderful tissue of events by which he became first a great viking and afterwards King of Norway, his invasion of England along with Sweyn of Denmark, his many battles with fearful foes, form the subject matter of the story. The end is tragic, for in a last great sea fight, Olaf is defeated, and, scorning to be taken prisoner, leaps into the sea. But the young grew old and the world went on and never again did King Olaf the Glorious come back to his realm in Norway.

Mental Diseases. A Synopsis of Twelve Lectures. By Daniel Clark, M.D. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1894. Price \$1.25.)—There can be no question as to the importance of the subject here treated by Dr. Daniel Clark, the Medical Superintendent of the hospital for the insane in Toronto; nor will there be any question on the part of the careful and qualified reader as to the great ability shown in these lectures. We believe there is no doubt that insanity is on the increase in these later days, and more especially on this side of the Atlantic. The case may not be quite as bad in Canada as in the United States. We do not live at quite such high pressure as our neighbors, and we have the good as well as the evil of this difference. But mental disease is all too common among ourselves. Now, among other advances made in medical treatment, there is this, that a much more careful diagnosis is being made of the different forms and origins of diseases, whereby a more scientific treatment of them is made possible. And there can be no doubt at all that cases of insanity are, in these days, treated more humanely and more reasonably than in the days of our fathers. The eminence of Dr. Clark in this department is well known and has been abundantly recognized, and the work before us will add greatly to his reputation. Every aspect of the subject is considered at sufficient length physically, psychologically, intellectually and morally. It would be difficult to find a form of insanity or half insanity or spurious insanity that is not here treated. The book is, of course, chiefly for the use of medical men; but there is not much of its valuable contents which an educated layman will fail to understand.

U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region. J. W. Powell in charge. *Contributions to North American Ethnology.* Vol. IX. Dakota Grammar, Texts and Ethnography. By Stephen Return Riggs, edited by James Owen Dorsey. (Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893).—That eminent Indian missionary, Dr. Riggs, died in 1883, leaving several valuable manuscripts behind him. Some of these have been already published in this series of ethnological documents, but the Dakota Grammar is a desideratum long felt by missionaries and ethnographers. The work of this quarto of 240 pages has been admirably done both by the original author and by his no less accomplished editor. One can now study the Dakota dialects as easily as his Latin or German grammar and find in them a field of philological research as pleasing and instructive as that furnished by any of the tongues of the Old World. The service Dr. Powell has performed in bringing such works as that of Dr. Riggs into publicity can hardly be overrated.

Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. J. W. Powell, director, 1890-91. (Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894).—This second report, issued simultaneously with that for 1889-90, contains 742 folio pages, 42 plates and 344 figures or cuts. It is entirely taken up with Professor Cyrus Thomas's Report on the Mound Explorations of the Bureau of Ethnology, a most exhaustive treatise, covering the entire area of the Mound Builders from Manitoba to Florida. This is the thesaurus of the student of American prehistoric archaeology, yet Professor Thomas is not disposed to give the mounds any very venerable antiquity. He believes them to be the work of no extinct race, but of our existing stock of Indians prior to their declension in culture due to internal strife. The mounds may thus carry us a thousand years into the past. It is unfortunate that the Professor has not given attention to the mounds of Siberia and Japan, which are identical in character with those of America.

Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. J. W. Powell, director. 1889-90. (Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894).—This handsome folio of 553 pages and 250 illustrations, many of the latter full page and coloured, contains Mrs. M. C. Stevenson's account of the people of the Sia Pueblo, a very elaborate and interesting document; Mr. L. M. Turner's Ethnology of the Ungava District, which has special claims on the Canadian reader; and the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey's Study of Siouan Cults, a valuable treatise in comparative religion, mythology and folk-lore. Mrs. Stevenson is well known as a successful student of Pueblo life and antiquities, so far among the Zunis. The Rev. Owen Dorsey, as a veteran missionary among the Dakotas, has long since achieved a high reputation. Mr. Turner's name is not so familiar as the others, but his article is one of much merit.

An Ancient Quarry in Indian Territory. By William Henry Holmes. (Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894).—Nineteen octavo pages of letter press, 12 plates and 7 figures, make up this tractate on an ancient chert quarry, in the Peoria Reservation on the Missouri border. The aboriginal workshops scattered about it resemble the European ones on the Somme and contain large numbers of rejected implements, such as arrow-heads, spear-heads and scrapers, with occasional indications of an attempt at an axe or a hoe. Students who, like Mr. Boyle and his fellow-workers in the Canadian Institute, are interested in the gradual evolution of implements from the rough stone material, will find this brief record of an ancient quarry as fascinating as a novel. To the ordinary reader it will not prove such, but even to him it will have its value.

