

THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eleventh Year.
Vol. XI, No 27.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JUNE 1st, 1894

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CURRENT TOPICS.

The unexpectedly large majorities by which the Rosebery Government has been so far sustained on the Budget, changes to some extent the whole aspect of the political situation in Great Britain. Should the same success follow in regard to the other measures of the programme which are to come close upon the heels of the Budget, the result may be to relegate the much-talked-of dissolution to an indefinite future. Evidently the recent speeches of the Premier and other Radical leaders have not been without effect. Perhaps the most significant thing about these majorities is the practical reminder they give that the ranks of the Opposition are filled with recruits scarcely less heterogeneous than those who make up a considerable part of the Government following. The Liberal-Unionists are evidently as far from being a unit either with the Conservatives, or by themselves, as is the party composed of Radicals, Anti-

Parnellites, Parnellites, and Welshmen. Lord Rosebery's firm words with regard to Home-Rule and the necessity for reforming the House of Lords may have had something to do with the improvement of his prospects. Whatever the cause, the position of the Ministry is materially strengthened, for the moment at least. Of course another turn may at any instant be given to the kaleidoscope, and a new phase of the situation appear. But there is some reason to believe that the critical moment has passed, and that the Opposition having failed in its attack upon the most vulnerable point, the Government programme may yet be carried through.

Alexander of Serbia is probably preparing to give to history another illustration of the way in which the gods deal with kings whom they wish to destroy. Whatever temporary success may attend the coup which has fallen so suddenly that it has paralyzed his opponents and driven many of their leaders into exile, it is improbable that a people so strongly impregnated with radicalism as the Servians, will long submit to be dragged backwards towards absolutism. Had the step been taken with the sympathy and approval of Russia, as a movement in that direction would have been likely to be under other circumstances, the forces arrayed against self-government might have proved too strong to be resisted. But as this attempt is made not only without Russia's approval, but at the instigation of ex King Milan, the evil genius of Alexander and of Serbia, who is specially obnoxious to the Czar, it must lack even this element of stability. It is impossible, of course, at this distance, with our comparatively scant knowledge of the real state of feeling among the masses toward Alexander, and with only the fragmentary cable reports to cast light upon the situation, to speak with any confidence of what is likely to happen, but it will be surprising if so high-handed a manœuvre can meet with more than a temporary success. Everything depends, for the present, no doubt, upon the degree of reliance the King may be able to place in the army, after he has weeded out those officers whose personal loyalty he suspects; but as these seem to be numerous, even they will form a formidable element in the case of revolt against his usurpation.

There is no more pressing practical question for learned discussion at the present juncture in the world's history than that

of the application of sound ethical principles to the solution of the labour problem, and all the social and economic perplexities which spring from, or are closely connected with that problem. It was, therefore, a happy and worthy thought which led to the establishment in the United States two or three years ago, of the School of Applied Ethics, for the thoughtful discussion of such questions. A recent announcement shows that the enterprise has met with at least sufficient success to warrant its continuance. Its third summer session is to be held this year at Plymouth, Mass., beginning on the twelfth of July and continuing for five weeks. The Executive Committee of the School is composed of Professor Felix Adler, of New York; Professor C. H. Adams, of the University of Michigan, and Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard University, each of them distinguished as a specialist in this line of investigation. In the long list of lectures we note the names of many of the best known thinkers and writers on economic and ethical questions in the United States. The subjects to be discussed are among the most interesting, and at the same time the most intensely practical that can occupy the human mind. It can hardly be otherwise than that some immediate good may result from the concentration of so many powerful minds upon these difficult topics, while, if the school can succeed in attracting a large number of students and setting their thoughts to working along these lines, the future good to society and the nation may become incalculable.

It is, we think, to be regretted that Mr. Coatsworth's Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals is so little likely to be reached this session. The necessity for more effectual work along this line is too often apparent. There is, in this intensely practical age, a disposition on the part of many to regard any unusual effort or enthusiasm in this direction as the offspring of a morbid sentimentalism. It is not sufficiently considered that the repression, as far as possible, of all manifestations of cruelty to the lower animals is more desirable for the sake of the human being than even for that of the suffering and usually defenceless animal. The educative effect of such repression in the name of the law, is salutary. Cruelty is no doubt more often the effect of thoughtlessness than of deliberate fiendishness. Nevertheless the gentle poet spoke as a philosopher when he said that there is no vice which shoots more rapidly into luxurious growth if unrestrained. We have no

doubt that if the connection between habitual cruelty to animals and those fiendish atrocities committed upon the persons of wives and children or other defenceless human beings which so often shock communities, could be traced, we should discover that the practice of the one often paved the way to the other. Again, cruelty, by universal consent, tends to cowardice. It is well-nigh impossible to conceive of the habitually cruel man as brave or generous, or as in fact possessed of any really noble trait. For these and other reasons which will readily suggest themselves, it is evident that those who succeed in lessening the facilities for the development of those tendencies to cruelty which seem so often to be inbred if not inborn, are really benefactors to society and the nation.

Probably no better method for promoting Canadian immigration of the right kind could be found than that whose first results we have before us in the shape of a bundle of pamphlets containing the reports of fifteen English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh tenant-farmers, who visited the Dominion in 1893. Canada's greatest need is population of the right kind. By general if not universal consent, the very best kind of immigration for the development of our resources is that of skilled, industrious farmers, with sufficient capital to enable them to work and wait until they have had time to reap the rewards of industry from the fine farming lands of the older provinces, or the rich virgin soil of the great prairies. It is in the nature of things that no other information will have so much weight with such farmers as that derived from the personal observations of men of their own class, in whose honesty and practical knowledge they have implicit confidence. The testimony of such witnesses will be accepted, where the flaming advertisements and lectures of paid agents will be received with distrust or dismissed without consideration. Reasoning in this way, we reach the conclusion that the reports now before us can hardly fail to be productive of substantial and permanent results. They are written in a sober, straight-forward style, evidently with a pre-determination to naught extenuate and naught exaggerate. Testimony of this kind, generally but not uniformly or extravagantly favourable, will have much more effect with staid and sensible men than any amount of patriotic gush or interested enthusiasm. We do not know how far any immediate effects are discernible, but we shall be disappointed if year by year the outcome of these temperate and able pamphlets from unprejudiced and disinterested sources is not realized in a considerable and very desirable addition to our farming population.

It is not a little remarkable that while other educational questions are somewhat

prominent in the political discussion which is just now so rife in the Province, that of religious instruction in the schools has not, so far as we have observed, been even mooted. It is well known that very many of our best citizens are very far from satisfied with the virtually negative solution of the problem which is all that has as yet been reached. In the abstract, it seems marvelously inconsistent that, in a country in which a large majority of the population believe that they are in possession not merely of the best, but of the only divinely revealed system of religion, and that on practical and personal obedience to its precepts depend the most vital interests of their children and their fellow-citizens, through all the future, no effective means are employed to have the youth of the country instructed in the principles and laws of this religion. The silence of the leaders of both political parties upon the subject may fairly be taken, we suppose, to indicate that they, and the people to whom they look for support, are agreed as to the impracticability of having such instruction given in the state schools. This impracticability is, we must fain admit, capable of demonstration on various grounds, above all from the impossibility of authorizing any Government either to define the essentials of religious instruction, or to apply the requisite tests to determine the fitness of teachers to impart those essentials. But that the impracticability of doing a thing deemed so vitally necessary, in a certain way, should be accepted as conclusive against attempting to do it at all, on any comprehensive scale, seems to indicate an easy-going despair by no means in keeping with the conviction that this particular branch of instruction is really far more important to the well-being of the nation than any other, or all others combined. It cannot be that the subject will be allowed to rest in its present condition, and it is well that thoughtful men should continue to discuss it.

The miners' strike in the United States bids fair, at the time of this writing, to develop into something approaching the dimensions of a civil war. Any armed resistance to State or National authorities will no doubt be speedily put down with a strong hand. But apart from any such criminal folly as is said to be threatened on the part of the strikers, there is surely enough in the disastrous effects which are being wrought by the strike to call the attention of all intelligent citizens to the very unsatisfactory nature of the existing arrangements for extracting the buried treasures of the earth for the use of the people, whose industries, business enterprises, means of transportation, and, in thousands of cases, their very means of subsistence, depend upon their ability to procure these buried treasures when wanted. As the *Outlook* puts it, "Our economic methods have suffered these coal treasures to pass into the hands of a small number of men,

who have not created them, and whose chief, if not sole, social right of ownership lies in the fact that they have proved themselves possessed of the skill and power to make them available for the community. They have now proved themselves unwilling or unable to do this—unable because they cannot come to terms with their men, or unwilling because limiting the production raises the price." How long ought the country to wait patiently or impatiently, while factories are stopped, railroad trains cease to run, and workmen by thousands are thrown out of employment, to allow the coal lords to go on dickering with their employees? Is it any wonder that not only socialists and other theorists, but many of the most thoughtful and practical men in all countries are beginning to question seriously whether it is not a confession of astounding national imbecility or folly to suffer these great natural sources of wealth, now become necessities of life, to pass so exclusively into the hands of a few individuals, that the whole nation must wait and suffer while they are quarrelling with their workmen over a question of wages.

The treaty just announced between Great Britain and the King of the Belgians, by which the former, in return for certain concessions on the left bank of the Nile, between Lakes Albert Edward and Tanganyika, receives a strip of territory which, it is said, makes possible a British highway through the interior of Africa from end to end, cannot fail to have an important bearing upon the future of the Dark Continent. What with the British protectorate of Zanzibar and East Africa, the recent determination to hold and rule the Uganda country, the almost simultaneous extension of the "sphere of influence" by the somewhat high-handed proceedings of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the South African Company, and this fresh acquisition of territory which connects these different sections of the Empire in Africa, one is enabled to get a new and almost startling conception of the steadiness and persistence with which the colonization policy of the successive Governments is being followed up. Lord Rosebery is well known as a staunch Imperialist. The negotiations with King Leopold, of which this treaty is the culmination, must, no doubt, antedate Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership, and probably his entrance into the Foreign Office under Mr. Gladstone's administration. It is not unlikely, however, that his position at the head of the Government may have given him a freer hand to push forward negotiations to the successful completion now announced—a completion which can hardly be without some effect upon the fortunes of the Government in the coming contest. The arrangement is certain to be very distasteful to France, and it is hotly denounced by some of the German papers. But the talk of the French newspapers about its being "impossible to permit it," is, of course, mere bluster,

as any intervention of another nation in such an arrangement would be regarded as an impertinent intrusion, not to be tolerated. Were the country in which such swaps of territory are being made any other than Africa, all the modern traditions of British diplomacy would be regarded as violated, and the conscience of the nation would be shocked. As it is, the most that can be said is that whatever the motive, the natives stand to be benefitted by every extension of British influence. The morality of the means employed must be judged on the merits, when the facts are more fully known.

The truth of the old adage, "When wine is in wit is out," was but too well illustrated for the ten-thousandth time in the tearing down of the United States flag from before the consulate at St. Thomas, on the Queen's birthday. Whether the act of childish folly was committed by one wearing the uniform of the Queen's Own, or by another, it was evidently the act of a youth either too much crazed with liquor, or too hopelessly ignorant, to be worthy of serious notice beyond what is required to teach the culprit a lesson, and convince our neighbours that Canadians know what is due to international courtesy and good feeling. But the incident should, perhaps, be used to point a moral. If there is at least a modicum of truth in another saw which we used to read in our Latin primers, *In vino veritas*, there must have been some very unneighbourly as well as unsoldierly feeling in the breast of the man or boy who was capable, even in his cups, of venting his spite upon the flag of a neighbouring country in that dastardly fashion. The readiness of the Washington authorities to take the thing at its true value, as they might well do in view of the courtesies which were almost at the same time being shown their flag in England, and by British Marines in Boston harbour, shows that Governments of both countries—for how often have similar or worse insults been offered to Great Britain, by hoodlums in the States—know well how to distinguish clearly between the deliberate sentiment and acts of the nation and the foolish prejudices of irresponsible and unregulated individuals.

The lesson suggested is the responsibility of parents, teachers, pulpit and platform orators, and all other persons in positions of authority or leadership, for the use of their influence in implanting in the breasts of young patriots those feelings of respect and toleration for people of other nations which alone are worthy of intelligent and broad-minded Canadians. Probably more wars and more of those race hatreds which are second only to actual war in their evil effects, are derived from seed sown in the minds of children than from any other source. This remark has a bearing upon the sectarian jealousies which are just now threatening mischief to the

peace and goodwill which should prevail among the citizens of different races and creeds in Canada. A little incident which came to the knowledge of the writer a few weeks since may serve to illustrate the manner in which unworthy prejudices may be implanted and grow strong even in the very homes of those who are themselves tolerant and broadminded. Certain parents in the city were shocked to discover that a bitter childish feud had sprung up between their own boys and those of a family in the vicinity, with whom they were unacquainted. On inquiring the cause of the ill-feeling against the neighbour's boys, it was found to have its origin in the fact that they were "Catholics." Children who had no clear idea even of the meaning of the term were learning to cherish an unreasoning hatred of the boys in question because they were called Catholics. The parents became convinced that the boys thus designated were really suffering a petty persecution in the school, in which they were in a small minority, because of the alleged creed of their parents. So deep-rooted had the prejudice become that the first-named parents had no little difficulty in convincing their children that their feeling of animosity was not well-grounded or even praiseworthy. We know not how common such sentiments may be in other city schools, but when the incident was told, we could not but feel that the hint it conveyed was well worth the attention of all who would deplore having their children grow up narrow-minded bigots.

THE RACES.

Considering the amount of space daily devoted by our quotidian contemporaries for the past ten days at least to the subject of the races, it would be superfluous on our part to augment their voluminous reports at this late date. After the manner of a grave hebdomadal critic, accordingly, it is THE WEEK's function merely to generalize and to moralize on the events of which the daily newspapers duly inform our readers.

It is difficult to refrain from commenting *en passant*, however, on the character of these daily reports. The enormous amount of space occupied in discussing the weather, or describing the attendance, compared with the meagre information concerning the breed, appearance, and achievements of the horses, was strikingly noticeable. However, this perhaps is none of our business, and certainly descriptions of horseflesh may be left to other columns than ours.

Perhaps the most memorable feature of the meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club which has just closed was the large number of spectators it drew, despite the extreme inclemency of the weather. Wherein consists this fascination of a horse-race? For that it is exhilarating and stimulating to a degree is undeniable: the crowds that throng to it prove this, as do the temper

and humour of the crowd when there. Probably the factors are numerous and complex. To begin with, it is fashionable to go: Royalty and vice-Royalty go, and Tom, Dick and Harry go; and nowhere perhaps have these several representatives of the "classes" and the "masses" more in common. Since it is fashionable to go, grace is done the grand stand by the fair companionship of dames and damsels in becoming attire—all of which are causes of geniality and good humour. Naturally, too, as in every throng of human beings, the sentiment which brought them together is enhanced and heightened by numbers; and when to these elements are added pleasant intercourse with friends and acquaintances on green lawns or sunny roofs, a mild spring air, and a recognition that one and all are there for a few hours' release from care and toil, an exuberance of joviality and good spirits is the result.

But this, perhaps, after all, is the superficial aspect of the philosophy of the fascination of the turf. The true object of the sight-seeing is, of course, the emulation between beautiful, powerful, and high spirited horses. Power in action is always an inspiring sight, and when the power in action is exhibited by that most beautiful of creatures, the horse, the inspiration is great indeed. Then there is the courage, the endurance, the judgment, the skill, on the part both of the racer and his rider—all potent factors of excitement.

Lastly, and perhaps chiefly, is that curiously strong fascination which anything in the shape of chance seems to have for the human mind. It is inherent, it is indelible, whether psychologists can explain it or not. The ragged street Arabs playing pitch-and-toss at the corner are evidence of it; so is progressive euchre in stately Mrs. So-and-So's drawing-room; so are fair ladies drawing crumpled and numbered scraps of paper on the badge stand. Well, at a horse-race perhaps this element of chance is seen in its acutest form; certainly nowhere else does it attain such magnitude.

In this tripartite division of causes perhaps we can begin to discover some of the principal sources of the fascination of the turf. And the three well-marked divisions of the race-ground—the stand, the track itself, and the betting-ring—seem to show that this three-fold generalization is not far wrong.

He who has never witnessed a horse-race (lives there the man?) has missed one of the most stimulating sights in life. That it is one of the best possible opportunities for the study of human nature the multitude of writers in all literatures who have at one time or another made it their theme attests. There is something unique about it; it differs from all other gatherings of men and women.

It has its admirable side too, though this is not often enough noticed. It encourages, as nothing else encourages,

the breeding of horses of the highest class—and the direct and indirect advantages of this who shall compute? It advertises and makes known to the public the best horses and the best breeders and trainers. Not least, it surely shows some the good points of a good horse.

Despite all this, there are, we all know, those who deprecate horse-racing and all its accompaniments. At bottom probably it is only the accompaniments that they deprecate; but these they are not careful to differentiate. That there are undesirable accompaniments is undeniable. But do their detractors not remember that mankind once indulged, and in other countries do still indulge, in sports infinitely more shocking and degrading than horse-racing, and this, too, simultaneously with the presence of civilization and culture—showing that the two can co-exist. Gladiatorial combats were contemporary with Seneca and Cicero; cock-fighting and bear-baiting were rife, under the courtly refinements of the reigns of the Stuarts; bull-fights any one may see to this day in Madrid. It is something, surely, then, that the people now go to races where once they went to shows truly brutal. It is an advance at all events. Some day, perhaps, the race-course will be purged of its less worthy appanage, a change which all but the bookmakers will welcome. Meanwhile let the detraction be confined to the accompaniments, not poured indiscriminately on the sport.

