

This Number Contains: Shakespeare's Shylock and the Shylocks of To-day, by A Peripatetic Philosopher; The Thoughts of Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar, by Albert R. J. F. Hassard; A French View of Free Trade, by Rev. W. G. Jordan. Leader: The Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897.

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# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

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Toronto, Friday, July 10th, 1896.

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## Current Topics.

A Valuable Precedent.

The ministry of Sir Charles Tupper has resigned, and the Liberals are once more in power. The King is dead, long live the King. Rumour has it that the moribund Government desired to make a large number of appointments which the Governor General declined to ratify. Rumour also has it that the Tupper Government delayed their resignations only to carry through these appointments. Theoretically the practice is for an outgoing Ministry to have provision made for some of its friends—in England, by titles, in Canada, by office. But the theory is a bad one, and as it has been practiced in Canada, vicious. A precedent is now established which commends itself to common sense. The outgoing Ministry from the day they are condemned by popular vote will cease to control. Current business must be carried on, but no new engagements entered into, and appointments to office of political supporters after that date are made at risk of reversal. The Governor-General deserves the hearty thanks of Canadians for establishing this principle. It works both ways and both political parties must in future act accordingly. A member who votes hereafter in the last session of a Parliament with a promise of office made in the hope of his party returning to power, will do so at his own risk.

The Free Coinage of Silver.

The advocates for the free coinage of silver are in the ascendant at Chicago. As we foretold in the issue of the 12th June, the West and South have combined against the East. The Democratic politicians have commenced their mad career. To them, capital and national credit are things of naught. A patriotic combination between the respectable Democrats and the respectable Republicans may yet avert financial disaster in the Union. We fear not. On the contrary, we fear that the unreliable portion of the Republican voters will be seduced into the Democratic ranks. The bribe held out is too seductive for the uneducated to resist. From this time our readers may expect to see history being made by the United States in their characteristic rapid manner. The next step in the programme of these reckless men is to force the hand of the present administration already committed to a "spirited foreign policy."

An Explanation.

We return with the present issue to the usual arrangement of our columns. The number of readers who have complained to us that they have missed their "topics" is very large. The complaint is a gratifying one, because it shows that public attention follows what appears in these columns. We can assure those who have communicated with us on this subject that there is only one reason why we have varied our usual routine. The subject of preferential trade between Canada and England and between Canada and the other English possessions is so important that for the present it dwarfs all other issues. The great difficulty people find in Canada is that of obtaining authoritative information on almost any question, absolutely without suspicion of its being "cooked." As to the trade question there is a general uneasy impression that the two parties do not look upon that question from the same standing point. The Conservatives are supposed to have a leaning to London. The Liberals are alleged to look to Washington. The average non-party Canadian wants to know what the facts are before he judges. To supply this want for three issues we devoted the first place in our columns to Mr. Van Sommer's papers. To that gentleman we return our acknowledgments. His third paper on the various treaties contains a mass of information in tabular form, which could not be acquired without a great deal of research. It is very suggestive, and Canadians may draw some salutary lessons from it. The intelligent and thinking lover of his country will require no further explanation of a course which ought to show that THE WEEK desires only the interests of truth. We appealed some time ago for information from the North-West as to the Hudson Bay Railway. We have received some information, but not enough. The people in Eastern Canada desire to know all about that subject. We would welcome reliable information about the mining capabilities both of this Province and British Columbia. The Newfoundland question has sunk out of sight. Is it not more in the interests of the Dominion to discuss these questions than it is to try and set the Provinces fighting with one another?

Does It Pay?

The primary duty of any journal which aims at the ideal of THE WEEK is to give information. The field to be covered ranges through all subjects from Politics to Music, from discord to harmony. Stern fact and prosaic reality must find room as well as the fanciful creations of imagination. The struggle for existence is so exacting in a comparatively new country that there is almost no leisure class. The compensation paid to literature in Canada, and the consideration given to literary men by the great world are so small that only a very few devote attention to letters. The consequence is that the practical side of literature receives undue encouragement. The general trend of education is towards improvement in material directions. Education for the sake of education exists almost no longer. A man or youth in Canada goes to a University, not to receive a general education, but to receive special training for some profession or

occupation. The result of this tendency is to turn loose upon the world a flood of semi-educated men, who know very little outside of their own special line. It is hard to convince such men that there is more than is dreamt of in their philosophy. But this disadvantage of our modern systems is a very minor one compared with the loss of mental vigour which might otherwise go into literature for its own sake or into the fine arts. The sole question now is, Does it pay? We hope to rally to our side those who do not accept this test as being the only touchstone for acceptance. But it is quite evident that the mind of the country is being dwarfed instead of being enlarged by the present system in our Universities. Here is another subject upon which we would like to receive suggestions.

Some Modern  
Tendencies.

The existence of Canada as a separate nationality depends on her people being correctly and honestly informed as to her material requirements, and we have, therefore, devoted and will devote the space necessary to a fair discussion of the questions connected with that subject. The policy of THE WEEK is to invite discussion, to see that contestants receive fair play; and when the material on both sides of a question is handed in, to suggest, applaud or criticise as the case requires. There is only one object in view—the good of Canada. Canada before all, but Canada honest and truthful, and above all intelligent. We have on this continent, across the border, a warning in the bigoted and ignorant partizanship of an unfair and untruthful press. On this side of the line we suffer, perhaps, not so much, but we do suffer from the same evil. No sane man governs his view of either party by what he reads in the organs which serve or oppose either. When we grow to be an older country we may afford to be more generous, but we will never become so if the leading men on the press do not play a bigger game. They ought to know that they have influence upon ignorant people and their reckless and unjustifiable attacks upon the opposite side do great harm to the country. The pictorial artists who caricature the leader of the Government or of the Opposition and their friends should not lend their talents to making these men appear odious. A joke is a joke and every man ought to be able to enjoy one, but that is a different thing from striving to render an honourable opponent contemptible or hateful. Against all such tendencies we will protest, while at the same time we will strive to give information on debatable questions fairly and accurately. Some questions admit of no debate—truth and falsehood—honesty and dishonesty—right and wrong—loyalty and treason. Between these, there can be no compromise. On these points we trust we shall be found always on the side of truth and justice, of Canada and the Queen.

The Treaty  
Question.

The position of Great Britain as to her colonies with reference to the treaty making power is anomalous. The trade treaties with Belgium and the German Confederation date from before Confederation. There has been a tremendous change in public opinion in England since the day when those treaties were made. Such treaties would not be made now without consulting Canada and Australia. A claim is put forward by many that Canada should have the right to make her own treaties without reference to the rest of the Empire. This extreme view is as wrong on the one side as the other extreme view, that England can barter away Colonial interests without consulting her colonies, is wrong on the other side. The truth as usual lies between the two extremes. A great

deal of ignorant nonsense was talked about English injustice to Canadian interests in the matter of copyright. The fact was that England's action in that matter was of the greatest benefit to Canada. On the trade question, in the same way, the "most-favoured-nation" clause, letting in England, lets in those colonies which agree to the terms of a treaty containing such a clause. Canada has dissented from thirteen treaties. Each of these thirteen cases should be capable of explanation. The result of the refusal apparently is that in thirteen cases Canada has lost markets she might have got on favourable terms. What has she gained by her refusal? Can any of our correspondents enlighten us? Statistics are not amusing, but in bad times everybody must go to work at making up accounts, and a prudent man will see where the leakages are. Is it not possible that here are thirteen leakages?

Chattel Mortgages  
in Ontario.

The Monetary Times deserves the thanks of the community for pointing out the injustice done to Ontario by the London Investor's Review. The figures given by the Monetary Times are undoubtedly correct, and are, as far as they go, an answer to the Investors' Review. But there is one point which the Monetary Times has not covered, and that is that these chattel mortgages by farmers and yeomen do not mean a further indebtedness for the amount stated upon their face. They are in most cases taken by the loan companies as collateral security only to real estate mortgages. If an instalment of principal or the interest on a farm mortgage falls in arrear the company takes for the amount in arrear a further security on the chattels or stock, as the case may be, of the mortgagor. One full payment releases both mortgages. These chattel mortgages must therefore not be taken as an evidence of anything more than as security for an indebtedness already incurred and accruing, and not for a fresh indebtedness. The Investors' Review should make the *amende* to Ontario. It was the duty of that paper to point out what it thought was a dangerous place for the investment of money, but when the true figures are presented and the situation explained, it ought, at least, to state the other side of the case as presented by the Monetary Times and ourselves.

London's  
Visitors

The Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, and the Yale Rowing crew, are placing Americans very much *en evidence* in London. All roads lead to Rome, they used to say; all roads lead to London now-a-days. It cannot but be pleasant to Londoners in particular, and Englishmen in general to receive notable visitors from all parts of the known world. It is an acknowledgment of supremacy, and England is mighty enough to forget and forgive little impertinences and impatient ebullitions of jealousy on the part of her Trans-Atlantic off-shoots. The more one philosophizes over History—the more one sees History repeat itself. The daily papers in the ancient metropolis of the world, or what answered to the daily papers, the *acta diurna*, chronicled the arrival of savage potentates, Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judaea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia. The Cæsar of the day laid himself out to entertain the foreign guests just as the Prince of Wales does to-day. The mob cheered, the vulgar gazed, and the women talked about the latest new "lion" just as they do in London in the end of the nineteenth century. Human nature is human nature still.

## The Canadian Historical Exhibition of 1897: A Question.

A DEPUTATION from the Local Executive Committee of the Canadian Historical Exhibition waited upon the Board of Control at the City Hall on Friday last for the purpose of placing before them the project for holding a Historical Exhibition in Toronto in 1897, and of asking the aid of the City Council to that end. The deputation was received cordially and listened to courteously and dismissed with a promise that the Board would take the matter into their consideration.

Reports of the manner in which the project was laid before the members of the City Council present by the chairman of the Committee, Mr. O. A. Howland, the Rev. Father Ryan, and Mr. David Boyle, have appeared in the daily papers at more or less length. In none of them, however, has the key note of the position been sufficiently emphasized, if we may be allowed to say so without offence.

The case stands thus: A committee formed principally of men from the universities and professional class, have formulated a scheme for holding an Exhibition in Toronto in 1897, one which, by its exhibits, will illustrate the history of Canada and of British Maritime enterprise from the day of the landfall of John Cabot, in 1497, to 1897. They have ascertained through correspondence with other universities, historical societies, both at home and abroad, the British Imperial League, and other organizations, as well as from private collectors of historic records and relics, what prospects there are of bringing together exhibits of sufficient interest and value to warrant the enterprise. They have met with a favorable response from all. Their correspondence, meetings held, and missionary efforts in this direction have roused a desire upon the part of Dominion and Continental organizations to hold their annual conventions in Toronto in 1897, that they may also attend an Exhibition which promises to be something out of the ordinary, in fact, unique. An Act has been passed by the Provincial Legislature to authorize the committee to issue debentures at four per cent. for a given sum, and to give them the use of buildings, already erected, and the right to collect entrance fees, etc., in order to provide the necessary funds and accommodation. The sum is a comparatively small one. The outlay is expected to return a reasonable profit and the intention is to devote such profits to the establishment of a permanent museum of a Provincial character in Toronto. The authority to issue these debentures is of no practical value, unless the municipality, the Province and Dominion will guarantee a proportion. The city being the one to benefit materially is naturally the first to whom application is made. Unless some united and immediate action is taken, the time being so short, and so much to be done, it will be impossible to accomplish anything worth attempting. Such is one side of the question. The other is: Montreal, while wishing to hold an exhibition of her own, though of a somewhat different character, has through her historical societies and other associations generously promised her aid to the Committee. These societies and associations are willing to do everything in their power to make the Exhibition in Toronto a success, and of national significance, but, failing Toronto, would welcome it to their own city.

The question then remains, will Toronto, with the advantages it possesses of geographical position, climate, accommodation, scenery and desire to attract visitors, lose the opportunity offered her of holding an exhibition which, from its character, will attract thousands? Will she refuse to

reap the result of the gratuitous labour of a committee who at the present time see the need of some such measure or enterprise to place the past history, future possibilities and present standing of Canada as a nation, Toronto as a capital city, before Canadians, the continent, and the world at large?

Will Toronto, through lack of public spirit, judgment to extend beyond the present moment, forethought or a just appreciation of the importance of such an exhibition let it go to Montreal for a better reception and thus lose the opportunity given it of proving Toronto what it should be, "the meeting place of the nations;" by small economy now lose a permanent benefit that will return an ever-increasing percentage upon the present outlay?

\* \* \*

### Romance.

It chanced upon a memorable night,  
 Within the circle of a lamplight's gleam,  
 A boy devoured a book,—ah, book supreme!—  
 And in its pages found a new delight:  
 A wonder-woven land of Fancy bright,  
 That grew, and evermore to grow did seem,  
 Till the old world he knew was but a dream,—  
 The common, precious, and the darkness light.

All climes and shapes, Romance, are one to thee,  
 The herald flow'r of spring, last fruit of fall,  
 The songs of birds, the four winds' mystery,  
 The whispering of the leaves, the sirens' call,  
 Past, present, future, sky and land and sea,—  
 The glamour of thy spell is over all!

KEPPELL STRANGE.

\* \* \*

## Shakespeare's Shylock and the Shylocks of To-day.

THE great interest which attaches to the Jewish question in this, our own time, naturally makes "The Merchant of Venice" a more than ever interesting play. The question, what Shakespeare meant in depicting the Jew as he did, becomes the modern question,—what is the Jew, what has made him what he is, and what shall we do with him? The revival of the anti-Semite feeling is, as Mr. Lecky long ago pointed out, one of the most marked and ominous features of this century. By other writers the persecution of the Jews is excused as not only justifiable, but as the only policy which governments, acting in the interest of self-preservation, can well pursue. The remedy proposed for their improvement is that of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, namely, that the Jew should be derabbinized and denaturalized, that is, that he should renounce the Talmud, the tribal parts of the Mosaic law, and circumcision. If the Jew cannot return to Palestine, he should be made to forget it, to give his heart to the land of his birth and mingle with humanity.

As an example of a different attitude, that assumed by Mr. Lecky may be referred to. It was suggested by Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu's work, "Israel among the Nations." The persecution of the Jews unites, as the latter author says, three of the most powerful elements that can move mankind—the spirit of religious intolerance, the spirit of exclusive nationality, and the jealousy which springs from trade or mercantile persecution.

Mr. Lecky, in supplementing or criticizing M. Leroy-Beaulieu, makes some thoughtful and interesting comments on certain racial peculiarities of the Jews, and finds a philosophical explanation for most of these. For instance, the servility and deception which are qualities commonly found in Jews have been developed by the long course of persecution. Not being able to protect themselves by force, they naturally resorted to subterfuge and fraud. It is no wonder that in time self-respect became almost lost in a people long exposed to insult and contempt. "Slavish conditions"—to quote one of Mr. Lecky's sentences—"produced, as they always do, slavish characteristics, and, as is always the case, those characteristics did not at once disappear when the conditions that produced them had altered."

The point to which Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu draws attention in explaining the lack of a fine sense of honor among Jews

that the Jews have been altogether outside the system of chivalry in which the modern conception of honour was largely found, is also touched on by Mr. Lecky. Apart from this, the occupations in which the Jews have been chiefly engaged have had a tendency to materialize and lower the character. The Church long taught that it was very wrong to borrow or lend money at interest, and, as this was a commercial necessity, the Jews were allowed a monopoly of it. Most of those qualities which are displeasing in the Jews can be explained, Mr. Lecky thinks, by circumstances such as these.