List of the Publications of the Bureau of Ethnology with Index to Authors and Subjects. By Frederick Webb Hodge. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1894).—This brochure of 25 octavo pages is a useful index or full catalogue of publications that the bookselling trade is largely ignorant of. Occasionally, on the dispersion of a scientific library, or that of a member of Congress, copies find their way to the shelves and counters of second hand dealers, but these occasions are comparatively rare. The list, however, is a guide to a valuable series of works of reference in native philology, archaeology and general ethnography.

Periodicals.

Both *Cassell's Magazine* and the *Quiver* make a good start for the new year. The letter press as well as the illustrations are attractive and of varied interest. *Cassell's* has a pretty initial toned portrait "My Lady Waits." Among its contents may be found papers from the pens of Anthony Hope and J. M. Barrie and a chat with Rev. S. Baring Gould on "Novel Writing and Novel Reading." The *Quiver* is full of good things for Sunday and general reading.

Scribner's for January gives its readers a happy start in the new year from cover to cover. Henry Wolf's "Portrait of Mrs. C," the frontispiece, is a fine piece of engraving—the first of a series of special frontispieces by American wood engravers. Robert Grant contributes a paper—also the first of a series—on the Art of Living. This instalment deals with Income. Conan Doyle's pathetic poem "A Forgotten Tale" is strikingly illustrated. George Meredith begins a new novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage" which reaches the fourth chapter. Gilbert Parker's striking story "The Going Out of the White Swan" has Labrador as its scene. Augustine Birrell, the clever English essayist, contributes a paper on good taste, a subject which Mr. Birrell can well handle. There are many other excellent papers in this most enjoyable number.

The January *Harper's Magazine* has a list of articles which appeal to all sorts and conditions of men and women—provided they can read. All kinds of taste are catered for. In illustrations the number is as strong as usual. Indeed the illustrations are the chief feature of *Harper's*. We look at them first and then turn to the "Editor's Study" to see what Mr. Warner has to say. This month he writes interestingly of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Public abuse of the Ear," and "Woman's education." What the foreigner most notices in the United States is noise, says Mr. Warner—with truth and discernment. "We are not simply pitched on a high key, nationally, but on a discordant key. Certainly we do not cultivate harmony or moderation. To begin with the 'American voice' has an unenviable reputation. It is apt to be shrill, strident, high-pitched, unmodulated. This quality adds an unnecessary aggravation to social life. It disorganizes the nerves and increases the tendency to nervous prostration—this and the other unchecked noises." Uncle Sam's shrill-voiced young men and maidens will not be pleased with Mr. Warner's frankness. Of course his remarks do not apply to the Canadian half of the American continent. Our voices are the perfection of musical pleasure—especially the school boy's. Seriously, it is very greatly to be regretted that so little care is taken about the voice in speech.

Literary and Personal.

"Keeping Christmas" by Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., which was published by Messrs. Hart & Riddell as a Christmas card—being adorned with a frontispiece by Mr. G. W. Greer, R.C.A.—was printed in *THE WEEK* two or more years ago. It is a literary gem, and deserves well the wide role it has obtained in its present attractive form.

Edward Thierry, the French poet and dramatic critic, died in France on Nov. 28th, at the age of eighty-one. His first volume of poems was published when he was twenty years of age, but he achieved higher reputation as a critic than as a poet. In 1859 he became administrator of the Comédie Française, from which position he retired in 1871.

Carl Plong, poet and patriot, statesman and journalist, died at Copenhagen on the twenty-seventh of October. When we read him twenty years ago, says a contemporary, he seemed even then one of the old-timers, and we hardly realized that he existed in the flesh. And yet he was not only living, but was destined to survive until the present year, and to the ripe age of eighty-one.

Stepniak, the Russian novelist, it is said, is at present engaged upon a new work, which he proposes to call "At the Dawn of a New Reign." The first portion will be a review of

the reign of the late Czar, dealing with the social, political and financial condition of the country, and with such subjects as the persecution of the Jews, etc. The book will conclude with a view of the situation under Nicholas II., and will deal with the probable character of the future manifestation of the Russian Revolutionary spirit.

The iron library-building, erected by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, which now contains 24,000 volumes, has received the title of St. Demetrius Theological and General Library, the name of the saint being that of the parish church. The library is to be devoted to the use of students, lay and clerical. For their use a hostelry is to be provided, where board and lodging can be obtained for twenty-five shillings per week. Many of the books, in fact most of them, are annotated by Mr. Gladstone, and in the coming years will have unusual value to students of literature, theology, and statecraft.