THE PARTIES IN ONTARIO.

We have already expressed the opinion that the friends of good government in Ontario, no matter with which party connected, or whether connected with either of the two old parties, have no ground for serious apprehension with regard to the result of the present contest. The cause of good government is pretty sure to win, whether Sir Oliver Mowat or Mr. Meredith secures the greater number of supporters. Nor even should the Patrons of Industry, the only other political organization that can have any hope of arriving at the dignity of a party, return a number of supporters sufficiently large to give it the balance of power, which is, perhaps, among the possibilities, we see no reason to dread any serious calamity. The platform of the Patrons contains some excellent planks, and, so far as we are aware, there is nothing especially dangerous or revolutionary in any of its principles or aims. It is, on the other hand, very desirable that the farmers of the country should have a more effective voice in both legislation and administration than they have hitherto had. The representatives whom they may bring to the front will be to some extent unknown, or untried, and time will be required for them to demonstrate their ability. But in so far as they represent the true interests of this most important part of our population, even though

their entrance into public life marks the waning power of the old party names and cries, their influence upon the future of the Province can hardly be other than good.

For the present, however, the main contest undoubtedly will be between the nominees of the two old parties. The relation of THE WEEK to all parties, whether in Dominion or Provincial politics, is one of complete independence. But independence does not necessarily imply neutrality. Hence, were we able to discern any broad distinctions, whether in principle or in policy, between the rival candidates for office, we should not hesitate to do what we could to assure the triumph of those ideas which we believed to be for the good of the country. Holding the view we have expressed with regard to the present struggle, we cannot do better than to lay the claims of the two parties as impartially as we may be able before our readers, and leave the matter there.

Rev. Principal Grant caused some excitement in political circles throughout the Province last week by a characteristically frank statement and summary of the claims of Sir Oliver and Mr. Meredith, respectively, as he sees them. As his pronouncement was strongly in favor of the continuance of the present Government in power, it has naturally met with warm approval in certain quarters and equally pronounced disapproval in others. Having given his reasons for his opinions, it is of course open to everyone to consider them. Those who dissent may either show that his analysis of the facts was wrong or misleading, or that, accepting his facts, his conclusions were unwarranted. When some go farther and seek to cast ridicule or abuse upon Dr. Grant, for his free expression of opinion, they put themselves, we think, in the wrong. The fact that the speaker is a Christian minister and the principal of a college should not, certainly, preclude him from taking an interest in everything which relates to the well-being of the people. It would, we are persuaded, be well for the country should more of those men of high intelligence who occupy positions of influence in the churches, take an active interest in public questions and express their matured conclusions upon proper occasions, recognizing, of course, the fact that such conclusions are entitled to carry weight only in proportion to the cogency of the facts and arguments upon which they are based. If the congregations have not yet reached the point at which such freedom of opinion and discussion can be tolerated on the part of their leaders, it is to be hoped that that good time may shortly come. The country certainly needs the help of its good citizens of all classes in securing the best possible administration of its affairs.

But all this is by the way. It is interesting and may be useful to recall some of the chief points of Principal Grant's analysis and balancing of the merits and demerits

of the Government and the Opposition. It is even possible that some may accept his premises and reject his conclusion.

First, and in the opinion of Principal Grant—an opinion with which all good citizens of every class must agree—most important, Sir Oliver Mowat's Administration has been honest and economical in the management of the finances of the Province. This, taken, as we suppose it is intended to be, as a general and comparative statement, will be challenged by few. The Opposition could hardly take a more untenable position than when they attempt to convict the present Government of dishonest or reckless squandering of the public funds. It will not, however, we fancy, be claimed, even by the strongest admirer of the Premier, that he has, in appointments to office, bestowal of contracts, etc., reached an ideal standard either of economy or of impartiality. Supporters have been favored and loyal followers rewarded with exceptional fidelity; and it would be easy to show that such fidelity is incompatible with the strictest economy, or the most scrupulous conscientiousness, in the stewardship of the public funds. But, as compared with what has notoriously taken place under the Ottawa Administration and under that of some other of the Provincial Governments, during the last ten or fifteen years, Sir Oliver's has certainly been exceptionally honest and exceptionally economical. And above all, as we have said, it is required, in the case of stewards, that a man be found faithful.

In the second place, Sir Oliver has in various ways proved himself thoroughly loyal to the Empire. As no one, so far as we are aware, has cast suspicion on the loyalty of Mr. Meredith, Sir Oliver's rival for the premiership, the scales seem to be balanced in this respect.

Sir Oliver's fairness to minorities is given as a third chief claim to support. This virtue, again, can be urged in his favor only by comparison. He has but now cancelled the exceptional treatment of Toronto, from which his party has been deriving advantage for some years past. Though the charge of gerrymandering, so vehemently made by his opponents, in respect to the last re-arrangement of the rural constituencies, is perhaps capable of but partial proof, if it can be proved at all, his own admission that, when two arrangements are possible, either of which seems in itself fair to both parties, he can see no reason why the Government should not choose the one most favorable to its own candidates, casts him again far below an ideal standard of fairness. Assuming that there might be, in a general re-arrangement, a dozen such cases, it is clear that the Government might, on Sir Oliver's principle, choose enough of those which were most favorable to itself to decide the election. Would not such a choice have the essential features of a gerrymander? It can hardly be charged that in the re-arrangements of the cities last session,

the Government took any undue advantage of its opponents. For this, as governments go in these days, it deserves much credit. Had it left the arrangement to a mixed or non-political board, and insisted on the appointment of non-political officials to carry the arrangements into effect, its claim to judicial fairness would have been without a blemish. As the matter stands, its record is not perfect, though it is, by comparison, high. Whether there would be any reason to expect that a Meredith Administration would either fall below this record, or rise near the ideal, the electors must judge. We know no good reason for either expectation.

On the other hand, Principal Grant's list of exceptions to Sir Oliver's record is frank, and possibly entitled to more weight than he seems to assign to it:

"I don't agree with the Government on all points. Their patronage is given too exclusively to their supporters. I dislike their policy of having a partizan Minister of Education, instead of an independent superintendent with a council of experts. I wonder at their refusal to do away with an expensive Government house."

The first two are certainly serious drawbacks. Whether the Opposition in power would do better in regard to the patronage may well be doubted. A party that has been so long in Opposition is naturally hungry. The clamor and pressure of supporters anxious for office would be hard to resist, and we do not recollect any very distinct pledges by their leaders in this regard. The second point will tell powerfully in behalf of the Opposition with many of the best classes of electors. A great majority of the educated and thoughtful men of the Province are, we are persuaded, heartily sick of the party system in education, and would hail the return to such a headship and management as Dr. Grant favors as a great reform. Mr. Meredith has done well in pledging himself, as we understand him to have done, to a right-about-face in this respect. Other things being deemed equal, this should gain him many votes.

There are other matters, such as the relation of the respective parties to the propagandism of religious proscription and intolerance, just now being attempted, which are worthy of special attention and investigation. There can be no doubt, we suppose, as to where the Mowat Government—all honor to it!—stands in this respect. Mr. Meredith's personal declaration on the subject, in his London address, seems also clear and emphatic. To what extent that declaration should be regarded as modified by the known attitude of some of his followers, and other circumstances, is a question on which there may be room for difference of opinion.

We are aware that this is a most unsatisfactory article. We hope it is not exactly one of those which lead nowhere, even though it does lead to no more definite conclusion than that the conditions are such that every independent elector is bound to think carefully, dismiss pre-judgments and decide advisedly; though he may at the same time console himself with the reflection that should his choice not be confirmed

by the electorate, the heavens will not fall, and he may still reasonably hope for a fairly good government.

OTTAWA LETTER.

The feature of the week has been the annual meeting of the Royal Society under the presidency of Dr. G. M. Dawson, which brought together a number of distinguished men in science and literature. Lord Aberdeen took the chair and opened the meeting on the 22nd inst., and Dr. Dawson delivered an interesting inaugural address. He described from the standpoint of an explorer and geologist the hidden resources of Canada. He showed the means taken by the Government to extend scientific research from the earliest days. He showed how the magnetic observatory in Toronto had discovered that Canada owned the magnetic pole. While other nations cannot discover it, we have got it, and should be prepared to defend it against all comers. Canada owns the North Pole and Australia the South Pole. A note should be made of this for the colonial conference.

Dr. Dawson's covered a wide range of interesting subjects which his scientific and general knowledge of Canadian territory enabled him to present to the meeting, and drew forth from His Excellency a vote of thanks tendered in well merited encomiums which was appreciated by the audience. The following days were taken up with literary contributions from leading minds.

In regard to the tariff the following public notice has been given: that, "positively the very last appearance," but judging from the past we may expect another notice of "only once more," and again, "one more night by special request." Let us hope the result will be to take the duty off coal, although, we fear, it will more likely be to put a duty upon ice, which has been forgotten, or perhaps to put a higher tax upon candidates.

Our Finance Minister has failed to realize the encouragement that was held out towards commercial friendship by the reciprocity offer introduced into the Wilson Bill by the House of Representatives at Washington, and like Senator David B. Hill, who preferred the rule of Tammany, Mr. Foster, our Finance Minister, preferred the rule of monopoly, and so the American Senate and the Canadian House of Commons were persuaded to turn their backs on one another with proud and haughty indifference to the rights of the people.

The Patrons of Industry signalled the approach of the Queen's Birthday by a picnic in the neighbouring county at Alexandria on the 22nd. The Patrons are a living factor in politics; they represent the landed interest of the country, and although in a crude state of thought and organization at present, it is a happy augury that those who represent the great landed and agricultural interests of Canada, are giving especial attention to the legislation that affects the industry that, above all others, gives stability to our institutions, simplicity to our social life, and generates that sentiment of patriotism that affords a sense of national security.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen spent a busy week in the round of their social and public duties prior to Lady Aberdeen's departure. A children's party on the grounds of Rideau Hall on the Queen's Birthday marked their sympathies

for the young people. A luncheon party to the members of the Royal Society and a State dinner on the Queen's Birthday were among their numerous hospitalities.

There has been some comment in portions of the press about the ceremonial introduced by Lord and Lady Aberdeen. Beyond a natural desire to please there has been no ceremonial which could be considered an innovation upon the past dignity with which it was considered advisable to surround the high office our Governor-General occupies as the head of the State. Every organization, be they Foresters, Odd Fellows, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, City Councils or any other of our institutions which make up the public or social life of the people sustain their dignity and command respect for their laws by the ceremony of their proceedings, and the people will respect the laws of the country in proportion to the dignity with which they are administered.

The *Evening Journal* displays half of its Saturday issue on behalf of the Ottawa and Huron canal which Mr. McLeod Stewart has made a leading issue. Competition is the life of trade:—Colonel Denison's motion to deepen the St. Lawrence canals brought down a delegation of 150 from the Midland counties on behalf of the Trent Valley canal and now the *Evening Journal* has devoted half its space to the Ottawa Valley canal to the exclusion of patent medicines. Happy release! Bringing the valuable water powers on these water ways within reach of cheap transport is the precursor of manufacturing power for world-wide distribution. With free trade, good water power and cheap transport we can show our heels to the rest of the world in the race for commercial supremacy. Mr. McLeod Stewart has applied for a charter, but as canals are public works they should remain so.

The appointment of the Earl of Jersey as a delegate from the British Government to the Colonial Conference to be held here next month, will give the Conference the benefit of his experience as to the effect of free trade upon New South Wales, where he was for some years the Governor. New South Wales has preserved the principles of British free trade in her commercial policy, and during the late financial crisis in Australia withstood the shock better than her protectionist neighbour, Victoria.

Judging from Sir Charles Tupper's utterances lately before the Imperial Institute, he differs from the Hon. David Mills in his estimate of our responsibility for Imperial defence. Sir Charles Tupper maintains that the construction of the C.P.R. and the maintenance of our Militia force fulfil our responsibility for Imperial defence. The Hon. Mr. Mills, on the contrary, maintains that it is reasonable and just that we should share with the British tax-payer a portion of the burden that it is necessary to bear in protecting our commerce. The latter appears to be the most dignified position to meet the Colonial Conference with. While we may not yet be ready to assume the financial responsibility of a regular contributor, neither the C.P.R. (which was built to fulfil the conditions of confederation) nor our Militia force can in any sense be considered a measure of the advantages gained by our imperial connection in the matter of defence on the high seas or the prestige of its power on land.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, May 28th, 1894.

OUR ORIGINALS.—II.

[From the French of B. Sulte, F.R.C.S.]

Accepting the statement as given that the Baron de Léry, the Marquis de la Roche, Cartier, Roberval, intended placing here men and women drawn from the prisons of the kingdom, it is quite natural that, reading in our journals such claims of kinship as I have cited, foreigners should arrive at a conclusion disgustingly logical and terribly to our disadvantage. I have repeatedly had occasion to deplore this unfortunate result.

What particular pleasure can we find then in saying: "Our forefathers were but few, it is true, but they belonged to the rabble." The day will come when Englishmen, learned in these things, such as Messrs. William Kirby, John Lesperance, John Reade, George Stewart, will protest against this travesty of history and ask of us why we seek to blacken ourselves!

Last year, the Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, said to me upon this subject, "I am willing to believe that, previous to 1630, the time when, according to you, the colonization of Canada began, there existed no trace of the men of Cartier, Roberval or Chauvin; but you support that view because you have not recovered these traces: they may exist." Certainly they may exist, but, at any rate, it will be among the savages, and not among us.

If adventurers took up land on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and lived there, at a date previous to the foundation of the little post of Quebec (1608) they were sure to have been absorbed in the tribes of those parts. What, therefore, of affinity can there be with our Canadian families?

If, to satisfy you, I yield that children were born of any small number of adventurers whatsoever, lost amid the forests of Canada before 1608 or 1630, these could by no means constitute the kernel of a white population. The half French blood could not fail to be lost in the subsequent alliances among the savages.

Upon what basis, therefore, do they undertake to say that we have, consequently, recovered these left-handed kinsmen? Entirely upon supposition, for there exists no proof whatever. Nothing was more resisted by the authorities, from the very beginning of the French colonies, than marriage with the aborigines of the country. On the other side, our archives are so complete that we can trace the first households as clearly as if they related events happening but yesterday. Where, then, are those half-breeds to be placed that you have created upon mere supposition?

It was because of its arguing after such a fashion that I, last year, hindered the publication of an article intended to show readers in the United States that we are descended from the convicts brought by the discoverers of the St. Lawrence.

Please heaven that I succeed now in making French-Canadian journalists understand the necessity of not writing about things they know nothing of!

Our people descend from certain men guided by Champlain before 1635, and of those afterwards brought by the seigneurs and the religious societies; but to be exact, it is necessary to say that the first colonists date only from the year 1632. All that passed before that date belongs to the history of the country—but not to the history of the French Canadians. To cite writings and documents would be very easy in this connection, but, beyond the

fact that the greater part of such testimony is well known, I perceive the inconvenience of lengthening my article to the size of a pamphlet. In the next place, as I take my stand upon the negative, that is to say, I deny the assertions relative to the dubious character of the first Canadians, it appears to me that the proof of these assertions or accusations ought to rest with those who make them.

Let it be understood that I address myself to persons already having some knowledge of history, and not to those who on every occasion require a whole library of quotations on the pretence that they know nothing whatever of the subject on which one is speaking to them.

Let us enquire first under what auspices the first parishes or manors of Lower Canada were formed. The reply is by no means difficult. Three influences which together are but one, prevailed absolutely from 1632 to 1661: the Hundred Associates, the Jesuits, the religious houses, men or women. Go back to the writings, the manuscripts, and the accounts of this period, take care to read between the lines, always comparing notes, and you will perceive that the colony was entirely under the power of these influences.

The Company of the Hundred Associates (1627-1664) proclaimed itself before all things devoted to the cause of morality. The Jesuits were always the counsellors of the Company—I was going to say their governors. These were the two heads that above all held Canada in keeping. The Ursulines and the Hospitalier of Quebec, starting with 1639, added to the weight of the religious element. The Montreal Society was, one may say, a religious organization, and scarcely anything else.

These simple reflections will suffice to show what class of colonists or settlers would be most likely to be chosen at the beginning of our settlement. If there is any occasion to find fault, it is that the religious element absorbed the situation so completely as to paralyze the efforts of the remainder of the group.

It is, then, easy to figure to ourselves what population would be attracted to our country under these conditions.

But we have better still, seeing that the history of each family speaks for itself. All our colonies, of 1633 to 1661, came on the voyage apparently in groups, and almost as many women as men, the greater part married.

Whoever is not afraid of the labour, may examine in detail all the history of this far-off period. Documents abound, and they confirm the facts.

The lords of the manor were bound by agreement to place settlers on their domains. For their own interest they chose young householders, experts in agriculture, recruited among kindred in one or two communes of France, so that they would hold together, and reproduce upon the banks of the St. Lawrence as exact a copy as possible of the manners and customs of the district whence these peasants were drawn. Thus our *habitans* arose. Is there not enough in all this to satisfy the most severe of investigators?

We have been asked if the number of women corresponded, during these thirty years, with that of the men. Calculations have been made showing that the two figures nearly approach one another. About 1650 the men were in the proportion of eight to six, or nearly so; but from 1650 to 1664 the equilibrium was re-established.

About 1664 the garrisons did not much exceed a thirtieth of the soldiers for the whole country. Colonists of an age to bear arms were a militia. When I mention these facts relative to the women and soldiers, it will be seen to what I want to call attention. Altogether we can bring up these and those combined, but a population of less than three million souls, about 1664.

The founders of the French Canadian people were a class of husbandmen, or small farmers.