On the other hand, the Jews should be given credit for some remarkably good traits. They, as a race, Mr. Lecky pointed out, have been strikingly free from the lower and more degrading kinds of vices—those that most enfeeble a race. They are less addicted than Christian nations to intoxicating drinks. Their drinking laws are in accordance with advanced hygienic principles. That they are not lacking in moral elevation or tenderness is apparent from the very fact that they produced the Old Testament. They have shown devoted courage in the maintenance of their faith and before the persecutions which they have endured, the persecutions of other creeds dwindle, according to Mr. Lecky's opinion, almost into insignificance. They have always had a great reverence for learning and exceed the average of men in ability. Mr. Lecky quotes such names as Sprinza, Herne, Ricardo and D'Israeli in evidence of this. They have distinguished themselves especially in philology, mathematics, medicine, music and the histrionic art.

Mr. Lecky seems to think that the Jewish problem, if left alone, will solve itself. The defects of character which have grown up during centuries of persecution will gradually pass away. The old rigidity of creed and observance which completely severed the Jew from other people is being relaxed. The dissolution of old beliefs, which is so marked a characteristic of this latter half of the nineteenth century, has been, Mr. Lecky thinks, even more common among the Western Jews than among Christians, and as common among the women as among the men. Religious cynicism, negative, is common among the Jews. Mr. Lecky quotes Sheridan's remark about the blank page between the Old and the New Testament. Some of the most severe critics of the Old Testament have been Jews. Mr. Lecky instances Spinoza, Salvador, Kalisch, and Darmesteter. To be sure, the Oriental Jews are far more conservative, and have retained, to a far greater extent, their old ritual and fanaticism. But Mr. Lecky predicts, if Palestine is ever again to become a Jewish land, this will be effected only through the wealth and energy of the Western Jews, and it is not those Jews who are likely to inhabit it.

So much for the two sides of the discussion as it is being carried on in our own day. In the light of this discussion the old problem of Shakespearian critics, what Shakespeare meant in the presentation of Shylock becomes a question of modern interest. Did Shakespeare mean to represent in Shylock a fiend incarnate, a man of unmitigated villainy? Or did he aim at picturing a character with all the elements of goodness and greatness, but perverted and distorted from their original and natural condition? In other words was Shakespeare a representative of the intolerance of the age in which he lived or a protest against that intolerance? Of course one should be on one's guard against thinking that a moral must be tacked to everything a great man has written. But whatever may be said of Shakespeare in this respect, there certainly are ethical lessons of the highest import to be drawn from some of his plays, though, of course, no morals are thrust disagreeably and inartistically—as is the way with lesser artists—before us. The view most in favour now among critics seems to be that if there is a moral lesson contained in "The Merchant of Venice," it is a lesson against, rather than in favour, of intolerance. The old conception of Shylock as an out-and-out scoundrel has given place to the conception of him as rather the wreck of a great and in many respects noble nature. This is very decidedly the conception of the greatest living interpreter of Shakespeare on the stage—Henry Irving. It is wonderful how he works out this interpretation. From first to last you see before you a character for which you feel a mingled sorrow and admiration. You think of him as the Jew, taunted, despised by the Christians, even the best of them. It is particularly significant that even Antonio, a magnificent character, faultless in all other respects, is not superior to

the intolerance of the times against the Jews. You scarcely blame the Jews, though you feel a horror at the thing in itself, where he plots so diabolically to bring about Antonio's ruin and death. The tenderness of the Jew for his daughter is brought out very strongly by Irving in his acting. When he parts with the girl, on the night he is "bid forth to supper," he lingers long, holding her hand, and looking proudly and sadly at her as if a premonition of the fate that was to separate them had come to him. When he hears of her flight he is frantic with grief. In Irving's hands the grief for the loss of the ducats is subordinated wholly to and almost lost in the grief for the loss of the daughter. When in the presence of Christians the pride of the old man sustains him, but when alone with Tubal he falls upon the latter's shoulder and breaks into a paroxysm of sobbing. Irving makes a great deal, too, out of that one little sentence where reference is made to the ring which had been given to Shylock years ago by his wife and which Jessica had parted with for a monkey. It is some minutes before Shylock can speak when informed of this loss (this is one of the many instances of the effective use Irving makes of pauses), then in low, broken tones he murmurs, "It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor." The one little sentence, as uttered by Irving, suggests a whole story, and a story of deepest pathos. One begins to think of what life had once meant to that now bowed and trembling old man; that he once was full of hope and love, and looked forward to a life of happy union with a congenial nature; one thinks of what the death of his wife must have meant to a man to whom, shut out from public houses and positions of trust, the family life was all in all; of the disappointment when Jessica failed in filial love or sympathy and deserted the old father for a gay Christian lover. In the trial scene itself the dignity and stern tenacity of purpose of the Jew have something commanding about them. In his desire to have his bond he seems to represent not so much the individual Jew, seeking revenge for personal slights or wrongs, as the stern representative and avenger of a race and religion long despised and persecuted. The splendid *tu quoque* argument, given in reply to the Duke's pharisaical, "How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?" is brought out by Irving with fine effect. One cannot help feeling that at any rate Shylock is more consistent with his principles—the principles of the Old Testament on which the Jew was trained, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"—than are these Christians with the New Testament teachings of the common brotherhood of man and the law of mercy, which they are supposed to accept. The quiet scorn with which Shylock treats the weak and impulsive arguments of Bassanio and the would-be-witty taunts of Gratiano is very effective. He is simply impassive when Portia makes the speech on mercy. That his desire for revenge wholly superseded his usually reigning passion of avarice, is well brought out by Irving, especially when Bassanio says: "For thy three thousand ducats, here are six."

The Jew pauses a minute, looking quietly at Bassanio, then taps three successive times with his knife upon the glittering coins, then slowly and with emphasis on almost every word, replies: "If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them; I would have my bond."

The fawning, servile spirit of the Jew comes out when Portia apparently gives sentence in his favour. He stoops, and kisses repeatedly the hem of Portia's garment, as he heaps compliment upon compliment: "A Daniel come to Judgment! Yea, a Daniel! Oh, wise young Judge, how do I honour thee!"

The fiendish hatred with which he springs towards his victim with uplifted knife, though awful, suggests as parallel some of those characters in Old Testament story, where, according to the account which the most orthodox of us can scarcely read without skepticism, the chosen people were only obeying the commands of the Lord when they butchered relentlessly the armies of the alien.

The anti-climax of this act is even more dramatic and suggestive as Irving gives it than the climax. When the Jew finds he is robbed of his revenge, he, though in a position in which most men would have lost reason and presence of mind entirely, is still capable of thinking of money. When the last and cruelest blow is struck, and he is completely in the power of these Christians, nay, must himself become a Christian, his spirit is utterly crushed and broken. When

Portia asks: "Art thou contented, Jew? What do'st thou say?" he answers, half inarticulately, and with a long pause between verb and complement, "I am——content."

At the last taunt of Gratiano he turns (he has paid no attention at all to Gratiano's taunts during the latter part of the trial scene), and looks at him as if he would speak, his face working convulsively. Then slowly, with uncertain and feeble steps, as if sight as well as strength had deserted him, the but now strong, defiant Jew totters, a poor, broken old man, unsteadily off the stage.

The pathos of the character, so portrayed, is wonderfully appealing. One's sympathies are drawn so strongly towards him that one forgets to rejoice in the escape of Antonio from his terrible, impending fate, and the joy and mirth of the closing scenes seem discordant and disagreeable. One thinks only of the poor wretch, who, the victim of misfortune and injustice, has been robbed of all that life held of sweetness for him and is reduced to the extremest misery and humiliation.

Shakespeare, of course, if he intended to read a lesson to the narrow and intolerant age in which he lived, knew better than to represent Shylock as a hero. But though the villain of the play, his villainy is of a kind not unmixed with grandeur. The faults seem not to be innate, but to have been growths forced upon a soil which would naturally have produced fair and beautiful fruit. Even his love of gold—a particularly disgusting quality, though, to be sure, it is remarkable that this materialistic age should so regard it—ceases to disgust us when we reflect that human nature must love something, and this was the only thing left to Shylock to love. In a word, the bad qualities of Shylock are—as Mr. Lecky says those of the modern Jew are—simply the result of generations of injustice and persecution. What is surprising is not that these qualities exist, but that any grandeur, any dignity, any worth of character has survived. Is not, then, the Shakespearian Shylock a powerful appeal on behalf of the principles of tolerance and justice and magnanimity? So eloquent a sermon was never preached by any pulpit orator as that which is heard when Henry Irving represents "The Merchant of Venice" in accordance with the reading of the character above described.

A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

\* \* \*

## Thor and Loki-from-Utgarth.

(From the Old Norse Edda.)

THIS is where Thor made his journey eastward into Utgarth, where the giants are. Leaving his two goats behind, he travelled away down to the sea; then out over the water he fared, finally reaching land on the far side. There he went up on shore, taking with him Thalfi and Roskwa and another.

After footing it a little way on the land, there loomed up before the travellers a wood of enormous size; but they kept on, nevertheless, all that day till dark. Thalfi was the swiftest of foot of all the men, and it was he that was carrying Thor's wallet: they were not too well off for food, though. Darkness came on at last; and, casting about them for some place to pass the night, they came upon a sort of hall or house, very big, and with doors at either end about as broad as the house itself; this they used for night quarters.

About the middle of the night there was a violent earth-shaking. The ground went a rocking under them, and their house shook. Thor sprang up and called to his companions, and together they groped around in the dark till they found themselves in a sort of side-room on the left of the house and about midway of its length. Here they stayed, Thor sitting in the passageway and the others further in. They were pretty frightened, all of them; but Thor kept a hold of his hammer and had his mind made up to defend himself against whatever might come.

Later on there was more noise and uproar lasting a long time; and when daylight came, Thor stoutly determined to go and find out what had made all the din. Not far away in the wood he found a man lying at full length—no little man was it, either: he was asleep, and his snoring was tremendous. This, Thor guessed, was where the noise had

come from during the night, so he buckled around him his magic girdle, whereby his supernatural strength waxed tenfold. But just then the giant awoke and got up, all on a sudden; and they say that for once in his life Thor was afraid to use his hammer. He merely asked the giant who he was, and was told that his name was Skrymir:

"But I don't need," added the latter, "to ask your name: you're Thor, I know. What have you been doing with my mitten, though?"

So saying, the giant put out his hand and picked up a mitten, and Thor saw it was the same that he had mistaken in the darkness for a house, with a side room where the thumb was. Then the giant asked Thor whether he would accept of his company on the way; and when the latter consented, Skrymir took and undid his provision bag and set about to eat his breakfast, Thor and his companions keeping at a little distance. The giant then proposed that they make common store of their provisions, and Thor had to say that he was willing; so the food was all put in one wallet, and Skrymir tied it up and slung it across his shoulder.

During the day, the giant kept the lead of the others, for his strides were rather long for them; and when night came, he looked out a place for them to stay under a big oak tree. Then he told Thor he was going to take a nap.

"But you, Thor, take the bag and get your own supper ready," said he.

So the giant lay down, and in a little while was fast asleep and snoring. Thor, in the meanwhile, having picked up the bag to open it, found that instead of getting it untied, —hard as it may seem to believe—not one of the knots would come undone: he could not even get an end of the string through to make the loops a bit looser. Then, when he saw that all his tugging was of no use, he grew very angry. Taking hold of his hammer in both his hands, he stole softly to where Skrymir lay, and struck him a hard thump on the head. The giant woke, and remarking without much concern that a leaf off the tree had fallen on his head, asked:

"Had your supper yet, Thor? Are you ready for bed?"

"Just going," was the answer. Thor and his companions then went to their place for the night under an oak tree—not the same one that Skrymir lay under, though. They were a little bit too frightened to sleep well, you may believe. Thor didn't sleep at all. Along towards midnight, hearing the giant snoring loud and the woods echoing to the roar, he got up, and going over to where the sleeper lay, raised his hammer and brought it down hard on the crown of his head, so hard that he felt sure the hammer-head must have sunk deep into the skull.

Skrymir woke up on the instant, and asked:

"What was that? Did an acorn drop on my head? You all right, Thor?"

Thor had, in the meantime, glided over to his own place.

"Why, I've just woke up," he replied. "It's only about midnight," he added, "and time yet to sleep for a long while."

Thor now thought to himself if he could only manage to get at him once more and let him have one more blow on the head, the giant would never see daylight again. So he lay still and waited till he thought Skrymir must be asleep again; then he tiptoed over to him, and, swinging his hammer with all his might, he let the giant have it fair on the temple that was turned upwards.

Skrymir sat up and drew his hand across his forehead.

"Are there birds in this tree over me, I wonder?" he said to himself. "I had an idea when I woke that droppings had fallen on my head. You awake, Thor? It's time, I suppose, to be up and getting ready, for we haven't far to go now till we get to the place they call Giant-land."

"Now, you men have been whispering about me and about my size of body, and saying that I'm not exactly a little fellow; but when you come to Utgarth, where the giants live, you'll find that the men there are bigger than I am. I am going to give you a piece of advice, now, Thor. Don't boast too much about yourself, when you're there; for the giants will hardly be able to put up with it from a little fellow like you. In fact, perhaps you had better change your mind and not go there. However, if you are set on it,

keep on to the east from here: I must be off north to those mountains you see over there."

So saying, Skrymir picked up the provision bag, threw it over his shoulder, and turned away into the wood, after expressing the hope that they might meet again safe and sound.

DAVID SOLOAN.

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### The Sentinels of Time.

Forth was I carried on the wings of night,  
The trackless wastes of space were upward fanned,  
Until from one long vantage-ground of light  
In mute surprise the fields of Time I scanned;  
Far, far below saw stately wons spread  
Their moving maze of red and black and gold;  
Witnessed the paths where gibing centuries led  
The world's dumb van of fate; the wealth untold  
Of kings barbaric counted; round the toil,  
The fret of years, beheld Death's ebon foil.

The patriarchs of primal days espied  
Wand'ring as Isaac underneath the stars,  
Seer-like, before he went to clasp his bride;  
Alone and full of calm content, nor wars,  
Nor fond ambition luring, in their vales  
Of Asian plenty, flock-encircled, viewed  
In awe the floating splendour sunset trails,  
Their joy the lustrous orient night renewed:  
These were the sons of Nature, this the clime  
Where lives were poems and no need for rhyme.

Thenceforward as the palmy world waxed old  
Men lost the sight of beauty and of bloom;  
Red rose the beams of war, and sullen rolled  
The noise of races clashing in the gloom;  
From age to age grew the Cimmerian shade,  
Obscured the frantic hasters after fame,  
The pedestals by bloody tyrants made  
To hold them up to everlasting shame:  
Still Poesy maintains her gentle sway,—  
A thousand hills her sacred fires display.

Along the mountain peaks of Time they stand,  
Homeric bards, who ever strike the strings  
That thrill and soothe, the music of the land  
Ethereal and divine; each poet brings  
To souls grown dark and torpid in the clay  
A holy fire, the light that lingers long  
About the coasts of empyrean day;  
He handeth down the golden gifts of song;  
And all mens' sorrow-cries, and bells that toll,  
And love and life are echoed in his soul.

