

Pages Missing

THE WEEK.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7th, 1892.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Ninth Year.
Vol. IX., No. 45.

THE WEEK:

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00
Subscriptions payable in advance.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid on terms following:—One year, 12s. stg.; half-year, 6s. stg. Remittances by P.O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at \$4.00 per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

No advertisements charged less than five lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHIER, Business Manager, 6 Jordan Street, Toronto.

European Agents—SMITH, AINSLIE & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
Continental Trade Relations.....	707
The Manitoba School Question.....	707
Union versus Unity.....	707
A More Excellent Way.....	708
Disestablishment in Wales.....	708
A Curious Argument.....	708
The Evacuation of Uganda.....	708
Russia in the East.....	708
Chinese Passivity.....	709
The Suffrage in Germany.....	709
ONOMATOPEIA AND MR. BLISS CARMAN.....	J. A. T. Lloyd. 709
PARIS LETTER.....	Z. 710
TWO KNAPSACKS: A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.....	J. Cawdor Bell. 710
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. (Poem).....	Fidelis. 713
LORD SHERBROOKE.....	J. de Soyres. 713
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Trade Relations with the States.....	Robert H. Lawder. 713
A ZOLLVEREIN OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS. (Selected).....	Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G. 714
ART NOTES.....	716
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	716
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	715
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	717
SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.....	718

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

THERE is probably no question better worth discussion in a Canadian journal at the present time than that which forms the subject of Mr. Robert H. Lawder's letter in this number. We shall, therefore, be glad to give the arguments advanced by Mr. Lawder the consideration in another number which want of time and space preclude us from doing this week. We refer to the subject now simply to put ourselves right on one or two points in regard to which our remarks have been so misunderstood as to leave us subject to imputations under which we should be unwilling to lie for a single week. In the first place Mr. Lawder, naturally enough we admit, seems to think that in saying that "no doubt his figures would be challenged by American authorities" we meant to imply that those figures themselves might stand in need of verification. Nothing was further from our intention than the discourtesy of insinuating any doubt as to the literal accuracy of the statistics given. If our readers will kindly substitute the word "conclusions" for the word "figures" in our sentence they will better understand our meaning. In the second place, when Mr. Lawder says: "In the pamphlet referred to it is suggested that the remedy is reciprocity of tariffs. THE WEEK terms this retaliation, commercial war, etc., and shrinks with dread," etc. Here it is our right to complain. What THE WEEK shrunk from, as will be seen on reference to the passage, was not "retaliation" but *discrimination*, a very different thing. No one can dispute the abstract right of Canada to retaliate or indulge in "reciprocity of tariffs" to her heart's content if she chooses to be guilty of that folly. But however narrow and unfriendly the tariff policy of the United States in respect to Canada, she has stopped short of direct discrimination against us, and, as everyone knows, tariff discrimination against a particular nation would be everywhere regarded as a studied offence, if not an act of downright hostility, and would be resented accordingly. It was this we understood Mr. Lawder to propose. We shall be glad to know that we misinterpreted his meaning. In the third place the question asked in Mr. Lawder's last sentence has, we submit, no justification or excuse in anything that has appeared in our columns and is not, therefore, entitled

to a reply. The question which precedes it is of a different kind and demands a categorical answer. We did more than hint at a better alternative than "reciprocity of tariffs," and we are quite willing to let the country know what, in our humble opinion, that better alternative is. It is a dignified abstention from the attempt to scold or scare the United States politicians into a better frame of mind; a careful adjustment, and, let us add, a gradual reduction, of our own tariff with an enlightened regard simply to what will most benefit our own people, rather than what will most spite our neighbours, and a hopeful anticipation of the good time coming, for which a very large and influential portion of the people of the United States are working, and the coming of which can be only a question of time, and of a comparatively short time, when a more liberal and enlightened trade policy will prevail. Meanwhile a gradual but effective lessening of the burdens of taxation now pressing upon our people, and a steady progression in the direction of the grand commercial liberty of the Mother Country, will not only afford the best stimulus to our own trade and industries and to the immigration which we so much need, but will prove the most effective pressure we can bring to bear upon our neighbours—a pressure ten-fold more effective, we venture to maintain, than any "reciprocity of tariffs" that the perverted ingenuity of politicians can devise.

THE Manitoba school question has entered upon a most remarkable phase. It is announced that parties supporting the appeal of Archbishop Tache will be given a hearing before the Dominion Privy Council, sitting apparently in an entirely new and quasi-judicial capacity. Archbishop Tache's appeal, which is now published, clearly makes out the right of himself and his co-religionists to have their petitions considered by the Governor-General in Council, in accordance with the terms of the report made by Sir John Thompson and adopted by the Council, on the 21st of March, 1891. The concluding words of this report, which are quoted by the Archbishop, and on which the claim for a hearing is based, are as follows:—

If the legal controversy should result in the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench (adverse to Catholic views) being sustained, the time will come for your Excellency to consider the petitions which have been presented by and on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba for redress under sub-sections two and three of section twenty-two of the Manitoba Act quoted in the early part of this report, and which are analogous to the provisions made by the "British North America Act" in relation to the other Provinces.

The Archbishop points out with irresistible logic that the time spoken of in this report, "for his Excellency to consider the petitions," has come. Two things about these proceedings are very peculiar: first, that Sir John Thompson should have interpreted the clause of the Manitoba Act under which this appeal is taken as being applicable after a decision has been given on the question at issue by the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, the highest judicial authority in the realm. The clause of the Act under which the appeal is held to lie, reads as follows:—

An appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of the Legislature of the Province, or of any provincial authority, affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education.

No one less astute than the Minister of Justice himself, we may venture to say, would have thought of finding in this an authorization of so unprecedented a course as that of the Canadian Privy Council sitting virtually as a Court of Revision, to consider and pronounce upon an appeal from the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council. The second peculiarity is the mode in which the appeal is to be heard, viz., by the parties—for the Manitoba Government is to be called on to defend its legislation—appearing in person or by proxy, before the Governor-General in Council, to argue the case. Some difficulties of no small magnitude suggest themselves. Will the Provincial Government admit the competency of the tribunal by appearing before it? We are bound to assume, of course, that the hearing is not part of a pre-

arranged farce. If not, there must be a possibility that a conclusion may be reached contrary to that of the Judicial Committee and adverse to the Province. How is such a decision, or any remedial legislation based upon it, to be enforced, for it may be further assumed that the Provincial authorities, backed by the decision of what has always hitherto been supposed to be the highest and final court of appeal, will not voluntarily submit to a reversal of the verdict? May we not safely predict that no adverse decision will be given and that no redress, where the Imperial judges have declared there is no grievance, will be attempted?

"**ANGLICANUS**," writing to one of the daily papers, complains that the Pan-Presbyterian Council totally ignored the question of church union, notwithstanding the fact that the bishops of the Anglican Church, representing upward of twenty-six millions of Christians, have put forth a proposal looking to this end. "Anglicanus" omits, however, to mention that the bishops incorporated in their proposal a condition which they must have known, unless they are lamentably deficient in knowledge of the views of Nonconformists generally, would be an insuperable barrier to union. We refer to the matter, not with any intention of discussing the question of the Apostolic Succession, but for the purpose of calling attention to what seems to us to be significant both in the speech and in the silence of the great Presbyterian assembly. Taken in connection with the absence of any formulation of projects looking to corporate union with any one or more of the other great denominational bodies, the general tenor and tone of the discussions may be understood, it seems to us, to indicate that the able and far-seeing leaders of Presbyterian thought are coming to see that Christian unity is a much more desirable and at the same time much more feasible thing than any outward, formal union, even were such possible. The strength of personal conviction and the enthusiasm it begets are among the great forces which are driving the denominations forward in aggressive work at a pace before unknown in modern times, but there would be, to say the least, great danger that these forces might be seriously weakened by the compromises which would be almost inseparable from any scheme of organic union. Compromise, always questionable and dangerous, would be doubly so in matters of religious belief and practice. It may even be questioned whether adherence to mistaken convictions, when these are anything better than pure prejudices, may not be preferable from a moral and religious point of view to the profession of beliefs and the use of methods theoretically correct which are the offspring of compromise made for the sake of expediency.

IF we may assume that the churches exist not for selfish but for altruistic ends, that, in other words, they are but so many missionary organizations, whose reason for being is that they may be constantly doing for the promotion of every good work, the question arises whether corporate union is so necessary or desirable for the greatest efficiency as many seem to suppose. The great thing would seem to be unity of aim and effort for the accomplishment of the great work for which all alike profess to exist. Disputes about questions of creed and ordinances are of course often great hindrances to certain aspects of the work which the churches set before them, but there are also great advantages to be gained by the sub-division of the great army into compact bodies. These advantages will readily suggest themselves, especially to those who have studied human nature to some purpose. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the conglomeration of all the great churches into one vast aggregate would not produce a body unwieldy by reason of its great bulk and the heterogeneous materials of which it would inevitably be composed. Nothing short of a perpetual miracle could preserve such a body from danger of internal corruption, or of speedy disintegration. But it is not easy to set a limit to what the existing churches might accomplish for the good of humanity by harmonious co-operation along the lines of aim and action, in respect to which all are tolerably well agreed, if not absolutely at one. How irresistible the power which such a combination of influences might

bring to bear for the purification of national politics, the improvement of international relations, and the doing away with such iniquities as the African slave-trade, the British opium traffic, the crying injustice of the anti-Chinese laws, the selling of firearms and fire-water to uncivilized tribes, etc. Two distinct ways suggest themselves in which these ends could be promoted: First, by the concurrent representations of the various Parliaments of the respective denominations, embodied in such resolutions as some of those which were passed by the Pan-Presbyterian Council during its recent session. No Legislature in any nation with representative institutions could disregard the consentient opinions of these great representative bodies, if pressed upon their notice unambiguously and in downright earnest. The second means by which the power of the combined churches could make itself irresistibly felt would be through the aggregate of the action and influence of their individual members using their rights of citizenship. If the statement of one of the American delegates, to the effect that of every two adult citizens of the United States, one is a member of a Christian church, be even approximately correct, it is obvious that the legislation of the great Republic, and by parity of reasoning, that of Great Britain, Canada, and other so-called Christian nations, is really in the hands of the members of its churches. But if so, surely it is time that preachers and other good men should cease to cry out against the wickedness of the politicians and recognize the fact that the politicians are just such as the members of the Christian churches, either actively or passively, approve. Along these two lines lies the legitimate union of Church and State, but it throws a tremendous responsibility upon the churches!

REPLYING to an unambiguous allusion in an address recently made to him by a body of ardent Liberals at Carnarvon, in Wales, Mr. Gladstone used some very significant words. Although he endeavoured, he said, and it was his duty everywhere so far as he could, to recommend a spirit of sobriety as to the amount of their expectations, yet he would venture to say that, whatever the pressure of Irish demands or of any other question may be, "even one session of Parliament will not be allowed to pass without our being able to give some earnest to the people of Wales of our desire to deal with and, as far as we can, to promote and push forward the realization of their just demand." From a blunter statesman even these words might seem somewhat roundabout. From Mr. Gladstone's mouth they can be regarded as having only one meaning. Hence they seem to have been accepted as satisfactory by the crowds who listened breathlessly and who cheered this most important promise to the echo. And truly "a just demand" the demand of the Welsh people for disestablishment most certainly is, on any principle that denies the right of a small minority to impose their religious institutions upon the great majority of their fellow-citizens. That the Welsh are intensely in earnest in the matter was amply demonstrated at the general election, nor do we see how, in view of the facts, any unprejudiced person can find grounds for impugning the motives of the people in demanding that this crying injustice, done in the name of religion, be removed. Yet it pleases the *Spectator* to say that "the wave of anti-ecclesiastical feeling which swept over Wales at the general election was probably due to a composition of causes—class feeling, a hope of spoliation, excited by the revenues of the Church and the vague promptings of unsatisfied and aggressive racial sentiment."

QUOTING the *Spectator's* words in reference to the results of the election in Wales, we are reminded of an argument which is wrought out in the same article in which the above words occur, and which is so novel and curious that those of our readers who do not read the great unionist journal will probably be interested in it. The gist of this argument, so far as we can express it in a few words, is somewhat as follows: The demand for disestablishment was, in one of its aspects, the outcome of the "old or political radicalism, of which the chief characteristic was jealousy of all activity of government and all exercise of authority." To this has now succeeded the new or social type of radicalism, "to which the State is a *deus ex machina*, to be evoked in every emergency." Under this new system the duties of government are increasing and the province of the State extending. The whole position is therefore reversed, and

the presumption is now rather in favour of a State Church rather than against it. "Education, on its secular side, has already been recognized by all parties as a subject for the corporate action of the whole community. Why not, then, that which is the highest education of all?" It is not easy to conceive a mode of thinking or reasoning which more completely fails to apprehend the true basis of the most persistent and determined opposition to a State Church. Of course the fact that any such church, whether it be that of a minority or a majority, fails, and in the very nature of the case must fail, to become representative of the whole people, affords an incidental and easily understood objection to any existing establishment, and is, therefore, sure to be urged as such. But the root objection to all interference with religious matters by the State, whether in the way of patronage or of proscription, is, we take it, entirely distinct from any question either of majorities and minorities, or of radicalism, political or social. The most strenuous opponents of State-Churchism in every form are of two classes, who, setting out from positions diametrically opposite, religiously, reach a common conclusion. The deeply devout among those who are opposed to the establishment on the one hand, and the indifferent, the agnostic and the infidel, on the other, are agreed that in its very nature the matter of religious belief or unbelief is one which belongs so exclusively to the realm of the individual conscience that any interference by an external authority is an usurpation and an impertinence. The subject of religion belongs to a plane entirely distinct from, and, in view of the believer at least, immeasurably above, all those mundane concerns which constitute the proper province of municipal and State authorities. Hence it is evident that the most pronounced radicalism, or the most extreme socialism, as a political faith, may be held quite consistently with the strongest disapproval of everything savouring in any way of Church and State connection. The fabric so ingeniously built up on the foundation of a political creed falls to the ground because that foundation is utterly unfitted to sustain a structure which belongs to quite another sphere of thought and action.

RECENT despatches indicate that the rumoured evacuation of Uganda by the East Africa Company will, within a few months, have become a fact accomplished. If the departure of the Company means the withdrawal of British influence and the virtual abandonment of the regions about Lake Victoria Nyanza and the head waters of the Nile, to Mohammedanism and the untold horrors of the slave trade, the fact is to be deplored. If the event should prove it to mean that Lord Roseberry and his colleagues, while disapproving of the "Sovereign Company" system, intend to take other measures to prevent the contraction of the sphere of British influence in Eastern Africa, the change will, no doubt, be a salutary one. At the time of the formation of this and the other great African companies a few years ago we expressed our wonder that the British Government and people should, at this stage in the national history, sanction a mode of colonization so completely out of harmony with the spirit and institutions which have made her rule over the many barbarous tribes who have come under her sway so beneficent, comparatively speaking. It is not unlikely that the present British Administration is entirely opposed, on principle, to the bestowment of powers so extensive as have been given to the African companies, upon any private corporation. There seems, however, too much reason to fear that in this case it may carry a sound principle to an injurious extreme, by abandoning the wretched tribes of the interior to the tender mercies of the Arab slave traders. We say nothing of the loss to the nation of what has been called "one of the best pieces of Africa," and of what is likely, in the not distant future, to become the key to a large part of the interior of the "Dark Continent," including the Soudan, for, so far as we are able to judge, there is really little danger that any other nation will succeed in doing what a British trading company with an Imperial charter has failed to accomplish. Neither Germany nor France has made such a success of African colonization as would warrant the addition of this difficult task to what the one or the other has already undertaken, especially in view of the fact that Great Britain holds the sea coast and is not in the least likely to surrender that coign of vantage. It is to be hoped that the Company may see its way clear to accept Lord Roseberry's alternative offer, to bear the expenses of occupation until next March, thus enabling the Company to postpone evacu-

ation until that date. This would give Parliament an opportunity to express itself in regard to the matter and might possibly lead to the adoption of some such plan as that favoured by the *Spectator*, of separating the administrative and military operations of the Company from the commercial, and assuming the former, leaving only the latter to the Company. In so saying we are as far as possible from desiring to see anything in the nature of a Jingo policy adopted by the Mother Country. But if ever there was a case in which the enforcement of civilized rule in a barbarian land was justified on grounds of humanity, the deliverance of the wretched African tribes from the cruelties of the slave trade would be thus justifiable.

WERE Russian diplomacy straightforward and Russian statesmen reliable, the reported withdrawal of the Russian troops from the Pamirs and the Czar's reported disapproval of the conduct of Colonel Yanoff, the invading general, might be accepted as the end of the Pamir trouble. A better assurance is perhaps that given by the frank statement of the *Novosti Vremya* of St. Petersburg, to the effect that there can be no war between Great Britain and Russia on account of the Pamirs, because Russia does not want more uncultivated territory, having already too much of it, but is seeking "an outlet on the Indian Ocean," in order that she may thus have free access to the general waterway of the world. It is impossible not to sympathize to a certain extent with this ambition, which is no doubt the true cause of Russia's restiveness on the Indian border. There are said to be but two ways in which it would be possible for her to obtain such an outlet, viz., either direct through Persia from the Caspian Sea to the Persian Gulf, or from Herat through Afghanistan and Beloochistan to the Arabian Sea. The *Spectator* thinks that the latter route would be intolerable to India, as no doubt it would, but does not see any reason why Great Britain should dread Russia on the Persian Gulf, though it doubts whether Englishmen in general would take that view. It is scarcely a matter of doubt, as it is pretty clear that if Great Britain would have permitted, the route would have been taken long since. The determination of the English rulers of India not to permit the great Northern Bear to get access to the coasts of that vast Empire, to be a source of perpetual harassment, compelling the maintenance of an immense army for protection, can be easily understood. Nevertheless it is conceivable that a Government may some day come into power which will regard the presence of Russian fleets in the Indian Ocean as a lesser evil and danger than those resulting from the present situation. The prospect of having to exercise eternal vigilance in order to keep a mighty and unfriendly nation hemmed inland and cut off from the ocean on every side, is certainly not a pleasant one. If there were any probability that generous treatment in the matter would satisfy Russia and win her lasting friendship and good-will, thus bringing to an end the constant strain of the present situation, it might be a stroke of statesmanship as well as of generosity to let her find her outlet by the shortest possible route, provided it could be done without setting the whole region ablaze.