They had nothing in common with adventurers and treasure seekers. Upon this point we are also as well informed as if the events had taken place but yesterday, and as if we might have watched, controlled, suffered, turned back or overlooked them ourselves.

It is useless to construct theories when the facts are known, discussed, examined, granted. Thus it was and no other. By what right then do they say: "Perhaps." There is no perhaps about it. Every point is exact. I speak strongly because I have the right to do so. The Canadian stock is clean.

From 1640 to 1664 war had raged continually around us: on the one hand, the colony could not grow very rapidly; on the other, profligates were not tempted to leave France in order to encounter the Iroquois.

Thus, then: a preponderating religious influence prevented an evil choice of colonists; and the military situation proved even less attractive to vagabonds and seekers after adventure.

The testimony of the period is unanimous in establishing the admirable moral condition of the population.

One feature which plainly shows that our first habitans were "in earnest," is, that the lands they settled upon on their arrival here, almost invariably remained in their possession. Even to-day the greater portion of them belong to their descendants. Such is not a characteristic of a people who happen to come together in a corner of the globe and having no high aim in life, found nothing.

Consult the history of the settlements throughout America, North and South, islands and continent, and you will be astonished to perceive how various the stratum of population it has required to people definitely even the best lands; at the first breath of caprice, the adventurer has taken flight. Here, they knew wherefore they left France; upon whom they could count in misfortune; and having been brought up to a country life, and not in the suburbs of towns, they pursued their career without wincing, without dreaming of mines of gold or diamonds, without failing of their duty.

A foreign writer said to me the other day, "Do not take in ill part the idea I had formed of your originals; there is no disgrace in supposing that some vagabonds were scattered among your earliest colonists; that is the case in all colonies!"

"But," I replied, "that is exactly the question; such was not the case with us; I maintain anew that we form an exception, and therefore I hold you to the furnishing me with proofs. Guesses are out of place. Nothing of the kind having been discovered, save in the hands of amateur historians of Canada, foreigners do us an injustice in saying that our origin is infected 'like all colonies.'"

During half a century that they have been delving to find material for such a bill

of attainder, there has arisen out of the past no document but such as are in our favour. Dig, gentlemen, dig away!

O notre histoire, ecrin de perles ignorees,
Je baise avec amour tes pages venerées!

M. Louis Frechette, one of our poets, crowned by the Academie Francaise, has written some admirable lines on this subject.

With the years 1663-1672, the selection of young women sent to the colony to be married, presents itself. Here is a case where of a word has been made a phrase, of this phrase a chapter, of this chapter a volume. Let us review the sources of the common calumny in this connection.

[A note, as follows, precedes the enquiry Mr. Sulte enters into at this point: "1729. Le Beau (l. 91) says that the girls married to the soldiers of the Carignan regiment" were not gay girls, as the Baron de La Hontan claims, but girls and women who were in France at the charge of poor communities from whence they were drawn with their full consent, to be conducted to Canada."

Le Beau lived in Canada from 1729 to 1733 or 1734.]

The Baron de La Hontan, who came to Canada as an officer in the army, ten or twelve years after the arrival of the last of the young women sent from France under the administration of Colbert, wrote letters dated from Quebec, de Boucherville, Montreal, from the country of the great lakes, from the banks of the Mississippi, according as he advanced towards the centre of the continent, and he knew how to mingle with his facts and correct observations those fancies and plays of the imagination altogether according with the epistolary taste of his time so as to pique the curiosity of his readers.

I have remarked that La Hontan never allows himself these flights but when he is speaking of things that he has not seen. Thus, nothing is more faithful than certain descriptions of the manners and customs of the Canadians among whom he lived; but all the same, if he touches upon events which date ten or a dozen years previous to his arrival he invariably wanders, as do indeed, at the present day, those tourists who visit us and go about the world recounting the follies of men and things in Canada of a few years back.

In the course of one of his letters, La Hontan amuses himself by saying that, formerly, in order to people the colony, they brought from Paris women of doubtful reputation, whom they married off on their arrival at Quebec. Upon so light a theme, a lad of spirit would have no difficulty in drawing a score or two of sufficiently amusing sketches—and our Baron does not want the trick. We must find where the truth lies here.

The emigration of women and girls who came before 1663 could not be that upon which the facetious officer amused his friends, for at that date families arrived already formed.

Reading carefully, it is seen that the movement to which allusion is made, is that from 1663-72. Now, we have, upon the manner of preparation and conduct of this emigration, a thousand fold more information than would suffice to confound La Hontan.

I have published thereupon numberless passages, accompanied by explanations, on the character of those who then guided the colony, and observations showing that it is impossible to admit into our history the persons they lend us so complacently.

But had La Hontan lost his head when he placed himself in direct opposition to historic facts? No. Two causes helped him to deceive himself. 1st. He did not know one word of the history of Canada; upon this subject, therefore, his book is a pure invention. 2nd. At the date at which he wrote, they were making at Paris an enlistment of troublesome girls destined for the Antilles, and if you read the correspondence of the good La Hontan during these few years, you will learn some edifying details. Having then heard, in the depth of the Mississippi forests, how the Parisians were treating these poor girls, Captain La Hontan must needs put himself at the forefront of his age in unfolding, he no less, his little story of carryings-off and forced marriages.

S. A. CURZON.

PHOBOS AND DEIMOS.

Silent the music of the spheres,
Noiseless the power of growing life,
Gentle all tones the angel hears;
For in them dwells no strife.

Quiet and calm the true man's voice,
In weal and joy, in grief and woe:
Speaks the true woman of his choice,
In accents sweet and low.

'Twas said "He shall not strive nor cry,"
Of the Divine Man who entreats
To peace and rest, His words pitched high
Were ne'er heard in the streets.

The prophet in the wilderness,
Awe'd by the storm in fury blind,
Looking for God, must yet confess,
"God was not in the wind."

Nor in the earth's convulsive shocks,
In lightning's flash from cloud to clod,
With thunder's crash and splintering rocks:
The still small voice was God!

Our portion is a world of noise,
In earth and air, on land and sea;
When nature rests, man's toil destroys
What quiet there might be.

Therefore, although God made our earth,
And fashioned it with heavenly art,
Giving its every function birth
And voice to every part;

No discord came from Heaven's decree,
No deadly elemental strife,
Pain's shriek nor yell of fiendish glee;
These are not of God's life.

And he is false to God who sings,
Of furious storm winds rushing past,
With hurl and wail, like wounded things,
God rides on such a blast.

Or, when behind the lightning's gleam
Of death, there peals, through all the air,
The thunder burst, 'tis sin to dream,
The voice of God is there.

God is in all this evil world,
The silent God in all its din,
Calm in its shock of atoms hurled,
Holy in all its sin.

Discord and noise, and strife and hate,
Ne'er came from Him, whose image mild
Is Jesus Christ. God is too great
To terrify His child.

But there are those who fain would make
That child believe, the Father's rod
Is in them raised, that he should quake
In dread before his God.

He comes! They weave their cloudy pall;
Howling, the storm fiends rush dismayed
Before Him. Hear His voice through all,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid!"

J. CAWDOR BELL.

How absurd to try to make two men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot make two timepieces agree!—Charles V.

A CURIOUS ASSIGNMENT:

A STORY OF NEWSPAPER LIFE.

Poor André Theuriet! (I never knew him under any other name.) Even at this distant date, two long, eventful years since I bade farewell forever to his poor mute form, when thoughts of him unexpectedly welled up in my memory to-day, I shed great, burning, sympathetic tears over his simple, noble, pathetic life.

I had been for some time city editor of a Toronto daily, when business in connection with my position led me to the Police Court one morning. I had not been there before for some years, not, in fact, since I had done "police duty" on the same paper of which I afterwards became city editor. It was the morning following a public holiday. In consequence there was the usual increase of drunk-and-disorderlies. And with his usual alacrity the Colonel disposed of them one after another in quick succession as they filed into the "pen." Like a rich-tinted picture of olden time by some grim old master who worshipped the thumbscrew and the rack and who ever found his element in the lurid humanity-mocking shades of Hades, seemed to me this great stream of degradation that passed unceasingly through the cleansing filters of the law. I recognized in this great, realistic picture not one shadow of hope, and I shuddered as I remembered how near I had myself once been to becoming as low as the lowest of these. And fervently I thanked the human hand that had been stretched out to save me from the final, wild, hopeless leap into the bottomless gulf of dissipation that yawned at my feet.

After about a dozen poor wretches had stood their hasty examination and had either been dismissed with the usual caution not to appear before His Worship again, or fined "one dollar and costs or thirty days," a young man of about twenty-five years of age, ragged, dissipated, and with the look of the most wretched of the wretched appeared before the bar. His crime was the usual one—"drunk and disorderly" to which the policeman chose to add that of "vagrancy aggravated by an attempt to resist the authority of the law when being arrested."

"André Theuriet," said His Worship, "do you plead guilty to the charge made against you by the officer of the law?"

"I do your Honor; but give me a chance and I'll reform."

"Have you any means of gaining a living?" "Yes, I was a police-court reporter and stenographer for a number of years in Montreal until drink got the better of me and I lost all shame. But last night, in the darkness of my cell, I vowed to reform, and with God's help I'll never touch a glass again."

His Honor was evidently but partially convinced of the man's sincerity, and moreover he had to uphold the dignity of the law. So the prisoner was fined "one dollar and costs or thirty days," which was tantamount to "sending him down," as he had not a cent with which to pay his fine nor friends to beg or borrow from. A feeling of some inexplicable kinship with the wretchedness of the wretched man before me prompted me to come forward and pay his fine. As I did so I gave him a dollar and told him to go and get some dinner and make himself more presentable. I added that if he cared to call at the office of the city editor of the ———, about 2 p.m. I

thought I might perhaps be able to give him something to do. His face brightened up as he thanked me in a quiet, undemonstrative manner.

Sharp at the time appointed he was on hand. As I had already made up my mind I at once engaged him to do general city reporting at a salary of \$10 a week, paying him his first week's wages in advance.

I soon found I had got a treasure. "Andy," as we familiarly called him, had the scent of a blood-hound for news, the cunning of a fox, with the manners and education of a perfect gentleman. I never knew a better man at an interview than he; for there was a fascination about him that few people could resist. I feel sure that had he cared to exert himself in that direction he would have made a masterly leader of men.

He never spoke of himself nor of his past life, except that once he alluded to a great sorrow that had come into his existence. A cloud of sadness seemed to rest upon him, and seldom did a breath of gladness come to disturb the denseness of its folds. One day our dramatic editor, in sportive mood called him "Monsieur Jacques Melancholy," and he responded with the most sorrow-laden smile I have ever seen, but made no other reply. Gradually we all came to respect "Monsieur Jacques," as we called him in secret; for he never neglected his work and made more "scoops" than any other man on the staff. Besides he was ever willing to aid his fellow-reporters by all means in his power. For me he had an especial affection which I soon learned to return, recognizing in him, as I did, a true nobility of soul. Moreover I had for him that respect which every city editor has for the most successful reporter on his staff; for I cannot conscientiously say that I ever had any real reason to find fault with him.

One day I sent Andy out on a special interview. But he was unable to find his man whom he reported not in the city. The next day one of the morning papers came out with a column and a half of interview with the same man. Andy had been "scooped." Naturally I was annoyed and I said some sharp words. He made no reply; but I could see his face flaming like a burning coal.

That same evening Andy was detailed for late duty. A few minutes after midnight there came to the office a private report of a murder and suicide "down in the Ward." I sent Andy to investigate the matter and write it up with strict injunction to be back in time for press. As he was going out I said to him, "See that you don't get scooped again." I was sorry the minute I said it; for his face grew deadly pale. But he answered simply, "I'll try not." About an hour afterwards he returned, looking as though he had seen a ghost. To my inquiry as to the case he had been handling, he said it was a very sad one. A beautiful woman had murdered her paramour, a wealthy young merchant and then killed herself.

Without saying more he at once went to work and wrote with feverish haste for over an hour, without speaking or looking up, while the scratching of his pen (he always used a pen) kept time to the mechanical tic-toc of the ancient office clock.

When he had finished he handed me his "copy," and remarking that he felt very much used up, he left the room.

I was startled when I read the account he had written of his night's work. It was

the old, old story of the happy marriage of two loving souls a good-looking, fascinating villain, a faithless wife, infamy, shame and death. But familiar as the story was, it seemed to have taken hold of poor Andy's morbid melancholy, imagination. He had worked his assignment out in every detail, and had written up the whole wretched story in language so vivid that, as I read the copy, I lived over again the shame of the woman who had sinned and the agony of him whose home and life she had destroyed. A vein of the deepest pathos ran through Andy's story as if his very soul guided his pen. For the first time I felt that it was no ordinary reporter that had come among us but a genius.

The next morning we had the "biggest scoop of the year." Only one other paper had any mention of the tragedy of the evening before, and it but one short paragraph, stating the bare outlines of the story. I was enraptured, the managing editor could scarcely contain himself, and even the editorial writer actually lowered his stately dignity enough to inquire, "who wrote that suicide story up?"

I at once decided to double Andy's salary, and I waited his arrival impatiently that I might compliment him on the good work he had been doing and beg his pardon for my churlishness of the evening before.

About 2 p.m. one of the policemen who had just come off his beat came into the office and reported a suicide on Carlton street. I sent a man to the place at once with instructions to report as soon as possible. He had not been gone more than half an hour when he rushed into the office out of breath and so agitated that he could scarcely speak. He had run all the way back as he could not wait for the horse-car.

"Well, my man! what's the matter?" I said. "You look as if you had been scared out of a year's growth."

"Read that," was all he could say as he handed me a couple of sheets of closely written "copy" in Andy's well-known handwriting. Here is the letter which is graven on my heart in characters of living fire:

"Dear Editor: You are the only soul whom heaven has allowed me to love for two, long, gloomy, sorrow-laden years. You cannot but have suspected that there was a story connected with my life. And yet never did your kind, considerate delicacy, allow you to even hint that you suspected anything. I was in the very jaws of hell when you stretched out an arm to save me. You would have made a man of me if I could have torn myself away from my thoughts. But I could not, for they were even like hell-hounds, on my track, whose deep-mouthed baying, sleeping or waking, was ever in my ears. Never before have I told my story to mortal man. Let me now speak and then lay down forever the pen that has dared to write it.

My name is not André Thouriet; but I shall be known by no other to the world. I belong to one of the oldest and most famous families of the French Seigneurs of Quebec, and trace my descent in direct line to the ancient kings of France. Being ever of a studious nature, at the age of twenty-one I graduated with the highest honors from Laval University.

Choosing journalism as a profession I was successful beyond my expectations. To complete my happiness I married, the following year, my cousin, the most beautiful lady in Montreal. I loved her with

all the wealth of a passionate nature, and she returned my love as only one born of true Celtic blood could. We were happy, too happy, we whispered to each other, for mortals of this rough, surly world. A year passed and a little child came to cement closer the bonds that heaven had made. So fair and beautiful was she that she might have come to us on angels' wings. Two years passed and she had grown into the perfect picture of her mother. The good God in heaven knows we were happy in each other's society and proud of our beautiful child.

As we were French in heart and soul and loved the traditions of our people, we ever kept open house to the country round. About this time I became acquainted with a young Englishman of good family who had lately become manager of one of the wholesale houses in the city. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was a skilled and enthusiastic musician and possessed of a most fascinating manner. At first sight we liked one another; and it became a common occurrence for us to lunch at the club together and dine at my home in the evening where we would discuss music and literature. My English friend was a great admirer of Fréchet, and my wife, who had a deeply sympathetic and poetical voice would often read to us from 'La Légende d'un Peuple' and 'Les Fleures Boréales,' till our sympathy with Canada's gentle poet became for us a bond of union that held us all together in the sweetest ties of kindly nature.

Thus a year passed and our English friend had become more and more a part of our life, when one morning I received a telegram urging me to go at once to Quebec to look after an interest which I had lately purchased in a printing office there. I set out immediately, telling my wife that I would be back in a week at the furthest.

In four days, having arranged everything satisfactorily, I returned to my home. Oh God, why did I ever live to reach it! But you will already have guessed the rest of my story. My wife had deserted the hearth of her husband and child and my friend had betrayed the sacredness of my hospitality. They took my child with them. But heaven was kinder to my child than to me, for she died a few months afterwards of a fever; while I who had ever been the soberest of men became a raving maniac through drink.

I have nothing more to say, God help me! The man and woman whose story I have written up to-night were my perjured friend and my erring wife. When I left the office, your few words of censure sank deep into my soul, and I determined that, come what might, I would never again be unworthy of your confidence. Even when I discovered that the blood of this awful tragedy stained my own hearthstone, a frightful sense of duty kept me at my post, till I had painted the horrors of that last heart-crushing scene, that spoke to me with a thousand clamorous tongues and dyed my every word in crimson. The good God and His angels alone know how I have lived through this night. But it is finished. The sands of time have run their course, and in one minute more I shall stand before the throne of my Creator to answer for what fate has made me.

Forgive me, friend, for this rashest of deeds; for I cannot live under the burden of a life that is crushing me. May heaven be ever kind to you.

ANDRÉ THOURIET."

Poor fellow! He had shot himself through the heart. He must have died almost instantly; for the body remained upright in the chair by the table, just where he had finished his confession.

All the other papers in the city had a "scoop" next day, for not a man on the staff had the heart to write up poor Andy's sad story.

JOHN H. CORNYN.

PARIS LETTER.