Bright stream the stronger watch-fires from the steep  
Of every age, the sentinels I mark  
Limned clear against the blaze, the tireless sweep  
Of hands across immortal strings, and hark!  
The heaven-taught voices of those blessed few  
Surge through the upper realms of air to God,  
The voices of the night, and like unto  
The nightingale's, full-throated, from the sod  
Springing triumphant, stirring farthest skies  
With passion-songs and glorious symphonies.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

Toronto.

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### The Thoughts of Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar.

MANY thousands of years before there appears any record of departed time there dwelt among the mountains of Northern Hindostan, if Indian legends may be believed, a sage whose wealth of wisdom has been unparalleled in the intellectual history of the world. His birth is so remote in its antiquity that it is told of him that he remembered the time when our planet was in its prime, when the highest peak of the Himalayas pointed towards the northern star, and when the equator circled the globe through wastes of ocean from pole to pole. For so many years did he live that we are informed he beheld with wonder the mighty panorama of the frigid zone descending the Himalayas, rolling slowly to the northward over the mountains and wastelands of Asia; dying, so the legend runs, when the great sea, dividing the Eastern and Western hemispheres in the north, became in its turn the region of eternal frost and ice and snow. Through all these innumerable ages this venerable seer dwelt near the boundaries of China and Hindostan. Phenomena, almost tragical in their mystical significance, formed the objects of amusement for his leisure, while the

unfolding of his boundless intellect, displaying all the wonders of perception, thought and action, composed the burden of his daily toil. Climate and temperature, it seems, exercised no influence on his being; for wrapt in contemplation he pondered and meditated as the cycles changed and as the centuries and ages hurried past. We are told he was the father of all thought; and it is from his oracles that in modern times were compiled the aphorisms which abound in the Bible and in Shakspeare.

This great Eastern sage, whose name, Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar, indicates that he was the "creator of thought," took little pains to preserve any of his meditations. One hundred polished stones, whose surfaces were rendered of iron durability, are said to have been prepared for the perpetuation of his thoughts, and on these hundred stones are said to have been inscribed the records of a million meditations. Yet of these stones there remain to the labours of discovery scarcely more than the fragments of a single tablet, containing, perhaps, the hundredth portion of this tremendous collection. To these shattered fragments the wisdom of the world is indebted; the greatest of the oracles discovered on those fragments being comprised in the two compilations just mentioned. But recent explorers among Indian ruins have succeeded in exposing to the world a few fragments of flinty surface; and from the interpretation of the hieroglyphics and writings on their surfaces it can scarcely be denied that they are really remains of portions of another of the long buried tablets of the seer Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar.

In presenting a few of these interpreted thoughts to the consideration of our readers it seems fitting to say that though many of them undoubtedly preceded in the abstract their representation in the concrete, yet it should be remembered that the abstract is merely the perfect form of the concrete. Truly is that intellect great which creates what inviolable law cannot approach, much less improve. It may, too, be said that there appears abundant reason to expect future fragments will reward the patient toiling of the Eastern explorers. Shattered fragments are being cemented together and learned linguists are rendering the age-worn hieroglyphics in the language familiar to the world of speech, of thought and of action. We add no commentary on the significance of those utterances which we have had transmitted to us immediately on their interpretation; nor have we endeavoured to classify them according to their subtlety, their abstractness, their veracity or their profundity.

The following comprise the complete collection of aphorisms, wise thoughts, oracles, proverbs, and weird sentiments preserved through ten thousand changes, on the fragment of a single tablet. Like the mystic collection that bares no title until it was gathered into the leaves of a "Biblos," a "Bible," or "Book," so these remain without a name until they too will at some future time be gathered into a collection whose form will give them a temporary title.

Says the seer Chaomen-d'aliran-Lavar:—

1. Thought alone is immortal.
2. There is no difference between truth and an undiscovered lie.
3. A hypocrite would always make a priest.
4. Were there no crime nor wrong there were no thought.
5. Be wise with some, for all men are not fools.
6. Fear is not the only preventative to desperation.
7. Thought beheld the birth of all language, it will live when language dies.
8. There is no poetry in priests and no fancy in politicians.
9. A crevice may admit a lie, but truth will break through walls of steel.
10. There is no limit to the greatness of him whose ambition equals his opportunity.
11. The latest hour will teach us something new.
12. Let the most foolish subject be the king.
13. A priest may be a virtuous man.
14. Neither love nor ignorance can be convinced.
15. We call him virtuous whose vice is hid.
16. Though slander have a silver tongue its notes are brazen all the same.
17. There never was a thought upon a throne.
18. Some surgeons can cure as well as kill.
19. There is no reason where there is no thought.



## Scraps of Social Science.

20. The thoughts of women cannot live.
21. In a contest of words he who is specific succeeds.
22. As fades all lesser shades with greater night, so fades one's lesser in one's greater guilt.
23. The thoughts of one moment are seldom greater than those of the next.
24. The drunkard whose aim is the bottle never misses his mark.
25. The more unsociable a man grows the more civilized he becomes.
26. Be honest when you're sure you'll be found out.
27. A good character will never bear witness against anyone.
28. 'Tis difficult to distinguish innocent carelessness from guilty desperation.
29. Conceal whatever cannot speak in your favour.
30. Be patient only when you're overpowered.
31. If one of us must do wrong what matters whether it be you or I?
32. "All the world" means at best a fool or two.
33. When wisdom is the subject, ignorance is the sovereign.
34. All men usually believe whatever I believe.
35. The great man charges his own price for his thoughts and always receives it.
36. Be great if it be only in villainy.
37. Merit reward and you will receive it.
38. Let the tyrant learn to fear genius whose brains are dynamite.
39. Who can foretell what will result when genius and occasion meet.
40. Freedom's laws are genius' chains.
41. A man is judged by those qualities only in which he chances to be deficient.
42. Years may numb old pains, but years will bring new ones.
43. 'Tis better to be born than made a slave.
44. A thought ne'er set in speech before will outlive half the deeds of men.
45. Great thoughts like accidents come unawares.
46. The history of the word "ambition" is the history of all crime.
47. When some unexpected fate is long delayed the brave man fears and the strong grows weak.
48. For every wrong there is a righteous deed.
49. Fame is a form of merit's reward.
50. Patriots have been known to wish their country well.
51. Is one hour better than the next or worse.
52. If logic conquer love, what will remain?
53. The greatest rights cannot judge desperate wrongs.
54. Bulk equals beauty in the dark.
55. Darkness will brighten, silence will speak, yea, the dead will rise and testify for truth.
56. A calm, a smile, a calm, a tear,—so runs the common life of all.
57. Earth is better for the faults of men.
58. Trifles become important when conversation lags.
59. He who has an empty head has an empty pocket.
60. Virtue is a friend of wisdom.
61. If it be treason to think, it is heresy to hope.
62. A graduate is not always a genius.
63. There is no truth which cannot be demonstrated in a single sentence.
64. A truth is a thought which has evaded examination.
65. Age has its follies as well as youth.
66. Reason is foreign to youth,—it is often foreign to age.
67. Conversation more frequently separates than unites the conversants.
68. Intellect can never be vanquished.
69. It is as much a title to greatness to create a thought as it is to create a world.
70. A thought is a thought in all places and in all times.

NATURAL law and scientific reasoning govern in social observance as in the more severe lines of life, if, indeed, anything more severe than social slavery exists. The commonest deed performed is the result, or the antecedent, of some one or more of the processes and laws which are boundless in range, and not to be calculated in operation, and "practical social science" is a weightier subject to be handled than the unthinking assert. We live in what is stated to be a purely utilitarian age; and withal, we are bound by the chain of demands imposed by society as completely as if utilitarian principles, or speculations on a possible revolt from an existing state of things, had never presented themselves to us. We may indulge in metaphysics privately; but we must beware how they are introduced publicly. A custom which commends itself to a number of right minded persons is worthy the consideration of other right-minded persons; but who is to show proof as to which among us is right-minded? The person who wantonly flies in the face of a long-established, reputable habit, meets our arguments with the counter-argument that we are fossils and that he only, by establishing a newer and better order of things, is entitled to be counted among the "right-minded." The man who contradicts an assertion, or endeavours to upset a custom, simply for the sake of so doing, must surely be one of those mentioned in "*Uncatalogued Vulgarities*;" but we are in the unpleasant position of not being able to catalogue our vulgarities. We have not yet been properly sorted!

The question has often been asked, what is meant when we receive the answer, "not at home;" but curiosity prompts one to inquire what is meant when our hosts inform us they *are* at home. The ostensible causes of an entertainment are—to meet our friends, to dispense our hospitality, and to keep ourselves in touch with the outward lives of friends and acquaintances. To be given to hospitality is an exercise of virtue long ago enjoined upon us, but hospitality ceases to be a virtue when the so-called dispensing of it results in battles of display such as are fought in all ranks of society. The man who lives without social intercourse, and who, when he has opportunity, vilifies it, is a character to be avoided. But he is, perhaps, of finer metal than the hosts who are frequently at home—primarily, for the purpose of paying their debts and eclipsing a recent rival entertainment; and, secondarily, so that they may be invited back again. These last, sometimes, have a carefully made-up parcel hidden away in the inner sanctuary, labelled, "Company Manners" than which no more vulgar sham exists. Unless, perhaps, it be the Charitable Sham. Charity might surely be "social," and not confined to public exhibitions of that virtue. The pen which readily scribbles a large donation to head a subscription list is frequently known to trace characters whose evil influence has been wide-spread; and a tongue which delivers an able address at a "relief" meeting, is often credited with an equal aptitude in smearing or taking away a character in a casual drawing-room conversation.

The Charitable Sham, which may be the precursor or the outcome of the Religious Sham, is overshadowed by the latter. Purple teas, refreshments consisting of *very* thin bread and butter and biscuits, "brown, of course," evening-party favours of "Lenten talismans," and Easter hymnals bound in white-and-gold, dinners at which the guests actually practised abstinence in eating and drinking, other dinners where the walls were hung with texts enjoining moderation and temperance, and the wine thus saved sent to a hospital; these, and many other aberrations practised during Lent in some places, savour not so much of piety as of social idiocy and religious travesty.

One social observance not yet attacked, or at any rate not attacked with a degree of virulence, is the Sunday supper. As an institution, this, the result of the week's social meetings, must be reckoned as the survival of the fittest. The elements convened are harmonious in every sense; the viands provided are designed with a greater regard to the palate than to the eye, hunger is properly appeased by each guest eating what he likes and as much of it as he likes, formal routine is dispensed with, no one is invited who is not wanted, and hosts and guests alike contribute lively talk which is the chief charm of the meeting. But these our pleasant Sun-

day suppers, must in no way be confounded with the Ottawa Sunday dinner of one time.

There are people for whom, if society shows them it many shams, it also holds out compensations. Let us take two persons, each known to the other. One is a woman of, say, fifty-four, a possible grandmother but actually childless, living entirely for herself and for appearances, dressed always with extreme care, and by scientifically made corsets controlling any deviation from the original lines of her slight figure. Her mechanical aids may be studied in the letter-press and illustrations of the "Queen," or any such paper. This woman is utterly without care, her life devoted to ease and pleasure: popular, because she is good-looking and an entertaining talker, not because she is a good hostess. She objects to the role of hostess, because it entails personal exertion, and no share of her riches may be devoted to the pleasure of her acquaintance. Close observation cannot show that she cultivates anything, mentally or bodily, that does not pertain to personal gratification. With this woman contrast the other, ten years the junior of the first, and the mother of ten children—four of whom are grown up and in society. The face of forty-four is placid in its way, but showing marks of the care natural to her position; her appearance is good, but matronly in the superlative degree. Her mind is dissected to allow of a full meed of sympathy to the interests of each child, whether the child be six years old or twenty-six, and her chief aim in life seems to be the promotion of the interests belonging to the several ages.

Would the first give up her pleasures, her tid-bits, her late breakfasts, her scientifically-made corsets, and her figure, for the joys belonging to the situation of the second?

We do not insult the second by a counter-query.

Presuming that the two women started in life with the tastes and aspirations common to others of their sex and degree, equal in both, the results may be due to environment. The second followed the law of nature and the best dictates of her heart, while the first, not supplying substitutes for the blessings denied her, makes an idol of the flesh, and trains a devotee of Mammon. We read of many "sore evils," and "riches kept for the hurt of the owner thereof" are not the least sore.

But what *is* society, so-called, in Canada? We all know what it is in the Metropolis, but—low be it spoken—there are coteries elsewhere. We are told that in one place the Open Sesame is birth; in another, richness; and so on through the catalogue; but we may possess any or all of these things and still be without the pale. We may say, "I been," "I seen," or "I done"—we may be comparatively poor—we may have had a hedger, or an inn-keeper, for our father, and be inside it. Truly, a wonderful organization. Had Darwin us in his mind when he talked of the survival of the fittest? If grammar, birth, money, and such aids as are a *sine qua non* in older and better established communities, are all cast to the winds here, and only used when the popular fancy so dictates, we have a curious problem to face. We are a queer agglomeration. Our grammar is of fearful and wonderful construction, and we are leaders: We can square the circle per public school method, be crammed by that institution with everything scientific, and not be able to read aloud one single sentence of intelligible English, we can be marvels of elocution, and also of pronunciation; we can soar even beyond the public schools, and still not be eligible for the magic circle. We can be "well born," and count backwards for four generations or more, and the invisible line is drawn on one side or the other for no apparent cause; we may be bloated plutocrats, and have for our arms three mushrooms rampant, ground brass, with "here to-day, gone to-morrow" for a cognizance; and we are out, or we are in—and who shall say why?

The solution must be personal fitness. Bright wits *sans* education, or learning wedded to a natural *savoir faire*, or wealth backed up by something more, in turn gain the entrance. And a motley crowd it is when altogether. This is a free country, and if "in" no one has a right to say "Why are you here?" But there are occasions and places where the liberty of the subject enables him to say, "Why am I here!" And feeling so, the best thing he can do is to get out. The place must be small, indeed, and unusually

barren of variety, if some kindred spirits cannot be found in it. We are a building builded on odd-come-shorts of material, and without any visible foundation; and a panic in the money-market, one single shuffle in wheat, will tumble us down like a card house in the hands of a little child. We can accept all invitations, dance every dance, ask no questions, and take what the gods provide us: or else, pluming ourselves upon whichever of the above mentioned varieties we belong to, take unto ourselves books, the one favourite pursuit, and, with the few favoured mortals honoured with our friendship, go far from this madding crowd called society, suck our paws, and growl.

Whichever side we elect to take, we can say with the immortal corn-cob, "Lord love us, how we apples swim!"

ARAB.

\* \* \*

## The Jubilee of Free Trade in England: A French View.

SINCE the former brief notice on this subject was written news has come across the Atlantic that Mr. Dunckley has passed away, and the political journalism of England has lost an earnest worker, a man of clear convictions and definite aims; it was fitting that one of his last contributions to the press should have been upon a question which concerns the welfare of the great mass of English people, a review of the work of Cobden and the progress of Free Trade.