TOUCHING the Chinese question, on which we commented last week, it is interesting to note the characteristic way in which the Chinese in the United States are preparing to meet the outrageous Geary exclusion Act. A Chinese Civil Rights League has lately been formed for the purpose of securing the civil rights of Chinamen in the United States. At a recent meeting, which is said to have been well attended by Chinamen and others, a resolution was adopted declaring this Act to be unconstitutional and inhuman, and pledging the meeting to support the protest against it. But, notwithstanding this declaration, the Chinese themselves, instead of making a struggle in the courts against the Act, are contenting themselves with a policy of passive resistance by simply refusing to register. Not a single Chinaman has yet come forward, it is said, to be photographed, in spite of the efforts of the collector to secure registration through the influence of Americanized Chinamen. By a somewhat similar course of passive resistance the Chinese have hitherto successfully resisted all the attempts of Russia to retain possession of portions of their territory. In fact it is said that the only instance in which Russia has ever really retreated from an advance position once occupied in the East, was her evacuation of a portion of Chinese territory which she

formerly seized. China did not go to war to recover it, but by a process, which is still hardly understood, she kept on during a period of six or seven years steadily pouring a stream of Chinese into the region, until in some way or other Russia was quietly crowded out and glad to quit. If the Chinese in the United States persist in declining to register or to come forward to be photographed, it will be interesting to see what the American authorities will do about it.

THE Latin adage, "Whom the god wishes to destroy he first makes mad," is almost too much worn to bear quotation, but the rumour that the Emperor of Germany is contemplating a restriction of the suffrage irresistibly recalls it. To the Anglo-Saxon the patience with which the Germans have listened to the offensive assertions of the prerogative which William has from time to time put forth in public is a matter of wonder. But as these extravagant claims have for the most part evaporated in words, while His Majesty has in the end bowed as gracefully as he could to the necessities imposed upon him by the constitution, and by popular opinion, there has not been much real cause for complaint. The Germans are quite too philosophical to make even their Emperor an offender for a word, so long as their constitutional rights and liberties are tolerably well respected. They are sufficiently warlike, moreover, to relish rather than otherwise the indomitable spirit and energy which he has so constantly exhibited, and to take pride in his evident pluck and determination to keep the military prowess of the nation at the highest possible pitch. Nevertheless, should his impatience of opposition in the Reichstag and of constitutional control drive him, as it must be admitted it is not unlikely some time to do, into a serious attempt to limit the suffrage or take away any of the popular rights which have been gradually obtained as the result of persistent pressure, there is reason to believe that he would quickly discover that he had overrated the popular docility. There can be little doubt that a serious attempt to do away with universal suffrage would, as the *Volks Zeitung* declares, "mean revolution—real, living revolution." "Institutions like universal suffrage, when once they have been introduced and have struck their roots into the soil," cannot be abolished. Whatever the Emperor may have said in a moment of excitement, it is very unlikely that he will be so ill advised as to attempt to carry any such restrictive measure into effect.

ONOMATOPŒIA AND MR. BLISS CARMAN.

IN the last issue of THE WEEK appeared a poem from the pen of Mr. Bliss Carman which has caused some little discussion amongst the daily papers. It is said that Mr. Bliss Carman, has given us in this poem an exact imitation of the thrush's song, and that as such it has claims to distinct literary merit; fortunately Mr. Carman's version is not the only one in existence, and it may be interesting and possibly not unprofitable to compare "Marjory Darrow" with Tennyson's "The Thrush." Before doing so, however, I should like to say a few words about Onomatopœia in general. In the first place, should not this beautiful and artistic figure of speech be used only in connection with a clear and definite meaning? Secondly, should not this meaning, harmonizing as it does with the sound, be clear to every one who listens? Thirdly, is it not in the very nature of Onomatopœia that the sound and the words express one and the same thing: that is to say, if the words fail in clear and definite expression, do the mere associations of sounds of themselves produce Onomatopœia?

Onomatopœia, "imitative harmony," as it has been not unhappily named, abounds in the greatest productions of many languages? This blending together of the natural and artificial, this mingling of varieties which, while producing one harmonious effect, appeal at once to the ear and to the mind, is perhaps the most beautiful and the most natural, while at the same time, the most difficult and illusive task that any poet can perform. Beyond all else it must be spontaneous—it is the joyous triumph of sound rather than the accomplishment of laboured thought, or rather it is thought going half-way to meet sound, naturally and without effort.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοιο.

When a circle of young Greeks heard this for the first time and caught, as it were, the very echo of the twanged bow-string of the Delian God speeding onward, like unto the darkness of night, think you that they hung upon each word to discover a meaning possible or impossible? Not at all, the line is moderately safe even in the hands of an English schoolboy; it is a Hexameter like the rest, simple and unaffected.

Let us take another line from the same source, perhaps the best example of Onomatopœia in any language:—

πολλὰ δ' ἄνακτα, κάταντα, πᾶραντ' αὖτε, δοχμῶν τ' ἤλθοι

the most uncultivated ear will form an identification in this instance between the sense, i. e. the galloping of horses and the sounds conveyed in the line. This last naturally recalls the well known

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum

from the *Æneid*.

In both these cases, it is undoubtedly the sound which suggests the sense, but neither Homer nor Virgil apparently considered this a reason for the omission of the latter commodity. You will say that my illustrations are from the most hackneyed quotations, you will yourself unconsciously quote Macaulay by some phrase commencing with "Every school-boy knows," but I think you will pardon the remark, merely on account of its veracity, when I maintain that the very fact of these lines of "imitative harmony" being still familiar phrases, even upon Anglo-Saxon lips, shows us that a period of more than two thousand years has not robbed them of their suggestive beauty; a fact which would seem to my mind utterly impossible were they devoid of a clear and simple meaning.

Let us take another familiar instance, one in our own literature—

Shocked like an iron-clanging anvil banged
With hammers,

from Tennyson's "The Princess." Here also the Onomatopœia is very obvious, but I can believe it possible that to some people the *meaning* actually suggests the similarity of the sound.

So far I have been speaking subjectively in the narrowest sense, that is, from the egotistical, but intensely human, standpoint, the standpoint from which one cries out: "Give me something that I personally can understand. I, the irresponsible, irrepressible Ego which refuses to lose itself in what to it, at least, is incomprehensible." We may observe *en passant* that the more ignorant and prejudiced the Ego is, the louder and the more dictatorial this cry becomes. There is, however, another standpoint—the subjective in its broader and deeper sense, which is of necessity linked with the objective, and which recognizes the fact that there is much immeasurably beyond itself.

No one has, perhaps, sounded the philosophic depths of "Hamlet," very few have absorbed all the rugged tenderness of the "Cid." There are not many who can tell us the full significance of "Childe Roland," or detect the exquisite shades of meaning in "The Statue and the Bust." There are graceful touches in Racine, which are only half revealed, lightning flashes from Hugo which, while they dazzle, are not clearly seen. There are in literature nooks and crannies which we pass over without detecting their beauty. Amongst these world-masters there is always something to search for, some hidden truth to discover; perhaps this search is on the whole wiser than a diligent perseverance in detecting their weaknesses. In music, who has not heard what for him, at least, no one can adequately express, vague, tremulous suggestions of things that never are and never were, that leave behind them an indefinable mingling of pleasure and regret? With great pictures and statues it is the same. Truly we should not pass by in scorn everything that we cannot understand. All this being freely granted, we must still return to our old standpoint, that in *Onomatopœia* the charm lies in the mingling of sound and sense, and that when the latter is indistinct and involved rather than transparent and lucid, this is seriously impaired, and that when it is altogether absent the charm is altogether lost. If a boy, at the age when the observing faculties are most acute, by careful practice manages to reproduce sounds more or less resembling the familiar croaking of the frogs in his father's horse-pond, are we to allow to this series of sounds, however accurate, the same literary merit that is due to the

Quamquam sunt sub aqua sub aqua maledicere tentant

of Ovid? I think not! In answer to this, however, the hypercritical may bring forward the deep poetry of the βρεκεκεκέξ κοῦξ of Aristophanes; this last, I am told, forms the basis of "a college yell" in an American university, a species of inharmonious madness dear to the initiated alone. All things considered, clear and definite meaning is, I repeat, most desirable to Onomatopœia, meaning of some sort a *sine qua non*. Let us now take a glance at Tennyson's charming poem entitled "The Thrush." Here it is in its entirety:—

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it,
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

Love again, song again, nest again, young again,
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

I shall not quote the whole of Mr. Carman's poem as it has appeared in the previous issue of this journal, but

shall select from it the second and last stanzas; as the poem contains eighteen verses, my reason for doing so, though perhaps insufficient, is at any rate obvious:—

Clear, clear,
Dawn in the dew,
Dawn in the silver dew!
Reap, reap,
Gold in the dawn,
Clear. . . .

Sheer, sheer,
Sheer in the blue,
Far in the sweep of the blue,
Deep, deep!
Gone, thou art gone,
Dear. . . .

Now from the standpoint of phonetics, to my ear at least, the poem of Tennyson is infinitely more suggestive of the thrush:—

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Here again, here, here, here, happy year!

that neither are perfect imitations of the bird, no one will hardly deny, but

Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it,

speaks to the senses in clearer and brighter tones than

Dear, dear,
Dearer than dawn,
Two with the scar of the dawn,
Sweep, sweep,
Through the drear of the dawn,
Year on year,

to quote another verse from "Marjory Darrow," and then consider what a simple, charming story the Laureate tells us—

* And hardly a daisy as yet little friend
See, there is hardly a daisy,

a story which beats with the very pulse of spring, which the youngest of us grasps almost unconsciously.

That "Marjory Darrow" has no meaning I shall not presume to assert, but I think that it is a pity that this meaning, in close connection as it is with sensuous sounds, should be a cause of perplexity to the average reader. Surely we do not require wet towels around our foreheads to enter into the divine music of the thrush's notes.

It was not in this spirit that Shelley cried to the skylark:—

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine!
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Or Keats addressing the nightingale:—

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown!
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Such lines as these appeal to all that is best and most spiritual in man for every age. It is before great minds like these that we smaller ones are silent, thankful if we can catch one faint breath of their inspiration. Everyone reading the "Skylark" or the "Ode to the Nightingale" in the words of M. Mérimée "pour comprendre la poésie, n'a pas besoin qu'un pédant lui en démontre les beautés!" And let us be thankful that it is so. We have in literature so much of transcendent beauty that if we are unable to discover the real worth of that which is shrouded in mist, there is infinitely more which, like the rain of heaven, falls upon the just and the unjust, the wise and the unwise. For the rest, "Opinion," as Schopenhauer puts it, "is like a pendulum and obeys the same law."

In conclusion, we would observe that, in our opinion, the effect of Mr. Carman's poem is almost negative in its obscurity. It may be said, as it has often been said before, that this is the case with many of Browning's, but does this obscurity enhance our enjoyment of these works? One might reply that the poet writes to satisfy the cravings of his own soul, and not for the pleasure of the "anonymous multitude." Well, so much the worse for us! But surely it is our duty, as rational beings, to ask these great ones, who voice the emotions, the hopes and the terrors which are common to us all, to do so in such a way that we can understand them? If, however, they yield to our entreaties, they are not what they seem; the true poet is unconscious—spontaneous. It was absolutely useless for Smith, or Jones, or Robinson to appeal to Browning (they did it for a long time) to write for *them*! But, what are we to say of this spirit of conscious, I had almost written *drumming*, vagueness which we see so much of in modern versification? Have we no right to protest against this, to ask, if not for "sweetness," at any rate for "light"? Our protest at all events can do no harm; it will never stultify the efforts of true genius, but possibly it may help to modify a *fashion* singularly devoid of esthetic charm.

We wish distinctly to observe that these closing remarks are not in reference to the author whose name appears in the title of this paper. Some of Mr. Carman's verses possess undoubtedly the genuine ring of spontaneity and truth. Whatever we have said is directed rather against a system which no one who is at all *au courant* with magazine poetry generally can have failed to notice, a system which tends to make sense altogether subordinate to sound.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

Toronto.

PARIS LETTER.

EVERY year the Municipal Council appoints a committee for the baptizing of the streets. The step is a necessity, due to the opening of new rues, and the cutting of an old street into two sections by the creation of a boulevard that divides them by a space of 110 yards. This division may recall the exclamation of the patriot when informed that the Germans had cut the army of the Loire in two. "So much the better; we shall have now two armies instead of one." Up to the present the Municipal Council, due to political differences, declined to name any street after Gambetta. The Government cannot propose a name, but it has a veto on all proposed appellations. The Avenue de la République, nearly three miles long, will for its commencing moiety retain its existing title; the other will be baptized after the great patriot. "Walter Scott" will lend his name to an alley running into the Rue Alexandre Dumas. The doctors have demanded that a street adjoining the central markets be called after "Carême," the famous cook; the faculty owes much to culinary *chefs* who keep up the supply of rheumatic and gouty patients. The claims of Robespierre and Danton for street immortality remain for further consideration. When will the name of Thiers be proposed? The important Rue d'Allemagne will not be superseded by "Cronstadt." Germany Street does not recall 1870-71, but the literary celebrities of Fatherland, adds the reporter.

Pierre-Charron gives his name to an important street bisecting the Champs Elysées. He was a philosopher who figured in the sixteenth century, and became famous by writing one treatise, on "Wisdom," just as Hamilton became renowned by his single speech. Now, as Professor Levasseur has recently asserted, the decadence of the population of the country is being reflected in a diminution of scholars and of conscripts, the memory of Pierre-Charron ought to be kept green in this utilitarian age, not on account of his arm-chair wisdom—who was ever governed by treatises on sagacity—but to his having been the father of a legitimate family of twenty-five children. Paris is running up more street pillars for the supply of boiling water at so much the gallon—the best way to sterilize the Seine supply and kill the 60,000 bacilli in each cubic yard of the liquid. Would it not be well, ere all available space be occupied, to carry out an old measure of the convention, decreeing that in every town in France two pillars were to be erected, not for pasquinades, but for Glory and Shame: the former consecrated to the deeds of the unselfish, the patriotic and the good; the other to the cowardly, the vicious and the unvirtuous. Pierre-Charron's conduct ought to figure on the Glory column in letters of gold. The step would be more encouraging, as the national teachers of France have suddenly displayed a craze for demography by publishing the rise and fall—progenitively—of local families during the last two centuries and up to date, from the parish records of births and deaths.

The cholera is on the wane, and efforts tend to taking precautions against its coming back, as the opinion is general the plague will break out again in the spring in Hamburg. Professor Daremberg, the best authority in France, and not an official, begs, as Captain Cuttle would do, "to take a note" of the fact that people who keep themselves clean never catch cholera, and that adding citric acid to suspected water curbs the bacilli as effectually as boiling or filtering. The outbreak of the epidemic on the present occasion is characterized by one luminous fact, the public never lost its head, never went into a panic; in a word, displayed no fear. The Sanitary Board in France has no summary powers to make every private right be subordinate to the necessities of the public health; next month the Legislature will vote the hygienists the necessary authority.

During the Columbian fêtes at Genoa the Italians did the thing handsomely towards the French fleet, and the French were not behind in reciprocating the courtesies. It is to be hoped that the Latin sisters may henceforth meet like parted streams. Could they negotiate a good treaty of commerce between them, that would be more concrete than diplomatic *billets doux*, repasts and waltzes. The French believe the Italians have Nice and Tunis on the brain, and then there is the Triple Alliance, which guarantees Alsace to Germany. The Italians are convinced that France snubs them, wishes to make them her creature, and, as of old, occupy their territory, etc., when on the warpath. Italy and France are each their own masters and free to make what alliances they conceive conducive to their safety and their protection; but the French underestimate the resolution of Italy to maintain her unity, and by a monarchy rather than a republic.

It is not generally known that the early days of Gambetta formed a severe uphill struggle, and that his father, though a frugal grocer at Cahors, could not aid his son in his law studies by any largesses. Senator Jules Simon has picturesquely related how happily he lived when a student, with only fifteen sous allowed him to buy his dinner. It was at the close of the fifties that Gambetta came to Paris to "eat his terms." His father was ever urging him to be frugal, and the son proved he was so. He wrote that his breakfast on week days consisted of a roll of bread at one sou and a glass of water; on Sundays he had two rolls. At noon he went to the Law School till half-past four; then he dined for eighteen sous, buying for dessert a roll at a baker's shop to prevent him feeling hungry. The evening he passed in the Law Library till eleven. On his way to his lodging he purchased two rolls; these with a

decanter of water formed his supper. He was sworn in a lawyer in June, 1861, and was only able to hire his gown by the month for three francs. Thiers counselled Gambetta to take only political briefs, as they suited his talent. His first client was obtained in 1862, the mechanic Louis Buette, who was self-educated, and conspired with Greppo under the Second Empire for the regeneration of the working classes.