Now the French has a Minister of Colonies, the necessity becomes greater to have some colonists. The Colonial Minister having in the creation and organization of his ministry no less than 140 clerkships to fill up, has been besieged by all the influences, and next to swamped by avalanches of applications and visits from place hunters. The lowest salary is 2,000 frs., and the highest 16,000 frs., a year. There are 20 office porters each with a salary of 2,000 frs., uniform, lodging, coal, gas, etc. In his installation in the Flora wing of the Tuileries, or as it is now called the Louvre, the Minister has effected one sensible arrangement; while his ante-chamber is filled with persons waiting to be received in their turn, the Minister has a private staircase to his family rooms, where he can retire and enjoy his meals in comfort while the "waits" conclude he is industriously getting through his list of callers. In all the ministries there are several entrances and exits, so that special people or stop press callers can be received before the *hoi polloi* of the ante-chamber. But no desire appears to be manifested on the part of the French to emigrate to their foreign possessions. In the east there are the Germans, English and Chinese, who form the commerce and industries of the French colonies; the French are scared away by the strait jacket formalities and formalisms of their official administrators, hence the few French that quit Motherland, prefer Mexico, Venezuela, and the Argentine because they are in such places free men.

The adoption of the income tax may now be considered as next to an accomplished fact. Necessity knows no law. Besides, the new impost will enable several little blister taxes to be abolished. Incomes under 2,000f. will not be taxed; that is humane, but the limit ought to be minimized at 5,000f. Since the French are simply copying the English scheme of State finance, why not take it over bodily instead of in bits and scraps? Of course in a short time, writers will appear demonstrating in their peculiar way, that the French, not the English invented the income tax. How will foreigners be affected by the fiscal change? It is to be presumed they will be treated just as are sojourners in England and America. France is still not up to date in the fraternities and liberties; she does not allow the foreigner, as do other but more advanced nations, to have a municipal vote on payment of his municipal taxes. It is the employer or the institution that pays wages or income that must supply the list of their *personnel*, in order to fix the basis of assessment. Officers of the army and navy on active service will have a specially light poundage to pay; the farmers will only compound on the fifth of their rented or value-holdings, ground rents will pay 4 per cent. of their value—(London papers please copy)—but works of art, or kindred articles representing locked up or sterilized capital, will be bled in the way of

succession duty. This will spare pain to the defunct possessor. The heir to a thousand francs or a million that grumbles to have to pay 4 or 5 per cent. on that heritage, is neither a patriot, a philanthropist, nor an obligé; he does not merit the windfall.

People laugh at M. Wilson having been re-elected by his constituents by a robust majority; he did not lose 200 votes. The electors evidently conclude his traffic in the Legion of Honor decoration, was child's play, compared with the legislative Panamists. He hints, that if again annoyed, he will open his box of private letters like Cornelius Herz.

Bicycles are important agencies in the extension of matrimony; young lady and gentlemen wheelers have thus more occasions to meet and to exchange stolen glances, not only sweeter for the theft, but for their rapidity. A young couple were married last week; the lady's bicycle ran away somehow with her from her party, the vehicle met with a break-down; a gallant wheeler repaired it—result, wedlock. The lady's papa made all his money from demolishing old houses, and the gentleman's sire from building new ones.

The Republicans continue to be displeased at the church having spirited away from them the rallying figure of Joan of Arc. They accuse His Holiness of patronizing France, and pulling softly with all the opponents of the triple alliance, in order to secure a demi-restoration of the temporal power. The clerical party, as represented by the Abbe Garnier, has thrown off its coat and tucked up sleeves, the better to fight atheistic socialism. On Montmartre the latter party founded two years ago a "People's Palace" and administered baptisms, following atheistic rites and ceremonies. The Abbe Garnier, a fighting priest and a clerical free lance, has just established the "Palace of the French People," near to its rival. The Abbe is the advocate of "Christian Socialism," as expounded by the Pope and Deputy de Mun. In the region round the new Cathedral of the Sacre Cœur—a structure that, as it approaches completion, will be a splendid monument looking over Paris, and visible from every street, the Abbe states there are 10,000 adults who have never been baptized; he comes to dispute that harvest with the socialist atheists. The latter fight with beak and claw, and cry, *Vive la commune! Vive la revolution sociale.* The followers of the Abbe Garnier reply, "Hurrah for France!" and "Vive Christianity!"

The following figures are curious, but will not have the slightest weight on passing armaments; only chemistry, and tailor Dow's impenetrable top coat, can sterilize war. The following was the expenditure of France "per hour," under the subjoined regimes: Napoleon I, 115,000fr.; Louis XVIII, 191,000; Louis-Philippe, 150,000; Republic of 1848, 137,000; Napoleon III, 249,000; the Third Republic, that is, to-day, the national expenditure per hour, is 463,000 frs. No wonder the country rocks and reels under the weight of taxation. And France counsels Italy to reduce expenditure. What a revenge France could take in Europe by calling a congress to arrange a general disarmament—a combination of the millennium and the impossible.

Lisbonne, the amnestied Communist, "is the funniest man in Paris." He has but one leg; he lost the other fighting on the barricades, it was amputated; at the hospital where he was a prisoner in 1871,

he so softened the military surgeons by his wit and humour, that they granted his request, that of giving the separated leg to his wife, who had it interred in the cottage garden; that "uniped" grave. Lisbonne decorates himself with a little red flag. Did not the Belgians erect a plinth to the amputated leg of the Marquis of Anglesea, buried before the hotel, where he was conveyed after receiving the wound at Waterloo? When cured, Lisbonne was transported to New Caledonia, and being an actor, did more by his representations to keep the convicts harmonious than did all the gaolers. Some months ago, he canvassed the "Immortals," against Zola, for a vacancy in the Academy, presenting them with a copy of his writings on Communism; promising them his "protection" on the arrival of the next Commune, and leaving them as a present to ornament their mantel pieces, a toy anarchist bomb. He contested the Presidency during the election of M. Carnot, and on the latter's open reception, he stumped into the Palace of the Elysee to compliment M. Carnot, and to assure him he bore him no ill will. That visit caused a flutter among the Ambassadors, and since then there have been no official open receptions. Lisbonne now has inaugurated a new lyrical establishment that opens at eleven at night; he announces in his bills, in fat type, his is the only concert hall in Paris, where no danger is to be apprehended from anarchist bombs; his performance is, having artistes to parody in costume, surroundings, words, and music, all the leading singers of the cafe's concerts, and invites the originals to come and take lessons from their imitators.

In the examinations of candidates for the French civil service, he who tops the list has the right to select the branch of the public service where he would like to receive an appointment.

The show of models for the new French postage stamp might have been better; there is nothing extraordinarily original in point of design—to discover a new pattern for a postage stamp would be as difficult as to invent a new pleasure. The "composition" of the little picture is in every case too crowded, the details "want air;" but the utilized ideas of a dozen of the best exhibits ought to secure a pleasing type. What a pity France never allows foreigners to compete for her artistic needs; the two picture shows this year ought to convince France that the artists of other countries are more than holding their own.

Among the newest plans for propagating the truth, and fighting atheism, and that eclipses the inventions of the salvation army, is the "religious balloon" of the Abbe Garnier; he treats the converted to a trip heavenwards, starts from Montmartre, spins 20 miles outside Paris, descends, disembarks a preacher, who will expound the "glad tidings" to the crowding yokels; in the meantime, the balloon has taken the wings of the dove, and flown away 20 miles further on to a haven of rest. But a soap manufacturer has borrowed the idea of Sunday ballooning, and drops here and there, while presenting a "cake" to the crowd. Cleanliness is next to godliness!

Z.

Miguel Norena, the famous Mexican sculptor, died in the city of Mexico recently from typhus. He was the designer of the great statue of Cuauhtemoc, on the Pasco de la Reforma, and leaves many other monuments to his genius.

ON SAXON SOIL. — II.

SAXON SWITZERLAND.

And now we are afloat, having received strict injunctions from our landlady to avoid the draught; on the steamer. Our point of departure is the wharf of the Bohemian and Saxon Steamship Company, and our destination Wehlen, three miles up stream.

About an hour before reaching Wehlen, the stone-quarrying, which forms so important a part of the industry of the Elbe Valley, begins. This adds a human interest to the scene, but mars its beauty. Not so, however, with the boats, rafts, etc., which navigate the little river, and are one of the most charming features. The diminutive size of everything, the signs of quiet and ordered activity, together with the highly picturesque character of the scenery, the shut-in aspect of the whole, and the ever present, gently-flowing stream, leave an impression on the mind as of a painted scene presenting all the serenity and beauty of life and nature, with every coarser element left out. The boats above alluded to are varied, both in color and form; the majority are of a pale burnt sienna tint, and they, as well as the tiny rafts, float down the river peacefully propelled by it alone, neither sail nor oar being seen. Many of the boats were covered in by a sort of low, sloping roof which gave them the quaintest possible appearance and caused Tim to dub them Noah's Ark boats; great was her curiosity as to their contents, and if the sole object of our expedition had been to discover the secret of their cargoes, her questions could not have been more frivolous, nor her suppositions more unfounded. Later we learnt that many of them were laden with fruit—picked by by pretty Bohemian girls—on its way to Hamburg.

The morning following our arrival in Wehlen, after drinking our morning portion of coffee, we felt inclined for a ramble in the lovely woods which form one of the chief attractions of the neighborhood, and lead through the "Uttervalder ground"—ravine or gorge—up to the "Baster" or Bastion, the most conspicuous point of the cliffs which at this point rise to a considerable height above the river. The formation of the rocks in this part of the country, and indeed, throughout Saxon Switzerland, is peculiar, the sandstone being deeply scored down and across—the surface more or less rounded, showing no angles, so that in many places it looks as if boulder had been piled upon boulder by giant hands, and gives free play to an imaginative people for the invention of saga and legend. The rocky walls of the ground presented this same peculiar appearance, and the picturesque effect was heightened by the moss-covered boulders at the base of the cliffs, with ferns and bilberry bushes nestling in their crannies, and here and there a pine-tree, tall and stately, measuring its majestic height against the rocks. Referring to the brilliant lichen with which the cliffs were painted I asked Tim if she knew why the rocks were so yellow? She confessed she did not.

"Thereby hangs a tale," I replied, "which you would have known, if, according to contract, you had read up the sagas of this district. It is related that his Satanic Majesty tried to smoke out an anchorite who lived in this ravine, and whose devotional habits annoyed him. He didn't succeed, but the sulphur used for the purpose stuck to the rocks and disclosed his malign intention to all succeeding generations."

"Poor old Devil!" said Tim sorrowfully.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, greatly shocked.

"Oh! nothing, only I always sympathize with the losing side."

"That's an amiable weakness if it isn't carried too far; where human beings are concerned I admit that extenuating circumstances."

"And why not here too? The poor old chap may have been terribly bored down there," pointing mysteriously to where she supposed the centre of the earth to be, "and in need of some slight diversion, which of course, with him would take the form of mischief."

"You make an excellent special pleader, Tim, but you will allow that the saga accounts for the color of the cliffs."

"Yes," answered Tim, glibly, "but not for the milk in the coconut."

"Only a Celtic intelligence would be equal to that feat. Suppose you exercise your fertile brain upon it."

"I should like to give the matter the consideration it deserves, and when the chocolate man appears, he shall take me to a South Pacific isle, and providing me with all appliances necessary for studying the problem in the place where it grows, take himself off, or, in more eloquent language, disappear."

"Where to?" I asked, in some amazement.

"Beneath the horizon, of course. I could not tolerate chocolate men lounging about the horizon as long as I'm engaged solving problems; it would disturb the philosophical atmosphere too much."

Just at this point we came to a charming spot, and while eating our lunch here Tim became attracted by an iridescent blue and green beetle on its back among the pine-needles, struggling wildly, with its half dozen legs in the air, to regain its normal position.

"There's a pretty bit of color. Poor thing; put him on his legs again, won't you?"

"So that he may get into my boot? No, thank you, he remains on his back."

"I do call that mean; you shouldn't hit a man when he's down," quotes Tim, rather inappropriately.

"I do hope he'll win, poor dear," says Tim, meditatively. "What would you do if he did?" turning to me.

"Turn him on his back again," I say desisively, clutching at my umbrella.

"Oh, you savage!"

"Don't call names, Tim. You know you would be the first to lose your senses if he began to crawl about your sacred person."

"Beautiful creature!" continues she, after a pause, "how he does shine and glitter in the sun! Do you know," coaxingly, "I should like to see his back; I think it must be pale blue with green stripes."

Whereupon she begins to manipulate him with the end of her parasol. Presently she is on her knees bending over her treasure and seems absorbed in silent admiration; in a minute, however, there is a piercing shriek, and Tim is dancing like a wild Indian beneath his red cedar-tree. It does not need her gasping ejaculations to tell me what has happened, and I would hasten to her aid were I not laughing too much to rise. At last I control my mirth, and taking a few steps towards her, say in sympathetic tones:

"In your boot, dear?"

"No," screams Tim, "up my sleeve and round my back and everywhere. Oh!" with a long-drawn sigh, "I can feel him walking over me. I shall die in a minute."

To avert such a catastrophe, I overcome my dread of anything with a multiplicity of legs and in a few minutes Tim is freed from her tormentor, but by this time is in tears of fright and anger, stamping her foot and calling the beetle names; he is again sprawling on his back, and Tim, after exhausting her vocabulary of abuse, says she can't imagine what Noah wanted to put a thing like that in the ark for.

"Come, Mephisto," she concludes, "take me away. I don't see how you could bring me to a place like this, infested with reptiles."

I remain in speechless indignation for a moment, but as I am about to lead the way out of the wood, ask her if she wouldn't like the beetle wrapped up in paper and take him home, stripes and all.

Again we are afloat. I have got Tim and her belongings on board, with the help of all the members of the baker's family, where we have been lodging, and there is nothing left behind but good impressions and more current coin in the way of *trinkgeld* than I quite approve of, but when one is told one's ideas in money matters are microscopic, and it is hinted that one hasn't any soul to speak of, then, I say, it requires more firmness than some people possess, not to turn a mark into two, and two into a thaler, which piece of juggling consequently took place, leaving the common purse more debilitated than ever, for one of Tim's amiable weaknesses is the amount of *trinkgeld* she expects to get out of a ten-mark piece, and pay the rent with the remainder.

We were passing one of the prettiest bits of the river, when I saw Tim coming towards me from the direction of the conductor's office, looking supernaturally good. This is one of her best performances, for anything so sublime in the way of expressions as she can assume when on her way to, or coming from, a bad action, must be seen to be appreciated. I knew what it was. She had been tipping the handsome conductor and tipping him out of all proportion to his expectations and our means.

"Look here, Tim," I said crossly, "this won't do, our funds are getting alarmingly low and we shall soon be stranded high and dry upon the barren shores of penury."

"Our funds are getting low," repeated Tim dreamily, leaning over the gunwale of the boat, "so is the Elbe, and there is every probability of our being stranded a little further on, as the bed of the river is scarcely covered. I thought in that case it didn't much matter who had our small change, Mephisto," said Tim solemnly, and straightening herself as though to look the worst in the face, "prepare to meet your fate like a man and a dev—I mean, a woman and a sister."

But I was not thus to be turned from my purpose of reprimanding Tim for a reckless expenditure of copper-coin.

"Tim," I said, fixing her with a gaze she could not evade, "you gave that man twopence, and you know he would have been perfectly satisfied with a penny."

Here Tim changed her tactics. She threw off the disguise of a heroine of romance—six foot high at the lowest computation—ready to step into a watery grave without a shiver; and descended rapidly to the mental condition of a girl baby of three and a half years old; frisked and

capored about me, and used all those little arts and graces she considers most effectual on such occasions.

"Don't be angry please, Mephisto, he's such a nice man, and has a wife and family to support, all girl-babies, just imagine what an infliction, and yet he bears it like a man; besides, he gave me a lot of useful information."

"But, my dear, if you give money to every man with a wife and family, we shall soon have to retire to the obscurity of a four-pair-back. What information did he give you?"

"Oh! he told me about the water being so low, and that we should be stranded opposite Konigstein, and then he said he would do his best to save us, and could the ladies swim?"

"I can't see the necessity of swimming in water that doesn't cover the bed of the river," I replied, with an attempt to suppress a smile.

Presently we approached Schandau, where we intended landing, and as I saw the vivid green sward stretching along the borders of the river, I asked Tim to tell me the legend from which the town received its name.

"Oh!" she replied indolently, and as if she were making up, "there was a fight on those meadows once, and a man was killed by his friend, so he said 'Schande,' which is high Dutch for 'it's a shame'; and then his wound hurting him, he said 'ow,' and so the place has been called Schandau ever since."

Which was a very fair burlesque of the story.

The next day we wandered into the woods and the luxuriance of early autumn, the cool soft beds of vivid green moss, the sweet penetrating scent of the pine needles, but, above all, the singing, lulling sound of the wind in the upper branches of the fir-trees, produced such a soothing impression on my mental mechanism, that I told Tim I felt in the mood to write a poem; she advised me not, said these were the times when people were most dangerous, and it was then they should be locked up and fed through a hole in the wall, not when they had abstracted some trifle its owner was better without, so I suppressed my poem for the good of my fellow-men, as the school-boy did his measles out of consideration for the other scholars. It's a pity Tim always happens to be with me when I am in a poetical vein. There was another occasion when, if I had only had pen and paper, and Tim had let me alone, I might have—well, it does not become me to say what I might have done. We had been climbing through woods, and emerged suddenly upon an open plateau, which seemed in another world, so remote from every sign and sound of life. The air was simply divine in its purity and freshness, and its sun-laden breeze came to meet us, fanned our hot cheeks and foreheads, and caressed and kissed us like a long lost friend. I was moved, and as Tim herself seemed somewhat overcome, I said humbly that I wanted to write a poem very badly, and had she a pencil and scrap of paper about with her anywhere? She inquired with a look such as grandmamma casts over her spectacles at the infant terrible of the family, if I supposed she carried note-books in her hair? I explained that I was simply quivering with inspiration. She said I might do that if I liked, but not to come too near her—the shivers or the quivers might be catching.