It may be worth while to note how this matter is viewed by a French political economist, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu. This writer draws largely upon Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cobden" (translated into French by Mlle. Sophie Raffalovich, now Mme. O'Brien), which he regards as "one of the most interesting documents for gaining a knowledge of the psychological conditions, if not of the whole English Liberal party, at least of one portion of it." His article bears witness to the fact that he has entered sympathetically into the study of Cobden's life and work. He views the career of the great Free Trader critically but not without something of the enthusiasm of a disciple. He notes Cobden's intense sympathy with modern life, his earnest desire for peaceful intercourse between the nations, and his idealistic humanitarianism which transformed his political work into a high moral vocation. It is pleasing to see a man of a different nation enter so thoroughly into the spirit of the English politician. Such free interchange of political ideas can hardly be productive of anything but good.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, while acknowledging that Free Trade has held its ground in England in spite of reactions elsewhere, sees one danger ahead in the projects for Imperial Federation and an Imperial Customs Union. Thus he says: "The greatest peril which menaces Free Trade in England are the projects of which we have spoken, 'Imperial Federation' and 'Imperial Customs Union,' but there are great obstacles, of all kinds, to the realization of these projects; we may doubt whether they can be carried out, or, if put into practice, whether it will be possible to maintain for a long time an organism necessarily so delicate and complicated." This sentence, representing the view of an outside critic, should be interesting at the present time, whatever may be our hopes or fears concerning the projects here mentioned.

In this article there are many interesting things said about the course that the political life of England has taken since the death of Cobden; the mixture of Tory-democracy and Radical Socialism, of wholesome imperialism and foolish jingoism, but while it may be useful at all time to "see ourselves as others see us" we do not propose to linger over these things now, but simply select for consideration the remarks which bear upon the history of the Free Trade movement.

The reaction in France, severe as it has been, still leaves things somewhat better than they were before 1860. "Some traces of the efforts of Michel Chevalier and Cobden still remain." "May we hope that in a time not far distant the economic re-action which has raged for fifteen years will give way before a revival of the free-exchange doctrines, and that either France in particular or the world in general will regain confidence in Free Trade. We need not despair but we need not despise the force of those causes which have led the European peoples even to Protection." With the remark

## Parisian Affairs.

that if industrial and commercial interests alone had been at stake, it is probable that there would have been no reaction towards Protection or that it would not have been nearly so severe, we are brought face to face with agricultural depression as one of the most potent factors in producing this reaction. "It is not an agricultural crisis which Europe is passing through to-day, it is a real revolution in agriculture, and in rural property. Never since the 16th century has there been one so quick and thorough." "This agricultural revolution destroys the value of the property, and all confidence in the future of this property." "Thus in the recent agricultural revolution is to be found the sole cause of the check and falling back of free trade ideas." Reference is here made to other supposed cause, the financial contraction owing to the demonetisation of silver, and foreign rivalry; and we are told that "the first explanation is foolish and the second is much too narrow." Here we have the first important step in the argument that the real cause of the retreat towards protection in European countries is the agricultural depression.

We need to move on and seek the cause behind this depression. This, we are informed, results from the intensity of modern progress in chemistry, physics, mechanics, metallurgy, and even in agriculture itself. Roscher's remark is quoted with approval, that the human race in utilising matter to supply its needs addresses itself, first to the animal kingdom, then to the vegetable kingdom, and last to the mineral kingdom. Thus in the mineral world we find victorious rivals to the produce of culture. For lighting purpose animal fat was used, then olive or other vegetable oils, and now the mineral oils, petroleum, etc. This change is illustrated by reference to various substances used in every department of life. The facts are indisputable, although M. Berthelot, a famous French chemist, is no doubt too sanguine when he imagines that in the year 2000 the mineral kingdom will furnish all the nourishment required by the human race and that the surface of the earth will be transformed into a simple pleasure garden. In the same direction, the invention and increase of electric railways have lessened the price of horses, and also of fodder. Even in the purely agricultural domains the increased facilities for production have brought down the prices of produce. The reader can easily follow out this line of thought, and illustrate it to any extent from the use of bicycles and horseless vehicles of many kinds.

Here, then, are two main points, agricultural depression as the cause of the re-action towards protection, and the intensity of modern progress as the cause of that depression. The question then arises, what is the prospect for the future, our economist is evidently a free-trader in his beliefs and sympathies, but though in his case the wish might have been the father to the thought, he is not hopeful of speedy victory. "Will commercial freedom regain the adhesion of rural populations or overcome their resistance? With time, that is possible." Alas, you may say that with time all things are possible. However, be the time long or short, three conditions must be fulfilled before Free Trade can recover its lost ground: (1). This transition period must pass away, and rural property must settle itself to the new conditions of modern life. (2). People must learn that the principal cause of the fall in prices is not the rivalry of foreign nations. (3). Further, we must see that even this fall of prices is not without certain happy compensations from which the general public draws large advantages. In the meantime, Meline in France and McKinley in America, have the opportunity of showing to the world how to create prosperity by hampering trade. If any are led by this brief notice to seek a close acquaintance with M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, they will find him both brilliant and instructive, a man familiar with the facts of modern life, as well as with the speculations of political economists.

Strathroy.

W. G. JORDAN.

At Sotheby's the other day, a copy of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," the octavo edition which is commonly but erroneously styled the "first," was sold by auction to an American buyer for £25. The next day Mr. Reeves, the bookseller, whose shop is almost next door to Sotheby's rooms, sold another copy of the same issue for three shillings to a well-known man of letters.

THE funeral of Jules Simon, State affair though it was, remained to the last simple and sorrowful. He was truly regretted and his loss is the more keenly felt, as he has left no successor, whose voice, life of well doing and of world-wide respect, formed an influence for France. His coffin was covered with the plainest of palls—that with the silver fringing and velvet trimmings was put aside. There were mountains of wreaths, but on a separate car; only one was placed on the bier, that from his little granddaughter, Marguerite, composed of common daisies, gathered by her own little, chubby hands, aided by her nurse, in a meadow at St. Cloud—the favorite country residence of the deceased. As is well-known, *Marguerite* is also the French for Daisy. There was the usual flow of mortuary orations; the best was that of M. Frederic Passy, the philanthropist, and the fellow worker of Jules Simon since thirty years, in all benevolent causes. His peroration was extremely happy and appreciated: "Simon can ascend to heaven accompanied by the blessings of the thousands of women and children and the humble, whom he has saved." It was the true note of the six official discourses. The remains were deposited in the family tomb in the cemetery of Montmartre. Of all the foreign nations to whom the memory of the eminent departed will remain green, he most prized the English and Americans; he knew they comprehended his broad humanity and expansive toleration, because they enjoyed the fullest of liberties, and aided him to complete what France still lacked, while consolidating what she had acquired. Zola is already in the field as candidate for the vacant fauteuil in the Academy, caused by Simon's death. Simon never estimated Zola's talent very high; he regarded him as a type of the *litterateur commercial*.

The French commence to feel that at last the English are returning profound indifference to their hostility. That situation will make their relations more workable. Britain is accepted as adhering to the triple alliance; if so, that ought to please the Gauls, as it will render the work of the Franco-Russian alliance in supporting that self-imposed burden on their Atlas shoulders a little lighter—the peace of Europe. That propped up peace continues as ever to be a practical joke in the sleeve of diplomatists as of peoples; no matter, if it staves off war, it has its *raison d'être*. The recent speech of the Marquis of Salisbury was a douche and an extinguiser at once to the little coterie which runs the officious agitation for the expulsion of the British from Egypt. The mass of the French know full well that England will never quit the Nile valley, that it is only France—with the Russian doing bow-wow at her heels—that keeps up the farce of "still harping on my daughter;" that the solvency of Egypt runs no danger from the British who have established and guaranteed it, and that as France voluntarily decamped from Egypt, she must occupy her bed as she made it. By their puny opposition to the Debt Advance, the French have lost all hold on the Egyptians, who say: "You want back your own Alsace from the Germans; but oppose England restoring ours, by wresting the Soudan from the Khalifa." No wonder the resident population of the French in Egypt is dwindling; abusing the English, like Othello's occupation, is now gone. The French always dread Lord Salisbury's sarcasms or "shaves;" those now relating to first conquering the province, a veritable oasis, of Dongola for the Khedive, and then, when money will be forthcoming and time available, to root the head centre of Mahdism out of Omdurman, and push on to Bahr-el-Ghazel, have depressed the Anglo-phobists, because it shows that his lordship has fully taken their measure to out-race by exploring parties, the Anglo-Egyptian army advancing to the Nile Springs. But France may at once inter that African day-dream like so many others.

Political parties are denouncing the ex-Bourgeois cabinet for its foreign policy, which has resulted in driving England to join the triple alliance. England's minister cared very little what Cabinet ruled France; it had one duty to perform, to pull up Russia in time, that she would not be allowed to have a walk over the world. It would be more profitable for France to well study the rapid strides Britain is making in the development of railways in her colonies and African possessions, and the pursuit of that grand idea, bristling though it be with difficulties—the imperializa-

tion of the British Empire by commercial union, strategic defenses, and exclusive all-round-the-world telegraphic cables. No wonder the trade of the Empire progresses by leaps and bounds, while that of France declines; last month the revenue was short by nearly six millions of francs. The silence of Russia in the far east is explained by the fact of Germany and Italy, associated with Britain, being resolved to have slice for slice, of the Celestial Empire for that accorded to Russia, and to the known inability of the Muscovite to hoodwink Japan in the Corea—for Japan has English friendship as well as community of interests to rely upon.

The shares, 20 francs each, for the 1900 Exhibition Loan, will be issued from the 29th current. The total loan will be 67,000,000 francs, of which six millions will be allocated for prizes in the 25 lotteries to come off before the close of the Big Fair; there will be five *gros lots* of half a million francs each, and several ranging from 100,000 to 100 francs prizes. The first drawing will take place on the 25th August next, with one-half million franc prize. The shares will be redeemable by drawings and will carry coupons to serve as entrance tickets. Gambling is king; make your game.

The Egyptian question still—only on the present occasion it deals with the period of the Israelitish bondage and the time of Moses. The British and French were not then occupied with any evacuation dispute. The great Egyptian scholar, M. Maspero, testifies to the accuracy of Mr. Petrie's find of a portion of a triumphal hymn, dedicated to an Egyptian King, Menephthah, 1400 years B.C., wherein for the first time, in all the stone records, the mention of "Israel" occurs, thus corroborating the sacred text in the Exodus. M. Maspero concludes that the wonder is, not that the name occurs, or is only alluded to in a passing panegyric, as that it occurs at all. At that time, when Egypt, Chaldaea, and Assyria were in their bloom of power and glory, the tribe of Israel counted for very little. The term Hebrew often occurs on the stone annals, but never that of "Israel" till revealed by Mr. Petrie. But the question is still unsettled from what side came the Jews. Some conclude from the South of Judea; others from the mountains to where they escaped from Egypt, and represented one of the two branches of the Israelites that had occupied a side of the Nile after the Lybian wars, and the other branch in Syria. These are for Maspero only conjectures; the great fact is, that "five words," and suggesting a defeat, now allude for the first time to the Exodus Israelites.

The leading book publishers are holding here an important international congress to regulate some important trade questions, and to have a metric system applied to the form of books. The right of reproduction of articles and illustrations from papers and periodicals will also be exhaustively examined, as also that frequently occurring, proposition the reproduction, in a book form, of a public lecture or of a series of contributions. The most eminent publishing firms have sent delegates.

How does it arise that Versailles, which is called the Necropolis of France, though badly supplied with water, and that supply of the worst, from the worst part of the Seine, remains still the healthiest city in France. It has no system of modern sewage. In time of plague there is a rush to Versailles as if to a city of refuge. Its streets are very wide and bordered with trees, the houses are spacious and the windows large—because the residences of the courtiers of Louis XIV. and his two successors. At Marly, the historic machine pumps up water from the Seine, which is carried by pipe and aqueduct to Versailles, to feed the fountains and artificial lakes and meet the greater wants of the population. It is the water from the Versailles Palace fountains that works those at St. Cloud. The authorities of Versailles announce the supply of water has run so short that no new subscribers, that is to say householders, can henceforth be accepted. Further, gardeners cannot be allowed an extra quantity—which, in their eyes, resembles the end of the world. Unoccupied houses cannot be supplied, and this being the letting season, the Necropolis is still further dead—like the Oriental King, who slew his slain thrice.

The Grand Prix, 200,000fr., was favoured by lovely weather, and the crowd was naturally huge, for the betting was heavy. The French remarked that the English ignored the race altogether—save to supply the jockeys as usual. M. Blanc won his fifth success, the blue ribbon, with "Arreau," a horse ignored by all. The favourites were all beaten, so

the losses were heavy, and the multitude, sad at losing, mournfully quitted the field when the victory was declared. President Faure arrived in a gala turnout; he did not visit the paddock, so ran no risk of being received with disrespect, as at Auteuil. The day was brilliant, the sport gloomy.  
Paris, June 17th, 1896.

\* \* \*

## I.

Honey bees in apple-bloom  
Bobolinks in clover,  
Rippling water laughing by  
White clouds floating over;  
Sweet are these and very sweet  
Till I hear her tinkling feet  
Then, ah, then! they only seem  
But the shadows of a dream.

## II.

Stinging sleet from leaden skies,  
Darkness quickly falling  
Tortur'd winds among the hills  
Out of caverns calling  
Drear are these, and very drear,  
Till her gentle voice I hear,  
Then their wildest terrors seem  
But the echoes of a dream.

ROBERT ELLIOTT.

"Tamlagmore."

\* \* \*

## On My Yarrow Lawn.

WHEN walking up Queen's Park, on the eastern embankment, the attention of an observer is arrested by patches of yarrow here and there,—fresh, green, and aromatic; contrasting favorably with the dry and shrivelled appearance of the surrounding grass.

Common yarrow, or milfoil, is a perennial plant found along road sides, and in dry pastures. Both the flowers and leaves have an aromatic, rather agreeable smell, and a bitter, rough, and somewhat pungent taste.

Internally, it has been used in Germany as a tonic, anti-spasmodic, and sedative. That it possesses some narcotic qualities, would appear from the fact, in Sweden, that it is used in making beer, to which it imparts an additional intoxicating quality. In modern practice, it is never used as a medicine.

Tradition claims that it was used by Achilles to cure the wounds of his soldiers, and the genus is named after that mighty hero. It still forms one of the ingredients of an ointment valued by the Scotch Highlanders. Gerard writes that "most men say that the leaves chewed, and especially greene, are a remedie for the toothache."

Several of the old names of this plant are very significant of its former uses. Soldiers Woundwort, Knighten Milfoil, and Nose-bleed, all show how much our fathers prized this herb as a vulnerary; while its common name of Old Man's Pepper indicates its use as a condiment to the salad, though it scarcely merits this distinction, for but a slight pungency exists in its young leaves. It is, however, bitter, and has a good deal of astringency, though, as Professor Burnett remarks, "it is little esteemed, except by the good women of the Orkneys, who hold milfoil tea in good repute for its power in dispelling melancholy." There is no doubt that any part of the plant is a safe and useful application to wounds. It is still in common use to cure headache, and people in villages yet put this herb up the nostrils to stanch bleeding.

The dark green and beautifully cut leaves of the yarrow add much to its beauty. Anne Pratt says it may often be found looking fresh and verdant when the chilling winds of winter have swept from the mead all flowers save itself and the daisy; and sometimes a stray plant of yarrow will smile to the sunshine of a Christmas day.