Were Thiers alive to-day, or Gambetta who endorsed the assertion, he would not be able to say that Socialism had emigrated to Germany. If so, it has come back to France. Never were there so many Congresses on Socialism. The gardeners have cast in their lot with the movement; they do not say they "have got no work to do," but they demand more pay and fewer working hours. The Carmaux colliers exhibit no inclination to cave in; their employers displayed want of tact in the exercise of their right, and the men have stood too much upon their political dignity. The strike has become a political quarrel. The tendencies of the discussions in the Labour meetings and congresses continue to be: disbelief in trading political legislators; detestation not of the upper, but of the middle classes; adhesion to the eight hours' programme, and the all round federation of trades purified from politics. There is no abatement in the hate of the employer living in a palace and rolling in his carriage, while the employé squats in squalour and all the miseries.

It has always been a subject of discussion, how far was President Carnot's grandfather mixed up with the doings of the Committee of Public Safety, of which Robespierre was one of his colleagues. M. Aulard has set the matter at rest in reproducing, by means of the new process of photo-printing, copies of the Decrees that Lazare Carnot signed along with his colleagues. The "organizer of victories" signed the warrant for the arrest, that is for the scaffold, of the poor young wife of Camille Desmoulins, whose sole crime was, having cried too loud when her husband's head was struck off. Carnot had no more scruple than the others for employing the guillotine to remove inconvenient opponents, while claiming to be "a just and a humane man." He signed the warrant for the arrest of Hoche, as a traitor, but whose memory the republicans now annually celebrate at Versailles, as a pattern of all the virtues. Was not General Lafayette obliged to decamp to escape arrest as a traitor? When Robespierre set up as master and pontiff in the Committee of Public Safety, Carnot so ridiculed him that he cried like a child. Carnot was a free-thinker, which explains his expulsion of the nuns from the hospital of Toulouse, and replacing them by lay nurses who "were charitable and had no religion." Carnot, after signing a death warrant, sat quietly down to prepare a plan of campaign and to set armies in motion. And yet he never occupied a higher military grade than that of major.

Moneyed people are so alarmed about the strikes that they will no longer plank down their money for any industrial enterprise; it is all invested in the public funds; the latter naturally runs up to par, while the interest is a little over two per cent. Now by law, all civil debts carry five, and commercial, six, per cent. interest. It is proposed to regulate these credit rates at the interest of the day. As usual, bad security yields the highest rate of interest.

Madame Féraud has just died, obscurely, in the suburbs of Paris. At one time she was a queen of society by her beauty, her talents and her receptions. Her father was a very high functionary under the Second Empire, lived magnificently, never put by a sou for the rainy day; when the empire collapsed, the family became penniless, and the father died of a broken heart. During the war of 1870-71, the daughter joined the ladies' ambulance; she conquered the affections of a wounded soldier, Amable Féraud, the Hellenist; they were married; his income was modest, but the wife wanted to shine to become the light of other days. She encountered the Comte de Chatenay; he became "the most happy of the three" in the family, and, by allowing her 200,000 frs. a year, she was again able to shine in society; her guests knew where the nuggets came from; the Comte to cover appearances obtained several guinea-pig positions for the husband; but he himself remained the "gold bug." One evening the lady gave a sumptuous dinner party, and ten liveried servants did duty. Madame Féraud was completing her toilette—she "looked a goddess and moved a queen," when her son, aged sixteen, quietly entered her boudoir, calm and pale. "Mamma, on leaving college, I struck a comrade for insulting me and you; he said I was the son of a mistress; if he lies, I will kill him." The mother recovered her audacity, and was preparing an affectionate, derouting lie: "Mamma, is it true; I have gone over our income with papa, and we expend several times that sum; where does the difference come from?" No reply, and the son rushed to his bed-room and locked himself in. The husband in the meantime had sent valet after valet for Madame to descend and receive her dinner guests. When she entered the salon the invited observed she looked a "bridal corpse"; she sat out the dinner, and charmed all by a forced wit and gaiety. After dinner she went up to see her son; the front door was locked; entering by another, her boy was found dead, dangling from the roof of his bed. The father died some weeks later from a broken heart; the unfortunate mother found an humble shelter where she was forgotten and has just died.

Baron de Morenheim, the Russian ambassador, has "drawn" M. Clemenceau; the leader of the Radicals was directly accused by the baron of being opposed to the

Russian alliance of liberty, equality and fraternity, and with favouring an alliance with England. M. Clemenceau executes the "ugly shuffle." The English, it is to be presumed, will pardon the union of extreme republicanism with extreme autocracy, as it is to Deputy Clemenceau they owe the possession of Egypt.

Everything happens in France. Ronbaix in the north of France has a socialist town council; a good deal of misery exists in that manufacturing centre, and in order to alleviate it by harmless amusements the authorities have granted the legal permission to form a society for the preparation and discussion of schemes of social happiness; member's meeting-dress consists of swallow tail-coat, a silk cap, and white trousers and vest.

Never too late to mend is the Franco-Russian alliance is bearing fruit. In Holy Russia no systematized plan of arranging duels exists, so that the meets there are caused by very trivial motives. A manuscript code of duelling rules has been sent to the St. Petersburg Military Club, by a Paris Commission of Honour, to guide seconds in the conditions for arranging quarrels. That's good work; sticking plaster is better than a winding sheet.

In order to secure quietness in the vicinity of the public gardens of the city—as a rule small in area—the municipal council intends to substitute wooden, for the stone, pavement. Children when playing will thus be able to bear commands from mammas and nurses, and old age to tranquilly enjoy its talkings under the shade of the trees, without seeing an earthquake in every parting omnibus and its sixty passengers. Z.

All Rights reserved.]

TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued).

BEFORE the end of the week, the Squire received answers to his official and non-official letters, accepting the trust confided to him, and regretting that Miss Carmichael had given the writer no opportunity of more fully explaining himself. The non-official letter also stated that the lady's position was so much changed by the prospect of a large fortune as to make it little less than dishonourable in him to press his suit, at least in the meantime. Mrs. Carruthers also received a promise that the lawyer would, if practicable, accompany Mr. Douglas to Bridesdale. Mr. Errol reported a nice letter received by him from the same quarter, along with the "Civitate Dei" and some reviews. Wilkinson was in clover so far as papers and magazines were concerned, and both Miss Carmichael and Miss Du Plessis were remembered with appropriate literary pabulum of the same nature. More bonbons for the juveniles arrived by Saturday night, and a letter for Marjorie.

My Dear Little Love, Marjorie.—It was very kind of you to remember your poor boy in his exile from home in the big, hot, dusty city. I liked your dear little letter very much, all except that one word about you know who. I am sure you did not think, or you would never have written so of one so good and kind to you and me. You will not say that any more I am sure. I have put your letter and the flowers you were so kind as to pick and dry for me in my best drawer where I keep my treasures. I send you a new picture book just out, with many coloured plates of flowers in it. When I come up you must tell me if you know their names. Please tell your cousins' grandpapa that I would like very much if he were here, or I were there, that we might have a nice quiet smoke and talk together. I am sorry poor old Muggins is dead. You did not tell me what killed him. Tryphena ought to make Sylvanus buy a spelling book to study while he is on watch in your papa's ship. Your papa and mamma asked me to go for a sail with them, but I had to go to town. Now, my little love, be very kind and nice to everybody, and above all to your dear cousins, big and little, and when I come up and hear how good you have been, we will fish in the creek on week days and sing some of those pretty hymns on Sunday. Do you ever go to see my poor sick friend Wilks? I think he would like to see a little girl some times. Try him with a bonbon and with the poetry under the pictures of flowers in your new book. Give my love to all the kind friends, and keep a great lot for your dear little self.

From your own EUGENE.

"Where is the book?" asked Marjorie, when the letter was read to her by the lady whom she had written so slightly of. Miss Carmichael looked over her own mail matter, and found a large flat volume addressed Miss Marjorie Carmichael, while the other packages bore simply Miss Carmichael. She opened it up, and found the book demanded. The lawyer had been so full of the name that he had written it mechanically, instead of Miss Marjorie Thomas. Marjorie was not well pleased that her cousin should have usurped her book, but loyalty to Eugene made her suppress any expression of indignation. Mr. Terry had to read that letter through his spectacles, and Tryphosa; and on Sunday she proposed to invade the sanctity of Mr. Wilks' chamber and interest him in both letter and book.

The Sunday came and went, and then the slow week dragged along. Whoever would have thought that, a short time ago, they had been so cheerful, so merry, even with danger threatening and death at their door. The dominie was out of his room at last, walking about with his arm in a sling, rejoicing in changes of raiment which Coristine had sent from his boarding house by express and the mail waggon. The city clothes suited him better than his pedestrian suit, and made him the fashionable man of the neighbourhood. In conversation over his friend, he remarked that he was pleased to find Corry toning down, writing quiet sensible letters, without a single odious pun. "Puir

laddie!" said the Squire, "if it wad mak him blither, I could stan' a hail foolscap sheet o' them. I'm feard the city's no' agreein' wi' him." Before noon on Friday there came a hard rider to the Bridesdale gate, a special telegraph messenger from Collingwood, with a telegram for Mrs. Carruthers. She took it hastily from Timotheus, and, breaking the seal, read to the group gathered about her: "If agreeable, Douglas and I will be with you by Saturday's stage. Please answer by bearer. Eugene Coristine." The Squire, home a little sooner than usual, said: "Let me answer that, Honoria," and retired to his office. When he came out, it was with a written paper in his hand, which he read for approval. "You and Douglas heartily welcome—will meet you at station, so do not disappoint." This was accepted by a unanimous vote; after which the messenger partook of a hasty meal, as did his horse, and then galloped back to town. "The waggonette will hold six," said the Squire; "that's Coristine, Mr. Douglas and me. Who are the other three? Will you come, Marjorie? The ride'll dae ye guid, lass."

No, Miss Carmichael declined, and the Squire was inwardly wroth. Mrs. Carmichael took the place offered to her daughter, and Marjorie Thomas and Mr. Terry volunteered to make up the required number. It seemed such a long time till Saturday morning, but Marjorie tried to shorten it, by running everywhere and telling everybody that Eugene was coming. The whole house caught the infection. Tryphena and Tryphosa were kept busy, preparing ready for a late six o'clock dinner on the morrow. There was a putting of rooms in order for the coming guests, during which Miss Carmichael, conscience stricken, returned the lawyer's verses to the leaves of Browning. She dreaded meeting the author of them, and found comfort in the fact that he was not coming alone. If she had not been, in her own estimation, such a coward, she would have gone on a visit to Fanny, but she dared not thus offend her uncle and aunt, and desert her mother and Cecile. What was he coming for? She had not sent for him. Why did she not want him to come? She did not know, and it was the right of nobody to question her on the subject. She only knew that she was very unhappy, and hoped she would not act stupidly before the stranger from Edinburgh.

That night the Squire received a letter from Coristine, written on Thursday, saying that Mr. Douglas had arrived, and was a very fine fellow; and that, as soon as he had made up his mind to go to Bridesdale, a telegram would be sent. He also requested Mr. Carruthers, if it was not trespassing too far upon his kindness, to secure the rooms, which the postmistress had told him she had to let, for Miss Graves, a young lady in his firm's offices, who needed complete rest and change of scene, and who would either go up by the stage on Saturday or accompany Mr. Douglas and him at a later date. The letter was read at the tea table, and Miss Du Plessis said she knew Marion Graves very well, and was glad to think she would be so near, as she was a lovely girl; but what a strange thing for Mr. Coristine to recommend her to come to Flanders! "O'm thinkin'," remarked Mr. Terry, "that av the young lady is dilikit loike, it 'ud be a marcy to kape her aff that rough stage; so, iv yer willin', Squire, I'll shtay at home an' lave my place to put the poor lady in inshtid av me." Mrs. Carruthers would not hear of the veteran's losing the drive, and resigned her seat. Honoria would probably want her at any rate, so it was very foolish and selfish in her to have thought of going. "There maun be some one o' the female persuasion, as good old Newberry calls it, to invite Miss Graves and to keep her company, especially if she's an invalid," said the Squire. "I will go, uncle," said Miss Carmichael, quietly. The uncle was amazed at this new turn things were taking, and arranged in his mind to have Miss Graves and Mr. Douglas with him in the front seat, and Coristine between the two Marjories behind. After tea, Timotheus and Maguffin were sent to invite Miss Halbert and the two clergymen to the Saturday evening dinner, but, by Mrs. Carruthers' directions, the postmistress was not notified that her rooms were wanted. If Miss Graves were all that Cecile said of her, she had remarked, she would be better at Bridesdale, and would also be an acceptable addition to the number of their guests.

Saturday morning was a time of wild excitement for Marjorie. She went to the brook by anticipation, to look at the sportive fish, and turned up a flat stone or two, to be sure the crawfish, which the ignorant Timotheus called crabs, were still there. She was prepared to report favourably on the creek. Then she journeyed along the banks, looking for new flowers, and over the stepping stones to the opposite shore, and up the hill to the strip of brush, returning with a handful of showy wild blossoms. Next, she visited the stable yard, and watched Timotheus and Maguffin polishing up the waggonette and the harness of the horses. The colonel was there, and, in answer to Marjorie's enquiry regarding his interest in the scene, said: "You are not going to leave me behind, you little puss, although you did not invite me. I have invited myself, and am going to accompany you on hohseback."

"Are you going to take Guff too, colonel?"

"Who is Guff, my deah?"

"Don't you know Guff?"

"No; I am not aware that I do."

"Oh Cuffee am de niggah

Wif de tah on his heel;

He done trabble roun' so libely

Dat he's wuff a mighty deal."

"You do not shubly mean Maguffin?"

"Of course I do; who else could be Guff?"

"No, I shall not take Maguffin, seeing we come right back. Had we been going to put up anywheah, of couhse, he would have been indispensable."

"What a funny name! Do you mean the waggonette?"

"By what, Mahjohie?"

"By this fencepail?"

"Silly child, I did not say that. I said indispensable, which means, cannot be done without."

"Oh!" answered Marjorie; "it's a long word, is it?"

There was no necessity for starting before ten, at which hour Timotheus brought round the waggonette, and Maguffin the colonel's horse. The Squire assisted the two Marjories to the front seat, and took his place beside the younger. The colonel chivalrously bowed to the ladies while on foot; then, he mounted his horse with a bound, and the transport and escort trotted away. Mr. Terry, alone and neglected, betook himself to the Carruthers children, who soon found many uses to which a good-natured grandfather could be put, to the advantage and pleasure of his grandchildren.

CHAPTER XX.

The Collingwood Arrivals—Coristine Goes to the Post Office—Mr. Perrowne is Funny—Bang's Note and the Lawyer's Fall—Coristine in Hospital—Miss Carmichael Relents—Bangs on the Hunt—The Barber—Mr. Rigby on Wounds—Berry-Picking with the New Arrivals—The Lawyer's Crisis—Matilda's—Miss Carmichael in Charge.

THE train had just come in when Squire Carruthers' party arrived at the station, so nicely had he timed his driving. As there was nobody to hold the horses, he kept his seat, while Coristine, looking faultlessly neat in his town dress, came forward and assisted Miss Carmichael and Marjorie to alight. Having asked the former's permission, the lawyer introduced Miss Graves, a young lady not unlike Miss Du Plessis in stature and carriage, but with larger, though handsome, features and lighter complexion. Then, Mr. Douglas, a fine-looking-blond man of masculine Scottish type, was made acquainted with his fair client, and with her nominal guardian on the box. Finally, the colonel, standing by his horse's head, bowed with genial dignity to the new arrivals, and warmly pressed the hand of his dear boy's friend. The Squire's little scheme was frustrated. His niece, without asking advice or permission from anybody, placed Miss Graves beside the driver, and established herself on the same seat, leaving Marjorie between the two gentlemen on the one behind, after they had bestowed their valises and Miss Graves' portmanteau in their rear. Beyond a ceremonious handshake, Miss Carmichael gave Coristine no recognition, although she could not have failed to perceive his delight at once more meeting her. To Miss Graves, however, she was all that could be desired, cheerful, even animated, and full of pleasant conversation. Marjorie kept her Eugene and the new gentleman busy. She reported on the creek, and presented her faded bouquet of wild flowers, which Eugene received with all the semblance of lively satisfaction. She made many enquiries regarding the big girl in front, and insisted especially on knowing if she was nice. Then she turned to Mr. Douglas and asked his name.

"My name is Douglas," he answered.

"Oh, I know that, even Timotheus himself knows that. I mean what's your real name, your very own, the name your mamma calls you?"

"She used to call me James."

"Oh; have you got a brother called John?"

"Yes; how did you know that?"

"Oh, I know. Then your papa's name is Zebedee, and your mamma's is Salome."

"No, we are not those two James and Johns; they are dead."

"They are the only James and John I know."

"I don't think so. Your uncle, Dr. Carmichael, was called James Douglas, like me."

"Marjorie's dead papa?"

"Yes; your cousin is a sort of far-away cousin of mine; so you must be one of my cousins, too. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's nice to have a growed-up man cousin. I'll call you Jim."

"Marjorie!" said a reproving voice from the front seat; "you must not talk to Mr. Douglas in that pert way."

"If my cousin lets me call him Jim, it's none of your business, cousin Marjorie. You will let me, won't you, cousin Jim?"

"To be sure, if Miss Carmichael will allow me."

"I don't think it's fair to let her boss the whole show."

Mr. Douglas laughed loud and long over this expression, so novel to his British ears.

"Where did you learn that, Marjorie?" asked Coristine.

"Oh, from Guff; there's heaps of fun in Guff."