Early the next morning Tim looked up

the excursions in the neighborhood, and wanted to combine them in one day's march, but I summoned the landlady who assured us Tim's plan would give any ordinary tourist hard labour for a week, so we sketched out a route that we thought would be satisfactory. Our landlady smiled significantly and asked if the ladies were good walkers? That audacious Tim answered that we were champion pedestrians, and had walked our four miles an hour and kept it up forty-eight hours on end, "many and many's the time," explained Tim, with earnest emphasis, and fixing the poor woman with what I call her "take your affidavit of it" gaze. If this was a "white one," poor Tim was punished for it with swelled feet and aching bones long before we got back that evening.

Things went pleasantly enough till we came to the three hundred odd steps leading to the "Brand;" half-way up we were both panting more than became professionals, but by dint of interchanged sarcasms and recourse to the benches provided for the debilitated tourist we reached the "Brand," and were rewarded by the sight of all Saxon Switzerland lying in sunlit beauty at our feet. Of course there was a restaurant here, and of course Tim wanted something to eat; I compromised with cakes and ale, and while partaking of these, we were able to observe the very peculiar character of the rocky formation of the country before us, which gives the scenery so picturesque, and in places, so wierd and almost unnatural an appearance. Nature is here in her most compliant mood; she has dashed the rocks to pieces, and piled them up again in fantastic groups; she has raised stone plateaux high above the surface of the earth and nicely smoothed and rounded them off at the top, so that they cry out to be fortified, and she has burst out into queer rocky shapes, as to the Prebisch Thor and sacks of meal, which are, as it were, ready-made sagas in stone. Indeed, nature is here almost too compliant, for she seems to have broken up her grand primeval rocks with too single an eye to the advantage of guides and hotel-keepers. As Tim says when she is by way of being transcendental, what we need most, is to repose upon immensity, "and you can't do that on spikes of rock," concludes she in her daring criticism.

Having finished our repast, we proceeded to view the aforesaid sacks of meal, which, according to tradition, were turned to stone by an irate friar who received ill-treatment from the giants formerly residing on the top of the Brand, and whose sole occupation was to brew beer and drink it with the help of a dog, a cat and a crocodile, who formed the rest of this extraordinary menage. As usual I had to inform Tim of the details of the legend, in which task I was helped by a burly countryman in a blouse. I enquired if those were the original, genuine and authentic sacks of which the legend speaks?

"Yes," he replied with so pronounced a Saxon accent that I had difficulty in following him, "There they stand, as God created them," thus evincing a decided bias to scepticism with respect to the traditions of the district.

We did not reach the place where we intended to dine till three, and then were in need of a long rest before going further. The place itself was conducive to indolence—a narrow space of verdure shut in by rocks where one would willingly remain indefinitely to dream away the time, cher-

ishing the idea that no world lay beyond its precincts.

After we had finished our portions, I sighed, and Tim asked me in the vernacular, what was up?

"Oh! nothing, only I wish it were all to begin over again."

"What, the walking?"

"No, the dinner. There is something particularly stimulating to the appetite in dining à-la-carté. Do you know, I can hardly believe there ever was a time when one could have a second helping without due consideration, and I look upon our present discipline as a punishment for all the good things refused—roast beef, tender and juicy, mutton chops, fit for the gods of Olympus, puddings, pies, cakes, jellies—"

I might have gone on indefinitely with painful reminiscences, had not Tim put her fingers in her ears and exclaimed,

"For goodness' sake! Mephisto, don't call up the ghosts of the past. Why, I remember the time when we used to sit down to three full meals a day, to say nothing of the tea-table on the lawn at five; even the servants—"

"This sounds very like the prodigal son," I remarked, "but suppose we have coffee to drown care, and here is something on the bill-of-fare that looks hopeful—apple-charlotte, shall I order it for two?"

"Eise," said Tim, lapsing into content and baby-talk at the same moment.

But it did not prove all our fancy painted it—it was decidedly stodgy. Tim made some remote allusions to the "Sorrows of Werther" and said she could understand the young man putting an end to himself. I confessed I could not see what that had to do with our pudding, and laboured on with the stodginess before me, halting miles behind Tim, who went on letting off brilliant little things with an utter disregard to my Anglo-Saxon inability to keep up with her little incapacity for measuring time. She went on ordering one cup of coffee after another until I told the waiter she would not require any more that afternoon. I hurried her up the steep incline leading to the "Hockstein," where Weber conceived the idea for his "Freischutz," and allowed her far less time than she needed for sentimentalizing—indeed, on our way through the "Polenzthal" back to Schandau we had no leisure for admiring the exquisite beauty that lay before us in the gathering twilight. I had been walking on, heroically endeavouring not to slacken my pace, when looking back, I perceived Tim sitting on a stone in a most dejected posture; I retraced my steps and asked her if she had sprained her ankle? No, she replied, but said she was going to rest on that *very* stone until she felt able to go on, and that there was no use wasting strength or argument. I didn't, but suggested dynamite and told her to hurry her bones—"vulgar," muttered Tim, and deigned no further reply, upon which I considered it polite to capitulate and bade her tell me when she was ready to go on. This course seemed to mollify her, and in ten minutes she said she could get on to the next nice stone.

"A pity they don't have lamp-posts on these country roads, Mephisto," she said, "a lamp-post is such a convenient thing to lean up against."

This speech shed a gleam into the moral depravity of Tim's past, across which, as her friend and chaperone, I feel in honour bound to draw the veil.

When we reached Schandau the shades

of night were falling fast, and we were glad to get beneath the feathers with all possible speed.

And now we are back again to Dresden with all the impressions of our delightful trip fresh in our minds. On reading my manuscript, Tim finds much to object to. She says the whole thing needs to be recast to make it fit for publication, but being too indolent to perform that task, contents herself with rising to explain on a few points. In the first place she says it was I who couldn't understand Kant—I never concealed that fact, but what I cannot mentally assimilate, I dispute the right of any other woman to dispose of satisfactorily; then she says I have misrepresented some of her most amiable qualities, to which I tell her she had better write her own autobiography; whereupon she begs me not to be tautological, but what that has to do with the matter, I leave to an enlightened public to decide.

ANTHONY PEVERIL.

THE DUPE OF FORTUNE.

A youth of Fortune gave his name
A candidate for wealth and fame.

"I grant thy wish," the goddess said,
"But know the path thy feet would tread.

"Friends shall prove false, true comfort flee,
"And care shall make its home with thee.

"The diamond crown thy hand would grasp,
"Shall turn to ashes in thy clasp."

The youth shrank from the contest then,
And passed his days with common men.

Yet soon he found life's sandy downs,
Held other mirages than crowns.

Defeats and cares, false friends he found
Included in life's lowliest round.

Then thinking he had paid its cost,
He mourned the greatness idly lost.

And to the goddess straight returned:
"Where is the peace so hardly earned.

"The dignity, the calm content,
"With simple tastes and pleasures blent,

"To gain which treasures I resigned
"Rewards of an aspiring mind?"

But she: "Thyself the error wrought,
"Who fancied all so cheaply bought.
"Think'st thou I barter pearls for naught?"

WILLIAM MCGILL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTERCOLONIAL CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Considering the importance of this event in prospect, involving not only Canadian but British Imperial interests in the largest sense, it seems to me somewhat strange that so little has been said in the press—home and colonial—about it. If—as there is every reason to believe—the proposition for such a conference is sincere on the part of its promoters, it strikes me, as one of the many millions concerned, that it is due to us—the great ultimate taxpayers of such work—that some intelligible information should be given as to what precisely is sought by the scheme.

In such a case I can conceive that there may be some difficulty in this regard, from the fact that there is no authoritative body or person from whom such announcement may be made. Granted. But still, in the nature of the case, there must be design;

and in some form it should be intimated to the great public—the people proper to whom the matter belongs. On this point it is to be trusted that all that can, will be done; and that, in any case, all will be "fair and square and above-board."

I thus touch on this point *in limine*, for I note *indicia* of possible trouble on this score; and in common with, I believe, the great mass of British colonists concerned, I claim to every desire to have the scheme—so far as foreshadowed—succeed.

DESIGN.

Assuming the design to be, in the main and objectively, the consolidation of British Colonial interests in Imperial with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, we of Canada, as a whole—with a sporadic exception, utterly, so far, powerless for political change—are, I take it, heartily for it: loyal to the core. So, at least for the time, flaunts the flag of our land, our home.

Whatever be the internal elements of discord in this "Canada of ours," the congeries is essentially integral on the score of nationality. Some may talk of an independent, distinct "Canadian" (whatever that may mean) nationality, but that is but a dream—a dream utterly baseless so far as appears in these days of greatest armies and hugest navies. The time is past—if ever it was—for "Canada our own;" to-day, the cry is but the hypocrisy of treason.

In true union is true strength, in that is the watchword of our hour. In what form or way that may be effected matters not. That—as I understand it—is the problem to be solved. That solution is no new work to us of Canada. We began it with our Confederation of 1867—yea, with our "Union" of 1841; have, with unflinching perseverance, pursued it ever since, till now, all difficulties surmounted, we stand on the apical height of a Nebo whence unmeasured Canaans the world over—Asia, Africa, Australia, America (West and South) and the milliard golden isles of teeming silvern seas burst into view.

Twenty-five years ago, when first writing up, in press (newspapers and pamphlets), the scheme of a British North American transcontinental railway, I predicated, as a source of revenue for through traffic to such, an aggregate Pacific British trade, then, from authentic data, of \$503,287,405, the details given subsequently in pamphlet. Adding to that the trade of the United States, as per official returns, in the same field, then \$154,912,438, gave a total, for these two powers alone, of \$653,199,843. Add to that for France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal and other European powers at least half that, and we had, even then, an aggregate volume of Pacific trade of fully one thousand millions of dollars annually available, in measure, for transcontinental railway traffic in America. The average increase of that trade, as best I could estimate, had been five per cent. per annum. Since then, as to Australia, China and Japan, it has vastly increased beyond that rate, and stands to-day at an aggregate of over two thousand millions of dollars.

Long familiarity (from exceptional causes) with such data gave me that assurance of financial resources for C.P.R. more fully given in my *Britannicus* letter No. 8 *ad rem* of July, 1869, in the *Ottawa Times*, and in further detail and extended argument *ad hoc*, in my pamphlets (five) on the theme up to 1880, concluding with my "Problem of Canada" of that year.

PACIFIC RAILWAY TELEGRAPH.

In this last, pp. 60 to 65, I gave the report to Mr. Sandford Fleming, as then Engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway, of the late Mr. F. N. Gisborne, in his capacity of Government Superintendent of Telegraph and Signal Service, as to the feasibility and advantages, etc., of a Pacific Railway telegraph in connection with one across Canada. I give, on the subject, his concluding words:

"I have, therefore, no hesitation in expressing a decided opinion as to the complete practicability of the enterprise herein referred to, and from the consideration which I have given to the question of cost and traffic, I feel assured that the undertaking as a whole would be as successful and remunerative as it is important to the general interests of Great Britain and her dependencies."

BRITANNICUS.

Ottawa, 17th May, 1894.

THE SCHOOL LAW OF NOVA SCOTIA.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Dr. Bourinot is such a high authority in matters relating to the history of this country and so accurate in his data and references that any error which accidentally creeps into his writings would be unusually dangerous, since it would be fortified by his reputation.

It is for this reason I am induced to call attention to an error, probably a misprint, which appeared in his review in the last issue of THE WEEK. He refers to the school law of Nova Scotia as having been introduced and carried by Sir Charles Tupper when he was leader of the Government of Nova Scotia in 1861. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howe led the Government of Nova Scotia in 1861. Dr. (now Sir Charles) Tupper took office in 1863. The School Bill was introduced and carried through the House in the Session of 1864—Mr. Johnstone being at that time leader of the Government. During the summer of 1864, Mr. Johnstone accepted the position of Judge in Equity and Tupper became Premier. The School Bill was not brought into force until 1865, Dr. Tupper being then leader of the Government.

This correction may seem finical, but too much care cannot be observed in obtaining absolute accuracy in dealing with matters of history. Our good friends in the Upper Provinces have never been too zealous in acquiring knowledge of the details of the political history of the Maritime Provinces, and I know Dr. Bourinot will not misunderstand my motive in promptly calling attention to this very trifling inaccuracy.

Yours,
J. W. LONGLEY.

Halifax, May 15th, 1894.

[Dr. Bourinot, who reported officially the speeches of Sir Charles, then Dr. Tupper, and others on Education, informs us the date was of course mistaken by the type writer and that "he is obliged to so careful a student as Attorney-General Longley for taking the trouble to call attention to the matter, as in a paper like THE WEEK accuracy in every historical matter is absolutely necessary."—ED. WEEK.]

DEFINITIONS OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I like De Quincey's definition of literature as given by Mr. Horning, in a recent WEEK, better than his own: "Literature of knowledge and Litera-

ture of power," is certainly more liberal than—"the result and product of the efforts of imagination, creative genius,"—which limits literature to poetry and prose fiction. "Anything within the covers of a book," is perhaps a little too liberal; but I think anything within such covers, sound in style and grammar and affording wholesome instruction or pleasure to the reader, has been and ought to be included. Mr. Horning would exclude it if true. We have been accustomed to consider the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Locke, Tillotson and South, and even a good dictionary or the Encyclopædia, or in French Bossuet and others, as literature, though not fanciful or imaginative, and also great parliamentary speeches as those of Fox or Burke, and even of Demosthenes vs. Philip, and Cicero vs. Catiline. Mr. Horning even refuses our Hansard, which many of the men who make it, though they do not write it, declare it to be often highly fictitious and imaginative on one side or the other. I am specially grieved, too, for my friend Dr. Kingsford, who says his seven volumes, are strictly true and unimaginative, as I believe Mr. Parkman held that his were. I hope Mr. Horning will modify his dogma which would make Cinderella superior, as *literature*, to any of the works I have named. Your contributor, Miss Merrill, contradicts those who prophesy oblivion for Longfellow; and I agree with her; but his "Psalm of Life" is better entitled to immortality than his "Evangeline," which Dr. Kingsford says contains a good deal of anti-English fiction and fancy. I am charmed with the description of the Cathedral built by Mr. Marquis and long to see it; ask him to tell us where he built it. He should not imitate Mr. Davin who told us admirably what our Dominion Ministers should be, but refused to tell us who they should be; and so enable us to vote for them. Uncle Sam's two houses of Congress indulged in a good deal of fanciful and imaginative eloquence lately on the Silver question; but the President answered them nobly when, by vetoing their Seignorage Bill, he refused to connive at the attempt to coin and issue fifty millions of immensely depreciated silver dollars, to be used in payment of American debts of any amount. Thomas Carlyle's plan of one man government works well when that man is the best; and in Grover Cleveland his countrymen appear to have chosen their best.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I quite agree with Helen M. Merrill in your last issue when she questions the usefulness or utility of the late correspondence—it would not be quite correct to call it a discussion—on Canadian Literature. Some of it was rather clever fencing with shallows, some of it was an ill concealed mutual flattery and the greater part of it was evasive, the writers apparently falling easily into the style of commencement day essayists, not so much from an inability to clearly express themselves as from a timidity to do so. Mr. Mair, the author of "Tecumseh" seemed to be the one correspondent both able and willing to attack the question manfully and his contribution should act as a tonic or nerve stiffer on his fellow authors.

Correspondence on Canadian literature is not to be despised, but the main point is to really upbuild that edifice at the same

time by each writer being himself and not some fancy creation. No Canadian can help feeling a thrill of pride when he surveys the comparatively long list of Canadian writers, each one with fairly creditable productions, but at the same time no honest critic can fail to see that a demon of false word-culture is creeping into our literature and becoming fashionable. The front of the structure is a wealth of veneer and stucco, but alas! there is no tenant. The bats fly about its silent halls and the spiders weave their airy webs from the ceilings. For the heart-sympathies with their world-encircling sweep, too many of our Canadian poets have substituted polished phrases which must have cost hours of patient conning. We admire the workmanship but our hearts beat no faster. Poets we have in abundance, but many of them, especially the recognized leaders, seem to have overlooked the truth—the one essential truth that *real* poetry has a living soul, a reason for its existence and that polish the phrases as we may, and hunt for bizarre words as we will, if the full outpouring of the human heart and sympathy is not behind it all with its tale of human experience to tell, then it is not poetry at all, but only a surface polish which any clever and laborious workman could give as well.

An almost unknown Canadian author and one whom many will place among our minor poets, seems to me to have got more naturalness and real vigor into his poetry than almost any other of our writers. I refer to D. McCaig, of Collingwood, and his lately published "Milestone Moods and Memories," in which he sings of the really poetic element in our national make-up, namely, the early settler and his struggles.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

PROFESSOR SANDAY ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM.*

By that large and continually growing class of readers who are interested in the important questions raised by what is popularly if somewhat unfortunately known as the "Higher Criticism," the publication of Professor Sanday's Bampton Lectures on Inspiration has been eagerly anticipated. It is possible that some readers will be disappointed with their contents, for the lectures present neither that comprehensive treatment of the subject which the times so urgently demand, nor even an outline of such a treatment.

This, however, is not Dr. Sanday's fault, although I think the work might have been more happily entitled, for it is really not directly upon Inspiration, but upon the "Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration." It is the work of a scholar rather than a philosopher, and within its own limitations it is packed with valuable material, and not a few useful hints for future writers on Inspiration.