An exceedingly interesting series, to be published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., in England, and by Macmillan & Co., in America, is the "Social England Series," edited by Kenneth D. Cotes, M.A., Oxon. The volumes already arranged for are; (1) Introduction to the Social History of England, by the editor; (2) Chivalry, by F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eaton; (3) Troubadours and Courts of Love, by J. F. Rowbotham; (4) The Fine Arts, by Prof. G. Baldwin Brown; (5) The English Manor, by Prof. Vinogradoff; (6) Historical Sketch of the English Law Courts, by P. A. Inderwick, J. C.; (7) Evolution of Household Implements, by Henry Balfour; (8) The Pre-Elizabethan Drama: Mysteries and Miracle Plays, by Lucy Toulmin Smith. The first volume to appear will be that of Mr. Rowbotham on Troubadours and Courts of Love.

Among the unpublished memoirs of the revolution and the empire known to exist in France are the following: Those of Marshal Davoust, kept in an iron chest in the museum at Auxerre, and not to be published till 1923, a hundred years after the marshal's death; those of Palloy, who helped to tear down the Bastille, part of which are in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and part in the Musée Carnavalet; of the members of the Convention Bandot and Cassaryes. In the library at Sens is a copy of the memoirs of Fleury de Chaboulon, with marginal notes in the handwriting of Napoleon the First. The Bibliothèque Nationale contains a unique copy of the memoirs of Lareveillere Lepeaux, a member of the Directory, which was printed in 1873 by Hetyel, but the whole edition was bought up and suppressed by the family before it was published. The director was very bitter against Lazare Carnot and Bonaparte.

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Music and the Drama.

The Christmas music in our churches this year was of a good character, and special pains was spent in order to ensure worthy and excellent performances. The Jarvis St. Baptist, Metropolitan, Sherbourne St. Methodist, All Saints, St. Luke's, and several of the Roman Catholic choirs performed special music suitable to the season, as in former years, but perhaps greater care was taken in its preparation.

What a success the talented singer Nordica is having? She sang herself into the hearts of the German people at Bayreuth last summer, when she appeared as Elsa, and afterwards did the same in Berlin, Leipzig and other cities throughout Germany. In New York, where she is now singing in the Metropolitan Opera House, her success has been flattering indeed, for not only is she applauded and recalled, but is frequently sent off the stage bending with flowers. Would that New York was a little nearer, that lovers of opera from here could enjoy such a feast of operatic creations, with such splendid artists in the casts as Nordica, Plancon, Scalchi, Melba, Eames, Maurel, Tamagno, Sibyl Sanderson, and Jean De Reszke. These are some of the greatest opera singers of the present century, and New Yorkers have much to be thankful for, that Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau made it possible for them to hear such great artists all in one season.

During the enjoyable holiday week, we have been much interested in reading the letters of Franz Liszt, which have been recently published in English by the Scribners' of New York. These letters so full of wisdom, wit, and critical remarks on musical works, poetry, philosophy and other subjects, give one a wonderful insight into the character, versatility, and nobleness of the ever lamented master. Liszt would have made himself famous and great in almost anything, he was so phenomenally gifted. The whole musical world knows what he was as a pianist, composer, conductor, critic, writer—note his brilliant sparkling letters, his essays on Wagner, Field, Berlioz, and Schumann, and his poetic and keenly analytical life of Chopin—conversationalist, mimic and companion, as we learn from those who knew him, and from extensive reading. His literary talent was immense, his powers of observation remarkable, and his insight into human nature something even unusually deep for any educated man of the world. His was a long life, and it was given unselfishly too, to the noblest uses, the elevation of musical art, assisting genuine talent where ever and whenever possible, both by his purse, teaching, and by introducing new works to the public through his extraordinary playing. His nobility of disposition, as well as his fame as a composer and a pianist, will live throughout all time.

It is quite as amusing as it is ridiculous to hear, from time to time, that several of our younger and most successful musicians in this city are referred to, or spoken of in some quarters as "the boys who probably mean well, but are inexperienced." Well, it is far better to be still boys, with the benefit of years of educational training with best masters at home and abroad, who have begun their lives work with the brightest prospects, and who have already acquired something of a reputation, than to be practically old men, with years and years of a certain kind of experience, gathered from among a people musically uneducated. At least this will doubtless be the opinion of most persons who will give it a moment's consideration, we honestly believe. Experience is all well and good provided it has the right musicianly training and cultivation behind it, but in an artistic sense, looking at it squarely from the standpoint of an artist, its value diminishes very perceptibly when it doesn't rest on a firm, musically true, and maturely educated basis. This is the only kind of musical experience, according to musical history, and the lives and accomplishments of great artists, in this or any preceding century, which has been of real service to the art, however else it may have been to the individual. In educational matters experience alone will not do, the mind first must receive especial education and training.

The attention of readers is again drawn to the announcement made last week that Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English baritone, will give a song recital in the Massey Music Hall this (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock.