Her companions occasionally took advantage of silent intervals to discuss the scenery, and the Canadian lawyer pointed out spots, memorable in the great pedestrian tour, to his Scottish compeer. Miss Carmichael never turned, nor did she give Miss Graves a chance to do so; but the Squire managed to sit sideways, without at all incommoding the ladies, and, keeping one eye on his horses, at the same time engaged in conversation with Marjorie's captives. The colonel also kept close to the vehicle, and furnished Coristine with new information concerning his wounded friend. Miss Graves was informed that she was

not to be allowed to go to the post office, and her protests were imperiously silenced by Marjorie's "boss of the whole show." The horses, having come out quietly, went home at a rattling pace, and, a good hour before dinner time, the party arrived at Bridesdale, there to be greeted by Miss Halbert and the parsons, in addition to the occupants of the house. Wilkinson and Mr. Terry received Coristine with enthusiasm, but all the ladies bore down upon the latest arrival of their sex and carried her away, leaving the man, in whom they had expressed so much interest, to feel as if there were a plot on foot to ignore him.

"It must be very pleasant for you, Corry, to find all the ladies so attentive to your lady friend," remarked the Dominie.

"Very pleasant for Miss Graves, no doubt; I can't say the same about myself."

"I should have thought you would have regarded a compliment to her as more gratifying than one to yourself."

"Haven't reached that heavenly stage of Christian self-abnegation yet, Wilks."

"Perhaps I am mistaken in supposing you take a great interest in the lady?"

"Interest, yes; great, more than doubtful. She's the third girl I've had to send away for the good of her health. The other two knew where to go, and went. She didn't; so I thought of establishing her at the post office. I never dreamt the Squire would come for us till I got his message. I meant to accompany her in the stage, and land her in the arms of Mrs. Tibbs; but here we are, like a bridal party, with Marjorie for bridesmaid and Douglas for best man."

"Thank you, Corry; you have relieved me from a great anxiety. Miss Du Plessis thinks very highly of your — travelling companion."

"Douglas, do you mean?"

"No, the lady."

"Oh, bother the lady! Wilks, it's a doubly grave situation. If it wasn't for Mr. Terry and Marjorie, I'd cut my stick. As it is, I'll run and engage that post-office room for myself, and be back in time for dinner or whatever else is up. Au revoir." With a bound he was off the verandah, valise in hand, and away on to the road.

When Coristine returned, he was just in time for dinner. He had not been missed; the entire interest of the feminine part of the community was centred in Miss Graves. The Squire took her in, as the latest lady arrival, while Mr. Douglas escorted the hostess. To his infinite annoyance, Coristine, who had brought in Mrs. Du Plessis, was ostentatiously set down by the side of his invalided type-writer, to whom he was the next thing to uncivil. Miss Carmichael, between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Errol, was more than usually animated and conversational, to the worthy minister's great delight. The amusing man of the table was Mr. Perrowne. His people were building him a house, which Miss Halbert and he had inspected in the morning, with a view to the addition of many cupboards, which the lady deemed indispensable to proper house-keeping. Mr. Perrowne thought he would call the place Cubbyholes; but Miss Du Plessis asked what it would really be, the rectory, the vicarage or the parsonage? Miss Halbert suggested the basilica, to which he replied that, while a good Catholic, he was neither Fannytic nor a Franciscan. He derided his intended bride's taste in architecture, and maintained that the income of a bishop would be insufficient to stock half the storerooms and wardrobes, leaving all the rest of the house unfinished. As it was, he feared that the charming Fanny would be in the predicament of old Mother Hubbard, while he, unfortunately, would be in that of the dog. "In that case, Basil," said Miss Halbert, "you would be like an inclined plane."

"How so?" enquired Mr. Perrowne.

"An inclined plane is a slope up, you know," answered the mischievous bride elect.

"Talking about dawgs," remarked the victim of the terrible conundrum, "I asked a little girl belonging to one of my parishoners what kind her dawg was. She said it had been given to her as a spanuel, but she thought it was only a currier."

"When I was at the school," said the Edinburgh gentleman, "a boy, whom I had offended some way, offered to make the like of me with a street cur and an old gun. He said he could make 'one dowg less' in the time it took to fire the gun."

"What did you do to that boy, Mr. Douglas?" asked Miss Carmichael.

"I left him alone, for he was a good deal bigger than me."

"You were not a Boanerges then?"

"No, I was James the Less."

"What are you dreaming about, Mr. Coristine," called the Squire, "to let all this wild talk go on without a word?"

"I am sorry to say I did not hear it, Squire," replied the moody lawyer, whose little conversation had been wholly devoted to Mrs. Du Plessis.

After dinner, the lawyer repaired to the Squire's office, and briefly informed him, that the fortune in funds and property to which his niece had fallen heir was valued at 80,000 pounds sterling, and that, fortunately, there was no sign of any contest or opposition in the matter. He also explained that, under the circumstances, he felt constrained to take a brief lodging at the post office, and begged Mr.

Carruthers to apologize to his wife for the desertion of Bridesdale. Then, he sought out Mr. Terry in the garden and smoked a pipe with him, while his new friend, Mr. Douglas, was chatting on the verandah between Miss Carmichael and Miss Graves. Nobody else seemed to want him or care for him; he had even lost his old friend Wilks, who was absorbed in his beloved Cecile. The colonel was as bad with Cecile's mother, and Mr. Errol with Mrs. Carmichael. The Squire was busy, so the veteran and he were left alone. For a time, they smoked and talked, listening all the while, as they could not fail, to the merry badinage of the party on the verandah. At last he could stand it no longer. He rose, bade his companion good-night, and strolled away on to the road. Once out of observation from the house, he walked rapidly to his new quarters. "Is that you, Styles?" asked Mrs. Tibbs, as he entered. He assured the postmistress that he was not Styles, and asked if there was anything he could do for her. "There is a letter here for Squire Carruthers, marked 'immediate,' and they have not been for their mail," she answered. So, sorely against the grain, the lawyer had to take the letter and return with it to Bridesdale. Mr. Carruthers was still in his office. He opened the envelope and read:—

My Dear Squire,—

COLLINGWOOD, Saturday, 12 m.

Rawdon and his nephew have broken gaol and escaped. Be on your guard. Will go to you as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

J. HICKEY BANGS.

"This is bad news, Coristine. It seems as if we're never to hear the last o' yon villain."

"I'm at your service, Squire."

"I canna thole to ask the colonel, puir man, to lose his night's rest, an' I'm no ower sure o' his man. Sae, the granther an' I'll watch till it's twal, if you wi' Timotheus 'll relieve us till two o' the mornin'. What say ye to thon?"

"All right, I'll be here at midnight. Could you get me the cartridges out of my knapsack upstairs?"

The Squire produced the cartridges, and the lawyer went back to his post-office quarters.

Punctually at midnight he returned, and relieved Mr. Carruthers in front of the house, while Timotheus took Mr. Terry's place behind. It was after one when he saw a figure, which he did not recognize as belonging to anyone in the house, steal out of the front door with a heavy burden. He ran towards the figure, and it stole, as rapidly as possible, down the garden to the hill meadow. He knew it now, outlined against the heavens, and fired his revolver. He knew that he had hit his man, and that Rawdon was wounded in the body or in the upper part of a leg. Hurriedly he pursued, entering the strip of woodland towards the brook, when something fell upon him, and two keen qualms of pain shot through his breast. Then he lay insensible. Meanwhile, a lithe active form, leaving a horse tethered at the gate, had sprung to meet a second intruder, issuing from the front door of Bridesdale. The opposing forces met, and Mr. Bangs had his hands upon the younger gaol breaker. A loud shout brought Timotheus on the scene, and the prisoner was secured. The household was aroused. The Squire found his office a scene of confusion, his safe broken open, the hidden treasure and many of his papers gone. Inwardly he muttered maledictions on the sentry of the watch, little knowing that the burglars had entered the house while he was himself on guard. In his vexation, and the general excitement, with the presence of Miss Graves and Messrs. Douglas and Bangs, the unhappy lawyer's absence was overlooked. His shot apparently had not been heard. The vicinity of the house was scoured for Rawdon, but without effect. He had got away with his own money and many incriminating papers, to be a continued source of annoyance and danger. Those who gave any thought to Coristine imagined him asleep at the post office, and wondered at his indifference. Chief among them were the dominie and Miss Carmichael. There was little more rest that night in Bridesdale. One villain at large was sufficient to keep the whole company in a state of uncomfortable disquiet and apprehension. It was still dark, when old Styles came to the gate and asked for Mr. Coristine, as he said the crazy woman was at the post office, and Mrs. Tibbs wanted to know if she could have the use of the spare room for the rest of the night. Then the Squire was alarmed, and a great revulsion of feeling took place. The man almost entirely ignored was now in everybody's mind, his name on all lips but those which had been more to him than all the rest.

Stable lanterns were got out, and an active search began. Mr. Terry's practiced ear caught the sound of voices down the hillside, and he descended rapidly towards them. Soon, he came running back, tearing at his long iron grey hair, and the tears streaming from his eyes, to the place where his son-in-law was standing. "Get a shate or a quilt or something, John, till we take it out av that. Och, sorra, sorra, the foine, brave boy!" At once, Mr. Douglas and Timotheus accompanied the Squire to the little wood, and beheld the owners of the voices, Mr. Newcome and his intending son-in-law, Ben Toner.

"Aw niver tetched un, Ben. Aw wor jest goan troo t' bush, when aw stoombled laike over's carkidge and fall, and got t' blood on ma claws," said the former to his captor.

"S'haylp me," replied Ben, "ef I think it was you as killed the doctor, I'd put the barl o' this here gun to your hayd and blow out your brains."

"Don't let that man go," said the Squire to Toner.

"Ain't that what I come all this way fer?" answered the lover of Serlizer.

The Squire and the veteran, with terrible mental upbraidings, raised the body from its bed of leaves and wood-mould, and placed it reverently upon the sheet, which it stained with blood at once. Then, while the colonel held one lantern and Wilkinson the other, Mr. Douglas and Timotheus took the other corners of the simple ambulance, and bore their burden to the house. In his own room they laid Rawdon's victim, removed the clothing from his wounds, washed away the clotted blood, only to despair over the flow that still continued, and rejoiced in the fact that life was not altogether extinct, when they handed him over to the care of the three matrons. While the colonel was sending Maguffin in search of the doctor, the voice of Squire Halbert was heard in the hall, saying he thought it must have been Miss Carmichael who had summoned him, at any rate it was a young lady from Bridesdale. He stanchd the bleeding, administered stimulants, and ordered constant watching. "The body has suffered terribly," he said, "and has hardly any hold upon the soul, which may slip away from us at any moment." The good doctor professed his willingness to stay until the immediate crisis from loss of blood was overpast. To all enquiries he answered that he had very little hope, but he sent the kind ladies away from the death-like chamber, and established himself there with Wilkinson, who would not leave his friend.

The light of a beautiful Sunday morning found Miss Du Plessis, Miss Halbert, and Miss Graves in bitter sorrow, and little Marjorie beside herself with grief. The very kitchen was full of lamentation; but one young woman went about, silent and serious indeed, yet tearless. This was Miss Carmichael. The doctor had come down to breakfast, leaving the dominie alone with the patient, when she took a tray from Tryphena, and carried up the morning repast of the watcher. Then, for the first time, she got a sight of the wounded man, whose eyes the doctor had closed, and whose jaw by gentle pressure he had brought back, till the lips were only half parted. She could hardly speak, as she laid a timid hand on her late principal's shoulder, directing his attention to the breakfast tray. "Look away, please, for Cecile's sake if not for mine," she managed to stammer, and, as he turned his head aside, she flung herself upon her knees beside the bed, and took the apparently dead man's hand in her own, covered it with tears and kisses, and transferred the ring she had once worn back to her own hand, replacing it with one of her own that would hardly slip down over the bloodless emaciated finger. Quietly she arose, and noiselessly left the room, when the dominie returned to his watching and administration of stimulants. When she came down stairs, outwardly calm but looking as if she had seen a ghost, everybody, who was in the secret of past days, knew, and respected her silence. Even Mr. Douglas, who had thought to improve his distant cousinship, read there the vanity of all his hopes, and bestowed a double share of attention upon Miss Graves, charming in her genuine sorrow over her considerate employer. Nobody cared to go to church, but the good Squire pointed out that few could be of any service at home, and that, if ever they had need of the comforts of religion, it was at such a time. So Mr. Perrowne and Mr. Errol each received a quota of grief-stricken worshippers from Bridesdale, and, at the close of their respective services, mingled heartfelt expressions of sorrow with theirs. The clergymen declined to intrude upon the saddened household, until they could be of some service, so the worshippers returned as they went.

Mr. Bangs and the doctor were the lights of the dinner table, their professional acquaintance with all sorts of trouble hindering them from being overcome by anything of the kind. The former had sent for Mr. Rigby, and had placed the two prisoners in his charge, thus releasing Timotheus and Ben Toner. The latter reported that his patient was restored to animation, but this restoration was accompanied with fear and delirium, the effects of which on a rapidly enfeebled body he greatly dreaded. If he could keep down the cerebral excitement, all might be well, and for this he depended much on the presence with the sufferer of his friend, Mr. Wilkinson. Just as he said this, the dominie's voice was heard calling for assistance, and the doctor and the Squire sprang upstairs. The patient had broken his bandages, and was sitting up fighting with his attendant, whom in his delirium he identified with Rawdon. It was almost ludicrous to hear him cry, as he clutched at Wilkinson's throat: "Ah, Grinstuns, you double-dyed villain, I've got you now. No more free circus for you, Grinstuns!" With difficulty the three men got him down, and bandaged him again; but his struggles were so violent that they feared for his life. He recognized none of them. Little Marjorie heard his loud shouts, and ran to save her friend from his murderers, as she thought them to be. The Squire would have repelled her intrusion angrily, but Doctor Halbert said: "Come, little girl, and tell your poor friend he must be quiet, if he wants to live for you and the rest of us." It is hard to say what prompted her, but she took out a little tear-soaked handkerchief and laid it on Coristine's shoulder, calling, "Eugene, you silly boy." The silly boy closed his staring eyes, and then opened them again upon the child. "Is that you, pet Marjorie?" he asked feebly; and she sobbed out: "Yes, Eugene dear, it's me; I've come to help you to get well."

"Thank you, Marjorie; have I been sick long?"

"No, just a little while; but the doctor says you must be very very still, and do just what you're told. Will you, Eugene?"

"Yes; where's your cousin, Marjorie?"

"Can you turn your head? If you can, put it down, and I'll whisper something in your very own ear. Now listen! don't say a word till I come back. I'm going to bring cousin Marjorie to you." Then she slipped away out of the room.

"Doctor," said the Squire in a shaky voice, "we had aa better gang awa bot o' the room till the meetin's owre." So the three men withdrew to the hall as the two Marjories entered.

"Eugene," whispered little Marjorie, "have you been good while I was away, and not spoken?"

"Not a word, Marjorie," breathed rather than spoke the enfeebled lawyer.

"I have brought cousin Marjorie to you. You must be very good, and do all she says. Give me your hand." She took the limp hand, with the ring on the little finger, and placed it in her cousin's; then, with a touching little sigh, departed, leaving the two alone. Their hands lay clasped in one another, but they could not speak. His eyes were upon her, all the fierce light of delirium out of them, in spite of the fever that was burning in every limb, resting upon her face in a silly wistful way, as if he feared the vision was deceptive, or his prize might vanish at any moment. At last she asked: "Do you know me, Mr. Coristine?" and he murmured: "How could I help knowing you?" But, in a minute, he commanded himself, and said: "It is very kind of you to leave your friends and come to a stupid sick man. It is too much trouble, it is not right, please go away."

"Look me straight in the face, Eugene," said Miss Carmichael, with an effort. "Now, tell me, yes or no, nothing more, mind! Am I to go away?" As she asked the question, her face bent towards that of the sufferer, over which there passed a feeble flush, poor insufficient index of the great joy within, and then, as they met, his half-breathed answer was "No." She commanded silence, shook up his pillows, bathed his forehead, and in many ways displayed the stolen ring. He saw it, and, for the first time, perceived the change on his own hand. Then, she ordered him to go to sleep, as if he were a child, smoothing his hair and chanting in a low tone a baby's lullaby, until tired nature, with a heart at peace, became unconscious of the outer world and slumbered sweetly. On tiptoe, she stole to the door, and found many waiting in the hall for news. Proudly, she called the doctor in and showed him his patient, in his right mind and resting. "Thank God!" said the good man, "he is saved. We must come and relieve you now, Miss Carmichael." But she answered: "No, my place is here. If I want assistance I will call my uncle or Mr. Wilkinson." Doctor Halbert told the joyful news to the Squire and the assembled company. The clergymen would not arrive till tea time, so Mr. Carruthers, as the priest of the family, gathered the household together, and, in simple language but full of heart, thanked God for the young life preserved. The doctor went away home, but without Miss Fanny, and, as he drove off, remarked to the Squire, significantly: "There is no medicine in the world like love," a sentiment with which the Squire thoroughly agreed.