Dr. Sanday has naturally a good deal to say upon the subject of the Higher Criticism, both of the Old and of the New Testaments, and his remarks possess a peculiar weight in virtue of his great learning, his perfect candour, his extreme caution, and last but not least, his Christian temper. Traversing in every lecture subjects which are being vigorously discussed, there is not a word which a Christian

* Inspiration. Eight Lectures on the Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration. London and New York. 1894.

gentleman could wish unsaid. Only those who know something of the charges and countercharges, so lavishly bestowed upon writers on these topics can fully appreciate this admirable feature of Dr. Sanday's book.

I propose in this article to give in briefest form some of Dr. Sanday's conclusions in regard to Old Testament criticism. He disclaims the title of specialist in this sphere, but is a disinterested and conscientious student from without. From this standpoint, he feels that what is called the critical view of the Old Testament comes to him with great force. When he compares such works as those of Kuenen and Wellhausen on the Continent, and of Driver and Montefiore in England, with those which maintain the traditional, or a slightly modified traditional view, he finds it "impossible to resist the impression that the critical argument is in the stronger hands, and that it is accompanied by a far greater command of the materials" (2nd ed., p. 119). The cause of criticism, taken in a wide sense, and not identified with any particular theory, is, he finds it difficult to doubt, the winning cause. Nevertheless, he considers the continental critics somewhat one-sided, and believes that some of their views will twenty years hence be pronounced impossible.

Dr. Sanday regards these two general points as established: (1) The untrustworthy character of Jewish traditions as to authorship, unless confirmed by internal evidence, and (2) the composite character of very many of the books. "The Historical books consisting for the most part of materials more or less ancient set in a frame-work of later editing; some of the prophetic books containing as we now have them, the work of several distinct authors bound up in a single volume; and books like the Psalms and Proverbs also being made up of a number of minor collections only brought together by slow degrees." (p. 120).

From this general statement we may pass to some of its particular applications. In regard to the Pentateuch, Dr. Sanday holds that it contains a "genuine Mosaic foundation," but "it is very difficult to lay the finger upon it and say with confidence, here Moses himself is speaking" (p. 172). Ignoring minor subdivisions we find the Pentateuch to consist of these three main parts: (1) A double stream of narrative, the work of prophets, variously dated between 900 and 750 B.C. (2) The Book of Deuteronomy, the greater part of which belongs to a date not very long before 621 B.C., and lastly the Priest's Code (Leviticus in part and other sections of the law) which either falls at the end of the exile or else had a latent existence somewhat before it.

Next to the Pentateuch, the date and authorship of the Psalms are the chief subject of discussion. The Psalter as we have it is made up of a number of smaller collections, which once had a separate existence. They were composed at various times, and upon various occasions from David down to a late date, but how late it is impossible to say. Sanday is not of those who believe that Maccabean Psalms are contained in the Psalter, but there can be no reasonable doubt that many of them were written subsequent to the Captivity. Similar remarks apply to the Book of Proverbs.

Most readers will readily acquiesce in this view of the Psalms. Not many of them will believe with a scholar of the

last century that David prophetically wrote

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept

When we remembered thee, O Zion."

It will seem to them an easy solution of the difficulty that David was the founder of Psalmody, and as such gave his name to the whole Psalter. In time we shall find no greater difficulty in the view (which is almost certainly the true one) that Moses is the founder of Jewish law, and Solomon of Jewish wisdom and so gave their names to the whole code of laws and the whole of the wisdom literature respectively.

Coming now to individual books, Dr. Sanday accepts the double authorship of Isaiah, the last twenty-seven chapters being really later than Jeremiah and Ezekiel. "The Song of Songs is just an idyll of faithful human love and nothing more." It is not "inspired" in the sense in which Dr. Sanday uses the word. But it serves a providential purpose. "It is the consecration of human love." "If we were forming a Canon ourselves for the first time, and the book were presented to us, we should probably say, with all admiration for its beauty, that it was not beauty of such a kind as we should associate with Sacred Scripture." The Book of Esther is not strictly historical. Its right to a place in the Canon was disputed by the Jews, it is not quoted in the New Testament, it does not name the name of God, and it adds nothing to the sum of revelation.

Dr. Sanday enters into greater detail in the case of the Book of Daniel. With evident reluctance (mindful, it may be, of Dr. Pusey's gallant defence) he confesses that here too the critical view has won the day. The book was written not in the sixth but the second century before Christ, the name of Daniel is assumed, the real author is unknown, but he lived under Antiochus Epiphanes, and his knowledge of earlier history is imperfect.

Such is a very simple outline of the main positions of the Higher Criticism, nor is there the slightest probability that they will be materially altered. It is true that a good deal has been expected from the results of archaeological research. Prof. Sayce has recently published a work intended to show their relations to those of the Higher Criticism, but they do not affect in a single detail the probability of Dr. Sanday's positions, whilst in some respects they afford some support to them, as, for example, in the case of the Book of Daniel.

But if all these things be so, what, it will be asked, are the consequences? That is a question which cannot yet be fully answered. The Church has over and over again been mistaken in the supposed consequences of truth. It has declaimed against views, on the ground of their consequences, which it has afterward adopted. Is it because we have so little confidence in the intrinsic power of the Scriptures, or in the reality of a living Spirit amongst us, that we are so fearful for the ark of God? Dr. Sanday has elsewhere and in another connection written "winged words" on this very subject. "We are too apt in England to let our thoughts run ahead of the argument, and to be speculating anxiously about the end before we have well got beyond the beginning. So the whole of our mental vision is troubled and distorted; we do not look straight at the facts, but are always casting our eyes askance at imagined consequences. It is time we broke ourselves of

this habit. When the facts have once been ascertained, we can then turn round and consider how we stand in regard to them." If this is true of England it is doubly true of Canada.

HERBERT SYMONDS.

Ashburnham.

ART NOTES.

The City of Cleveland, Ohio, will celebrate its centenary year in 1896, and the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* proposes a monument to be erected two years hence. The town has already a monument of bronze and stone to Moses Cleveland, the founder. "A magnificent shaft, surmounted by a figure representing the City of Cleveland, or some pile of enduring granite and bronze, even an imposing gateway at Wade Park, would serve admirably," says this paper.

An exchange says that: Miss Florence Carlyle, a young Canadian girl, the daughter of Public School Inspector Carlyle of Woodstock, Ont., is attracting attention in Paris as an artist. For the second time Miss Carlyle has had her works selected for the Salon, this year two of them and in the honor list; and she has been receiving rather unusual attentions from art critics on the press and people eminent in art circles. During her residence in France Miss Carlyle has been a very hard worker, but she occasionally finds time for a pleasant holiday. She has just been on a visit to London where she has received marked attentions from eminent people in the social, literary and artistic world, due as well to her own success as an artist as to her being an object of interest there as a relative of the sage of Chelsea.

The following interesting account of Meissonier's methods of work is from the *Art Amateur*: During his last illness, Meissonier was much preoccupied about his allegorical picture, "The Siege of Paris." Early in 1884 he wrote: "I hope to be free from embarrassment this year, and to be able to turn to my "Siege of Paris." . . . I was shut in myself until nearly the end. . . . I have determined to make it a sort of symphony. The City of Paris shall have a robe of gold brocade under her morning veil, the hand resting on the sword; instead of having her civic crown upon her head, the crown is on a stele, which will enable me also to make use of the whip in the arms of the city, against which an officer of marines will be shown dying." He goes on to speak of other incidents which he intended to introduce—a surgeon sustaining a wounded man, a national guardsman returning from the outposts to find one of his children dead—and he speaks of painting Regnault the last killed, dying against the figure of the city. At this point he goes into detail, about Regnault, with whom he had been talking the evening before, and whose body he had been deputed to ask of the Prussians; and then he returns to the pictures "Paris sees flying toward her the spectre of famine. . . . with the Prussian eagle, which she carries on her wrist like a falconer. When I have, if God grants me life, finished this, then I will rest, having done all that I want to do." The description shows admirably how the French conceive an allegorical picture of this kind, coldly reasoned out as to the general scheme so as to be at once understood, but usually with feeling in the details.

Few pictures from the brush of any of

our artists have called forth as much criticism, favourable and otherwise, as "Awaited in Vain," by Mr. Ernest Thompson, which was first exhibited here in 1893 at the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists and afterwards at the World's Fair, where, to the indignation of many, it was "asked." No doubt Mr. Thompson is best known in that department of art that is handmaiden to science, the illustrating of works on natural history, of magazine articles and articles for encyclopedias, etc., on the same subject, for which often often he supplies the text as well. Indeed, in the correct illustrating of birds he has only two peers the round world over, one living in England and the other in Germany, although both are Germans, and with both of whom Mr. Thompson has visited and compared notes. As an indefatigable worker, minute, painstaking and methodical, Mr. Thompson has few equals. Cabinets with drawer after drawer filled with carefully preserved birds, properly assorted: portfolios of sketches of animals, tame and wild, alphabetically arranged so that the required sketch may be easily reached, show this. A series of bird drawings has just been sent to the publishers and Mr. Thompson is now at work on a complete set of anatomical drawings for art purposes (which of course are quite different from those required for scientific purposes), of the horse, greyhound, and some varieties of birds. Of the amount of research, close study, and elaborate drawing required for these plates only those who have studied this branch of artistic work thoroughly can have any idea, and only those who have attempted such a task can fully understand. All this belongs to Mr. Thompson the naturalist—but there is Mr. Thompson the artist as well. What he has been busy at the last few months several large canvases bear witness to. All are winter scenes: A fox scampering down the hill-side at the foot of which lies a frozen stream, is the first. The second is called "The Settler's Lullaby;" the time is after sunset and there still remains a glow in the sky, the settler's hut is in the distance and near it skulks the shadowy form of a wolf, while two larger ones in the foreground are howling "for all they are worth." The alert pose of these two and the expression shown in the lurking figure in the distance are splendidly given, while there is conveyed by the hour and by the vast loneliness of the reach of snow-covered ground a most uncanny feeling. The third and largest canvas shows a pack of wolves on the track; they come towards you at full gallop, following the sweeping curve of the road; in the distance are trees and several clumps are in the foreground, but you think of none of these details as your eye rests on the blood-thirsty brutes. It is one thing to arrange the subject for a picture in the studio, to have it before you and see it as a whole—there are still difficulties enough to encounter and overcome before the painter's idea is embodied with anything like satisfaction; but it is quite another thing in a subject like this where other methods have to be pursued. Of what some of these were, Mr. Thompson gave us an idea. First, came a number of studies of snow effects, rough drafts of the plan of the picture in color, then for each individual wolf a separate study, sometimes two or three, sometimes only the head or a part of the body. "Now I shall probably use the head from this one; it is better than the other, I think; and the forefeet from this other study," the

artist explained. "To catch the action I used to sit in the back of a sleigh and sketch the dogs following, for the wolf more closely resembles the dog than any other animal," and wonderfully well he has caught the springing action in each figure, especially the nearest one in which the head reaches eagerly forward. On comparing Mr. Thompson's brushwork in his water pictures with that done several years ago, a very great difference will at once be noticed; in the first mentioned, it is so much rarer, looser, and more assured, with a keener sense of values. Just here it may be said that in many of the snow studies, the result of many hours' study in the cold, in order to get the true relation of the fur to the colors of the snow, a skin is often taken by this artist and thrown on the snow, a gain in the direction of truth. Mr. Thompson's "den," as he calls it, evidently belongs to the hunter as well as the naturalist and the artist. In addition to collections of birds and animals are shelves of books, portfolios of sketches, skins of wolves and foxes and other "beasties" on floor and wall (the trophies of many a hunt), weapons of different nationalities, Indian curiosities of belt, headdress, and other adornment; horns of elk, buffalo and deer; a blanket of unique design, the work of the Navajo Indians, which had been its owner's close companion for months during his recent trip to Mexico; also several excellent casts of animals. Then there is the artist's usual litter, which here means paper and pencil as well as brush and canvas, sketches and pictures framed and unframed. One little one, a cabin on a wide prairie, was the artist's wild home for more than a year in Manitoba. Since Mr. Thompson's return from Mexico last fall, where, by the way, he killed in one way and another as many as one hundred and twenty wolves, he has been working steadily in his studio here, but expects to leave soon for Paris, there to study under his former master, Bougereau, and also with the sculptor, Fremiet. He will of course resign his position as naturalist for the Province of Manitoba. With him will go the unfinished pictures which will probably find place in the Salon before we again see them. Success to both them and their author, say we. Mr. Thompson is of English birth and parentage, though for many years a resident in Canada, being a son of Mr. Joseph L. Thompson, and a brother of Mr. John Enoch Thompson, Spanish Consul, and Alderman of the city of Toronto.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The pupils of Mr. H. W. Webster, the well-known baritone and teacher of singing, will give a recital in St. George's Hall on Friday evening, June 5th.

Several vocal scholarships are to be competed for during the week of the Musical Festival, given by Mrs. Cameron and the College of Music. The voices are required to be either tenor or soprano.

On Tuesday evening last, 29th inst., Miss Bella Geddes, a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, gave an interesting recital of piano music in the Conservatory Hall, when she proved herself quite a skilful pianiste.

The piano pupils of Miss Maud Gordon gave a recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of the 22nd inst., varied by local selections, when those taking

part exhibited fluent technic and a thoroughly musical tone. The programme, which is entirely modern, was most interesting and enjoyable, and the manner in which each number was performed, reflected much credit on Miss Gordon. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience.

The piano pupils of Mr. H. M. Field gave a recital in the Hall of the College of Music, one evening of last week, to an audience so large that many could not gain admission. Unfortunately we were unable to be present, and as we have not a programme, cannot give the various items and by whom performed, nor can we say definitely as to the manner of performance, but judging from the brilliant way in which Mr. Field's pupils usually play we have no doubt that those who were there heard some good piano playing.

On Tuesday evening last, the choir of Beverley St. Baptist church gave a sacred concert, when John Farmer's simple yet effective oratorio "Christ and His Soldiers" was performed. The following were the soloists: Miss Maggie Huston, soprano; Miss Flint, contralto; Messrs. W. A. Putland and Robert Gorrie, tenors; and Mr. F. T. Verral, bass. Mr. W. J. McNally, the organist and choirmaster of the church, was the conductor, and can be complimented on his efficient choir and on the excellent performance of the above work.

Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, who makes his second appearance in this city at the Musical Festival Concerts, has been on a tour with the Boston Festival Orchestra and has had overwhelming success in every city where he has appeared. The *Montreal Star* says regarding his recent performance in that city, that his playing of Liszt's E flat Concerto and the 6th Rhapsody, which he gave as an encore, could not be excelled, if equalled by any living pianist. To hear Friedheim is to have an exciting musical experience. He thrills and delights with his pure, noble quality of tone; his refined expressive phrasing, delicate and finished effects in pianissimo passages, and in the rush of sound which he develops in his climaxes, is like a huge tidal wave breaking on a rocky shore. The *Boston Advertiser* says:—"He is better than marvellous, though all of that, for he is a true artist. His fingers sing in truth about the prophets of the beautiful, and yet he often plays as if bent upon accomplishing the impossible, and this without the slightest show of victory. He is a king of pianists, having a wider domain almost than any other."

We are glad to learn that the subscription lists for the opening of the Massey Music Hall on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of June are rapidly filling up, and everything points to full houses at each performance. This is as it should be, for apart from the excellence of the programmes which will be offered, our citizens should show their appreciation of the gift presented to them by Mr. Massey, by filling the excellent and commodious hall to overflowing. The programmes are of infinite variety and attractiveness, and the soloists the very best obtainable on the continent. Think for a moment who these are! Miss Emma Juch, the distinguished and beautiful soprano; Miss Lillian Blauvelt, also a soprano of remarkable cultivation, Mrs. Carl Alves, the favorite and popular contralto. Mr. W. H. Reiger, tenor; Dr. Carl Duft, bass; Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist; and the eminent and great Friedheim, solo pianist. These will

all appear in solos at the miscellaneous concerts, and all but the latter in the "Messiah" and "Wreck of the Hesperus" as well. The chorus, it is said, is the best which has ever yet been got together in Toronto, and is singing superbly, with capital swing and well balanced tone. The festival orchestra, also under Mr. Torrington's direction, of some 70 pieces, are likewise doing good work and are expected to play with unusual brilliancy. These concerts are certainly of great artistic importance, and will attract many from other cities and towns throughout Canada. We must not forget mentioning what will be to many a great delight—the singing of 1,000 school children, under Mr. Cringan's able direction. Surely variety has been kept in view in planning these magnificent programmes, all of which could be heard with the greatest pleasure and profit.

LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Vol. XXXVIII. Milman—More. Price, \$3.75. New York: Macmillan. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1894.

There are an unusual number of names of eminence in this volume. Indeed the name of Milton is a host in itself. But the first names are not to be passed by, those of Sir Francis Milman, and his greater son, Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, and author of the "History of Latin Christianity." Some of the great qualities of this work are acknowledged by Dr. Garnett, the author of the article; but we should have liked it better if the praise had been given somewhat less grudgingly. Milman is a very considerable historian indeed, and freer from bias than most of those who would be placed before him by the ordinary reader. There are two good papers on the two Milnes; and full justice is done to their contributions to Church History. There is a genial and appreciative memoir of R. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, a man very worthy of such a memorial.