I spent some hours last week in rummaging through second-hand book stores, and had the satisfaction of coming across two musical volumes of considerable interest, one of which "A Ramble Among the Musicians of Germany," by Edward Holmes, published in London in 1830, and the other, "An Introduction to Music in which the Elementary parts of the science and the principles of thorough Bass and Modulation as taught by Musical Games," by Anne Gunn. Second edition, Edinburgh, 1820. These volumes have afforded me both pleasure and amusement. The former "A Ramble Among Musicians of Germany," relates the experience of the author in visiting Antwerp, Cologne, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar and Eisenach, the musical works he heard performed, and the musicians he met during his travels. The work being a second edition and published in 1830, the writer probably made his journey in 1828 or 1829, because he speaks of visiting the house in which Beethoven died, and he died in 1827. An amusing story is told of his having travelled by night in company with another musician, whom he met in a stage-coach, and he having become very sleepy reclined his head on the shoulder of a pretty

young lady who sat beside him and slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, our author and his musical friend walked a short distance to view the ruins of a Gothic Chapel in the moonlight, and he asked him if he knew the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, and he replied "I have never seen her before, but we do these things for one another in Bavaria." How kind the ladies were of that period!

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, the distinguished soprano, whose delightful singing and charming presence so captivated Toronto people when they heard her at the Musical Festival last June, will sing at the concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir on the 15th of January. No more popular concert singer is now before the public and this will probably be her only appearance in Toronto this season.

Elm St. Methodist Church has lost the services of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight. They have had charge of the choir in that church for nearly (if not over) a dozen years, and during that time have presented to the congregation music of a very exceptional order. Mrs. Blight is one of the cleverest organists we have, both as a church player and as a concert organist. Mr. Blight is well known as a splendid baritone, and is—as he has always been—very popular. They have been engaged to take charge of the choir in Bloor St. Presbyterian Church, which church may be heartily congratulated on securing their services.

In a letter we recently received from Dr. S. Jadassohn, the great composer of Leipzig, he tells us that the attendance of pupils at the Conservatorium this season is remarkable, and also that many of them have splendid talent.

The mother of the composers, Philip and Xaver Scharwenka, recently died in Berlin at the age of seventy-two. This is remindful of the fact that Paderewski has lost his father, he having died in Poland the early part of December.

Mr. James F. Thomson, baritone, late of Toronto, has been engaged by Mr. Walter Damrosch for the forthcoming season of German Opera under his direction in New York.

Friedheim, that giant among living pianists, has been playing in New York the past week with really immense success, having had thunderous applause and recalls without number. The *Musical Courier* says he is monarch of his instrument, and played on the occasion referred to with the most superb passion and impetuosity.

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Art Notes.

A life-size bronze statue of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, the gift of the Danish residents in New York and vicinity, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in Central Park, on Sunday, November 18th.

A portrait of Lady Marjorie Gordon by Mrs Wyatt Eaton, of New York, was the Christmas gift of Lady Aberdeen to her husband. Mr. Eaton has been for some time in Montreal and the portrait was painted at Sir William Van Horne's as a surprise. It is life size, of the head only, and seems to have given great satisfaction both as a portrait and as a work of art.

In a new book on Ruskin's "Influence upon Modern Thought and Life," its author calls attention to several interesting points. He claims that Ruskin "has endowed man with a new habit of mind and laid the foundations for a new class of observations midway between science and art and overlapping both. Ruskin has given us a new intellectual discipline."

Thomas Nast, the American cartoonist, it is said, has met with great success since he located in London six months ago. He has received an order for a life-size painting of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. The order comes from Mr. Herman H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago. It is Mr. Kohlsaat's intention to present this picture to the city of Galena. The presentation will take place on the occasion of Grant's birthday next April.

In the little village of Gruchy, near Cherbourg, where Jean Francois Millet was

born and grew up, still swings an old blacksmith's sign in front of the village smithy, representing a horse tied to a door. It was painted by Millet long before his "Angelus" and "Gleaners" had attracted the attention of the world to him. But now the French Government are desirous of securing it, and have made offers to purchase it that it may find a resting-place in the Museum of the Louvre.

The collections of the Brussels museum of ancient art-works has been enriched by the acquisition of one of the sketches made by Rubens for his paintings of the ceiling of Whitehall, in London. The sketch is slightly different from the panel, which is a tribute to the Government of King James. About the Whitehall paintings Rubens wrote to the French book-lover, Peiresc: "As I hold courts in horror, I have sent my work to England by messenger. My friends say that his Majesty is well pleased. Yet I have not been paid. This would surprise me if I were a novice at business."