The evening was a very pleasant one. Messrs. Errol and Perrowne rejoiced to hear the good news from the sick room, and Mrs. Carmichael gave the former to understand, in a vague, yet to his intelligence perfectly comprehensible, way, that the assurance of her daughter's future happiness would remove a large obstacle in the way of her becoming the mistress of the manse. Mr. Perrowne appreciated Dr. Halbert's consideration in leaving his daughter at Bridesdale. The Du Plessis quartette were even farther advanced than the Carmichael four; and consequently Miss Graves was left to the entertainment of Mr. Douglas. The patient upstairs awoke, feeling very stiff and sore, but quite rational, and almost too happy to speak, which was a good thing, as his strength was that of a baby. He had to be lifted and turned, and propped up and let down, which the Squire generally did for him, under the head nurse's instructions, received from the doctor. Then he had to be fed, and begged to have his moustache curtailed, so as to facilitate the task. Two little hands, a comb, and a pair of scissors went to work, and, without annihilating the hirsute adornment, so trimmed it as to reveal a well-curved upper lip, hitherto almost invisible. It is astonishing what a sense of proprietorship this "barberous operation," as she termed it, developed in the heiress, who thought more of it than of her prospective thousands. It was past ten o'clock before she consented to yield her post to the devoted Wilkinson, who already began to look upon her as a sister, and to whom she gave directions, with all the gravity and superior dignity of an experienced nurse. The colonel would willingly have taken his turn in the sick room, but Mr. Terry, Mr. Douglas, and the Squire insisted on relieving him. Mr. Bangs was away with Ben Toner and two guns hunting for the Grinstun man. The watchers got along very well through the night, with the exception of the veteran, who was a little too liberal in the application of stimulants, which led to a reappearance of fever, and necessitated his calling in the aid of the ever-willing and kindly Honoria. Both the clergymen had volunteered to sit up with him, whom they were proud to call their friend, but it was not considered fair to impose upon them after the labours of their hardest day.

(To be continued.)

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Gone Beyond the Veil—September 7, 1892.

A TRANQUIL beauty brooded o'er the day,
Fairer than summer at its midmost prime,
So softly bright the golden sunshine lay,
In deep content of happy harvest-time ;
And, sitting on the grey, pine-crested height,
In quiet, thoughtful mood, we talked of thee,
Thy rippling verse, thy clear prophetic sight,
Thy stainless purity.

And then came one who mournful tidings bore,—
For sorrow's steeds fly swiftly on their way,—
Who told us that on earth thou wert no more !
Then stole a shadow o'er the golden day ;
Nor sky nor shore nor river seemed so fair,
Now thou wert gone, who loved all Nature well ;
Even the grey squirrel blithely leaping there
Seemed the sad news to tell !

Oh, thou, who ever did'st, through Nature's face,
Look inwards to the over-brooding love,
Who, vainly straining human sight to trace
The life unseen, the thought all thoughts above,
Did'st meekly fold thy hands, and sweetly trust
The Love thine heart felt—though it could not see ;
Now thy pure soul is freed from earthly dust,
We scarce may mourn for thee !

Fain would we trace thy flight to realms unseen,
Fain would we catch one lingering note from far,—
In vain ! In vain ! We know what thou hast been,
And fair thy memory shines, as evening-star !
Fain would we feel thy spirit touch our own,
Anointing earth-bound eyes to vision plain ;
Yet, though the earth seems poorer—thou being gone—
We may not grieve thy gain !

And as the dying day, in crimson glow,
Lays on the placid stream its evening kiss,
It seems to fit thy closing life below,
Thine entrance into purer life than this ;
We feel thy spirit's presence with us still,
Now thou hast gained at length, thy longed-for rest,
And Love Divine, that waits our hearts to fill,
Breathes o'er us,—“*This is best !*”

Through “the great silence,” still thy voice we hear,
Lifting our hearts all earthly change above ;
Still, in life's stress and pain, we hold most dear
Thy tones divine of faith and hope and love.
And so we stand “beside the silent sea,”
O'er which thine echoes seem to linger long,
And humbly thank Infinite Love for thee,
Thy service and thy song !

FIDELIS.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

IT speaks largely for the intelligent interest taken in the affairs of England that Canadian newspapers published accurate and comparatively full notices of the life of a statesman who for more than ten years had entirely disappeared from the public stage. Every man is in a measure unique, as every leaf in a forest differs from another ; and yet surely never was a man so dissimilar as was Robert Lowe from all the prevalent types of the different careers which he successively (and successfully) followed.

His zenith was in the year 1866, and then he became (for a brief time, indeed) the arbiter of English destinies. No other speaker, probably, in ancient or modern times has exercised such a sway. A strong Conservative speech delivered from the Liberal benches (or *vice versa*) always creates a sensation, but very seldom has a Government been overthrown by speeches delivered from its own side of the House. And at no time within the memory of man was so splendid a galaxy of orators gathered in the House of Commons. Gladstone and Disraeli in their prime, Bright and Horsman, Bulwer-Lytton and Hardy, John Stuart Mill and Henry Fawcett ; of lawyers, Coleridge and his great rival of the Western Circuit, Sir John Carslake, not to mention Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Hugh Cairns—only a speaker of the first order could command a hearing.

And Mr. Lowe did not seem to possess the qualifications. He was no newly-discovered genius ; everyone knew about him. He had already made his mark, but never a very lofty mark. At Oxford he had taken brilliant honours, and had become the most successful of private tutors. He had signalized himself in the debates of the Union Society, and had taken part in that famous discussion (immortalized in the “*Uniomachia*”) when the future Archbishop of Canterbury was fined a guinea for disobedience to the chairman's order. Then he had crossed the ocean, and had entered political life in Australia, an extraordinary step in those days. Only considerable private interest could have brought him so soon to the front in Sydney politics, but both as a lawyer and a member of the Local Legislature he made a considerable reputation. On his return to England he entered Parliament, first as member for Kidderminster, later for the family

borough of Calne, belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and obtained subordinate office in one of Lord Palmerston's later administrations. He introduced and carried an Education Act, which embodied the famous principle of “payment by results,” a great step in advance for the time. But the alteration of a report, made without any dishonourable motive, but only in a too characteristically arbitrary manner, gave an opening to his foes. The late Prime Minister, then Lord Robert Cecil, was a keen free-lance on the Conservative side, a brilliant contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and never dreaming then of being one day a marquis and Prime Minister of England. He pounced upon the opportunity, and carried a resolution of censure in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston stood by all his colleagues to the last, but he had to recognize that this political Jonah must leave the ship, and so Mr. Lowe's resignation was accepted. After Lord Palmerston's death in 1865, the short-lived Russell-Gladstone ministry was formed, and the famous Reform Bill introduced the next year. This, it will be remembered, was the mildest of all homœopathic remedies, almost a Conservative measure when compared to the sweeping “Household Suffrage Bill” which was eventually carried by the other side. But it served Mr. Lowe's purpose. Whether his original radical opinions had been altered by the missiles of the Kidderminster mob, or whether his academic Whiggism had always been antagonistic to an extension of the Franchise, would be hard to decide. Suffice it to say that he not only got together the third party known from Mr. Bright's epigram as the “Cave of Adullam,” but also delivered against the Reform Bill a series of masterly speeches, incisive in utterance, classical in literary style, and entirely in harmony with the prepossessions of the English country gentlemen who listened to him. The political philosophy was not new ; it was Edmund Burke's “Old Whiggism,” expressed in language of which Burke himself would not have been ashamed. In vain John Bright ridiculed the denizens of the cave, in vain Mr. Gladstone summed up the debate on the second reading by a speech which he himself never surpassed in eloquence. The division gave only a majority of five votes to the Government, and soon after entry into committee, the bill was defeated by an insidious amendment introduced by a denizen of the cave, Lord Dunkellin.

Mr. Lowe had triumphed. Men spoke of him as a possible Prime Minister. When Lord Derby was sent for, he offered a place in his cabinet to the redoubtable member for Calve. Why did he not accept ? Perhaps he had an intuition of the future policy of the Conservatives, and that a Reform Bill far more sweeping and radical was eventually to be introduced. Perhaps he revolted against the type of old, uncompromising Toryism which he should have met,—who knows ? So he remained in opposition, and when the famous resolutions on the Irish Church were brought forward in 1868, supported them in the speech which ended with the words : “Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground ?”

Office came to him when the Liberals came in in 1869, and no less an office than the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His budget was a brilliant failure, the “match-tax” furnished material for the comic papers and burlesques, and Mr. Lowe found himself the best abused and most laughed-at man in England.

The writer remembers the performance of a burlesque in the year 1870, when Mr. Gladstone's historical collars Mr. Lowe's white eyebrows, and Mr. Ayerton's fascinating smile were portrayed to the life in a *pas de trois*. The Lord Chamberlain put in his veto, after all London had crowded to see the performance. Finally Mr. Gladstone took the Exchequer to himself, and Mr. Lowe went to the Home Office, a difficult position where every statesman becomes unpopular, and where probably it was thought that the new occupant would find a congenial atmosphere.

After the fall of the Liberal ministry in 1874, Mr. Lowe ceased to be a political force. Occasionally he spoke in the House of Commons, and always was listened to with attention, but it was felt that he, at least, merited Mr. Disraeli's famous illustration of the “extinct volcanos,” applied to his opponents in a speech at Manchester. And when once more the tables were turned in 1880, and the Midlothian campaign brought in Mr. Gladstone at the head of a large majority, only the least instructed of prophets expected to find Mr. Lowe's name included in the new Cabinet. He received a peerage, and after that only two events were recorded in his life, the publication of a volume of poems, chiefly translations and epigrams, dating from his university days, and a second marriage.

The writer of this notice remembers seeing him in the year 1886, on the occasion of a garden party given by Lady Dysart at the historic mansion of Ham House. It was the first time, in the memory of man, that the old house had been opened for any such hospitality, and all the notabilities of London were present.

It was a most interesting sight to behold the celebrities of the day, politicians, artists, actors, society beauties. But, when a voice was heard saying : “Look, there goes Sherbrooke,” a vivid curiosity caused the group to turn their heads. Entirely blind, Robert Lowe was guided by his young wife. The marked features recalled Tenniel's frequent caricatures of the past, and, indeed, no face lent itself so easily to satiric delineation. The figure was still erect and vigorous, but somehow one seemed to be looking on a character of a past age. The political excitement of that moment (July, 1886) was the fall of Mr. Gladstone's

third ministry on the rejection of his Home Rule measure. The “match-tax” and the Reform Bill agitation seemed as distant as Waterloo and the French Revolution. Concerning his personal qualities there were differing verdicts, but it must have been a very philosophical equanimity which caused him to quote with great amusement the following prophetic epitaph upon himself, written apparently during the crisis of 1886-7, and even to turn it into Latin :—

AN EPITAPH.

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe,
A shifty friend, a bitter foe ;
All Oxford (when he dwelt thereat)
Knew him an Ardent Democrat ;
With others of the selfsame kidney
He chose to emigrate to Sydney,
And there our Robert still we knew
A Radical of deepest hue.

Returning home to British ground
A seat in Parliament he found,
Where, with an ardour unabated,
'Gainst “musty parchments” he dilated ;
Attacked with zeal the Tory minions,
And still retained his old opinions.

A Kidderminster mob (how blind)
Both broke his head and changed his mind ;
No more he loved the unwashed masses
(Then first discovered to be asses) ;
But, laying Democratic plans down,
Took service with the House of Lansdowne.

Yet still a Liberal he stayed,
And for high office powers displayed ;
In Palmerston's Administration,
Did much for England's education,
And would have done still more, no doubt,
But bitter Cecil drove him out.

When Russell Minister became
High mid the rest stood Robert's claim,
But non-reforming zeal which stirred him
Quite from the Cabinet deterred him,
And (since such post he could not earn)
He vowed the coach to overturn :
Intent on his old friends' undoing,
He constantly was mischief brewing ;
Ran here and there by day and night
Assisting the Adullamite :
By specious truths and artful stories,
Decoyed young Whigs to vote with Tories ;
Against extended suffrage spoke
Alike with argument and joke ;
Then, victor in the final tussle,
Brought Derby in and ousted Russell.

Heaven rest his soul ! but where 'tis fled
Can't be imagined, must less said,
Should he the realms above us share,
No more will Peace and Love be there,
But, if he's gone to lower level,
Let all commiserate the devil !

Of the Latin version only a fragment has been quoted. It is as follows :—

Robertus Humilis hic jacet,
Qui nobis (mortuus) valde placet.
Amicus minimè fidelis,
Amarus hostis et crudelis.

Quenam conditio sit futura
Ambigitur, sed spero dura.
Si Cælum scandet ista pestis
Vale Concordia Cœlestis !
Si apud inferos jacet
Diabolum ejus penitebit
Et nos Diaboli miserebit.

He who could relish such powerful humour at his own expense must have had a very philosophical mind. His place in history will be doubtful, perhaps only a brief paragraph, and the student of the twentieth century will puzzle over the caricatures and allusions of contemporary newspapers. But literature claims the “Reform Speeches” as her own, and they will live to be recited and turned into Greek prose. And besides these barren distinctions, the motto which the victim of his greatest efforts, Earl Russell, prefixed to his own biographical recollections may be given with even more appropriateness to the subject of this sketch :—

What has been has been, and I have had my hour.

St. John, N. B.

J. DE SOYRES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRADE RELATIONS WITH THE STATES.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—THE WEEK of 23rd ulto. contained some criticisms and comments upon the pamphlet recently published by me on “The Commerce between the United States and Canada,” and on an article contributed by me in THE WEEK of 16th ulto., in reply to that of Mr. Wiman taken from the *Contemporary Review*. With your permission, I would like to reply to some of your remarks and criticisms.

You say : “Mr. Lawder's method of collecting his statistics seems to be *faux*, though no doubt his figures would be challenged by American authorities” ; and again : “Unlike him, we do not believe that our American neighbours are so wanting in either information or penetration upon the subject as to be in any special danger of being misled by the utterances, however partisan or pessimistic, of any Canadian journal.”

The circumstance that the pamphlet referred to was compiled by request for and addressed to a prominent American Board of Trade, especially interested in liberal trade relations between the United States and Canada, is sufficient evidence that in their opinion, information was necessary, in addition to and in controversion of much

which was being currently published on both sides of the boundary. That it was published at the request of a commercial, not a political, organization, should be accepted as an indication that the facts and figures were correctly and impartially stated, as, if otherwise, they would be of no value whatever. In order that these should be easily verified or controverted, care was taken to furnish constant reference to the authorities from which they were compiled; the page and volume being given from which all the important statements were obtained. In nearly every case, the authority referred to was one of the official reports of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. The pamphlet claims that these reports establish, among others, the following facts: That Canada purchases a much larger value of merchandise from the United States than it sells to that country; that a very large portion of Canada's purchases consists of manufactured goods, the very description of trade which the United States is most anxious to secure and enlarge; that Canada admits free of duty a much larger proportion of United States merchandise than that country admits from Canada, on same terms; that the rates of duty on dutiable goods are very much lower in Canada than in the United States. Can THE WEEK show that any of the United States newspapers or politicians admit these facts when dealing with the question of their trade relations with Canada? The reports of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington are furnished to all the leading journals in Canada. If THE WEEK is really sincere in its desire to secure for Canada better trade relations with the United States, a very short time applied to the testing of the above statements by reference to the authorities quoted would have enabled the editor to determine for himself as to their correctness, and if they were found to be correct, the influence of THE WEEK might be profitably exercised in sustaining them, instead of hinting, as you have done, that "no doubt the figures would be challenged by American authorities." The writer submitted many of the statements and figures in the pamphlet to some of the editors of leading newspapers in New York city. They took the trouble to verify most of them; they found nothing to challenge, and, notwithstanding the opinion of THE WEEK, they found much that was interesting and important; so much so, that the *New York Times*, frankly and unequivocally, not only endorsed their correctness, but strongly advocated the acceptance by the United States Government of the propositions for reciprocity submitted by the Canadian Government.

THE WEEK ridicules the contention of the pamphlet that the commerce between the two countries is of more value to the United States than to Canada. Its argument is that as the whole trade of the United States with Canada forms only a small percentage of its commerce, therefore its importance is much less than to Canada where the percentage is so much greater. Commerce is not to be considered as one item, but as composed of an almost infinite variety of items; and to a very great extent the success of commerce as a whole depends upon the proper management of its different parts. The question is, to what extent does any particular branch of commerce, foreign or domestic, contribute towards the employment of capital and labour. Does THE WEEK contend that in producing the sixty million dollars' worth of merchandise sold to Canada less labour or capital find employment in the United States than are employed in Canada in producing the forty million dollars' worth of merchandise sold to the United States? The question is not one of the proportion to the whole commerce of either country, but as to the proportion which the purchases of either country bears to the purchases of the other.

THE WEEK admits that the policy of the United States towards Canada is very narrow and unjust. In the pamphlet referred to, it is suggested that the remedy is—reciprocity of tariffs. THE WEEK terms this retaliation, commercial war, etc., and shrinks with dread from the possible effects of such a policy, as being calculated to provoke actual war. What rubbish! One nation to go to war with another, because the latter adopts the same policy towards the other, which the former has been pursuing towards the latter. What more in the shape of commercial hostility has Canada to apprehend than it is now suffering? Every article of Canadian produce which ingenuity could discover as being likely to be benefited by free or liberal admission into United States markets has been practically excluded by prohibitory duties; except such few articles as are accessory or necessary to that country's prosperity. How much further could commercial war be prosecuted? To be sure, the transportation in bond is threatened with prohibition. That this would have been carried out also, is altogether likely, but for the fact that the use of Canadian railways and water routes is of much greater value to north-west and eastern States than the use of United States routes is to Canada. It has not been out of any regard or consideration for Canada, but from dread of political results in some of their own States, that this transportation in bond has been allowed to continue.