But the great article in this volume is that on John Milton; and it consoles us for Mr. Leslie Stephen having had to give up the editorship of the dictionary, when we find that the time and strength he saves from the work of editing are given to the production of that admirable series of papers which each succeeding volume of the work is found to contain. The memoir of Milton is of suitable length and thoroughly satisfactory in every particular. The different periods of Milton's life are so well known that we need not even refer to them. But the following sketch may interest our readers: "Milton's appearance and manners are described with little difference by Aubrey, Phillips and Richardson. He was rather below the middle height, but well made, with light brown or auburn hair, and delicate complexion. He was stately and courteous, though he could be satirical. He would sit at his house door in a grey coarse cloth coat in fine weather to receive visitors; indoors, he is described as neatly dressed in black, pale but not cadaverous. . . . Aubrey and Toland tell us that he rose as early as four in summer and five in winter. Before breakfast the Bible was read to him in Hebrew. He afterwards read or dictated till mid-day, when he dined very temperately. He took some exercise, walking when possible, and in bad weather swinging. He always had music in the afternoon. He then retired for a time, but again saw his friends after six o'clock, had a supper of olives or some light thing at eight, and after a pipe and a glass of water went to bed." The bibliography of Milton is very full and complete.

A name known now to but few is deservedly placed on these pages, that of the excellent Robert Mimpriss, the Sunday School worker. Another, better known for the present, at least, is William Minto, late Professor at Aberdeen. The Mitchels and Mitchells are

numerous, and some of them were illustrious by sea and land. Among the Mitfords we may note Mary Russell, novelist and dramatist, and William Mitford the historian. Dr. Freeman says that Mitford was a bad historian and a bad writer. We are glad to find that Mr. Wroth, in the Dictionary, is a little kinder to his memory. It is hardly fair to compare Mitford with Thirlwall and Grote, who were giants; and he was certainly superior to Gillies.

A brief but good notice is given of Moberly, head master of Winchester, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. An article of some length is assigned to Moffat, the great missionary, the father-in-law of David Livingstone. David Macbeth Moir, better known to many as Delta, is commemorated. We pass by a number of Mohuns and Molesworths for lack of space, and come to Monck, Duke of Albaton, by whom the restoration of Charles II. was brought out. This article by Mrs. Firth is one of the longest in the volume and one of the most satisfactory. The sketch of Monck's character and qualifications is excellent, and a very amusing account is given of his wife who must have been, in many respects, a very objectionable kind of person.

We have sixty pages of Montagues, some of them, as every one knows, of great eminence and distinction. Miss Kate Norgate writes admirably on the great Earl of Leicester, Simon de Montfort, the true beginner of the English Parliament, and so, as one might say, of all parliaments. Earl Simon, we must remember, was regarded for many a day, by the English people, as a martyr to their political liberties, as St. Thomas of Canterbury had been to religion. We have James Montgomery, the poet, and Robert (Satan) Montgomery, described as the poetaster! It is hardly possible for us to understand that his writings should have taken like wild-fire; but we can quite understand how the blaze went out.

Dr. Garnett gives us a very charming article on Thomas Moore, the Irish poet. Here are pleasant things to read of one who was so general a favourite: "As a man, Moore is entitled to very high praise. He was not only amiable, generous and affectionate, but high minded and independent to a very unusual degree. His history abounds with disinterested actions and refusals of flattering offers which he feared might compromise his dignity or the dignity of letters. . . . In truth there seems little to censure or regret in Moore, except his disproportionate estimate of his own importance in comparison with some of his great contemporaries, in which, however, he merely concurred with the general opinion of the time."

We have an excellent and discriminating article on Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, by Professor Laughton, who recognizes the strength and the weakness of his subject. An article on Hannah Moore does that excellent lady justice, which some other writers have not always done. When we say it is by Mr. Leslie Stephen, we have announced its excellence. To theologians of a platonic or mystic type it will be pleasant to find that justice is done to Dr. Henry Moore by Canon Overton. To general readers one of the most interesting articles in the volume will be one by the editor on the great Sir Thomas More.

PERIODICALS.

Cassells and *The Quiver* for June are two excellent and most readable numbers of these favourite family magazines. In them readers will find the serial, short story, poem—and instruction as well as entertainment.

The *Methodist Magazine* for June begins with a paper in the series on "Tent Life in Palestine" which describes in graphic terms and with apt poetical illustration "The Sea of Galilee." Then follows another interesting descriptive paper entitled "Over the Furka Pass" from the pen of F. O. Wolf. The Rev. R. N. Burns begins a readable series of contributions on the important topic "Prisons, and our relation to them." Many other articles as well as poems and selections will be found in this number.

Miss M. G. McClelland's name is not unfamiliar to readers of *Lippincott's* and her stirring short story, "The Wonder Witch," has the place of honour in the June number. No less than three Canadian writers of repute contribute to this number. Professor Roberts has a neat little quatrain entitled "Admittance"; Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley has a short but pithy paper on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and three more chapters are added to Mr. Gilbert Parker's engrossing story, "The Trespasser." Miss Repplier's short but most readable paper on "The Passing of the Essay" should in no wise be overlooked.

Harper's for June is a capital number. Philadelphia is well described by C. B. Davis as "The City of Homes." Brander Matthews' "Vignettes of Manhattan" series instalment has a tragic ending. W. D. Howell's second paper on his first visit to New England is as readable as his first. Another most interesting reminiscent paper is that by G. W. Smalley of Wendell Phillips. M. de Blowitz writes of French Diplomacy under the Third Republic. The inimitable "Trilby" proceeds in a pathetic vein. Japanese Spring is beautifully illustrated and described by Alfred Parsons. Owen Wister's story, "Little Big Horn Medicine" is a strong and stirring Indian tale. There are other stories and matter of much interest in the departments of this excellent number of *Harper's*.

Dr. Andrew D. White continues his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June. In this number he discusses what he terms "The Final Effort of Theology." Dr. White writes positively, as do those scientific investigators who dissent from his views. Robert N. Keely, jr., M.D., in a paper on "Nicaragua and the Musquito Coast" makes the following singularly cool, refreshing and truly American remark: "It is quite possible that upon a little reflection we may discover that this fussy little republic is as essentially an integral portion of the United States of the future as if it lay between Chicago and Denver." Lester F. Ward has something to say by way of criticism of Weismann's views. Dr. Austin Flint's paper on "The Eye as an Optical Instrument" is well worth reading. There are other readable papers in this number.

The *Expository Times* for May in its notes of recent exposition, has some very interesting comments on the text of S. Luke in the narrative of the Institution of the Lord's Supper, and on the manner in which S. Paul received his account of that ordinance. We are not sure that we can agree with the editor on the latter point. Some good remarks of Professor Cheyne are given in Old Testament Theology, which, if not so necessary as they once were, must still be useful. W. Woods continues his "Hebrew Prophecy and Modern Criticism," as does Dr. Davidson his "Theology of Isaiah"—a great work, if carried on as it is begun. Dr. Salmund, of Aberdeen, writes on the late Professor W. Robertson Smith, and increases our regret at our loss. The great Text Commentary deals with one of the greatest of texts on the Victory of Faith (I S. Jno. v. 4). And these are but parts of a most interesting number.

It was a happy thought of the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* to commission the well known English Art Critic, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton to provide for that periodical a series of selections from types of contemporary painting. "The Lighthouse," by Stanhope Forbes, adorns the June number. John Heard, jr., tells in this number the sad story of "Maximilian and Mexico." N. S. Shaler's paper, "The Dog," will be appreciated by all lovers of the faithful canine. Another excellent paper of sporting interest, and most seasonable reading, is that on "American Game Fishes," by Leroy Milton Yale. Frances Hodson Burnett has a pleasing contribution with the sentimental title, "The Story of a Beautiful Thing." Graphic and forceful, as are all his contributions, "The Future of the Wounded in War," by Archibald Forbes, presents a sad side of this awful game which men and nations never seem weary of playing. The illustrations of this number are very beautiful.

MARBLE STATUARY

We have a few very choice pieces recently arrived. During the last few months we have placed quite a number of similar pieces in some of our Toronto homes where they are much admired—for MERIT IN STATUARY like merit in a painting, NEVER BECOMES TIRESOME.

As these were all purchased personally in FLORENCE, the prices are surpassingly low.

RYRIE BROS.,

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

For Presentation or Wedding gifts nothing could be more inviting.

A very interesting travel series is that entitled "Across Asia on a Bicycle," now appearing in the *Century*. The June number relates the experience of Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben in the ascent of Mount Ararat. No lover of nature will pass by John Burroughs' "Field Notes." To the student of scientific discovery the account of Edison's latest discovery, the kineo-photograph will be of unusual interest. Mr. Cole devotes his attention to Adriaan Van Ostade in his old Dutch master studies. Of artistic interest also are Theodore Stanton's paper on "Tissot's Illustrations of the Gospels"; W. H. Low's article on "Maurice Boutel de Monvel"; and Mr. Matthew's instalment of "Bookbinding of the Present." Albert Shaw's paper on "The Government of German Cities" is valuable, in more senses than one, and the opinions of 11 U.S. ex-Ministers on the Consular Service and the Spoils System are most interesting reading.

The *Nineteenth Century* for May opens with five translations from Horace made during leisure hours by Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Two articles, one on Modern Surgery, especially on its anti-septic side, the other on Sunshine and Microbes open up to the public some of the marvellous strides made within the last quarter of a century in scientific surgery, and give promise of still more wonderful advances to be made. Just imagine that cholera microbes exposed to sunlight not only lose their poisonous property, but appear thereafter to be specific against the disease. Inoculation by sun cured microbes! Mr. Traill continues his comments on Tennyson, and illustrates chiefly from "The Northern Farmer" the humorous vein in the poet's character. The article on intellectual progress in the United States by G. F. Parker, U. S. consul at Birmingham, is written for English readers in the optimistic strain, and Dr. Barry's "Democratic Ideals," does not minimize the dangers to society in its practically agnostic "purely secular" tendencies. Prof. Mahaffy protests against the vandalism of explorers, and the utilitarian spirit which would, for reclaiming largely the fruitfulness of the Nile Valley, submerge such archaic remains as those of Philæ, while Sir B. Baker pleads that Egyptian progress should not be entirely sacrificed to the pleasures of the tourist and the archaeologist. The Earl of Meath pleads with considerable force for a representation in the House of Lords from princes of India, an indication that the Federation of the British Empire is not to be relegated to the limbo of the Utopias. There are other suggestive articles in this number which is of more than average interest.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—*Cicero*.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce the following publications: "Two Strings to his Bow," by Walter Mitchell, "The Silva of North America: Vol. VI. *Zonaceae Polygonaceae*;" "Claudia," by Frances Courtenay Baylor; "Familiar Letters of Henry D. Thoreau," edited by F. B. Sanborn; "His Vanished Star," by Charles Egbert Craddock, and "A Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology: Vol. IV. The Snake Dance at Walpi," edited by J. Walter Fewkes.

In the death of Sir Francis Johnson, the Superior Court of Quebec loses a Chief Justice of marked ability and Canada a prominent, intellectual and capable Canadian who served her well in many important and prominent positions. The late Chief Justice Johnson was by birth an Englishman, was educated in France and came to Canada in 1835. He was called to the bar in 1840, made a Q.C., in 1846, appointed a judge of the Superior Court in 1865, and later on Chief Justice and on the 24th May 1890, received the honor of Knighthood.

The following gentlemen have had the distinctions hereinafter mentioned conferred upon them as announced by official *Gazette*: Mr. William C. Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; The Hon. Frank Smith, of the Canadian Senate, knighted; Judge Casault, of the Superior Court, Quebec, knighted; The Hon. C. E. de Boucherville, of the Canadian Senate, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; Viscount Wolseley, commander of the forces in Ireland, a field marshal; Sir Donald Stewart, commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's forces in India, a field marshal; Mr. Arthur Renwick, commissioner, of Sydney, N.S.W., to the World's Fair, knighted; Mr. J. J. Grinlinton, commissioner, of Ceylon, to the World's Fair, knighted.

We are gratified to know that a contributor so well and favourably known to our readers as M. J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C., is about to publish a selection of his recent, most popular writings, illustrating Canadian history, literature, national customs, also Canadian birds—a sequel to the series previously published under the title of "Maple Leaves." M. Lemoine's writings are especially attractive to our English-speaking readers, not only from their wealth of legendary lore, wide knowledge of the interesting features of Canadian life, character, custom and history; and familiarity with our literature and the fauna and flora of our land, but from the fact that we here find the work of a scholar, of French birth and extraction, who is Canadian to the core, in the broadest sense of the term. A devoted lover of Canada and all that pertains to her, a fluent and facile writer of our English tongue, tolerant in spirit, broad in sympathy, and representative of that true catholicity of opinion, sentiment and conduct which is the brightest hope and surest pledge of a noble and worthy future for our country. Indefatigable in research, indomitable in industry, prolific in literary production, Mr. Lemoine's energy seems unabated and the forthcoming new edition of "Maple Leaves" will, we are sure, receive the heartiest of welcomes.

The following is a correct list of the officers and new members elected last week at the meeting of the Royal Society of Can-

ada: President, James M. Lemoine; Vice-President, Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G.; Honorary Secretary, Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G.; Honorary Treasurer, James Fletcher, F.L.S. The officers of the sections are: 1. *French Literature*—President, Abbe Verreau; Vice-President, Hon. J. Royal; Secretary, M. Joseph Edmond Roy. 2. *English Literature*—President, Rev. Professor Clark; Vice-President, Dr. Bourinot, C.M.G.; Secretary, Dr. George Stewart. 3. *Mathematical and Physical Sciences*—President, Dr. B. J. Harrington; Vice-President, Prof. Bovey; Secretary, M. E. Deville. 4. *Geological and Biological Sciences*—President, James Fletcher; Vice-President, Dr. Wesley Mills; Secretary, Professor Penhallow. The names of the new members are as follows: Lieutenant-Governor Schultz; Dr. J. A. MacCabe, Wilfred Campbell, Rev. Dr. Williamson, Arthur Harvey, J. W. Hay, W. Hague Harrington, Rev. G. W. Taylor, of Victoria, B.C., and M. Adolphe Bissan. The Right Hon. James Bryce, Sir James Hector, of New Zealand, and Dr. S. H. Scudder, of Washington, were elected corresponding members, the number of which are limited to sixteen or four in each section. William Kirby and Evan McColl were placed on the list of retired members, and consequently now occupy an honorary position in the society. The meeting of this year was the most successful in the history of the society, not only on account of the active co-operation of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, but from the number of valuable papers read and the presence of distinguished scholars and writers from the United States. The delivery of popular lectures like the one by Professor Fernow of Washington on "The Battle of the Forest," has added greatly to the value of this great Canadian association. We are glad to notice that the Scientific and Literary Societies of the Dominion had a large representation at the meeting.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- The Book of the Fair. Chicago: The Bancroft Company.
- Rudyard Kipling. The Jungle Book. New York: The Century Company.
- Introductions by Edmund J. James, Ph.D. The City Government of Philadelphia, Vol. II. Philadelphia: Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Philadelphia.
- The Bound Century—Half Year. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
- Henry A. Beers. A Suburban Pastoral. New York: Henry Holt & Company.
- Mabel Osgood Wright. The Friendship of Nature. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

VAGABONDIA.

The *Athenaeum* of April reviews eulogistically "Low Tide on Grand-Pre: a Book of Lyrics," by Bliss Carman (Nutt), from which the following verses are quoted:—

It is a country of the sun,
Full of forgotten yesterdays,
When time takes Summer in his care,
And fills the distance of her gaze.

It stretches from the open sea
To the blue mountains and beyond;
The world is Vagabondia
To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man
Out of the wandering dust, men say;
And in the end of his life shall be
A wandering wind and blown away.

There is a tavern, I have heard,
Not far, and frugal, kept by One
Who knows the children of the Word,
And welcomes each when day is done.

Some say the house is lonely set
In Northern night, and snowdrifts keep
The silent door; the hearth is cold,
And all my fellows gone to sleep.

Had I my will! I hear the sea
Thunder a welcome on the shore;
I know where lies the hostelry
And who should open me the door.

Public Opinion (London).

IRISH MISRULE.

Mr. George Cadbury, of Birmingham, the well-known Quaker, has written to the *Speaker* to state that last year he devoted time, energy and £3,500 "in the endeavor to secure Home Rule for our oppressed fellow-citizens in Ireland." But he is disgusted at the way the Irish members are quarrelling with one another. He says, very truly, that Englishmen have no interest in the Home Rule struggle, except to do what they believe is right. And if the Irish members cannot restrain themselves sufficiently to think more of their country than of their petty personal ambitions and antipathies, Englishmen will be greatly tempted to throw up the whole business in disgust. This is a very serious warning from a very sincere friend. If Mr. Parnell had thought more of Ireland than of his personal ambition, an Irish Parliament would now have been sitting in Dublin. It is impossible to exaggerate the mischief which these contemptible personal squabbles are doing in England. No doubt they are partly the result of ages of misrule. But there is no excuse for them now.—*Methodist Times*.

THE RIGHT TO PHOTOGRAPH CRIMINALS.

Much interest has been aroused in legal circles in Madrid by an appeal to the Supreme Tribunal, brought by a notorious criminal, named Ceferino Lopez, against a sentence of the Court of La Magdalena, Seville. Lopez, who has spent a large portion of his life in prison, is not only an accomplished swindler, but has also become well known in the courts as an authority on Spanish penal law, having frequently succeeded by his perfect knowledge of the technicalities of the Criminal Code in escaping punishment for his offences. The Judge at La Magdalena recently ordered that a photograph of Lopez should be taken, but the prisoner refused to allow this to be done, and after baffling every attempt of the officials to obtain his portrait, was sentenced to three months' extra imprisonment for disobeying an order of the court. It is against this sentence that Lopez has appealed, maintaining that there is no law by which a refusal on the part of a prisoner to have his photograph taken is constituted a punishable offence.—*Public Opinion*, London.