Agnes Strickland has some lines to this flower:—

"Green yarrow, Nature's simplest child,  
Thy leaves of emerald dye,  
And silvery blossoms undefiled,  
On rugged path, or barren wild,  
The traveller passes by  
With reckless glance and careless tread,

Nor marks the kindly carpet spread  
Beneath his thankless feet;  
So poor a meed of sympathy  
Do generous herbs of low degree  
From haughty mortals meet.

“ But thou a resting place hast found  
Which none disputes with thee :—  
The silent churchyard's lowly bound,  
Where sweetly on the hallowed ground  
Thou growest wildly free;  
Aye mantling o'er each nameless mound  
Thy graceful foliage creeps around,  
And thy pale blossoms wave,  
Wet with the dew's descending shower,  
Beneath the yew's funereal bower,  
And mourners in the autumn hour,  
Behold and bless the gentle flower  
That decks the peasant's grave.”

How lovely, then, a lawn of yarrow would be to the eye of the beholder! How delightful even in miniature about a city residence, surrounded with brilliant flowers!

The beauty of a work of art may be considered in relation to its intended purpose, or the nature of the end it is destined to serve, and its fitness and utility in regard to form. The regularity and uniformity of a yarrow lawn must be recognized in softening Nature's harshness, and representing her graceful touch. Apart from these considerations, it possesses novelty and contrast to surroundings scenery, and recalls many pleasurable emotions.

The lawn, as Engelhardt says, is a natural and a necessary means of connecting the various objects and scenes of a landscape, such as a group of trees, walks, water, buildings, etc. On its beauty depends, in a large degree, the beauty of the whole.

“ What is nature? ring her changes round,  
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground.”

A. KIRKWOOD.

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Letters to the Editor.

IMPERIAL CUSTOMS UNION.

SIR,—I am very much pleased to see that a considerable amount of your space is being devoted to the discussion of an Imperial Customs Union. Men of all shades of political opinion appear to be practically in agreement that the adoption of some such plan would be of incalculable advantage to Canada, and all must hope that the party which will soon direct the policy of this country will be very careful not to commit us to any trade arrangements which might possibly conflict with it, until the whole matter has been thoroughly thrashed out.

An initial difficulty is the existence of the Belgian and German treaties.

As I understand it, their effect is—

I.—They do not prevent differential treatment by the United Kingdom in favour of the British colonies.

II.—They do not prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favour of each other.

III.—They do prevent differential treatment by the British Colonies in favour of the United Kingdom, unless such treatment is also extended to Belgium and Germany.

There are also, I believe, treaties with other countries, which would oblige us to extend to their products treatment as good as any we might give to Belgium and Germany.

Now the trade (imports, exports and re-exports) of the United Kingdom with Belgium and Germany in 1893 was:

|               |             |
|---------------|-------------|
| Belgium ..... | £29,865,429 |
| Germany ..... | 54,319,344  |
|               | £84,184,772 |

Her trade with the British Colonies and possessions was:

|                                 |              |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| Canada and Newfoundland .....   | £ 21,904,736 |
| Australasia .....               | 46,875,426   |
| Cape ; Natal .....              | 14,905,944   |
| British India .....             | 56,165,503   |
| Other British possessions ..... | 30,501,157   |

£170,352,766

We can thus quite understand the reluctance of the

United Kingdom to endanger her trade with Belgium and Germany, and we cannot expect her to take any steps in the matter until some definite plan of Customs Union is accepted by the Empire. In the meantime, however, I think we might do something in the right direction, and show that our intentions, at any rate, are good.

The accompanying statistics are taken from the Canadian Trade and Navigation Tables for 1894. They deal only with some of the less important articles of commerce, and are specially selected as being those in which we do a large trade with the United Kingdom as compared with that which we do with Belgium and Germany.

I have omitted a few which might have been included, but which appear to me to be specially adapted for taxation under any system of tariff for revenue only.

The treaties with Belgium and Germany refer only to articles actually produced in those countries, but in the figures given, it has not been possible to separate these from re-exports.

I cannot say what effect the “most-favoured-nation” treaties with other foreign countries would have, but apart from this it would appear that without waiting for action on the part of any other community, we are in a position to give some British goods, at any rate, a preference in our markets, if we choose to do so.

The figures show that we could take off British goods duties amounting to \$444,000, at a loss of only \$8,200, of duties on goods from Belgium and Germany.

And if the large staples of commerce were similarly investigated, I think it could be shown that by judicious selection and some expert re-classification, the objectionable treaties need not cause us a great deal of trouble.

In 1894 our total imports, with duties collected, were:

|               | Value.       | Duty.        | Per Centage. |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| British ..... | \$41,521,784 | \$ 8,431,987 | 20.3         |
| Foreign ..... | 71,572,199   | 10,937,726   | 15.2         |

So that we actually charged about 5% higher on British than on foreign goods.

This, of course, is not of deliberate purpose, but is chiefly due to our importing from foreign countries a large proportion of our raw materials.

It is none the less an unfortunate state of affairs, but as the Liberal party is supposed to be pledged to a more or less thorough measure of tariff reform, and especially to a reduction of duties on imports from the United Kingdom, we may perhaps hope to see it remedied.

Mr. Chamberlain has distinctly laid down the principle that the essential condition of any Imperial Customs Union must be the disappearance of protective duties within the Empire.

Keeping this in view as our ultimate goal, we should be careful to see that any future tariff changes tend towards that end.

F. G. JENNETT.

| NAME OF ARTICLE.                              | Duties Collected on Imports from |   |                      | Total.    |
|---|----------------------------------|---|----------------------|-----------|
|   | United Kingdom.                  | British Empire other than United Kingdom. | Belgium and Germany. |           |
| Braces and parts thereof . . .                | \$10,709                         |   | \$ 3                 | \$10,712  |
| Books, periodicals, music, etc. (1) . . . . . | 35,947                           | \$ 12                                     | 811                  | 36,770    |
| Coal, bituminous . . . . .                    | 32,817                           | 23  |                      | 32,840    |
| Fish, all kinds . . . . .                     | 17,828                           | 23  | 824                  | 18,675    |
| Mats and rugs, all kinds . . .                | 17,746                           | 18  | 746                  | 18,510    |
| Mustard . . . . .                             | 13,701                           |   |                      | 13,701    |
| Oils and barrels containing . .               | 66,028                           | 764                                       | 269                  | 67,061    |
| Paper, etc. (2) . . . . .                     | 52,179                           |   | 1,961                | 54,140    |
| Provisions . . . . .                          | 4,284                            | 8,323                                     | 13                   | 12,620    |
| Soap, common, not perfumed . .                | 10,207                           | 3   | 1                    | 10,211    |
| Umbrellas, parasols, etc . . .                | 69,689                           | 4   | 708                  | 70,401    |
| Varnish, etc . . . . .                        | 11,074                           |   |                      | 11,074    |
| Webbing, all kinds . . . . .                  | 14,565                           |   | 673                  | 15,238    |
| 20 articles, duty under \$10,000 . . . . .    | 74,819                           | 654                                       | 2,174                | 77,647    |
| 32 articles, duty under \$500 . .             | 2,884                            | 207                                       | 26                   | 3,117     |
|   | \$434,477                        | \$10,031                                  | \$8,209              | \$452,717 |

(1) Except advertising matter, labels, chromos, oleographs, photos, etc.  
(2) Except albumenized paper, cardboard, millboard, envelopes papetrie and blank-books.

M'LEOD MONOGRAPH *re* ANNEXATION OF NORTH-WEST AND  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SIR,—In your last issue (3rd July) pp. 755 to 757, I note an article, over my name, on this subject, which calls for a word, in explanation, from me.

It is strictly correct; but I never sought nor authorized its publication. How it came to you I know not, nor can I conceive—unless from a certain gentleman, then a stranger to me, save by repute, who, some eighteen months ago, called on me with a request for information as to the North-West, about which, he said, he was collecting reliable information with a view to writing a book on that subject. Always open to such application I handed him, *inter alia*, the monograph (type written) in question, requesting, at the same time, its return to me at his convenience. This, some time after, he did, observing at the same time he had copied it. I cannot say that I forbade its publication, although I had reasons *then* for withholding it; and even still I would have preferred such publication till after my death. However, as matters political—in imminent crisis—now are with us in Canada and the "Empire" generally, I object not to the precipitation of my friend and fellow-citizen.

The esoteric of Canadian government, especially as to the North-West union with British Columbia, the Pacific Railway, and other incidental matters of large and vital public concern, is public property, and the sooner disclosed in all their workings and bearings the better for the future, the better for intelligent and honest government.

But further. In the present critical issues of our hour, Imperial as well as Colonial interests of highest moment are involved; and it is well, for final judgment, that the books should be opened. In this regard I would, therefore, say, I have no protest to make against the publication in question.

MALCOLM MCLEOD.

Ottawa, 6th July, 1896.

SIR,—The scholarly and interesting articles upon Grecian politics by Professor Hutton are timely. His subtle vein of criticism and comparison produces excellent effects. For one, I hope he will continue them. We want more of that sort of thing and less Yankee wit (*vide* the columns in *The Globe* by Caleb Jinkins) at second hand. Mr. Bengough is a clever and excellent man, but I cannot help viewing with disfavour his attempts to pass his efforts off as Canadian humor. If we haven't any humorous dialect of our own let us wait till we have one. If cartoonists want to annex us to the United States they are going the right way about it when they present us as if annexed already.

OBSERVER.

Peterborough.

\* \* \*  
Recent Fiction.\*

"THE Courtship of Morrice Buckler" is one of the best novels we have read for many a long day. The scene is mainly laid in England during the reign of James II., but has nothing to do with the political troubles of that reign, although the Bloody Assize of Judge Jeffreys after Monmouth's Rebellion was indirectly the cause of Buckler's adventures. At Leyden Jack Larke, a friend of the hero, and the hero himself, were fellow-students. They receive a message from one Sir Julian Harnwood, begging Morrice to be at Bristol in time for the Assizes on the 21st September, 1685, it being then the 14th of that month. Morrice sets out, meets with

strange persons on the way, and arrives just in time to learn that Sir Julian is sentenced to death. The friends have one interview and Sir Julian begs Morrice to avenge him on one Count Lukstein. The Count had betrayed Sir Julian and had then left England for the Tyrol where he lived. Morrice follows him, finds his castle and fights and kills him. During the progress of the fight, the following incident occurred:—

"But our own hard breathing, a light rattle of steel as swords lunged and parried, a muffled stamp as one or the other stepped forward upon the rugs—these were the only noises in the room, and for me they only served to deepen and mark the silence. Yet all the while I felt that the door was opening—opening; I knew that some one must be standing in the doorway quietly watching us, and that some one a woman, and Count Lukstein's wife. There was something horrible, unnatural in the silence, and I felt fear run down my back like ice, unstringing my muscles, sucking my heart. I summoned all my strength, compressed all my intelligence into a despairing effort, and flung myself at Lukstein. He drew back out of reach, and behind him I saw a flutter of white. Through the doorway, holding a lighted candle above her head, Countess Lukstein advanced noiselessly into the room. Her eyes, dark and dilated, were fixed upon mine; still she spoke never a word. She seemed not to perceive her husband; she seemed not even to see me, into whose face she gazed. 'Twas as though she was looking through me, at something that stood in the window behind my head.

"Had she come straight towards me I could not have moved from her path. But she walked betwixt Count Lukstein and myself direct to the open window. She wore a loose white gown, gathered in a white girle at the waist, and white slippers on her naked feet. Her face even then showed to me as incomparably beautiful, and her head was crowned with masses of waving hair, in colour like red corn. She passed between us without check or falter; her gown brushed against the Count. Through the open window she walked across the snowy terrace towards the pavilion by the castle wall. The night was very still, and the flame of the candle burnt pure and steady.

"I looked at the Count. For a moment we gazed at one another in silence, and then without a word we stepped side by side to follow her. Our dispute appeared to have been swallowed up in this overmastering event, and I experienced almost a revulsion of friendliness for my opponent."

The subsequent adventures of this lady and Morrice form the plot of the story. We have not space for further quotation nor will we spoil the pleasure of our readers by anticipating the plot. We recommend the book most cordially.

"His Honour and a Lady" is Mrs. Cotes' latest book. Mrs. Cotes was better known to Canadians by her maiden name of Sara Jeannette Duncan, and her efforts as correspondent of the *Globe* newspaper received much applause. Her books were at first disfigured by many lapses from good style but she subsequently showed many evidences of improved taste. "The Strange Adventures of a Mem-Sahib" was a decided advance. In the present work India is again the scene of her fiction. Mrs. Cotes has, we are happy to say, achieved a distinct success. The faults of her earlier books have disappeared. She writes better English and has abandoned her earlier Provincialisms. In the working out of this book she has created two strong characters. Mrs. Church and Mr. Ancram are decidedly original, both consistent and sustained, and Mrs. Church in the supreme moment of her trial stands the test of temptation splendidly. Ancram shows himself to be the selfish and false egotist he is, but even to him the outward glitter of the success he achieved could never make up for the loss of the woman he wanted nor overcome the shame of the discovery she made of his treachery. Miss Daye and Doyle are the two principal subordinate characters. We cannot say we think Mrs. Cotes shows to advantage in depicting Miss Daye. Mrs. Daye, if rather silly, was a good mother to her daughter, and for that daughter to say to her dog, "Do you know, Buzz, if I had been left an orphan in my early youth, I fancy I would have borne it better than most people," may be smart, but, to our mind, it is undutiful and ungrateful. The proprieties are unnecessarily outraged in this incident. Mrs. Cotes takes considerable liberties with great personages. The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal is a real person. His Chief Secretary is a real person, and the foibles or oddities of these gentlemen and their wives ought not to be transferred to the pages of fiction. The Viceroy of India is also a nobleman, happily still in the flesh, and it strikes us as rather cool to make him the author of the letter on page 241, no matter how creditable it would be to him if the letter had been really his. These objections occur to us on the perusal of the book, but we can forgive a good deal for the sake of Mrs. Church. Ancram is so well drawn that, like the audience at a play, we hiss the villain, forgetting he is only a creature of imagination.

\* "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler;" a romance, being a record of the growth of an English gentleman during the years 1685-1687, under strange and difficult circumstances, written some while afterwards in his own hand, and now edited by A. E. W. Mason, author of a "Romance of Wastdale." Macmillan & Co., London and New York, 1896. The Copp Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto.

"His Honour and a Lady." By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Toronto: G. M. Rose & Sons, 1896.

"The Minor Chord; A Story of a Prima Donna." By J. Mitchell Chapple. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Battlement and Tower." By Owen Rhoscomyl. With a frontispiece by R. Caton Woodville. Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

"Among the Freaks." By W. L. Alden. With fifty-five illustrations by J. L. Sullivan and Florence K. Upton. Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

"The Minor Chord," a story of a prima donna, is a *mélange* of the lives of Mme. Nordica and Emma Abbott. This book appears to us an impudent adaptation of the real lives of these two ladies without their consent, with enough verisimilitude thrown in to prevent the prosecution of the offender or his castigation for impertinence. The book has absolutely nothing to commend it.