THE WEEK argues that the apparent indifference and hostility which prevail in the United States with respect to reciprocity or other liberal basis of the commercial relations between the two countries, as compared with the interest exhibited in Canada on the subject, prove that the balance of advantage must be on the side of Canada. This inference is altogether unwarranted. A greater number of the population in the United States may be benefited by reciprocity than may be benefited in Canada, but the proportion to the whole population in the former case is

so much smaller than in the latter, that the general interest may naturally be expected to be much less. Unfortunately, the hostility in the United States has not arisen from commercial but from political considerations. Underneath all pretensions of friendly consideration for Canada, there is a latent dislike and jealousy, and a strong inclination to sweep from the continent every vestige of monarchical government. The press and politicians of that country have been very naturally led to believe in the absorption of Canada by means of commercial coercion, through the mischievous utterances of Canadian newspapers and politicians proclaiming the doctrine of our entire dependence upon American markets for our prosperity. It appears to me that there are only two courses open to Canada, submission or resistance. From numerous conversations with prominent business and newspaper men in the United States, I feel satisfied that the only way in which Canada can succeed in obtaining the redress of the flagrant injustice imposed upon it by the McKinley tariff is by such reprisals as will convince United States politicians that they have more to lose than to gain by the continuance of their present policy. It may be well to wait the result of the coming Presidential election, and to hope, as THE WEEK suggests, for some change for the better. THE WEEK hints that there may be a better alternative than reciprocity of tariffs. What is it? Let the country know it. Are the readers of THE WEEK to understand that they are to class this independent journal among the philo-American organs which preach that Canada is so dependent upon the United States for its prosperity, nay for its existence as a country, that we dare not alter or amend our fiscal policy, even on the line of their policy, without the consent or approval of that aggressive nation?

Toronto, Oct. 1, 1892.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

A ZOLLVEREIN OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

TWENTY years ago the Government of the United Kingdom would have found it comparatively easy to have arranged an irrevocable federation of the whole of the British dominions. At the present time it would be difficult, if not impossible, to effect such a federation on terms satisfactory to, at any rate, some portions of the dominions, which is another way of saying that a voluntary federation is not now practicable. There are some minor reasons for the indifference of the colonies to federation, but it is unnecessary to discuss them, for they are all more or less allied to the conviction that a practical solution is not at present open. The main obstacle on the part of the colonies is the very high store they set upon their power to make their own fiscal arrangements and the insuperable objection they have to any union that might be the means of coercing their fiscal policy. If there were a clear and binding agreement as to this fiscal policy in the nature of a commercial union, the other objections would melt away, and a full recognition would be given of the material as well as of the sentimental advantages of federation. It is not necessary now to consider the details of federation, because no serious attention will be given to it whilst the fiscal question remains unsettled. On the other hand, a large number of colonists who are indifferent to or are opposed to federation would readily yield attention to a proposition so full of material advantages as a well-defined commercial union.

From the home point of view the measure of the indifference of the colonies to federation is the measure of its importance to the United Kingdom. For centuries past the scheme of existence of the United Kingdom has been closely interwoven with its colonizing operations, including those relating to India and the Crown Colonies. It is mainly owing to this colonizing influence that Great Britain has become the most powerful maritime nation. Indirectly it has fostered the enormous mercantile shipping and vast commercial interests of the country. It is hardly, however, necessary to argue in favour of the colonizing policy, because, rightly or wrongly, it seems to be just as firmly entwined with the fibres of the United Kingdom as during the centuries past. Within the last few years energetic action has been taken to increase the British dominions. In India, by means of feudatory states, and in Africa and Borneo, by chartered companies, vast territories are being nursed into British possessions. How egregiously absurd this would be if the country were really prepared to accept the reduction instead of increase of the dominions of the Empire.

It may be said, Why not leave well alone? The answer is not far to seek. The want of enthusiasm for federation displayed by the colonies is (to vary a previous remark) the measure of the danger of the disintegration of the British Empire. Take, for example, Canada. It is impossible to observe the events of the last two years without seeing that enormous pressure is being brought to bear on the Dominion to induce it to consider whether its material interests are in harmony with its continued connection with the British Empire.

There is probably no more touching instance in history of what a dependency may do for a parent State than the superb way in which the small community of Canada has developed, in the interests of Great Britain, her enormous American possessions. Few in number, and with many difficulties of climate to contend with, the Canadians have extended their country from ocean to ocean. They have

shown, in the language of deeds which cannot be ignored, that their wishes lead them to remain part of the great Empire to which they belong, but neither they nor the inhabitants of other countries can be altogether indifferent to utilitarian considerations. The colonies cannot ignore the commercial warfare that is occupying the greater part of the world. The question is *now not one of federating the Empire, but of guarding against its disintegration*. A commercial union has become of paramount importance to Great Britain.

The object of this paper is to consider the possibility of devising a satisfactory scheme. It is desirable to realize the difficulties in the way and the end to be achieved. The nature of that end is clearly a more or less complete exchange of commodities, free of duty, through every portion of the British dominions. An exchange of the kind would mean freedom of trade over an area of eight millions of square miles now actually comprised within British possessions without reckoning nearly two millions additional which may be considered in course of annexation in South Africa, in North Borneo, and in the Feudatory States of India and the Straits Settlements. The population concerned would amount to about three hundred millions. Such an area of free trade might satisfy the most exacting ambition. Its commercial importance may be gauged when it is considered that it would, as compared with the United States of America, hold somewhat the same position that the United States held with regard to a second-rate South American Republic.

The obstacles to such an immediate complete customs union of the British dominions are principally as follows:—

The United Kingdom sets great store upon the free admission of food and raw materials.

The colonies, or some of them, anxious to employ their populations, are inclined to stimulate local manufacturers by heavy duties on imported manufactured goods.

To meet these two great obstacles, it is evident some plan requires to be adopted by which the United Kingdom would not lose its manufacturing advantages and the populations of the colonies not be deprived of the opportunities of employment. The most effectual means of realizing these objects is obviously by the United Kingdom increasing the supply of its own manufactures to the British dominions and taking from them in return larger supplies of their own productions.

During the year 1891 the United Kingdom imported, exclusive of bullion and specie, commodities to the value of £435,000,000 sterling, of which in round figures £336,000,000 came from foreign countries and £99,000,000 from British possessions. The exports, amounting to £309,000,000, were made up of £216,000,000 to foreign countries and £93,000,000 to British possessions. These figures include the export of some of the imports not retained for use in the United Kingdom, amounting in value to £61,000,000. It does not need much reflection to see that if the figures were transposed, and the United Kingdom took £99,000,000 from foreign countries and £336,000,000 from British possessions, there would also be a transposition of the exports, and the British possessions would take much more of the exports of the United Kingdom. The foreign possessions need not take less. It has been their unceasing object for a long while past to take only what British goods they could not do without, and they could only continue in the same frame of mind. Clearly it is on the capacity of the British dominions to supply the United Kingdom with the chief articles it requires at a not greater, if not less, cost than foreign countries that the whole question hinges.

Besides vastness of area, the British possessions comprise the varieties of climate, soil, and conditions necessary to enable them to supply all the wants of the United Kingdom. Time only is required to bridge over the space necessary for making the preparations for a vast increase of production. Some encouragement is needed during the interval, the duration of which will vary with the differences in the nature of the productions. The point most immediately to be decided is how this space of time can be spanned. Bridged over it must be, because the manufacturers and consumers of the United Kingdom cannot be expected to be patriotic or speculative enough to incur additional expenses and loss of trade over an uncertain period in the hope, or let us say the assurance, that in the end they will be able to get their commodities from the British possessions as cheap as, or probably cheaper than, they do from foreign countries. They might consent, as regards one or two articles of production the supply of which seemed most certain and nearest at hand, to impose duties on foreign goods in the hope that, before these duties affected the cost to consumers, the advantages of the competition of the British possessions with foreign countries would be felt. This, however, would be but a partial solution; it would only benefit some of the British possessions; it would be too dependent on a specified time, without a margin to meet incidental difficulties; and, above all, it would not appreciably lead to the grand result of a duty-free exchange of goods between the whole of the British dominions, including the United Kingdom. It is this magnificent object that has to be looked to and provided for, and the provision ought to be so arranged as to allow a sufficient margin of time for overcoming unexpected contingencies.

Before proceeding to consider what the plan should be, it is necessary to point out other difficulties than those we have already alluded to. Chief amongst these is the variety of the

revenue requirements of the several parts of the Empire. The total customs duties collected in the British possessions, excluding the United Kingdom, during the year 1890 approximately (in some cases the twelve months end earlier than the end of the year) amounted to £21,600,000, equal to about 9 per cent. on £238,000,000 sterling, which was the value of the total imports, including bullion and specie. This amount of imports was, in round figures, divisible as follows:—

Imports into British possessions from United Kingdom	£124,000,000
Imports into British possessions from other British possessions	65,000,000
Imports into British possessions from foreign countries	49,000,000
	£238,000,000

Although the average of customs duties on the whole importations into the British possessions amounted to about nine per cent., the duties varied widely within the several possessions. This will be realized when it is stated that the duties on the imports into Australasia averaged 12.7 per cent., Canada 19.6 per cent., and Cape of Good Hope 13.1 per cent. To some extent these heavy duties are, no doubt, due to the proclivities in favour of protection to afford employment to the people, but they also are largely owing to the heavy revenue requirements of the sparsely populated enormous territories.

Great Britain during the year 1891 raised customs duties to the amount of £19,400,000 on a total importation of £435,000,000, equal to an average of 4.48 per cent. But the duties were really levied on only £30,000,000 of the importations, so that these £30,000,000 were taxed by customs duties no less than 64 per cent. These figures show that any arrangement made in the nature of a customs-free exchange throughout the British dominions will require adjustments to suit the revenue requirements of the several parts. What will be too much for some will be too little for others. It is important to observe that with the free exchange proposed the changes on the present system will be as follows:—

The United Kingdom will lose large revenues on the present dutiable goods which will be supplied from the British possessions; it will also lose in excise duties unless it differentiates against its own productions.

The colonies will lose the major part of the duties on which they now depend. It may be necessary—of which more anon—to make some special provisions or exceptions with regard to certain commodities. But it must be remembered that the United Kingdom has great facilities for varying its taxation, and that the British possessions, with their productions enormously increased, will be very different from what they are now.

To return to the point before alluded to—the means of bridging over the time it will take to qualify the British possessions to supply the United Kingdom with a large portion of the imports it now derives from foreign countries—there are two ways to effect the object. The necessary stimulus may be given by a differential tax on foreign goods, or by a bounty or bonus on the productions of the British possessions. If the first were adopted there would be a danger of increasing the price of food to consumers, and of raw materials to manufacturers, for a more or less lengthy period. It is true that in the case of some productions the risk might be small because of the early effect of the stimulus, but even as regards such productions temporary causes might interfere with the expectations formed. A full trial of the plan applied to a variety of productions could not be made without the risk of a prolonged dislocation of the fiscal system and its effects which now enjoy the support of a majority of the constituents of the United Kingdom.

The second plan of working, by means of bounties or bonuses, is free from any objection of a similar kind. Far from including the same risks of increasing prices, its tendency would undoubtedly be in the opposite direction, whilst it could be made to automatically work out an ultimate system of free exchange of goods between different parts of the Empire. We select for action twelve commodities. The United Kingdom will benefit by a reduction of price in any of them, and every British possession will be interested and largely gain by the supply of some of the number. Three of the twelve are already subject to English duties, and with respect to these it will be easy to allow a differential advantage as regards the rate of duties over similar goods from foreign countries. On the others a bonus will have to be paid to give them an advantage over foreign goods of the same kind. We defer dealing with the reciprocal advantages the British possessions should offer. We will first set forth the nature of the commodities, the respective value of each imported from British possessions and foreign countries during the year 1891, the rate of bonus and amount thereof with which a commencement might be made and the ultimate maximum of such bonus. On such maximum being attained, the percentage of bonus would have to be lessened as the imports further increased. We prefer that the bonus should be purely an *ad valorem* one, so as not to encourage the production of inferior articles. There is one important consideration to be taken into account. Large amounts, though not a large proportion, of the commodities imported into the United Kingdom from British possessions and foreign countries are not retained for use, but are exported to other countries. Some are at once transhipped on arrival to other destinations, but these are not taken into account by the Customs

authorities in their records of imports and exports. But other such goods are not transhipped on arrival. They are kept for a time and then exported. The Custom House keeps a record of these exportations, but does not distinguish between the amount of the goods that have respectively come from British possessions and foreign countries. In order to arrive at a conclusion, it is necessary to average the amount of the commodity imported and then exported over the total of that commodity received from British possessions and foreign countries, and by deducting the proportion from each, the net amount of the commodity received in the United Kingdom and retained for use from the British possessions and foreign countries respectively can be ascertained. This is the plan we have adopted, as will be seen in the table. Though possibly not quite accurate, it is sufficiently so for the present. If the plan we suggest is carried out, it will be easy to attain perfect accuracy by keeping a separate account of the goods from British possessions exported from the United Kingdom for foreign use. It is evident that it would not do to give a bounty on goods that in their original form are not retained for use in the United Kingdom, though, of course, the principle does not apply to raw materials received and afterwards exported in a manufactured form.

An objection may be urged to giving bonuses to producers in the British possessions on articles similar to those produced in the United Kingdom. There is only one way out of this difficulty, and that is to give to British producers an equivalent amount (not percentage) to the bonus paid to British possessions for distribution amongst such producers. The articles amongst the commodities we have selected which affect the British producers are wool, grain, butter, cheese and meat. It is fair to consider that they are prejudiced to the total extent of the bonuses paid on these articles, and we suggest that such payment should be made, the total amount to be divided amongst all the producers in such manner as may be found most satisfactory. The total payments, according to the table, on the articles named should begin with £2,317,075, with a power of increase to £3,250,000, and if these amounts be added to the bonuses proposed on commodities not subject to duties the sum will be as follows:—

Total bonuses to commence with on nine commodities not subject to duties	£3,020,575	increasing to	£5,100,000
On five of the same commodities largely produced in the United Kingdom	2,317,075	“	“ 3,250,000
Total	£5,337,650	“	“ £8,350,000

The bonuses on the commodities subject to duties we keep distinct, for there should be no objection to providing the bonuses suggested out of the duties received on those commodities. The non-dutiable goods are the difficulty, because no advantage in the shape of reduced duties can be offered on them to suppliers from British possessions. The objection to putting a tax on such commodities received from foreign countries is the risk of causing an increase to the consumers and manufacturers of the United Kingdom in the cost of living and raw materials. Thus on the non-dutiable goods the only alternative is the proposed bonuses paid temporarily on the productions of British possessions, until it is found they are able to supply such commodities at least as plentifully and cheaply as foreign countries.

Articles not subject to duties in the United Kingdom.	Dutiable Goods.		Gross value of imports from foreign countries to United Kingdom, 1891.	Gross value of imports from British possessions to United Kingdom, 1891.	Value of same imports from foreign countries after deducting proportionate value of same exported.	Value of same imports from British possessions after deducting proportionate value of same exported.	Percentage of bonus.	Amount of bonus on imports from British possessions during 1891 after deducting such imports as are not retained for use.	Increasing to but not exceeding.
	£	£							
Wool	4,117,000	24,952,000	4,117,000	24,952,000	1,838,000	11,261,000	7½	844,575	850,000
Cotton	44,189,000	1,891,000	44,189,000	1,891,000	40,557,000	1,736,000	10	173,600	750,000
Wheat, barley, maize, oats, including flour and meal	50,098,000	9,494,000	50,098,000	9,494,000	49,797,000	9,424,000	10	942,400	1,500,000
Butter	11,129,000	441,000	11,129,000	441,000	10,786,000	441,000	10	44,100	200,000
Cheese	2,747,000	2,065,000	2,747,000	2,065,000	2,637,000	1,982,000	10	198,200	200,000
Meat of all kinds, including bacon and hams	16,060,000	3,005,000	16,060,000	3,005,000	15,440,000	2,872,000	10	287,200	500,000
Sugar	18,900,000	1,583,000	18,900,000	1,583,000	18,473,000	1,549,000	10	154,900	500,000
Wood and timber	12,165,000	3,424,000	12,165,000	3,424,000	11,993,000	3,364,000	10	336,400	500,000
Fish cured, salted, etc.	1,000,000	583,000	1,000,000	583,000	692,000	386,000	10	38,600	100,000
	160,405,000	47,400,000	160,405,000	47,400,000	152,093,000	33,021,000	—	3,020,575	5,100,000
Tobacco	2,003,000	46,000	2,003,000	46,000	1,879,000	41,000	10	4,100	200,000
Tea	2,470,000	8,262,000	2,470,000	8,262,000	2,110,000	7,060,000	10	706,000	750,000
Wine	5,896,000	85,000	5,896,000	85,000	5,321,000	77,000	10	7,700	350,000
	10,461,000	8,393,000	10,461,000	8,393,000	9,310,000	7,178,000	—	717,800	1,300,000

We now come to the question, On what basis should the United Kingdom contribute to the amounts proposed, and on what conditions? If we name our views as to the terms, it must not be supposed we suggest them as an integral part of the scheme. We recognize they will be open to much consideration; we only mention them to give a realism to the subject, and to form a basis of argument. The amounts in point are a total of £5,337,650 to commence with, increasing gradually to £8,350,000; but it must not be forgotten that £2,317,075 of the first amount and £3,250,000 of the second go as bonuses to producers in the United Kingdom.

We think one-third paid by the British possessions and two-thirds by the United Kingdom a fair division. We put the results in tabulated form, and by the side of the amount payable by the United Kingdom we place the sum which will be payable to the producers of the United Kingdom. The amounts proposed are not large compared with the enormous results they are destined to bring about. Some present sacrifice might surely be endured for the sake of securing an unlimited free exchange of commodities throughout the British Empire. No objection can possibly be raised as to the plan injuring either consumers or manufacturers in the United Kingdom. On the contrary, it will benefit them both, and benefit in addition agricultural producers. As far as concerns the payment made by the United Kingdom, they will be very much of the character of an exchange of money from one pocket to another. It is not desirable now to enter into the question of the source from which it is expedient to raise the money, but it may be observed that a considerable portion, if not all of it, can be provided by giving effect to Lord Salisbury's suggestion of a moderate duty on articles of luxury. Nor need we discuss how the colonies should raise and contribute their portion. It may, however, be suggested as regards this portion that the special extra tax on foreign over British goods which will be indicated as part of the scheme will provide a great deal of the money required, and, as to the whole, it is a small sum in comparison with the benefits which will accrue. It will be noticed also that the payments are liable to decrease, and that most of them will probably be of short duration. The wealth of the British possessions will largely increase with the increased production open to them.