Those who have made use of the opportunity to see Mr. Bell-Smith's picture of one of the busiest corners of our city, have no doubt been interested in it both for its technique and subject. The management of the lights—the last flush from the sky on the upper parts of the houses, the points of electric lights and the mellow gas seen through the twilight of the streets with their fading perspective—is skilful, and the composition and grouping, to which a very pleasing opportunity has been given, leaves nothing to be desired. One might find fault with the drawing or movement of some of the figures, perhaps, but the whole is a most effective piece of realism. Mr. Bell-Smith has left for Halifax, to be present at the funeral of the late premier, and we suppose to make sketches for future use.

A movement is being set on foot for starting what it is hoped will prove to be, the nucleus for a permanent collection of pictures and works of art in Toronto. As the first step towards this, the purchase of a picture by Mr. Carl Ahrens, "After Rain," has been spoken of. Any one who visited the last exhibition of the Palette Club will remember the work, which shows a great deal of sentiment and is by far the finest thing Mr. Ahrens has produced. One who has seen much art at home and abroad said that to him it very strongly suggested Millet in its treatment and subject. Mr. Ahrens is a Canadian artist, whose art education has been altogether acquired in his native land, and whose subjects are chosen from the life and surroundings of the people about him, and rendered with a keen appreciation of the poetry of every day life.

Mr. E. A. Abbey is now exhibiting a collection of his illustrations of Shakespeare at Keppel's gallery, New York, of which *Public Opinion* speaks as follows: The reproductions seldom do justice to the beauty of line or of color in his work, which is always so delicate that much is necessarily lost in reduction. The pictures shown are illustrations to Shakespeare's comedies, and are mostly in pen-and-ink, but occasionally in crayon or in gouache. The scenes of the shipwreck and of the banquet in "The Tempest" are, in the latter, medium. The most remarkable of the drawings in pen-and-ink are the entry of the prince of Morocco in "The Merchant of Venice," and the scene between Olivia and Viola in her Turkish dress in "Twelfth Night." Mr. Abbey's imagination is essentially dramatic. He must have several, or, at least, two figures to dispose of, and he tells his story more by composition than by the expressiveness of any single figure. Indeed, his figure-drawing is often at fault, and his best qualities are precisely those which the engravers cannot render—exquisite grace of line and richness of color.

Our readers, says a New York exchange, who have doubtless not failed to recognize the high artistic merit of the posters which proclaim the appearance of the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine*, will perhaps be surprised to learn that the highly colored sheets are eagerly sought for by collectors not only in America, but in Europe as well, for the collection of posters is the reigning "fad" of the day. In comparison with other collecting fads, this latest development of the disease has many healthy symptoms, among which the

beautification of our streets is not the least. The new impulse given to art is also gratifying. Long life to the "fad." By the way, it is not so easy to get the *Harper* and *Century* posters as one might suppose. The July *Harper's* is almost as rare as an Elzevir. One man, to our certain knowledge, has tramped the New York streets for several weeks buttonholing every newsdealer he met—yet still lacks the poster of that month. Another friend, entering the *Century* office and asking for the Napoleon poster, was surprised to learn that the supply was completely exhausted, and that the company was preparing to issue a second edition of it.

Readings from Current Literature.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

We are in the habit of paying our lawyer without dispute; in fact, he often has the money in his own hands, and we can only remonstrate. We pay, half the time on a sort of compulsion of shame, the minister's salary, and feel as if it were a species of Peter's pence, and gave us admission to the gates beyond.

We often make the minister presents, too, recognizing the help his strong hand gave us when we went down into dark waters with those we loved, or the need we shall have of that hand when we come to cross those waters ourselves; and often in our wills we leave him some sum of money, some remembrance, be the same more or less. We pay our tradespeople as promptly as we can, not liking to let the grocer's bill stand, seeing the wisdom of settling one bill at the dressmaker's before beginning another; and for most of our pleasures we pay out of hand—the ticket at the door, as it were. But when it comes to paying the doctor we think twice. We did not think twice when we called him; we never staid to consider whether we were going to be able to meet his bill or not; we wanted him; we had him. Perhaps it was in the dead of night, perhaps in the middle of a howling storm that he came, at no matter what inconvenience or discomfort to himself. He entered the door like a messenger from heaven, with healing in his hands; he brought us help and surcease of pain; he restored us to life; and he did it all in such friendly wise that we never thought of money, and if we had thought of it should have considered no money could reward him sufficiently.