If you want to give a boy a good book, full of fighting, full of adventure, with a dash of unknown history in it, give him "Battlement and Tower." There are some capital scenes in it. It is a little long, but the interest is well sustained. If the boy has any Welsh blood in him, so much the better. The scene lies in Wales, and the time is that of Charles I. Grown men who retain enough of their youth to enjoy a stirring tale of adventure will also find pleasure in this story. We are not sure whether women would like it or not. "Doughty deeds" please "my lady," but not a description of them. We think we have placed the book fairly enough. It will please many readers, and there is nothing objectionable in it while there are many strong features.

"Among the Freaks," by W. L. Alden, is written by the author of "A Lost Soul," "Told by the Colonel," "Trying to Find Europe," etc. It is amusing from cover to cover. Take it with you to read on your holiday and you will not regret it. You get behind the scenes at the Dime Musée, and make the acquaintance of many celebrities. We really cannot say which of these people appeal to us most. They are all funny. Perhaps the dwarf comes most home to us, but the two-headed girl runs him (or run him) very close. We have nothing but praise for this volume. Every person who wishes to enjoy a hearty laugh will find his opportunity in reading Mr. Alden's account of his strange acquaintances

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### Pepys' Diary.—Vol. VIII.\*

THE new edition of Pepys' Diary is now complete, so far as the Diary itself is concerned. Another volume is to follow which will contain an introduction in which some matters connected with the Diary will be discussed; a paper on the London of Pepys' time with a map in illustration of the Diarist's wanderings from east to west; and an elaborate index and appendices. This volume will be an indispensable adjunct to the others because of the index, and, doubtless, its other contents will be valuable and entertaining. But, alas! the Diary itself is ended. This new edition is a new book. It is not an old book re-edited. It is a revelation. The idea one entertained of Pepys as obtained from Lord Braybrooke's edition, is entirely changed. By that version Mr. Pepys appeared to be a fairly respectable, honest public official who saw public affairs going wrong and lamented that such should be the case. He was very frank in recording stories about the misdoings of other people, especially those of prominence, but his Diary appeared to be silent as to his own misdoings. He seemed to be a faithful churchgoer and a good husband as husbands go. He recorded his visits to scientific institutions and his interviews with learned men in a manner which showed that he took an intelligent interest in what was going on. Therefore, the general estimate of his character, both public and private, was very high. The world was good-naturedly tolerant of his love of fine clothes and attributed it to heredity, he being the son of a tailor. This new and authentic version of his Diary shows Master Pepys in a new light. How the book came to be preserved is a miracle. How any man could put to paper, no matter in what cipher, like Pepys did, all his peccadillos and worse than peccadillos is a greater miracle still. We are not sure whether Lord Braybrooke did not exercise a juster discretion in suppressing what he did suppress and what the present editor has published *verbatim*. Historical accuracy was sacrificed and Pepys' character was saved, perhaps unjustifiably, by Lord Braybrooke. Historical accuracy is vindicated and Pepys' character ruined

by Mr. Bright and Mr. Wheatley. In the Boudoir Cabal, the typical Englishman is described by one of the characters—a foreign prince—as going about with a woman under one arm and a Bible under the other. That description exactly suits Mr. Pepys. Most men who are guilty of these excesses keep their offences to themselves. They certainly do not record them. But Mr. Pepys recounts the progress of his various *affaires de cœur* with the utmost frankness. In the very next page he tells how he went to church and in the most sanctimonious way thanks God that he is not as other men are. Can it be that the lives of other men, if disclosed or confided to paper, would be like that of Mr. Pepys? While this side of Pepys' life is thus made plain the reader is also able to judge that the Diarist never allowed his little *divertissements* to interfere with his business. He seems to have been a good office man, anxious to do his duty, and desirous of keeping the navy efficient. He was not above receiving gratuities in which he only followed the manners of his time. His frank expressions of his opinion of his fellow officials and their wives are very amusing: "22nd September, 1668. By and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eats with us, and mighty merry—in appearance, at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides." The impressions of public affairs recorded from day to day are invaluable. They give an insight into the life of England two centuries ago which can be got nowhere else. Pepys' Diary, in this unexpurgated form, is like no other memoirs. Other books of the same description were all of them written, more or less, to serve for history. From their original draft many passages must have been altered. But this diary was written for the man himself. He no more knew that he was writing history than any other man who keeps a record of his daily doings. Possibly he may have had some idea of some day working up from his Diary a memoir of his own times, but the Diary itself shows not the slightest sign of any such intention. Pepys' childish vanity and love of ostentation peep out constantly. Perhaps he was no worse in these characteristics than most of us. But he was, also, evidently no fool. He kept an eye on the main chance. He knew how to save money. He saw that he got value for what he spent. In this volume we see him arrive at the dignity of a coach. All through the Diary he keeps track of his cash, and his memoranda of expenses on his journeys are just such as a man would jot down to-day. One thing his Diary is specially valuable for. It is a very complete record of the stage. In our times, when actors travel from town to town, and hail from "No Hall, Nowhere," the public has ceased to have that affectionate interest in their doings and sayings which it used to have when the tragedian or comedian was a citizen of the town known to every man and woman. Pepys was fond of the stage and sang a good song and composed a catch or roundelay for others to sing. He knew the actors, or, at all events, the actresses. He faithfully records the plays he went to and although his judgment was at fault sometimes, he generally gives a fair, just opinion. He seems, also, to have known the "men about town," and to do him justice, he seems not to have cared to go quite as far as they did. "But, Lord! what loose cursed company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk and lives." The very next entry is "up and to church in the morning." (31st May, 1668). The fact is, it is hard to make out whether Master Pepys was a conscious or unconscious humbug. He commenced life as a Puritan under Cromwell, to whose memory he always did justice. Like the rest of England, he "let go" when the Stuarts came, and got worse as they got worse. As a psychological type the development of Pepys' character, as shown in his Diary, is worthy of the most dispassionate study. Towards the end of the chronicle he records increasing trouble with his eyes. His closing lines are pathetic: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear." He then says it must be kept in long hand for him by others—and concludes: "And so I betake myself to that course which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for

\* The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S., Clerk of the Acts and Secretary to the Admiralty. Transcribed from the shorthand manuscript in the Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mynors Bright, M.A., late Fellow and President of the College. With Lord Braybrooke's notes. Edited with additions by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. VIII. London: George Bell & Sons. New York: Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue. 1896.

which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my was not the Diary which was injuring his sight! In spite of being blind, the good God prepare me!" Old Rascal! It it all, one cannot help feeling exceedingly glad that he did not become blind. He lived many years afterwards, and on one occasion bore a part in one of the greatest incidents in English history. He was called as a crown witness in the trial of the seven bishops to prove the publication of the libel for which the prisoners were being tried. James II., as Duke of York, had been head of the Admiralty, and had been very kind to Pepys. Perhaps he counted on Pepys repaying his kindness by giving evidence to assist him in his prosecution of the bishops, but fortunately for himself Pepys could not, or would not, assist James. He gave his evidence apparently quite truthfully and fairly, and it was of no value to the prosecution. Volume IX. of this edition will probably deal with this matter and others in Pepys' subsequent career. Before parting with the book a word must be said for Mrs. Pepys. Pepys unconsciously portrays her while he portrays himself. The much injured woman forgives her husband, and the diary closes almost like a novel would close with the reconciliation of the husband and wife. Pepys' matrimonial difficulties were all caused by himself. He was occasionally very jealous of his wife, so jealous that he must have made himself ridiculous—he certainly is so in his own account of himself, but when his wife became jealous of him from the evidence of what took place under her own eyes, he seemed to think it outrageous. The wind up of the quarrel was that Pepys promised never to go out without some one to take care of him. He kept fairly well to his new resolutions, and as the Diary reaches its close, we hear less and less of his giving trouble to Mrs. Pepys. She must have gone through a great deal of unhappiness, although she had a spirit of her own. "But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear with." The climax came on the 12th January, 1668-9. The incident is too long to quote except that "at last, about one o'clock, she came to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did, by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall." Poor woman! Like her sex.

We close this somewhat lengthy review of this most interesting diary, with an expression of regret that all this exposure of human frailty has been made public. Some of it is amusing, but on the whole the effect is saddening, and if ancient scandals are revived, why all the world could not contain the books that would be written. The result of this edition is that Pepys' Diary will be banished from shelves which young people can reach. Those who are older and more hardened may read it without doing themselves much harm, but Pepys can never more hold the place he has held in English literature. We will always think Lord Braybrooke was right.

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#### "In the Village of Viger." \*

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT has won a first place among our poets, but like some of our other singers, he is not content with that, and makes a bid for a place as a writer of fiction. His "In the Village of Viger" is unique in Canadian literature. In it he does not attempt to attract by story interest; the plot is of the slightest kind in any of the sketches. His aim seems to be to give us by means of incidents selected from the every-day life of a French-Canadian village, an insight into the hearts and homes of a people primitive in their simple manners,—a relic of a bygone civilization.

The sketches are very uneven, several of them—such as "The Little Milliner" and "Josephine Labrosse"—being decidedly weak and trivial; while several—particularly "The Bobolink" and "The Pedler"—have a vigour and

\* "In the Village of Viger." By Duncan Campbell Scott. Copeland & Day: Boston.

finish that reminds one of the school of modern French writers, who have been so successful in this form of literature. But even "The Little Milliner" has an interest of its own. Mr. Scott has constructed the sketch in such a way as to give us a vivid realisation of his village. He has a poet's eye for effects, and by a few skilful touches is able to make his picture real to the most careless reader,—and the reader of short stories is usually of this character.

Anyone who has ever seen a French-Canadian village must recognise the truth and fullness of this description: "The houses, half-hidden amid the trees, clustered around the slim steeple of St. Joseph's which flashed like a naked pond in the sun. They were old and the village was sleepy, almost dozing, since the mill, behind the rise of land, on the Blanche, had shut down." But this Viger was to be lost to the world, and before it came under the baneful influences of modern advancement Mr. Scott has seen fit to present in literary form some of the phases of its life. "The change was coming," he says, "however, rapidly enough. Even now, on still nights, above the noise of the frogs in the pools, you could hear the rumbling of the street-cars and the faint tinkle of their bells, and when the air was moist the whole southern sky was luminous with the reflection of a thousand gas lamps." These quotations are from the opening paragraph of the book, which serves the double purpose of placing the background of the stories before us, and telling why the writer has seen fit to set down the loves and the hates of this remote corner of human society.

Each of the ten stories will be found to have an interest of its own, but to our mind the most striking are "The Bobolink" and "The Pedler." "The Bobolink" is peculiarly suited to Mr. Scott's genius. He is not a dramatic writer. The lyric pipe is the instrument he handles best, and the qualities that have made him strong in poetry are abundantly illustrated in this sketch. The drawing of old Garnaud, the shoemaker of Viger, is well done; and while Madame Laroque and Monsieur Cuerrier will remain fixed in our memories, Etienne Garnaud, the "merry"-hearted shoemaker, will hold a place in both our hearts and our minds. Could anything be finer than this scene between Etienne, the blind girl, and the captive bobolink:

"Well, but birds must have uncles, if they have fathers just like we have."

"Old Etienne puckered up his eyes and put his awl through his hair. The bird ran down a whole cadence, as if he was on the wind over a wheat-field; then he stopped."

"There, Uncle Garnaud, I know he must mean something by that. What did he do all day before he was caught?"

"I don't think he did any work. He just flew about and sang all day, and picked up seeds, and sang, and tried to balance himself on the wheat-ears."

"He sang all day? Well, he doesn't do that now."

"The bird seemed to recall a sunny field-corner, for his interlude was as light as thistledown, and after a pause he made two little sounds like the ringing of bells at Titania's girdle."

"And the little girl's heart was moved, and Etienne's was moved with hers, and his pet bird was freed to join its comrades in the broad fields."

It is in a sketch such as this that the writer excels. He is a poet, and so long as the sketch calls out the poet's imagination and sympathies he works with a master hand. In his dramatic work, however, he is weak, and although several of the dramatic situations are good he lacks sureness of touch. In "Josephine Labrosse" there was an excellent opportunity for dramatic skill. Francois Xavier Beaugrand de Champagne was a splendid subject, but it would have required the author of "Tartarin of Tarascon" to have done him justice. But the whole book promises well, and we may expect to find that the reception given to this little volume will encourage Mr. Scott to try something more ambitious in the same vein.

T. G. MARQUIS.

Kingston, Ont.

Sir Joseph Prestwich, the great geologist, died on the twenty-third of June, at the age of eighty-four. He had been President of the Geological Society, and Professor of Geology at Oxford.



## The History of the Township of Scarborough.\*

THIS valuable centennial volume of history has been compiled from records and data supplied by the people of the township. It is a worthy monument not only to the story and enterprise of the past but of the present. Old letters, account books, deeds, documents both private and public have been called into requisition, many of them being rescued and preserved from destruction or oblivion. Personal recollections, the living tales told by the old residents who have treasured the stories told by their fathers and mothers of the early days, and their own vividly printed childhood impressions have also added much to the interest of the pages of this history. Would that other townships residents might take heart of grace—rescue their like records, and follow the example so worthily set them by the men of Scarborough.

The opening chapters are devoted to brief sketches of the topography, geology, early settlement and foundation of the township. One of the most interesting items in the latter which should attract the attention of residents of other townships, is the records of the names of the rivers and localities. How few of our people at the present time can explain the origin of the name of the place in which they live, whence it came, or by whom it was so called. Fewer still can tell what were the Indian and infinitely more characteristic names displaced by the more modern and too often insignificant names by which they are known. With what advantage might they not be restored to their true place upon our maps and local knowledge, and the history as well as the poetry of the past revived.

"A little to the west of the Seneca village [Ganeraski, now Port Hope] was a stream that gave kindly shelter to distress canoes; and so by Indians of the next century and of a different race, it was named Katabobokonk, or the River of Easy Entrance? In making its way to the lake it pierced a hill of red, tenacious clay, which sufficiently colored its waters to justify the old French name, Riviere Rouge. In his attempt to reproduce in Upper Canada the east coast of England, Simcoe re-christened this stream the Need, just as we had converted St. John into the Humber, and La Grand Riviere into the Ouse. But like the Grand river, the Rouge fortunately survived the palimpsest maps of Governor Simcoe. It is still the Rouge, and the name is interesting as the sole trace now remaining on this north-west shore of the old Sulpician Mission and of Louis the Fourteenth domain."

The story of the enterprise and endurance of the first settlers who went from York to make a home on the higher and healthier lands above Highland Creek is graphically told in the simple language of the family reminiscences of their descendants. No more romantic tale has been written than the record of the early days of the Thomsons, the brave endurance and patient love and trust of the women who stayed alone in the forest while the men worked in the town or went to fight their countries battle on the frontier in the war of 1812.

Tersely and briefly told, with the strength and vividness of truth. How valuable are such records, how jealous we all should be to preserve them, how insistently we should endeavour to impress upon the minds of Canadians generally that they too should, to quote the words of the preface to this interesting book, "take steps to crystalize in type the knowledge that now exists chiefly in the memories of the oldest people and to bring together the numerous scattered references to municipalities as these may exist in writing or in print."

There are interesting chapters upon the Farm, Councils and Councillors all forming an object lesson of history and of the rapid growth of civilization within the brief period of a century.