	Original bonus.	Payable to producers of United Kingdom.	Payable after deducting last column.	Bonus increasing to	Bonus increasing to producers of United Kingdom.	Payable after deducting last column.
Payable by the United Kingdom	3558434	2317075	1241359	5566667	3250000	2316667
Payable by the British Possessions	1779216	—	—	2783333	—	—
Total	5337650	—	—	8350000	—	—

We now come to the conditions which should accompany the agreements to make the payments recommended. We suggest as follows:—

1. The British possessions agree to impose an extra *ad valorem* import duty of 10 per cent. on all foreign commodities of the same character as those imported from the United Kingdom.

2. Any of the bonuses described shall cease to be paid six months after the United Kingdom declares a 10 per cent. differential duty on any of the commodities subject to such bonuses coming from foreign countries. Thus, for example, whenever the increased production of the British possessions made it safe to place a 10 per cent. duty on grain from foreign countries the proposed bonus on grain would cease.

3. On three years' notice (issued not sooner than seven years from the date of the bonuses coming into operation, and not later than eighteen years) that the United Kingdom will impose not less than a 10 per cent. duty on all foreign commodities, the British possessions and the United Kingdom will agree to an exchange, free of customs duties, of all commodities of their own production or manufacture. The British possessions are also to impose a duty on foreign commodities of not less than 10 per cent., but to be at liberty as well as the United Kingdom to make the duty on foreign commodities larger than 10 per cent. It may possibly be necessary to except cotton from the operation of the 10 per cent. duty; that is to say, to continue to pay a bonus on it instead of imposing a duty. The quantity of cotton now imported from foreign countries is so enormous, and the manufacture of cotton within the United Kingdom so gigantic, that it would not do to run any risk of increasing the cost of the raw material, and it might be impossible to determine when the British possessions will find themselves equal to supplying all the cotton the United Kingdom requires.

Similarly there may be a few other commodities for which the United Kingdom or the British possessions may require to stipulate for special treatment, and possibly it may be found desirable to add some articles to those we have selected for treatment by bonus.

With these exceptions, if any, within twenty-one years—probably much earlier—there would be a complete Zollverein within the British dominions. It may be added that the various customs departments would have no difficulty whatever in carrying out the details of the scheme.

It cannot be denied that, as far as the United Kingdom is concerned, these provisions will confer prodigious benefits. They will largely increase the demand for the manufactures of the Mother Country; they will give an impetus to British trade and British shipping at a time when both are threatened by the increasing hostility of foreign countries. The power to go beyond the 10 per cent. duties will be a formidable weapon in the way of repressing foreign unfriendliness, a weapon the want of which the ablest British statesmen have lamented. The British supply to foreign countries will probably not decrease, certainly not decrease more than it would if the present hostility continue. Foreign countries will not take more of British goods than they absolutely require, and that is precisely their present position. The hope of their wants increasing will depend upon their natural progress and upon the enlarged capacity for supplying to which the United Kingdom and British possessions will attain. Last, but surely not least, the United Kingdom will benefit from the augmented populations, wealth and power of the British dominions. Their progress will be a part of the progress of the Empire, they will increase the commerce of that Empire in times of peace, they will give it incalculable aid in times of war.

At first sight the inducements seem less to the British possessions, for many of them will be called upon to relinquish their protective policy; but the protective policy of these possessions has not been designed to permanently bolster up unsound enterprises. It has been based partly on the necessity to offer the means of employment to small communities scattered over wide territories and partly on revenue requirements. With the great increase of production and concurrent increase of population the scale of manufacture will be larger, and therefore more remunerative, and the cost of transit and shipping of imports will afford a substantial protection to local manufactures, the modes of raising revenue will be enlarged, besides, in the case of the possessions owning their own railway systems, a great increase of profits will be enjoyed. As we have said, the benefits of the additional production of the commodities we have selected for bonuses will penetrate to the whole of the British possessions. India will gain from cotton, tea, tobacco and sugar; the West Indies and other tropical possessions will mostly gain from the same productions; Canada will gain from grain, butter, cheese, meat, wood and timber and fish; the Australasian colonies will benefit from wool, cotton, grain, butter, cheese, meat, sugar, tobacco, tea and wine; and the Cape dominions, including Natal, from wool, cotton, grain, butter, cheese, meat, sugar, tobacco, tea and wine. It is impossible to those who have watched the progress of the British dominions, and noticed how entirely that progress has been coincident with increased production, to doubt that they will enormously benefit from the enlarged markets open to them.

In conclusion, we may suggest that the wisest way to thoroughly ventilate the plan we have suggested, as well as other plans, would be by the Mother Country responding to the invitation that Canada has virtually given to enter into negotiations for a fiscal arrangement. There would be a great difficulty in discussing a variety of plans with representatives of the whole Empire. Some of the possessions are virtually governed by Downing Street, some enjoy a measure of representative government, and some a full share of self-government. Canada would fairly represent the latter, and she would not be likely to approve any basis without consulting them, whilst the United Kingdom would probably consult those best acquainted with the conditions necessary to the dominions governed from Downing Street. In reality our suggestion amounts to letting Canada act with the other self-governing colonies and Downing Street act with the non-representative or partly representative other possessions. Canada could more easily arrange an effectual congress of self-governing colonies than Downing Street an efficient congress of the whole Empire.—*Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G., in the Nineteenth Century.*

ART NOTES.

MR. BARR FERRE has the following in the *Engineering Magazine*: Architecture in great cities, and especially in American cities, is no longer the ornamental and ornamented art it was in "the good old times." The Middle Ages were distinctively an art era; the nineteenth century is as distinctively a business and manufacturing epoch. The conditions which prevailed in the one do not prevail in the other. We have not passed beyond appreciation of beautiful churches and splendid public buildings, albeit we have few examples of either on which to feast our eyes and imaginations in this country, but we have long since passed the point at which these fascinating structures make up the sum total of architectural work. As the mediæval cathedral is the most conspicuous object in the old continental cities, so the modern office building is the type of architecture in the new cities of the New World. We may deplore the lack of picturesque variety in the sky-lines of our cities; we may regret the departure of the art days of the past; but if we would console ourselves for these changed conditions and find satisfaction in the work of the present day, we must admit, once for all, that we build under conditions of our own, which have no precedent in former times. We must measure our work by our own standards and requirements, not by those of a dead past. No one thinks of

passing on the beauty—or ugliness—of modern fashions simply because they are not modelled on those of the thirteenth century; why, then, should we make the architectural productions of that time, great and beautiful and wonderful as they are, the criterion of modern architecture? Yet consciously or unconsciously this is what the larger part of writers and critics of architecture do. Pick up any guidebook, run through any encyclopædia, and the buildings described as characteristic of any city will be the great churches, the city hall, if there be one, the public buildings, and perhaps the most noteworthy—which being interpreted means the most ornamental—of mercantile and financial structures. Possibly the residence of some noted citizen or the scene of some celebrated event may be noticed; the great mass of city buildings are unmentioned, because, it may be supposed, they are too insignificant. It is characteristic of the times to omit the many for the few, to single out individuals at the expense of the bulk of society. Any study of city architecture which ignores the conditions under which modern cities thrive and grow, no matter how minutely special structures may be described, falls ludicrously short of completeness. "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out would be a very singular play indeed. New York minus its tenements would not know itself. Tenements and stores and private dwellings and apartment houses and office buildings and railroad stations and factories and warehouses—the thousand and one forms of structure pressed into service by the requirements of city life or the necessity of business—may not always be models of architectural elegance, but they make the bulk of the city, give it form and definiteness, express its relative prosperity and greatness. The "400" may give elegance to society, just as the churches and public buildings do to municipal architecture, but it is the masses which make the city what it is, and even give distinctiveness to the chosen. Tenements and factories may be utterly uninteresting as specimens of architecture, but they are part of the essential structures of great cities like London and New York.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

NINETEEN operas have been written about Christopher Columbus.

LEO DELIBES' posthumous opera, "Kassya," is to be produced at the Paris Opera Comique this season.

ALVARY, the tenor, says that it is just as easy to sing Wagner's music as anybody else's, if you can sing at all.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS' new trio for piano, violin and cello, in E minor, is said to contain an extraordinary four-voiced fugue.

Mlle. CHAMINADE, the talented French composer, has just made her *début* in London as a pianiste, and met with a most pleasing reception.

It is announced that Madame Augusta Holmès has completed a new opera, "La Montagna nera," and that it is to be produced at the Paris Opera House.

THE Australian music-lovers declare that Ovide Musin is the greatest violinist in the world. His American season will open in Brooklyn in October, and he is already booked for 138 concerts.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI has completed the score of "Les Rantzau," the rehearsals of which are to commence this month at the Pergola, Florence, the date of production being fixed for November 10.

THERE is a protest in London against the extortionate prices asked for music scores of Wagner's works. You can buy "Faust" for fifty cents, but the "Niebelung's Ring" costs \$14. That is because the copyright is held by Mrs. Wagner, who is a frugal woman.

UNDER the title, "Katalog der Ausstellung des Königreiches Grossbritannien und Irland," the catalogue of the English department of the Vienna Exhibition has at last been issued. It is only a sectional catalogue, and we have yet to wait for a complete one of the musical exhibits from all countries.

It is satisfactory to note the increasing interest taken on the continent in the study of Plain-Chant. Organists abroad, at several conservatoires and special schools, are naturally giving attention to the study of accompanying Plain Song. More attention might be advantageously given to this subject in this country.

THE New York *Music Trade Review* has the following curious paragraph: "The Sultan's daughters take a daily music lesson from their father, who is an accomplished pianist." Is the accomplished Sultan whose musical daughters are referred to, Muley Hassan, of Morocco, or Benjamin Harrison, of the United States of America? may we ask.

A MEMORIAL tablet has been erected on the house in Weimar, in which J. Sebastian Bach was born. It bears the following inscription: "In this house, Veit Bach and his son John followed the trade of baker. John studied music at Gotha and pursued this art with success. Through seven generations more than a hundred members of the Bach family have given great musicians to the art, John Sebastian being one of the greatest composers that ever lived. He was the best counterpoint writer and organist of his age. Honoured be his memory. Erected by the town of Weimar and the Gotha Böhner-Verein." The memorial was inaugurated with great pomp.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TRAVELLERS OFFICIAL GUIDE. New York: National Railway Publication Company.

The "Travellers Official Guide" for August contains the usual valuable information in connection with the Railway and Steam Navigation lines in the United States and Canada. The publication includes several maps, besides containing the official list of purchasing agents. The different routes and connecting lines are clearly and lucidly explained. The publication is in no way so bewildering as the proverbial *Bradshaw*, and will prove almost invaluable to travellers both in the United States and Canada.

THE STORY OF A PENITENT SOUL. By Adeline Sergeant. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

As a study in morbid mental anatomy readers of a psychological turn may be interested in "The Story of a Penitent Soul"; but we imagine the majority of novel-readers will have difficulty in getting through with it. It is a good thing that this is the case, for we cannot think that such records of sin and mental horrors are beneficial in their effects, especially on young readers. The story is the autobiography of a young man who is brought up by his uncle, a Wesleyan minister. He believes himself to be an orphan son of a deceased brother of this uncle, but on reaching manhood he finds that he is illegitimate. He finally becomes pastor of a Congregational church in a country town, where he falls into grievous sin with the wife of a prominent member of his church. The story of the deceived husband's terrible revenge, the death of the sinning wife, and the awful agony of her seducer are powerfully told. The young free-thinking doctor, the hero's college friend, Charles Egerton, and his cousin Alison, are well-drawn characters, and make it possible for the ordinary reader to find some satisfaction in the midst of the abounding desolation.

IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. By S. Baring-Gould. Montreal: John Lovell and Son.

Like all Baring-Gould's novels, this is an interesting story, well told. The scene is laid on the Cornish coast in the old smuggling and wrecking days, and there is an abundance of thrilling adventure, as well as that vigorous character-painting for which the author is noted. Judith Trevisa, the only daughter of a poor clergyman, is left an orphan with scanty resources and the care of a weak-minded brother. Her beauty and womanliness attract the fancy of Captain—usually called "Cruel"—Coppinger who is known to be the leader of the smugglers, and strongly suspected of much more serious offences. The captain makes love in the same masterful fashion as he makes war on the revenue; and on his violent determination to have Judith for a wife, and her terror of such a fate, the interest of the story turns. At last, in order to save her brother from the horrors of an idiot asylum, she consents to sacrifice herself. But the fate in store for her is averted. A deliverer appears, and through much tragedy and tribulation a happy end is reached. The characters of the brothers Scantlebray and the selfish Aunt Dunes, though somewhat exaggerated, are very amusing, and form a pleasing contrast to the fierce and passionate smuggler.

"LADY LORIMER'S SECRET" is the title of a good story which opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for October. "Aboard a Thames Steamer" explains itself. "Schools of Domestic Service" is a timely paper by D. K. Lees. "How a Wilderness Became a Garden" is useful as well as interesting. "The Nearer East" is devoted to Algiers. The Family Doctor explains in this number "Why Some People are bashful."

"THE LAND OF THE PHAROHS" is continued by the editor in the October number of the *Methodist Magazine*. "India: its Temples, its Palaces, and its People," by W. S. Caine, M.P., is also continued in this number. Annie Clarke contributes some pretty lines entitled "More." "The Darkest England Social Scheme," a paper contributed by Archdeacon Farrar to the *Review of the Churches*, appears in this month's issue, which is a very fair one.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB contributes the opening article of the *Magazine of American History* for October. It is a pleasantly-written and animated sketch of some U. S. "Historic Homes and Landmarks." O. A. Bierstadt, from the Astor Library, shows the impression made by "Columbus in Romance." Very interesting is the contribution of Heward Edwards dealing with "Some Relics of John Howard the Philanthropist." This to many will prove the most attractive article in the number, though many will continue with unabated interest the instalment of "The Successful Novel of 1836: Horseshoe Robinson." The regular departments are well filled. Under "Queries" a class of Duluth teachers provoke a smile from Canadian readers by their affectionate interest in the "Annexation of Canada;" it is in order for the bachelors of Canada to respond.

IN the *Popular Science Monthly* for October Dr. Henry Ling Taylor contributes the opening article on "American Childhood from a Medical Standpoint," in which he states some plain but important facts. "Specifics for the Cure of Inebriety," by Dr. T. D. Crothers, is timely. Very ably treated is "The Evolution of Dancing," by Lse J. Vance, which is illustrated. William Simpson has a paper on "Mud as a Building Material." In "Language and

Brain Disease," Dr. H. T. Pershing treats the subject scientifically. John Coleman Adams describes the work of Redfield, Epsy, Hare, Loomis and other American meteorologists in "A Chapter in Meteorological Discovery." Dr. R. W. Shufeldt has an illustrated article on "A Comparative Study of Some Indian Homes." "Recent Science" is reviewed by Prince Kropotkin. Other instructive matter completes a good number.

DR. LEWIS A. SAYRE writes with authority in the October *Forum* on "Cholera: the Lesson of Preceding Epidemics." Of "Venal Voting" Professor McCook, of Hartford, says: "Organized goodness is the best remedy against organized badness." Pierre Loti writes charmingly on "The Literature of the Future." He says: "To give an impression of life, this is the whole secret of art, and this is the secret of the art of the future as it was the secret of the art of the past." In an able article on "The Chicago Exposition and Sunday" Bishop Potter makes a plea for Sunday opening, with trade and machinery stopped and no bartering or selling. "The Tariff and Trade" is argued by Senator Aldrich, who defends the McKinley Act and considers its effect on the cost of living, and by Hon. William L. Wilson, who traces the origin of the Republican policy of reciprocity. Other able articles complete a good number.

"THE Lotto Portrait of Columbus" is the frontispiece of the October *Century* and is accompanied by the sixth instalment of Emilio Castelar's life of the discoverer. "Pioneer Packhorses in Alaska" is a record of exploration in that far distant land that is somewhat in accord with the sketch of the first great exploring expedition. "The Faculty Divine" is the eighth instalment of Mr. Stedman's series on the nature and elements of poetry, and is an excellent treatise. The fiction of the number is plentiful. "The Chosen Valley" is finished, so is "A Mountain Europa," and a most distressful and seemingly unnecessary ending it is. "The Chatelaine of La Trinité" likewise comes to a close. "Doggett's Last Migration," "For Bravery on the Field of Battle" and "The Village Alien" are the short stories of the issue. The architecture of the World's Fair has another article devoted to it. Archibald Forbes contributes a most interesting paper on "What I Saw of the Paris Commune." Other features of the number are "Picturesque Plant Life of California," and "Money in Practical Politics."

THE Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone opens the October number of the *North American Review* with an article entitled "A Vindication of Home-Rule: A Reply to the Duke of Argyll." The paper shows the vigour of thought and expression which mark Mr. Gladstone's literary work. The subject of cholera is fully treated by a number of prominent writers. Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., in dealing with the "Foreign Policy of England," illustrates the saying that a Radical is a man without a country. In a flippant, undignified manner this member of a British Parliament writes in a review of another country in terms of ridicule and contempt of the foreign policy of successive Governments under whose rule he has been content to live and thrive. Lady Jeune has a word to say in reply to her critics on the subject of "London Society." Other writers of note contribute papers of interest on subjects of social, political, medical and general interest. A strange contributor, but one whose paper will attract many readers, is the "magician" Herrmann, who tells of some of his artistic experiences.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

MRS. MARY COWDEN CLARKE is eighty-two years of age, lives in her own villa at Genoa, and still often does some literary work with all her early enthusiasm.