But by-and-by, when his bill is rendered, we are well, and have been for some time. We forget all that period of illness, the fever and restlessness and pain, the coming on of the darkness of night with a sort of vague horror that sound of the doctor's voice, sight of his face, dissipated, the comfort that he gave us, the way in which we hung upon his words, the way in which we thought of him then. We think of him now with a difference. The bill—this charge is exorbitant, that is unreasonable, the other is outrageous; we don't know if we will pay it; certainly not without a protest; and we delay about it, and speak of it to him, and settle it, at last, after some abatement and grudgingly, and send him no remembrance, and do not put down his name in our will.

Yet for every item in that bill the doctor has spent what is equivalent to his life-blood. His simplest advice would be worth nothing to us if it were not backed by years of hard study, by hours in the dissecting-room, by all sorts of disgust encountered and overcome, by long practice and familiarity with painful sights, by perpetually keeping up with all the last surmises, ideas, experiments, discoveries, by exposure in all weather, by sleepless nights and bitter experience. Hard work, unflinching interest, faithful endeavor, the lifting from us of all responsibility, wisdom, knowledge, skill—we have all this, and we quarrel with the bill! He came to us when the child was at its last gasp, and we felt a new strength come with him; he staid with us till the child was safe, fearing no contagion, sparing no fatigue, forgetting his own home and ease, and acting like one of the forces of providence. It would seem as if, were there gratitude in human hearts, this were its fit occasion; and it is really marvellous that we can any more think of questioning the doctor's fee than of quarrelling with a divine decree.

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Public Opinion.

Victoria Colonist: The establishment of a mining bureau in this Province we find meets with the approval of mining men, both here and in the United States. It is universally believed that British Columbia needs such an institution, and that when it is established it will do a very great deal towards developing the mineral resources of the Province.

Quebec Chronicle: Several directors and officers of the almost ruined banks in Newfoundland have been arrested, and will be compelled to undergo their trials on various charges. These charges include, false written statements, false returns to the shareholders, embezzlement, and the fraudulent taking of money. Bail has been fixed at twenty thousand dollars in each case. Much excitement prevails over the matter, and some extraordinary developments are expected.

Ottawa Citizen: Lord Brassey thinks Canada should have representation in a reformed House of Lords. Canada has no Lords, and does not want any. We have chosen democracy and equality, and prefer that a public man should stand, like Disraeli, on his head rather than that he should stand on his title. But if the House is reformed so that Canadians may take seats there without acquiring hereditary honours foreign to the genius of this country, so much the better.

Hamilton Herald: While there has been no official announcement, yet the impression is general that there will be another session of parliament before a general election is called on. The best proof that this is the programme is the fact that there is to be a bye-election in Cumberland over the Hon. A. R. Dickey's appointment as Secretary of State. With an immediate general election in contemplation, the bye-election would be unnecessary. Mackenzie Bowell evidently wants to get a better idea of where he is at before pressing the button.

St. John Gazette: The new year marks a period in the life of the world, in history and in our own lives. We mark the progress or decadence of things by the years. We speak of the old years but those which we regard as such were the young, the green and the inexperienced. The new year brings us thoughts of the time when the morning stars sang together; of the time when the shepherds watched their flocks by night; of the days of Alfred and Elizabeth, and of Columbus with his caravels sailing away into an unknown sea in search of a new world. Then the seasons followed each other as now, children were born, grew to be old and died, just as they come and go away in these later days, but under what strangely changed conditions do they live and die.

Montreal Star: Toronto is apparently deeply stirred by the revelations made of aldermanic unfaithfulness and is casting about eagerly for means to prevent a repetition of the scandal. One feature, however, of the evidence elicited that must strike those unacquainted with civic politics as at once strange and full of danger, is the business-like way in which persons, having dealings with the city, set about the bribing of aldermen. At critical times the air seemed to be full of money. Aldermen were met in bar-rooms and offered money; they were seen in private houses and offered money; friends were sent to them with offers of money; hints rained upon them from all quarters that "there was money" in voting this way or that; attempts were made to reach them through their families; and confidential clerks deposed that even they were offered money. This picture of the mad way in which the aldermen were pelted with money is not drawn with a view to presenting these aldermen themselves as persecuted innocents. But this readiness of business concerns to bribe is a phase of the civic corruption problem that should not be lost sight of, for it is pretty good evidence that where there are aldermen who will take a bribe, there will be money for them to take.

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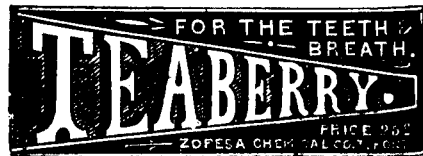
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The Shaker religion, which had its origin among the Mud Bay Indians, of Thurston county, Wash., is rapidly spreading in Washington. It differs from the Shaker belief common in other sections of the country. It forbids the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors of every kind, and has worked wonders among the Thurston and Chehalis county Indians, who, previous to its introduction, were not noted for either morality or sobriety. —Evening Post.