LOSS OF POWER

and Manly Vigor, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, or Palsy, Organic Weakness and wasting Drains upon the system, resulting in dullness of mental Faculties, Impaired Memory, Low Spirits, Morose or Irritable Temper, fear of impending calamity, and a thousand and one derangements of both body and mind result from pernicious secret practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of an association of medical gentlemen who have prepared a book, written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents (in stamps for postage) mail, sealed in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

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Dyspepsia,

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PUBLIC OPINION.

Ottawa Free Press: Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, strongly supports Sir Oliver Mowat and his Government in the present campaign. He says Ontario cannot afford to dispense with the services of Sir Oliver Mowat, the man who has done so much for the Province. If the Rev. Principal keeps on doing good work the Canadian people may yet be induced to condone the terrible break he made in urging the elevation of Sir Charles Tupper to the Conservative leadership and the premiership of the Dominion after Sir John Macdonald's death.

St. John Telegraph: It has been the great happiness of our good Queen to live in an age when the people are constantly pressing forward to higher achievements, an age of boundless benevolence and charity, as well as of material improvement in every direction. Her Majesty, from her position, has not been able to take an active part in much of the great work of the world, but she has set an admirable example to her subjects, and has shown herself to be a wise constitutional ruler, constant in the discharge of every public duty and ready to lend her assistance to every good work.

Halifax Chronicle: It can be safely said that Queen Victoria has no enemies among the rulers of civilized nations. Her womanly virtues, as much as the prestige and beneficence of her reign, have endeared her to the British people and to Britons in every colony of the empire and have won for her the unfeigned respect of the people of other nations. To-day as the British drum-beat and the boom of royal salutes encircle the world, not the British people alone but Anglo-Saxons of every nation and every clime will heartily join in the glad acclaim, "Long live Queen Victoria"—"God save the Queen."

Victoria World: The London Times of the 14th May contains a letter from its Canadian correspondent which is five columns in length and treats of live Canadian matters in a lucid and intelligent manner. Speaking of the French-Canadian question, the correspondent, who seems to be perfectly at home on the subject, says it is quite possible for Mr. Laurier with the loyal support of the Liberal party throughout the Dominion, and in view of the state of the public feeling in Quebec and other eastern Provinces, to become Prime Minister at the next general elections. The French-Canadian question, he says, has become the crux of politics in the Dominion.

Montreal Witness: All will rejoice over the success of the operation for the removal of the obstruction to Mr. Gladstone's eyesight. The cataract in Mr. Gladstone's case was the increase or hardening of certain tissues at the expense of other tissues, rendering the lens of the eye more or less opaque; it was caused probably by the changes which old age bring about. It would not surprise us if Mr. Gladstone took his place once more at the head of the Liberal party. He is said to be in good health and in high spirits. When the bugle sounds for the next campaign it will be extraordinary if the old war-horse hears its call without rushing into the fray. If he takes part in the fray it will be discovered, as before, that with him active in the party there is no other possible leader.

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uary 8th.
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DEER PARK, TORONTO.

The Siamese instruments of torture are,
we are told, made in England, and bear the
trade mark of a prominent Birmingham firm.

Thomas Payne King, one of the famous
"Six Hundred" of Balaklava, who since
became a miser, dropped dead in the streets
of Wichita, Kan., recently.

The first published work of Robert Louis
Stevenson was a booklet in thin paper
covers, entitled "The Pentland Rising,"
and brought out in Edinburgh in 1866. A
copy of this small and now rare pamphlet
was lately purchased by a bibliomaniac for
\$40.

An official notice has been issued in
Russia that "physicians shall have the
right to make use of hypnotism in the treat-
ment of their patients. In every case of the
application they must inform the adminis-
trative authorities, at the same time giving
the names of physicians in whose presence
the patient was hypnotized."

I CURED A HORSE of the mange with
MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I CURED A HORSE, badly torn by a pitch
fork, with **MINARD'S LINIMENT.**
St. Peters, C.B. EDWARD LINLIEF.

I CURED A HORSE of a bad swelling with
MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bathurst, N. B. THOS. W. PAYNE.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

By the device of an Italian seismolo-
gist, an earthquake shock is, we are in-
formed, made to light an electric lamp for
a quarter of a second, causing the face of a
chronometer to be photographed and thus
registering the precise time.

A congress of archaeologists at Rome is
proposed for 1895, to be held at the time
the International Fine Art Exhibition is
to be open. Special excavations laying
bare the rest of the Palace of the Cæsars
are suggested as an attractive function.

The tunnels of the world are estimated
to number about 1,142, with a total length
of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 rail-
road tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90
canal tunnels and 40 conduit tunnels, with
aggregate lengths of about 350 miles, 9
miles, 70 miles and 85 miles respectively.

The following represent the best meats
for children, in the order of their digesti-
bility: Cold mutton, mutton chops, veni-
son, tenderloin, sirloin steak, lamb chops,
roast beef, rabbit meat and chicken. Veal,
pork, turkey, goose and duck should be ex-
cluded from the children's bill of fare.—
Popular Health Magazine.

The question whether or not the bronze
age in the East succeeded to one of copper
has been enlightened by Berthelot of the
Institute of France. His analysis of fig-
urines in metal found on ancient sites of
Chaldea, gives pure copper without a trace
of the tin which was the common alloy for
the production of bronze.

Recent experiments show that the use
of ozone as a disinfectant is futile. The
gas, to be sure, is fatal to disease germs,
but only when it reaches one-tenth of one
per cent. of the atmosphere, and long be-
fore this it renders the air unfit for respi-
ration. There is also much practical diffi-
culty in its production in such large quan-
tities.

The Tyrians were the most expert
dyers of ancient times. The fabrics dyed
with the famous Tyrian purple did not as-
sume their proper color until after two
days' exposure to light and air. During
this time they passed through a gradation
of shades of yellow, green, blue, violet and
red, which the dyers understood how to
arrest and fix at any moment.—*Baltimore
Herald.*

One serious difficulty in the way of
using excessively high steam pressures is
that the attendant heat renders lubrication
uncertain and unsatisfactory. To substitute
graphite for oil in such cases would afford
relief. Hence the value of a device lately
invented for automatically feeding graphite
to a steam engine cylinder. The material
is first pulverized, and then discharged in a
dry powder at a rate easily regulated from
a cup on the cylinder.

M. F. Walter has found that an alloy
consisting of ninety five parts of tin and five
parts of copper adheres so tenaciously to
glass that it may be employed as a solder
to join the ends of glass tubes. It is ob-
tained by adding the copper to the tin pre-
viously melted, agitating with a wooden
stirrer, casting or granulating, and then
re-melting. It melts at about 360 deg. C.
By adding from a half to one per cent. of
lead or zinc, the alloy may be rendered
either softer or harder, or more or less
easily fusible. It may also be used for
silvering metals or metallic thread.—*Revue
Scientifique.*

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Other Chemicals

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"The Week"

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Spectroscopic observations made by Mr.
A. F. Miller, of Toronto, on the small lumin-
ous beetle, *Photinus corruscus*, go to show
that the whole energy devoted by the in-
sect to light-production is expended in giv-
ing out those rays that most powerfully
affect the eye; and his investigations there-
fore support Prof. Langley's conclusions
that nature produces the most economical
kind of light.

The first medical college worthy the
name established by the Chinese Govern-
ment was recently opened with formal cere-
mony at Tientsin. The project owes its
origin to the Viceroy of China and his
wife, who constructed the buildings and
placed the direction in the hands of a grad-
uate of the University of Dublin, selected
by the late Sir Andrew Clark. Twenty
well-educated English-speaking Chinamen
have enrolled themselves as students, and
the work of instruction has already been
begun.

A recent book on South America de-
scribes great storms of dragon-flies which
may be seen on the pampas and in Patago-
nia during the summer and autumn. The
dragon-flies are of a large, light-blue varie-
ty and fly at these times in enormous flocks,
moving with a speed of from seventy to
eighty miles an hour. They always pre-
cede the strong winds prevalent in these re-
gions, but though they come from the di-
rection of the wind they always fly from
five to fifteen miles in front of it, so that
their flight seems to be the result of panic
rather than of the wind's force. In fact
these insects are able to fly if need be di-
rectly in the face of the wind, as has been
observed on several occasions in the Alps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Porcelain originated in China.

Queen Victoria employs four doctors.

Every trade in China has its patron saint.

Grecian women had longer feet than the average man has now.

Zola is, it is said, shocked at the realism of the latest English books.

There are said to be in England 120,000 barmaids of licensed public houses, whose hours of work average from fifteen to eighteen on week-days and from seven to nine on Sundays, with only one Sunday off per month.

Philip D. Armour, Chicago's richest citizen, employs 12,000 persons, pays \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 yearly in wages, owns 4,000 railway cars, which are used in transporting his goods, and has 700 or 800 horses to haul his waggons.

The habit of wearing the pigtail has been universal in China since 1644, when the present dynasty, which is Tartar, came into power by conquest. It was then decreed that all men of whatever degree or rank should wear the pigtail to show their loyalty.

Judge Dundy, at Omaha, Neb., recently sentenced Louis de France to imprisonment for life for stealing one cent. De France held up a mail carrier at Gordon and only secured a penny. The punishment is fixed by law, and the court, in pronouncing sentence, said it was too severe, but he had no recourse.

A young Chinese woman has been trying for some time to get a medical education in San Francisco in order to practice among her own people. For three years she has been supporting herself by nursing in Chinatown, but has now made application for admission to some of the hospitals of the city, only to have her application refused because of her race.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Cremation, according to the report of M. Salmon, the Secretary of the French Cremation Society, has made great progress of late in France. So great has been the use made of the crematorium at Pere Lachaise Cemetery that the Society recommends the placing of a similar establishment in every one of the Parisian burial grounds. Members of the Society, for some reason, are not satisfied with the name usually employed to designate the destruction of the body by fire. At their last meeting they carried a resolution abolishing the name "Cremation Society," and adopting in its stead the title "Society for the Promotion of Incineration."

There are many persons of whom it may be said that they have no other possession in the world but their character, and yet they stand as firmly upon it as any crowned king.—*Samuel Smiles*.

Oh, God, animate us to cheerfulness! May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness.—*Channing*.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam" was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."—*Whately*.

A COAL MINER'S RESCUE.

THE STORY OF A WORKER IN THE WESTVILLE, N.S., MINES.

Suffered From Asthma and Indigestion—Unable to Work for Eight Long Months—He Has Now Regained Complete Health and Strength.

From the S. Sellarton, N.S., Journal.

Faith doesn't come to all by hearing. With many seeing is believing. Many when they read of what has been effected in other parts of the country may shake their heads with an incredulous air. To satisfy such people it is necessary to bring the matter home; to show it to them at their own doors. The people of this country may not have heard, or only know little about the places where good has been effected by the use of the medicine, the name of which is on everybody's lips, but they have heard of Westville, the second most populous town in the county, and people far and near have heard of the mining town where in '73, twenty years ago, over fifty lives were lost by an explosion in a mine and the people of these provinces know it to-day as the place from which they draw their supply of fuel. Hearing of a cure that had been effected in Westville through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Journal reporter thought it might be of general interest to ascertain the particulars. So to Westville he went, and called at the home of Mr. Thos. McMillan, who is known to every man, woman and child in the place, having taken up his home there twenty years ago. Mr. McMillan was not to be seen at the time, unless our reporter sought him at a distance of between three and four thousand feet under ground, in one of the deepest coal mines on the continent, where he was at work. Mrs. McMillan was at home, and when informed the object of the reporter's visit, said she could give all the information necessary—and she gave it freely. "Yes," said she, "Tom was a very sick man, so sick that he was unable to work for eight months—a long time, wasn't it?" she said by way of question. "He had been sick more or less for about a year. He was like a great many miners who had to work in poor air, troubled with the asthma and indigestion. He couldn't eat well and of course did not thrive. He lost flesh gradually and at length became so weak that he was unable to work. After he had been sick for some months we read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We talked the matter over and it was agreed to give Pink Pills a trial—and it was a blessing we did. After he began to take the pills he felt himself gradually gaining strength. By degrees his appetite returned and with it his strength, and by the time he had taken six boxes he considered himself a well man. At this time he returned to his work in the mine, but he continued taking the Pink Pills for some time, to make sure that the trouble was driven out of his system. He can now work steadily and is as strong and healthy as he ever was. We are both so pleased with the great good this remedy did him that we never fail to recommend it to any sick acquaintances. This statement is simple facts, and is voluntarily given because my husband has been benefitted by reading the statement of another, and so someone else may be benefitted by knowing what they have done for him.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces such as S. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative

medicine. They contain only life-giving properties and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that they are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

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SWALLOWS AS RIVALS TO CARRIER-PIGEONS.

"It seems quite possible that the swallow will prove a successful rival to the carrier-pigeon in its particular line of service," writes a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "I know a man who has been experimenting with these birds for years, and who managed to tame them and make them love their cage, so that they will invariably return to it after a few hours' liberty. The speed of these messengers can be judged from a single experiment. The man of whom I speak once caught an untrained swallow which had its nest on his farm. He put the bird in a basket and gave it to a friend who was going to a city 150 miles distant, telling him to turn the bird loose on his arrival there, and telegraph him as soon as the bird was set free. This was done, and the bird reached home in one hour and a half. Their great speed and diminutive forms would especially recommend swallows for use in war, as it would not be an easy matter to shoot such carriers on the wing."

THE LATE LORD BOWEN.

The invidious habit of comparison has asserted itself in connection with Lord Bowen's lamentable and untimely death to an unusual extent. In some quarters Lord Bowen has been extolled as the greatest judge of his generation. In others, his brilliant academic and dialectic gifts have been praised at the expense of his more sterling intellectual qualities. In our opinion these estimates are unjust. Lord Bowen was not *primus inter pares* in point of judicial capacity. He frequently suffered from excess of intellectual light. His refinements and distinctions proved a not infertile source of difficulty to those who had to interpret his judgments; and in one notorious case at least his graceful rhetoric was on the occasion of subsequent litigation. On the other hand, it is absurd to represent him as a mere judicial *litterateur*. His subtle intellect, his classical tastes, his unique knowledge of legal history, and his singular facility in expounding legal principles made him one of the most attractive figures in the English temple of Justice. His best judgments were essays that will "live for ever." He was the Chevalier Bayard of the Bar, and the "Admirable Crichton" of the Bench.—*Law Journal*.

I look upon a library as a sort of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles.—*O. W. Holmes*.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A man always wants something for his dinner that is not on the table.

Jillson says that under the laws against gambling a bookmaker's contracts are not binding.

You will miss it if you undertake to measure a man's religion by the length of his face.

Now that is stew bad, as the cook said when his assistant allowed the oysters to burn.

A tea-kettle can sing when it is merely filled with water. But man, proud man, is no tea-kettle.

Maud: George, dear, I cooked these muffins myself this morning. George: I'll eat them if they kill me!

She (after the proposal): You must give me time. He: To consider? She: No; to break off my last engagement.

Sculptor Park, who has just been sued for divorce, is an admirable artist, but he cannot make a model of a husband.

"Fitzgoober was considerably put out the other night when he went to call on his girl." "How?" "By her father."

"It makes me tired to see that wheel go round," said Lazy Lumpkin to his friend. "If it wasn't tired it wouldn't go round," answered the friend.

"What frightful ordeal was it that turned young Higgleby's hair white?" "Oh, he fell in love with a deaf and dumb girl and tried to propose to her."

Auntie: It isn't good form to hold your fork in that way. Little Niece: Auntie, do you think it is good form to stare at folks while they are eating?

Jaggles: What is your opinion of the collection of things Miss Maul painted for Easter? Waggles: After seeing them I can never again believe that eggs is eggs.

Mrs. Bluerich: Aren't you going to send your daughter to a finishing school, after all? Mrs. Newrich: What's the use? She's as good as captured a rich young man now.

Temperance in eating and drinking is a cardinal virtue; the majority of mankind saturate their own death warrants with their cups and dig their graves with their teeth.

Teacher: What are we taught by the story of the loaves and fishes? Johnnie (whose mother keeps boarders): That there's some boarders don't want pie three times a day.

Tenant (hesitatingly): I've been reading a very good article in my paper, headed "Rents must come down." Landlord (confidently): All right; you just come down with the rent.

His Wife: You don't go to sleep at the theatre; why do you always do so at church? Her Husband: Humph! That's just like a woman! Do you suppose I see anything in the choir worth keeping awake for?

The talk had drifted to mental phenomena, when suddenly the maiden shyly asked: "Are you a mind-reader, Horace?" "I am, Susie," he said. "So am I," and she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its bulging outlines in his vest pocket.

Mr. Dadson: (in one corner of the ball-room): By gee, that boy of mine has danced with more girls than any other young fellow in the room! He is just his father over again. Mrs. Dadson (in another corner of the ball-room): It is just amazing to note how confident and how popular Willie is with the young ladies. He isn't a bit like his father was at his age.

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"No, sir, I cannot let you kiss me." "You permitted Jack Getthere to kiss you the other night." "But that was in payment of a forfeit. Then, you know, he is my cousin; and, besides, he is a divinity student." "Well, so am I a divinity student." "You?" "Yes; haven't I been studying you for a long time?"

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch, Beware the awful avalanche!" was the peasant's warning to the aspiring youth. Dangers greater than these lurk in the pathway of the young man or young woman of the present as they journey up the rugged sidehill of time. But they may all be met and overcome by a judicious and timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the celebrated cure for colds, coughs, catarrh and consumption. Better than hypophosphites or cod liver oil; unrivalled and unapproachable in all diseases arising from a scrofulous or enfeebled condition of the system.

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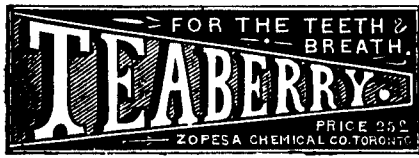
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