Settled as the township of Scarborough was principally by Scotchmen who knew from their own experience and national conservatism the value of education. As soon as there were children to educate, the best schools the conditions of the country and their circumstances would admit of were provided.

The following is a graphic picture of the schools of those early days, a sharp contrast to the finer buildings and curriculum of the day:—

"For many years, indeed during the first half of the century, the school houses were of the most primitive kind. The forest furnished the readiest and cheapest material. The logs, if of pine, were flattened on two sides; if of hardwood, they were generally left round, dovetailed in the usual way at the corners, the interstices between the logs being chinked and plastered. In size the building seldom exceeded 18x24 feet, and were never too high. The fire place usually occupied one end, and desks facing the wall ran round the other three sides. The seats consisted of long forms without backs. Similar forms or benches placed crosswise in the centre of the room furnished seats for the smaller children. The limited space forbade anything in the shape of desks, those luxuries being reserved for pupils in arithmetic and writing. Light was admitted through long windows similar to those common in blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, and were usually two panes high and ten or twelve panes long, the sashes sliding past each other horizontally for purposes of ventilation. In winter fuel was provided by the parents who were required to bring a quarter of a cord per pupil (commonly 3s 9d or 75 cents per quarter), taking his chances of enrolment—the more pupils, of course, more pay. In the early part of the century it was not uncommon for the teacher to secure his board gratis, staying a few weeks with one and another of the families represented at the school. If unmarried, which was often the case, he sometimes lived in the school, keeping "bachelor's hall." The number of teaching hours were alternating thirty and thirty-six hours in a week, each alternate Saturday being a holiday. About 1860, a change was made, the time of teaching being reduced to five days a week."

I will leave to the readers of this history of Scarborough the record of evolution and improvement in school matters to the present system.

That the teachers were not always boarded gratis within easy reach of the scene of their labors, the record of one of the dominies of the township proves:—

"Mr. James Russell lived near the range 7½ miles from the school (which he taught in the early fifties), and as there were in those days no Saturday holidays, he had to walk ninety miles a week to and from school, to which if we add another fifteen miles to and from St. Andrew's Church, on Sunday, we have a total of 105 miles a week, or nearly 5,500 miles a year?"

The chapters upon domestic life, societies, churches and ministers as well as that relating to the Centennial celebration are compiled by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, whose name is familiar to the readers of THE WEEK, "The Pioneers and Militia" by Miss Mary Agnes FitzGibbon. Not the least valuable portion of the book is the complete manuscript from the Crown Lands Department, of the first patentees of the land in the township—given in the appendix. The book is well illustrated, well printed and bound. The interest taken in the work both by the people themselves, the editors of their records, the publishers and the public, has resulted in a successful reception and a satisfactory financial result. All of which should be an encouragement for the next township to follow Scarborough's good example, and given to those who wish to study the history of their country similar volumes. U. E. L.

### BRIEFER NOTICES.

"Handy Andy." By Samuel Lever. (New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited).—So wide is the notoriety which Samuel Lever's master-work has attained that it is becoming a popular publication for many of the series of books which are being placed upon the market. On the present occasion it appears in Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny library of works by popular authors. The book is too familiar to all English readers to require any discussion. Let it suffice to say that whoever desires to experience a few hours of that delight which is engendered by humour's supreme capacity for entertaining, let him read the unceasingly interesting story, amusing in the utmost extreme, of Lever's "Handy Andy." Lever and Carleton are Ireland's greatest classical humorists, and Lever is certainly not inferior to the brilliant William Carleton. Lever's

\* "The History of the Township of Scarborough." Edited by David Boyle. William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

greatest work is "Handy Andy." The edition before us is illustrated with forty illustrations, nearly as humorous as the work, prepared by H. M. Brock. If there be any complaint to make, it is that the paper is thin, but this was necessary in order to compress over 500 pages into convenient compass. For its price, the mechanical portion of the book is extremely creditable to the publishers. The cover is embossed and lettered in gold.

"The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson." The People's Edition. (New York: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited).—The myriad lovers of the great laureate will be delighted to learn of the publication of his complete works in the small, neat volumes of this edition. The edition will comprise some score or so of volumes, among which the whole of Lord Tennyson's works will be distributed. "The Idylls of the King" occupy several volumes, "Maud" and several short poems fill another volume, and "In Memoriam" is contained alone in another volume. This latter poem has already been published in a number of very varied editions, but for a popular edition the present is as tasty and handy an edition as could be desired. Two extreme objections we have against many editions of the "In Memoriam." One is the great number and the other is the small number of stanzas on a page. In the former case the reading is rendered tiring by gazing so long at one page, the other is rendered tiring also, but for a different reason—the incessant turning over of the pages. The People's Edition of "In Memoriam" is the medium between the two extremes—the average page containing six stanzas—thus permitting twelve to be read with the one turning of a leaf. The volumes are prettily bound, with handsomely decorated and illustrated covers, and with gold lettering. The volumes average about 100 pages each. They form an acceptable contribution to the library of Tennysonian texts.

### Art Notes.

THE Literary World of the 26th June supplies the following criticisms on the Sketch Exhibition of the Royal Institution of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly:—

Messrs. Orrock, Wimperis, Weedon, Hamilton McCallum, and the two Hayses contribute works characterized by those merits with which the picture-loving world is already familiar. Mr. Yeend King, that popular favourite, is unfortunately not at his best in the present show. Mr. Aumier's exhibits and Mr. Cotnam's are marked by artistic feeling as well as by excellence of execution. Mr. Austin Browne's picture of a girl feeding calves is one of the best as well as one of the most important features of the show. The force and solidity of his work suggest at first sight the use of a stronger medium than water-colour. The companion picture on the opposite wall of the central gallery, by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, is also worthy of special attention.

Mr. McIvor Grierson has fallen in love with a tipling friar of rubicund face, and he gives us several animated studies of this fertile subject. Mr. Burrington's old woman of the crimson headgear and the blotchy face is clever and effective, but we like better an unpretentious little study called "Chrysanthemum," that hangs in the small room. Mr. St. George Hare contributes two heads, one of "A Cherub" and the other of a pretty young girl with a roughish expression of face, looking through a glass screen. They are both characterized by quaintness of design and strength of handling. Miss Hammond, the new lady member, sends a couple of vigorous drawings, and Miss Mary Gow is to be complimented on her portrait sketch.

### Music.

#### SAINT SAENS' JUBILEE.

AT this jubilee, lately held in Paris, the most musical enthusiasm was excited by the Mozart fourth concerto in B flat, which, with the overture to the "Marriage of Figaro," was played by the little boy of eleven fifty years ago; and without notes. Saint-Saens' fifth concerto was heard for the first time. It was in three distinct moods, the last so fleet and exciting as to carry all before it, and the second of mystical flavour. It was dedicated to M.

Diemer, and will be heard again in the Society of Concerts at the Conservatoire. The second sonata for violin and piano was also heard for the first time in public. "La Mort de Thais," introduction to the second act of Phryné, and a romance for flute and orchestra, for which M. Taffanel played his favourite instrument for the first time in four years, were the other numbers on the programme. The latter was directed by the hero.

The most striking scene was when the veteran composer stepped to the front of the platform and read the following naive and touching verses which he had written for the occasion. They breathe profound filial affection, and were received with frantic applause:

Cinquante ans ont passé, depuis qu'un garçonnet  
De dix ans, délicat, frêle, le teint jaunet,  
Mais confiant, naïf, plein d'ardeur et de foi,  
Pour la première fois, sur cette estrade, en proie  
Au démon séduisant et dangereux de l'art,  
Se mesurait avec Beethoven et Mozart.  
Il ne savait ce qu'il faisait; mais une fée  
Que plus d'un parmi vous aura bientôt nommée  
Savait, voulait pour lui, le menait par la main  
Vers le but désiré, dans l'austère chemin  
Du travail, du devoir. L'incomparable femme  
Avait depuis longtemps décidé dans son âme  
Que son premier enfant serait musicien.  
Ignorant si c'était un mal plutôt qu'un bien,  
Toujours elle y pensait, fidèle à sa chimère;  
Mais qui pourrait combler tous les vœux d'une mère?  
Seul, un pâle reflet, de ce monde enchanté  
Qu'en un songe de gloire elle avait enfanté  
Vint m'éclairer. Pourtant elle a dans sa vieillesse,  
Me voyant, grâce à la maternelle faiblesse,  
Tout autre que j'étais, pu croire que le songe  
N'appelait pas toujours pour rime le mensonge.  
Que ceux qui l'ont connue aux autres veulent dire  
De quels rayons divins était fait son sourire!  
Un demi siècle! eh quoi? c'est donc si peu de chose  
C'était hier? je vois ici la foule rose,  
Maleden, Stamaty, mes professeurs, Tilmant,  
Le chef d'orchestre aimé: de l'applaudissement  
J'entends encore le bruit, qui, chose assez étrange,  
Pour ma pudeur d'enfant était comme une fange  
Dont le flot me venait toucher; je redoutais  
Son contact, et parfois, malin, je l'imitais.  
Affectant la raideur, la froideur simulée.  
Innocence première à jamais envolée!

Depuis, j'ai par malheur écrit des symphonies,  
Des œuvres tour à tour triomphantes, honnies,  
Comme il convient. La mer n'est pas toujours démente;  
Aujourd'hui c'est l'azur, demain c'est la tourmente.  
L'art est comme la mer, changeant, capricieux.  
Il nous mène aux enfers; il nous montre les cieux;  
On y voudrait grimper; on tente l'escalade;  
Quand, après des efforts à se rendre malade,  
On croit franchir la porte, à nos yeux étonnés  
La porte se referme, on s'y casse le nez.  
On en prend son parti; la muse enchanteresse  
Nous console de tout avec une caresse!

Que vous dirai-je encor? Je n'étais qu'un enfant  
À mes débuts; trop jeune alors et maintenant  
Trop... non! n'insistons pas. La neige des années  
Est venue, et les fleurs sont à jamais fanées  
Naguère si légers, mes pauvres doigts sont lourds!  
Mais, qui sait? au foyer le feu couve toujours;  
Si vous m'encouragez, peut être une étincelle,  
En remuant un peu la cendre, luira-t-elle.

### The Life of Sterne.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD has re-written his "Life of Laurence Sterne," which has continued to be the standard life of Sterne since its first appearance, in spite of a later attempt by Mr. H. D. Traill. In its new form (imported by Scribners), it is even more likely to retain its supremacy, since Mr. Fitzgerald has added a considerable amount of new material, some of which is very important to a true estimate of Sterne's character. The author prints for the first time some curious notes taken from one of the school-books used by Sterne at Halifax; a lengthy letter written by Sterne to his unfriendly uncle, which seems to entirely exonerate Sterne from the charge of neglecting his needy mother; and some extracts from a journal written for the famous "Eliza," together with other letters of varying values. Furthermore, Mr. Fitzgerald has found it necessary to change his entire attitude toward Sterne. "I have been obliged," he says, "to modify the too favorable opinion I entertained of Sterne's life and character, and am constrained to admit that Mr. Tnackeray's view, harsh as it may seem, had much to support it."

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The Political Science Quarterly for June is a strong issue, and treats upon important subjects of current interest. The first paper is upon "Federal Railway Regulations," by H. T. Newcomb, followed by the views of Edward Cary on "Party Politics and Finance." Prof. Frank Fetter writes on "The Gold Reserve," and Prof. J. B. Clark on "Free Coinage and Prosperity." Other able papers there are in this number, besides the usual book reviews and record of political events.

## Periodicals.

Harper's Bazar for the 3rd July is a bright issue. Its editorial is entitled "The Fourth," and is followed by papers on "The Fashions," and various articles of interest such as: "Kindergarten Work in Hospitals," "The Cup that Cheers," "Women and Men," "The Outdoor Women," "A Panacea," etc., besides the usual fiction, poems, and attractive illustrations.

Among the contents of the St. Nicholas for July which are as interesting and varied, as usual, are: "Owney's Trip Around the World," by Charles Frederick Holder; "Toby Hinkle, Patriot," by Pauline Wesley; "Gunpowder," by Lieut. John M. Ellicott, U.S.N.; "A Story of Admiral Farragut," by Charles H. Bodder; "A School for Firemen," by Charles Thaxter Hill, besides further instalments of the serial stories, poetry, "The Letter Box," "Riddle Box," etc.

The Methodist Magazine and Review for July is full of good articles among which are: "Every day in Bible Lands"; "Our Indian Empire"; "The Life and Work of Emerson"; "Dalmatia and its Memories"; "The Religious Element in Education"; "Michael Faraday"; "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy"; "God's Glory in the Heavens"; "The Menonites of Manitoba"; "Hiram Golf's Religion"; "The Hand on the Helm"; "What Should Ministers Preach"; "For Peace and Brotherhood," and the usual book notices, Religious Intelligence, etc.

The July Arena contains a very striking and suggestive paper by the editor, B. O. Flower, entitled "The General Discontent of American Wealth Creators as Illustrated in Current Cartoons." Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the condition of the industrial population of the United States and the causes which have produced this condition, should not miss reading Mr. Flower's paper. It contains many illustrations which tell their own story in a most convincing way. In the same number Anna E. U. Hilles discusses in an interesting manner, in a paper entitled "Woman in Society To-day," woman's status in society at the present time, her enlarged opportunities for active work and the excellent use she is making of those opportunities. Besides these there a number of other papers of current interest.

The July number of the North American Review commences with a paper on "The Declaration of Independence in the Light of Modern Criticism," by Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University. "After the Coronation at Moscow" is the title of an article by Karl Blind, who discusses the future home and foreign policy of the newly crowned Russian Czar, and "Some International Delusions" are described by the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavour. W. E. Smythe, Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the National Irrigation Congress, writes of "The Stepchild of the Republic," while the Hon. Charles W. Stone advocates his scheme for "A Common Coinage for all Nations." An important contribution to the literature of the day is an essay on "The Teacher's Duty to the Pupil," by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. A consideration of the "Right of Privacy" is presented by John Gilmer Speed, and M. Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States, furnishes a review of the differences existing between "Criminal Jurisprudence, Roman and Anglo-Saxon." The late General John Gibbon, U.S.A., asserts "Why Women should Have the Ballot," and the Hon. R. B. Mahany in "Sound Money the Safeguard of Labour" depicts the evils which free and unlimited coinage of silver would entail upon the American workingmen. Max O'Rell piquantly discourses upon "Petticoat Government," and comments on the subject are given by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and Mrs. Margaret Bottome, President of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons. Other topics dealt with are: "Storm Tracks," by F. L. Oswald; "A President of No Importance," W. B. McCracken; "The Necessity of Limiting Railway Competition," by H. T. Newcomb, and "American Diplomats in Europe," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

## Rheumatism's Victims.

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From the Trenton Courier

What an innocent sounding name has rheumatism, and yet how terrible a reality to the thousands who suffer with it. Doctors agree that rheumatism results from poison of and deposits in the blood, but as to just how they can be reached and eradicated, it would seem that their knowledge fails. The usual treatment is a long series of medicines which may give temporary relief, but do not cure, and then the patient usually gives up, thinking that there is no medicine that will cure him. This is a mistake. Rheumatism is not not a necessary evil, and because one is growing old it is not imperative that one should accept rheumatism as a natural accessory to advancing years.