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Scientific and Sanitary.

Serum for the treatment of diphtheria has been obtained so far in France from old hack horses. The French government now proposes to give the Pasteur Institute the first choice in the selection of horses condemned as no longer fit for the French cavalry service. It takes from six to eighteen months to prepare a horse to furnish the serum used in the latest cure for diphtheria.

A London firm engaged in the transportation of Jews from Russia to American countries has made a report that between January and October of this year the number transported was nearly a quarter of a million, the majority of whom obtained pecuniary assistance from funds raised in their behalf. The country which most of them favoured was the United States.—*New York Sun.*

The shark, much as the sailors may hate it, furnishes many valuable products. An oil obtained from its liver vies in medicinal qualities with that obtained from the liver of the cod; its skin, when dried, takes the hardness and polish of mother of pearl, and is used by jewelers for fancy objects, by binders for making shagreen, and by cabinet-maker for polishing wood; while the Chinese pickle its fins and think them one of the greatest delicacies beneath the sun.

A French watchmaker, living in Geneva, Switzerland, has invented a watch which speaks, instead of striking, the hours and quarters. It is provided with a tiny phonograph. The engraved lines which actuate the needle and make the instrument say "It is 1 o'clock," "It is a quarter past 1," and so on, are arranged in circles, one inside of another, on a flat disk, and the works shift the needle from one line to the next, and rotate the disk once for each quarter of an hour.

If a can of milk is placed near an open vessel containing turpentine, the smell of turpentine is soon communicated to the milk. The same result occurs as regards tobacco, paraffin, assafoetida, camphor and many other strong smelling substances. Milk should also be kept at a distance from every volatile substance, and milk which has stood in sick chambers should never be drunk. The power of milk to disguise the taste of drugs—as potassium iodide, opium, salicylate, etc.—is well known.

We hear that a new material, composed of coir fiber, which is obtained from the husk of the cocoanut mixed with bitumen, is about to be introduced into this country for road paving. When formed into blocks and laid on a road-way it forms a surface which is said to possess all the advantages of wood and asphalt, with none of the objections of those materials. It is wholly impervious to moisture, gives a sure foothold for horses, is very durable, is, moreover, very cheap and the old material can be utilized again and again for making new blocks.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.,
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Miscellaneous.

Captain Von Henneken, the German officer who has been given prominent command over the remnants of the Chinese navy, was recently decorated. He has been *aide-de-camp* to Li Hung Chang, and for twenty-five years in the Chinese service.

The simultaneous presence of four generations—represented by the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and the latter's baby son—at Windsor, the other day, is a fact unique in the history of the English monarchy.—*New York Herald*.

Parisian stamp collectors have been discussing whether the English stamp of 1840, called the Rowland Hill stamp, is really the oldest in existence, and the conclusion arrived at is opposed to this view. They claim that the first French stamp dates from nearly two centuries earlier.—*London Daily News*.

The stenographers of the United States who write the system of shorthand invented by the late Andrew J. Graham are preparing to erect a memorial to his memory, for which several hundred dollars have already been subscribed. Contributions to the fund may be forwarded to Mr. Ellinwood, chairman of the committee, No. 199 Montague street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sportsmen who have never seen a moose," says the *Louiston (Me.) Journal*, "will be interested in the dimensions of one recently killed near the Ebeeme Lakes in Northern Maine. The animal measured 7 feet high at the shoulders and his body was 9 feet long. The measurement from his nose to his hind feet was 15 feet. The spread of his horns was 4 feet and 4 inches."

Sir Henry Wrixow, of Victoria, Australia, who is now studying the labour problem in this country, paid the following tribute to the United States Supreme Court the other day: "We recognize the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions in the world. Its decisions command the greatest respect in every English court."—*New York Advertiser*.

MR. W. A. REID, Jefferson Street, Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:

"I consider Acetocera to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

It is announced that the Tehuantepec Railroad has been completed. Although an enterprise purely Mexican, this new route, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, will be of considerable benefit to Americans, since the distance by sea between the two coasts of the United States will be lessened by nearly 3,000 miles, and at least one freight handling by way of Panama will be avoided. Starting from the Bay of Campeachy the new railroad runs through a rich valley for a distance of 130 miles, and emerges on the Pacific Coast at the Gulf of Tehuantepec, tapping on the way several large and important cities of the Republic of Mexico.—*Bradstreet's*.

* * *

A Miller's Story.

HE WAS GIVEN JUST ONE MONTH TO LIVE.

First Attacked with Inflammatory Rheumatism, and Then Stricken with Paralysis—Hope Abandoned and He Longed for Death to Release Him from Suffering—At Last He Found a Cure and Relates His Wonderful Recovery.

Sherbrooke Gazette.

The benefits arising from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are well known to the *Gazette*. It is a frequent occurrence that people come into the office and state that they have been restored to health by their use. It occasionally happens that extraordinary instances of their curative powers come to our notice, and one of these was related to us recently, so astonishing in its nature that we felt the closest investigation was required in order to thoroughly test the accuracy of the statements made to us. We devoted the nec-

essary time for that purpose, and can vouch for the reliability of the following facts, wonderfully passing belief as they may appear:

There are few men more widely known in this section than Mr. A. T. Hopkins, of Johnville, Que. Previous to his removal to Johnville, Mr. Hopkins resided at Windsor Mills and was for three years a member of the municipal council of that place. When a young man Mr. Hopkins was noted for his strength and his activity as a wrestler. His strength stands him in good stead for he works hard at his business, carrying heavy sacks of flour in his mill for many hours during the day and frequently far into the night. Active as he is, and strong as he is, there was a time not long distant when he was as helpless as an infant and suffered intolerable agony. About three years ago, while residing at Windsor Mills, he was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. It grew worse and worse until, in spite of medical advice and prescriptions, after a year's illness he had a stroke of paralysis. His right arm and leg became quite useless. Sores broke out on both legs. He suffered excruciating agony, and had rest neither day nor night. He sought the best medical advice that could be obtained, but no hopes were held out to him by the physicians. "He will certainly die within a month," one well-known practitioner told his friends. "He will be a cripple for life," said two other doctors. It is no wonder that, as he says, life became a burden to him and he longed for death to relieve him from his sufferings. This was in August, 1892. About October of that year he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and, as a forlorn hope, determined to try them. He did so, and before long was able to take outdoor exercise. He persevered with the treatment, closely following the directions, and is to-day nearly as strong as when a young man, and is able to follow successfully and without difficulty the laborious calling by which he gets a living.

Such was the wonderful story told the *Gazette* by Mr. Hopkins, who attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he is willing to satisfy any person who may call on him as to their wonderful effects.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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First Wife: Why isn't your husband at work? Second Wife: He has read in the *Union Howl* that he ought to strike. First Wife: I am thankful mine can't read, and so he does not see why he should strike.

Johnny Green, at school, was asked by his teacher: "If I gave you three cakes, and your mother gave you four, and your aunt gave you five, how many cakes would you have?" "Huh!" said Johnny, "I guess I should have enough!"

"Pa, is generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his father. "Yes, my son, as a rule," was the answer. "Then why does artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill three miles away looking at the battle through an opera glass?"

"Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N. Peck, "that about half the pictures in the photographers' windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to a photographer as soon as the knot is tied?" "I expect the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. N. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant."

A long, loose-jointed pilgrim, in a faded brown hat and venerable overcoat, strayed into one of the parks the other day where a hotly contested game of foot-ball was in progress. He watched the game for some time in silence, and at last asked a bystander: "What d'ye reckon that thing they're fightin' for is wuth?" "About two dollars and a half, perhaps," replied the man to whom he had spoken. "They're a pack o' durn fools!" exclaimed the pilgrim, stalking away in disgust.

At an excited political meeting lately a Mr. Hay was called upon to move a resolution. This gentleman did not suit the tastes of the noisy ones, and they drowned his voice with their tumult. The chairman vainly tried to restore order; at last, getting exasperated, he shouted at the top of his voice; "I have only one word to say. Will you hear Mr. Hay?" "No!" yelled the disturbers. "Then all I have to say is, this is the first instance on record of jackasses refusing hay!"

"There is practically no limit to the speed that can be attained on a railroad," said Edison in a recent interview. "It is wrong to assume that there is. The only limit there could be would be the point at which the engine and cars break up or fly to pieces. I think that great speed will finally be attained, and it will be when we are able to obtain electricity direct from coal. The discovery of a way of converting coal directly into electricity will be the turning-point of all our methods of propulsion."

Harry had just begun to go to school, and was very proud of what he learned. One day he thought he'd show his father how much he knew, and asked him at dinner: "Papa, how many chickens are there on that dish?" "Two, my boy," said papa. "I thought you knew how to count?" "You're wrong," said Harry. "There are three. That's one, that's two, and two and one make three." "Very well," said his father, "your mother may have one for her dinner, I'll take the other and you can have the third."

REV. P. C. HEADLEY, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect, one part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also an excellent internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT PER ANNUM

has this day been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the half-year ending 31st December, 1894, and that the same will be payable at the Office of the Company.

No. 78 Church St., Toronto,

on and after 2nd January prox. The transfer books will be closed from 16th to 31st December, inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
Manager.

Toronto, December 13th, 1894.

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Reserve Fund 659,550

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