There is a remedy for rheumatism despite the general belief that it cannot be cured—a remedy that has cured thousands of the most severe cases. A noted instance of the truth of this assertion, which has just come to the knowledge of the editor of the Courier, is the case of Robert Francis, Esq., formerly of Trenton now retired from business in Rat Portage, Ont., and still residing there. He has been a victim of rheumatism for over three years. Last winter he visited his friends in Trenton and was then contemplating a visit to the south in search of relief from his constant foe. He had to use a staff in walking and went at a slow pace. This Christmas he was here again on a visit to his friends, smart and erect and without the stick or the sorrowful look of a year ago. His friends and acquaintances all accost him as a new man, and congratulate him on his healthy, fresh and active appearance in contrast with a year ago. He has cheerfully and gratefully given the following statement of his efforts after a cure: "My home is at Rat Portage, Ont., where for years I was engaged in business and where I still reside. For three years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried several highly recommended remedies to no purpose, as I continued to grow worse till it was difficult for me to walk. I was for thirteen weeks confined to my bed at home and in the Winnipeg hospital. I was then induced to try the Mount Clement Springs. I took six courses of baths or twenty-one baths each without any seemingly beneficial result. I read of several cures in the Courier from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and friends who used them with benefit to themselves urged me to try them. I did so and after a short time I felt an improvement in my condition. I have taken twelve boxes in all and my improvement has been continuous and satisfactory, so that I need the cane no longer and I have increased my weight from 140 pounds to 175 by the use of Pink Pills. I am not entirely free from rheumatism but I am a new man, one thousand per cent. better than I was a year ago and I attribute my health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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Cassell & Co. have in preparation a new "Illustrated Guide to London," which will be fully illustrated and sell for sixpence.

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## Periodicals.

In the Atlantic Monthly for July Mr. E. L. Godkin writes on "The Real Problems of Democracy" and gives his views of Democratic problems, tendencies, and dangers, and of course makes reference to Mr. Lecky's recent book. A review of the chapter in human progress and the changes of thought of the century is furnished by Mr. John Fiske in his paper entitled "A Century's Progress in Science." "Arbitration and Our Relations with England" sets forth the opinions of the Hon. E. J. Phelps formerly Minister to the Court of St. James's on the proper attitude of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations as he terms them, Great Britain and the United States, to one another. While the United States is so inefficiently governed—retrograding instead of advancing during the past twenty years and still on the downward grade, it is idle for Professor Geo. B. Adams to imagine that the United States can ever hold the position he points out in his article headed "The United States and the Anglo-Saxon Future." "Confessions of Public School Teachers," being a group of six letters, exhibit the deplorable condition of the public schools in the United States. How is it possible for good citizens to be made under such a state of affairs? The number also contains other good articles, besides the usual fiction, comments on new books, etc.

Those who believe that American writers and artists must go abroad for picturesque local colour will find their ideas upset by Julian Ralph's article on "Coney Island" in Scribner's Magazine for July. Mr. Ralph has always had his eyes open to what is unusual in his native city and its surroundings. Coney Island is unique and peculiarly a New York product. Mr. Ralph calls it "our sun-bath and ice-box combined, our extra lung, our private gigantic fan." He sketches its development from the early seventies down to the present. Although a resort which eight million people have visited in one year, it certainly cannot be claimed to be an evidence of a high state of civilization. There have been many articles written on the climbing of single peaks, but Sir William Martin Conway has written an article of unusual adventure entitled "A Thousand Miles Through the Alps." For twenty-five years he has been an enthusiastic mountaineer, and in this article he outlines a route taking in the whole range of the Alps, the descent from each peak ending at the starting-point of the next. This is usually complicated because the Alps are not a range, but a series of parallel ridges. The account of the trip which carried out this plan is illustrated with some new and striking illustrations by Edwin Lord Weeks, who is himself a noted mountain climber. Most of his drawings are from nature. It is a novel form of adventure, even for veteran mountaineers. Turner, the English artist, had a great objection to having his portrait painted, and although much interested in photography in the last years of his life was never photographed himself. For a good many years Cosmo Monkhouse has made a study of the existing portraits of Turner and presents a short essay on them in this issue, with engraved reproductions of eleven authentic pictures; the earliest showing Turner at the age of sixteen, the latest a few months before his death. Mme. Blanc, the French critic, whose articles have long been published under the name Th. Bentzon, contributes a paper on "A French Friend of Browning—Joseph Milsand." The well-known animal painter, J. Carter Pearl, contributes a short paper entitled "A New Art," in which he advances the claim of taxidermy as practised by W. T. Hornaday to be considered an art. In fiction this number is made notable by one of the last short stories of the late H. H. Boyesen, entitled "In Collusion with Fate." There is also a short story of the American Revolution by Clinton Ross, entitled "The Confession of Colonel Sylvester." T. R. Sullivan, the author of "Day and Night Stories," contributes a tale of an old French sculptor and his young friend, an American artist.

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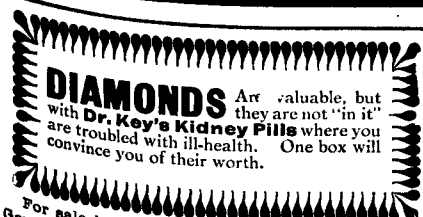
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**Literary Notes.**

A new book by Annie S. Swan, entitled  
"Memories of Margaret, Grainger Schoolmis-  
tress," and a new story by Pansy, entitled  
"Making Fate," have just been published by  
William Briggs.

William Briggs has published a paper  
edition of Thomson's popular "Old Man  
Savarin." Few Canadian books have had so  
many flattering notices as this, and few have  
deserved as many.

Mr. Clifford Smith's Canadian stories  
entitled, "A Lover in Homespun and Other  
Stories," has just made its appearance, pub-  
lished in Toronto by William Briggs, and in  
Philadelphia by Henry Alltemus.

Mr. Jaakoff Prelooker, whose autobio-  
graphical volume, "Under the Czar and  
Queen Victoria," was published some time  
last year, is engaged up n an Anglo-Russian  
romance to be called "Palasha and Masha,"  
which narrates the fortunes of two Russian  
sisters, daughters of dissenters, introducing  
tragic episodes which the author claims to be  
fact.

The London Literary World says that  
a very important and highly lucrative liter-  
ary post in London has been offered to Mr.  
Edward W. Bok, the editor of the Ladies'  
Home Journal, one detail of the offer being  
a ten-year lease of a mansion in Grosvenor  
Square. Mr. Bok has been much dined and  
wined during his present visit to London, has  
dined with a Duchess—yes, a real live  
duchess—been entertained with a house party  
by another very live Lady, lunched with  
Patti, and jested and digested with Anthony  
Hope, Arthur Sullivan and Beerbohm Tree.

A new book by the Canadian Missionary  
author, Rev. John McDougall, whose "Forest,  
Lake and Prairie," was declared "quite as  
stirring as anything by Ballantyne or King-  
ston," is announced for early issue by William  
Briggs. This new volume will continue  
the experiences of the author in the far  
North-West, from 1862 to 1865. It will be  
entitled "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe: Pio-  
neering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties."  
It is said to be in every respect an improve-  
ment on the first book. Mr. J. E. Laughlin,  
of Toronto, has contributed fifteen full-page  
illustrations in wash-drawing, exceptionally  
fine in conception and finish.

An important and valuable work entitled  
"Canadian Savage Folk: The Native Tribes  
of Canada," by Rev. John Maclean, M.A.,  
Ph.D., author of "The Indians of Canada:  
Their Manners, Customs and Traditions," has  
just been published by William Briggs. Dr.  
Maclean in one of the best living authorities on  
the Indians of anada. He has what is probably  
the largest private collection of books on the In-  
dians in the Dominion. He is a member of the  
American Society for the Advancement of  
Science, the American Folk-Lore Society, and  
corresponding member of the Canadian Insti-  
tute and Manitoba Historical Society. The  
work is comprehensive and contains some 642  
pages, is illustrated, and sells at \$2 50.

Among the articles announce by The  
Open Court for the current year is Count Leo  
Tolstoi's "Christianity and Patriotism," a  
searching and luminous sketch of the origin of  
patriotism in European countries, and of the  
methods by which it is fostered and perverted  
by governments for the attainment of their  
selfish ends. Count Tolstoi regards the senti-  
ment of "patriotism," so called, as incompat-  
ible with Christian notions, and gives in  
justification of his views a profound analysis  
of the fixed and irrational habits which sup-  
port despotic governments. The publication of  
the articles, which were written on the occa-  
sion of recent demonstrations in favour of the  
Franco-Russian alliance, was interdicted in  
Russia although they appeared in the Russian  
language. Count Tolstoi's utterances, while  
to some they may seem surcharged with his  
own peculiar views of Christian anarchism,  
nevertheless contain matter which may be  
aken to heart by all nations.

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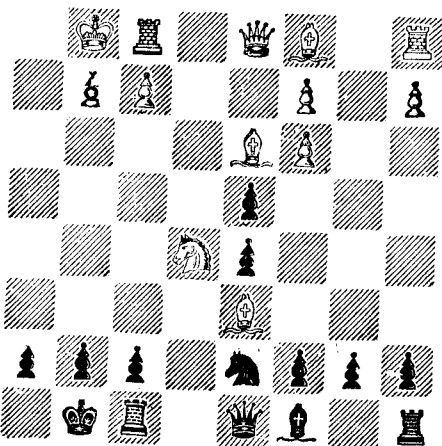
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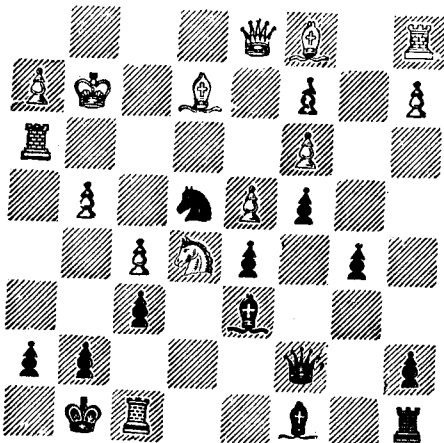
Chess

The seventh game played June 1st for the United States championship.

|  |           |           |    |  |
|--|-----------|-----------|----|--|
| Barry  | Showalter | Game 744. |    |  |
| 1 P K4   | P K4      | BD        | GE |  |
| 2 Kt KB3                                       | Kt KB3    | SM        | ZP |  |
| 3 P Q4   | Kt xP     | 24        | PD |  |
| 3....thoroughly sound and strong.              |           |           |    |  |
| 4 P xP (P Q4) B B4, Q Q5!!                     |           |           |    |  |
| 4 B Q3   | P Q4      | 13        | 75 |  |
| 5 Kt xP  | B Q3      | M E       | R6 |  |
| 6 B xKt, B xKt, 7 P xB, P xB, 8 Q xQ ch, K xQ. |           |           |    |  |
| 6 QKt B3?                                      | Kt xKt    | ju        | Lu |  |
| 7 P xKt  | Kt Q2     | ku        | r7 |  |
| 8 Castle                                       | Castle    | AS        | HZ |  |
| 8....cannot win KP with safety.                |           |           |    |  |
| 1KR1QB1R, 1P1P2PIP, 4B1P2, 4P3.                |           |           |    |  |



|  |        |     |    |  |
|--|--------|-----|----|--|
| 3Np3, 4b3, ppp1nppp, 1kr1qblr)                         |        |     |    |  |
| 9 Kt xKt, B xKt, 10 Q R5, P KB4, 11 P QB4.             |        |     |    |  |
| 9 P KR4  | P QB4! | KN  | yw |  |
| 10 Q R5 was better.                                    |        |     |    |  |
| 10 R B3  | Kt B3  | JM  | 7P |  |
| 10....P B5, 11 B xPch, K xB, 12 RR3 ch, KKt, 13 QR5    |        |     |    |  |
| 11 P B5  | P B5   | NO  | wv |  |
| 12 B K2  | Q B2   | 3B  | 8y |  |
| 13 P Kt4?  | Kt K5  | TV  | PD |  |
| 13....B xKt, 14 P xB, (Q xP, 15 B B4, Q K2, 16 P Kt5!) |        |     |    |  |
| Kt xP, 15 R Kt3, Kt xQ, 16 B R6, etc.                  |        |     |    |  |
| 14 P Kt5 more desperate than 14 R R3, P B3, 15 Kt B3.  |        |     |    |  |
| Kt xQB   |        |     |    |  |
| 14 K Kt2   | P B3   | ST  | QP |  |
| 15 R R3  | P QKt4 | M33 | qo |  |
| 15....P xKt, 16 P xP, ...17 Q xP ch.                   |        |     |    |  |
| (4Q31R, PK1B1P1P, R4P2, 1p1nPp2.                       |        |     |    |  |



|  |         |       |     |  |
|--|---------|-------|-----|--|
| 2PNp1p1, 2p1b3, pp3q1p, 1kr2b1r)       |         |       |     |  |
| 16 Kt B3, Kt xP!!!                     |         |       |     |  |
| 16 Kt Kt6                              | P xKt   | EX    | 77X |  |
| 17 unsound and unnecessary sacrifice.  |         |       |     |  |
| 17 P xP                                | B B5    | OX    | 6N  |  |
| 18 Q B1                                | B Kt4   | J1    | NW  |  |
| 19 B xB                                | Kt xB   | sW    | DW  |  |
| 20 R R5                                | Q K2    | 3355  | yG  |  |
| 21 R K1                                | Q K5 ch | aa    | G1+ |  |
| 22 KKt1, B xP, winning handily.        |         |       |     |  |
| 22 B B3                                | Q xB ch | BM    | DM  |  |
| 23 Q xQ                                | Kt xQ   | JM    | WM  |  |
| 24 might resign quick.                 |         |       |     |  |
| 24 K xKt                               | P B4    | TM    | PO  |  |
| 25 P Kt5, P B5, 26 or 27....B B4 wins. |         |       |     |  |
| 25 R K7                                | P xP ch | AG    | OV+ |  |
| 26 K Kt2                               | B B4    | M7    | z0  |  |
| 27 R R7                                | B K5 ch | 5577  | OD  |  |
| 28 K Kt1                               | R B3    | TS    | RP  |  |
| 29 RK7xPclr                            | K B1    | GY+   | ZR  |  |
| 30 R Kt7                               | R xP    | Yq    | PX  |  |
| 31 R R8 ch                             | R Kt1   | 7788+ | XZ  |  |
| (1K6P4P1P5P3p1bP6p1P5RpRrk4r)          |         |       |     |  |
| White quit after 52nd move.            |         |       |     |  |

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Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
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R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 47 Yonge Street.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 95 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates
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- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East
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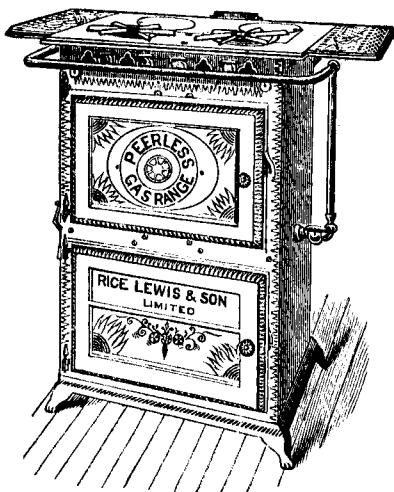
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