MR. G. R. PARKIN, M.A., the well-known Imperial Federationist, has just started for Canada as a special commissioner representing the *Times*. Mr. Parkin's mission in particular is to write a series of articles dealing with the relations between Canada and the United States—a task which he is peculiarly well fitted for. His letters will doubtless be looked for with considerable interest.

HERO-WORSHIP is not extinct in New England. So great have been the crowds that have visited Whittier's grave, that it has been necessary to put a special police guard around the lot. Every one who comes wants to carry away a leaf or flower as a memento, and if this were allowed, the grave would be entirely stripped of everything of the kind. September 13th, between 1,700 and 1,800 persons on foot and 150 teams visited the grave, and every day they are still coming.—*Boston Woman's Journal*.

THE daughter of General Osman Pasha is known as the most popular Turkish poet of the day, so that a theft of MSS. which she has just suffered at the hands of Constantinopolitan burglars, is perhaps of equal moment to her as the loss of her jewels, which were carried off at the same time. Among the MSS. was a large finished poem entitled "Ephesus;" it is to be hoped that the thieves will not be able to effect an illegal sale of copyright, but they will probably try.

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH, whose name has become a household word in Canada, and whose graphic genius and exuberant humour have made *Grip* famous, has transferred his services to the Montreal daily and weekly *Star*. It was a matter of general regret to Canadian journalists to

learn that the genial and clever cartoonist of *Grip* had severed his connection with that journal. It is pleasant, however, to know that his services have been retained by a Canadian journal and that his country is not to sustain the loss of one of her most gifted sons.

IN the two forthcoming volumes of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" Australian poets receive some attention. Mr. Howlett-Ross writes on Charles Harper and Lindsay Gordon. Among other contributors, who write on poets not distinctively Australian, are Dr. Furnivall, who writes on Browning; Mr. Austin Dobson, who writes on Frederick Locker-Sampson; Dr. Japp, who writes on Lord Tennyson and others; and Mr. Mackenzie Bell, who writes on Aubrey de Vere, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Professor Aytoun, author of "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

THE London *Literary World* has the following interesting items: The following is probably the last letter written by the late J. G. Whittier to anyone in England:—
Hampton Falls,
N. H. (New Hampshire.)

8 mo., 15, 1892.
Dr. Friend,—I thank thee for thy kind letter which should have been acknowledged before but for illness. I am glad to know that my writings have not been unfavourably listened to in thy lectures on literature. I am aware that they are not especially entertaining. My life has been a very earnest one, and my themes serious. I am truly thy friend.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The above, written in a firm hand, was sent to Mr. Edwin Drew, 50 New Oxford Street, W. C.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE announces for early publication the following monographs: "The Influence on Business of the Independent Treasury," by Prof. David Kinley, of the University of Wisconsin; "Sir Wm. Temple on the Origin and Nature of Government," by Frank I. Herriott; "Preventive Legislation in Relation to Crime," by C. H. Reeve; "Sidgwick's Elements of Politics," by James Harvey Robinson, Ph. D. These will be followed by a translation, with critical notes by Prof. Frederick W. Moore, of Prof. L. Gumplowicz's "Sociologie," a monograph on the "Ethics of the Wages Question," by Prof. C. A. Tuttle, and one on the "Standard of Deferred Payments," by Prof. E. A. Ross.

MR. FROUDE repeats the last thing he ever heard Carlyle say: "It was only a short time before he died, and I had gone to say good-bye to him. He whispered very feebly to me, 'Ah! isn't it strange that those people—meaning,' explained Mr. Froude, 'The Powers above—' isn't it strange that those people should have sent so much trouble on the very oldest man in Europe?' which, of course, he wasn't," added Mr. Froude, with a smile of reminiscence at the sad oddity of the scene, and then continued: "I said to him, 'Well, we don't know their reasons.' Carlyle at once replied, 'Ah, well, it would be rash to say they have no reason.' It was the last flicker of the old thought. It was very characteristic."

MESSRS. HART AND RIDDELL announce for early publication the volume of Minutes and Proceedings of the Fifth General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance recently held in Toronto. A stenographic account of each day's proceedings of the Council, the only complete and accurate report, will be included, together with an appendix, consisting of the various reports presented at the Council; the whole making an important volume, about eight hundred pages, of addresses, reports and statistical information pertaining to the Reformed Church throughout the world. The volume will be edited by Rev. George D. Mathews, D.D. Accompanying the volume will be fifteen or twenty photogravures of prominent members of the Alliance and well-known Colleges, etc. The same firm announce an illustrated book of travel entitled "An Island Paradise and Reminiscences of Travel" from the pen of H. Spencer Howell.

ACCORDING to French papers, arrangements are about completed for the erection of a monument to Theophrast Renaudot, the founder of journalism in France. Both the Paris Council and the General Council of the Seine Department have granted sums of money for the purpose. Jules Claretie is the chairman of the committee which has the project in charge, and Alfred Beucher has been chosen as sculptor. Theophrast Renaudot, who is to be honoured, was born in Loudun, in 1575. He studied medicine. After practising his profession for a time in his native place, he was called to Paris by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1625. There he established labour bureaux, loan houses, free hospitals and other institutions which made him popular among all classes of the people. On May 30, 1631, Louis XII. gave him the "privilege of printing and selling the news and stories of what has happened and what may happen in and outside of the kingdom." The first *Gazette* appeared on the evening of the same day. The future monument is to adorn the Flower Market, where the former editor once had his office.—*New York Tribune*.

A SISTER poet, who visited Mrs. Thaxter the other day, tells of approaching the quiet cottage when a sudden turn brought to view a gorgeous patch of colour, seeming to radiate from the very centre of the gray walls. At first there was no accounting for the brilliant reds and yellows, glowing in the sunshine, as vivid as a bit taken from the feast of lanterns. Only on reaching the house did she discover that through the broad window opening to the sea, a huge mantel shelf was in sight, wide, long, and every inch of space covered by tiny wine

glasses. Not one single vase or bowl marred the symmetry of the arrangement, but each slender glass held a single perfect blossom, either a great bloom of scarlet geranium, or else a golden nasturtium. These flowers, that are the pride and delight of Mrs. Thaxter's heart, are all cultivated by her own hands, and every morning as long as a posy is to be gathered, she washes those many little receptacles, adds fresh water, and with a strict sense of justice apportioned each blossom a place so there shall be no overcrowding of favouritism.—*Illustrated American*.

OF late our clever artists in verse—for such they are—seem with a few exceptions indifferent to thought and feeling, and avoid taking their office seriously. A vogue of light and troubadour verse-making has come, and now is going as it came. Every possible mode of artisanship has been tried in turn. The like conditions prevail upon the Continent, at least as far as France is concerned; in fact, the caprices of our minor minstrelsy have been largely the outcome of a new literary Gallomania. Now, I think you will feel that there is something unsatisfactory; something much less satisfactory than what we find in the little prose master-pieces of the new American school; that from the mass of all this rythmical work the higher standard of poetry could scarcely be derived. To be sure, it is the providential wont of youth to be impressed by the latest models, to catch the note of its own morntime. Many know the later favourites by heart, yet perhaps have never read an English classic. We hear them say, "Who reads Milton now, or Byron, or Coleridge?" It is just as well. Otherwise a new voice might not be welcomed—would have less chance to gain a hearing. Yet I think that even the younger generation will agree with me that there are lacking qualities to give distinction to poetry as the most impressive literature of our time; qualities for want of which it is not now the chief force, but is compelled to yield its eminence to other forms of composition, especially to prose fiction, realistic or romantic, and to the literature of scientific research. If you compare our recent poetry, grade for grade, with the Elizabethan or the Georgian, I think you will quickly realize that the characteristics which alone can confer the distinction of which I speak are those which we call Imagination and Passion. Poetry does not seem to me very great, very forceful, unless it is either imaginative or impassioned, or both; and in sooth, if it is the one, it is very apt to be the other. The younger lyrists and idyllists, when finding little to evoke these qualities, have done their best without them. Credit is due to our craftsmen for what has been called "a finer art in our day." It is wiser, of course, to succeed within obvious limits than to flounder ambitiously outside them. But the note of spontaneity is lost. Moreover, extreme finish, adroitness, graces, do not inevitably betoken the glow of imaginative conception, the ecstasy of high resolve.—*Edmund Clarence Stedman, in the Century for September*.

ONE of the greatest mechanical conveniences to the litterateur is the fountain pen. To be able to use at once and continuously, and in any place, the means of placing your thought on paper without at all requiring the paraphernalia of the writing desk is a great boon. It is objected by some that such pens are troublesome and vexatious. The answer is that those who attempt to use an inferior or defective article cannot expect the ease, satisfaction or pleasure which only a good article can give. Of fountain pens the simplest in construction, the easiest to work, the most durable and the most shapely is that known as the "Paul E. Wirt fountain pen" sold by Messrs. Hart and Riddell, of Toronto. The gold nib that suits his handwriting which this pen provides, the constant easy flow of ink and the convenience with which it can be carried in the pocket, renders it almost invaluable to the writer, it matters not what his profession, calling or trade.

Ready October 1st.



CASTOROLOGIA

OR

THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS

OF THE

CANADIAN BEAVER.

BY HORACE T. MARTIN, F.Z.S.

An exhaustive monograph, popularly written
and
FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

WM. DRYSDALE & CO., ED. STANFORD,
232 St. James Street, Montreal. Charing Cross, London.
1892.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

PROBABLY the largest and strongest magnet in the world is that at Willet's Point, New York. It came to be made by accident. Major King happened to see two large 15 inch Dahlgren guns lying unused side by side on the dock, and immediately conceived the idea that a magnet of enormous power could be constructed by means of these cannon, with a submarine cable wound around them. The magnet, which stands about ten feet from the ground, is eighteen feet long, and has eight miles of cable wound about the upper part of the guns. It takes a force of 25,000 lbs. to pull off the armature. A seemingly impossible experiment was performed with some 15-inch solid cannon balls, the magnet holding several of them suspended in the air, one under the other. The most interesting experiment was the test made of a non-magnetic watch. The test was highly satisfactory. The magnet was so powerful that an ordinary watch was stopped stock still as soon as it came within three feet of it, while an American non-magnetic watch was for ten minutes held in front of the magnet, and it did not vary the hundredth part of a second. A sledge hammer wielded in a direction opposite to the magnet, feels as though one were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.—*Chicago Railway Review.*

THE Americans, who are certainly much more ready in applying scientific principles to the solution of small practical problems than we are, are said to have invented an electrical thief-photographing process, by which anyone who attempts to open a drawer, or box, or room where he has no business, will get himself photographed for his pains without his knowledge, so that he may be afterwards identified. A tobaccoist of Toledo, Ohio, of the name of Triquet, had missed repeatedly cigars from the show-case in his shop without being able to discover the thief. Hence, he applied to an electrician to give him an apparatus which would take a portrait of anyone going to that case. An electromagnet was so fastened to a match as to strike it against a rough surface whenever the electric circuit was completed, and by the light of the match an instantaneous photograph was taken, and immediately the shutter closed on the camera. On examination after the next disappearance of cigars, the portrait of two boys was discovered, and they were apprehended and sent to prison for the theft. Such an arrangement for photographing burglars without their knowledge—if that could be managed—would soon make burglary too hot even for the most astute professionals.—*Spectator.*

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N. J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M. E. Conference, April 25, '90. **A Safe Remedy.**

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

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

ANALYSIS has proved that the enamel of the teeth contains more fluorine, in the form of fluoride of calcium, than any other part of the body, and fluorine might, indeed, be regarded as the characteristic chemical constituent of this structure, the hardest of all animal tissue, and containing 95.5 per cent. of salts, against 72 per cent. in the dentine. As this is so, it is clear that a supply of fluorine, while the development of the teeth is proceeding, is essential to the proper formation of the enamel and that any deficiency in this respect must result in thin and inferior enamel. Sir James Crichton Browne thinks it well worthy of consideration whether the reintroduction into our diet of a supply of fluorine in some suitable natural form—and what form, he asks, can be more suitable than that in which it exists in the pellicles of our grain stuffs?—might not do something to fortify the teeth of the next generation.—*Science.*

In a recent number of *Le Genie Civil* Mons. P. F. Charon says that the products of combustion from a charge of dynamite have been found to be approximately: Steam nineteen per cent., carbonic oxide and carbonic acid fifty eight per cent., nitrous product fifteen per cent., and nitroglycerin vapour in varying quantity. The carbonic oxide, nitrous compounds and nitroglycerin vapour are very deleterious, and their formation should be prevented. This, M. Charon says, can be best done by using a more powerful detonator, say one to thirteen grammes instead of one-half gramme of fulminate, thus making the combustion more perfect. To counteract the effects of the injurious fumes the author recommends a draught of strong, pure coffee and the inhalation of ammonia, sulphurous acid or concentrated acetic acid.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

THE "warning to smokers" recently printed in this column, embodying the report of the British Royal Society's Committee on Colour Vision, which declares that "though alcohol rarely if ever causes colour blindness, it results very frequently from the smoking of strong tobacco," is made the subject of interviews with leading oculists by a Philadelphia newspaper. One physician was found who has three patients, each an excessive smoker, suffering from this defect of vision—amblyopia, as the doctors technically term it. Another physician, a professor at the Wills Eye Hospital, said: "Beyond any question, the toxic effect of nicotine poisoning produces optic neuritis. And this is so very largely with those who smoke tobacco in pipes; it is much more injurious than the use of cigars; and if those so affected do not abstain from the use of tobacco they are apt to lose their sight entirely, or at least for a time, and the first symptom that indicates the total colour blindness and subsequent atrophy in smokers of tobacco is the failure to quickly distinguish the colour of red in the centre of the field of vision. In tobacco amblyopia the excessive pipe smoker is affected first, next the cigar smoker, while the chewer of tobacco is affected last and not frequently. Middle aged people are usually the victims, and to show you how virulent the nicotine poison is, a case is reported of a woman who became affected with optic neuritis while attending her husband, who smoked inveterately."—*New York World.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator*, who has been making experiments with various musical instruments on the animals at the Zoological Gardens, writes as follows with regard to one of his latest tests: Our first visit was paid to "Jack," the young red orang-outang, which, since the death of "Sally," the chimpanzee, claims the highest place in animal organization among the inmates of the Zoo. He is a six-months-old baby, of extremely grave and deliberate manners, and perhaps the most irresistibly comical creature which has ever been seen in London. He is extremely well-behaved, not in the least shy, and as friendly with strangers as with his keeper. His arms are as strong as those of a man, while his legs and feet seem to be used less for walking than as a subsidiary pair of arms and hands. He is thus able, when much interested, to hold his face between two hands and to rest his chin on a third, which gives him an air of pondering reflection beyond any power of human imitation. "He knows there's something up,"

remarked his keeper as we entered the house, and the ape came to the bars and sat down to inspect his visitors. As the sounds of the violin began, he suspended himself against the bars, and then, with one hand above his head; dropped the other to his side and listened with grave attention. As the sound increased in volume he dropped to the ground, and all the hair on his body stood up with fear. He then crept away on all fours, looking back over his shoulder like a frightened baby; and taking up his piece of carpet, which does duty for a shawl, shook it out, and threw it completely over his head and body, and drew it tight round him. After a short time, as the music continued, he gained courage and put out his head, and at last threw away the cloak and came forward again. By this time his hair was lying flat, and his fear had given place to pleasure. The piccolo at first frightened the monkey, but he soon held out his hand for the instrument, which he was allowed to examine. The flute did not interest him, but the bagpipes—reproduced on the violin—achieved a triumph. He just flattened his nose against the bars, and then, scrambling to the centre of the cage, turned head over heels, and lastly, sitting down, chucked handfuls of straw in the air and over his head, "smiling," as the keeper said, with delight and approval.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the whole system.

A NOVEL form of inclined railway has been built at Bridgenorth, England. It connects the upper and lower parts of the town, communication between which was formerly provided by means of steps cut in the solid rock. The length of the track is only 201 feet, but its vertical rise is 111 feet. There are two cars, on separate lines of rail, and they are connected by a steel cable passing round a wheel at the top. They are thus balanced, and a preponderating weight is given, which ever one is at the top, by pumping a supply of water into a tank placed in the frame of the car. The steel rails are secured to ties which are bolted to the solid rock and also embedded in concrete. The brakes are normally on the wheels, and motion is only possible while the brakeman turns his handle. The track is cut out of the solid rock, so that it shall not spoil the beauties of the landscape.—*Scientific American.*

WHAT STRONGER PROOF is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed? Truly, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power unknown to other medicines.

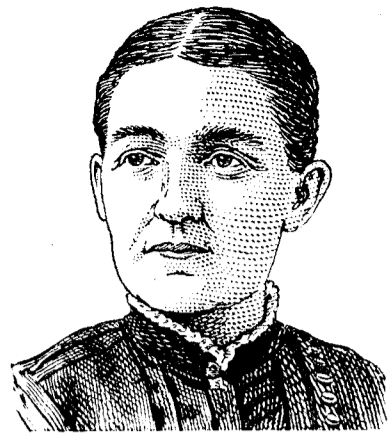
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and caused me to entirely lose my voice. For six weeks I suffered great pain. My wife advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT and the effect was magical, for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for six weeks. Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

GREAT DISCOVERIES.—The astronomer who discovers a new star, the scientist who finds a new face, or the geologist who alights upon a new species of fossil, becomes deservedly famous; but the actual good such discoveries do is nothing when compared to the finding of a medicine which is an infallible cure for certain diseases. Such a discovery was made nearly half a century ago by an Eastern gentleman named Perry Davis, and his preparation is now known to the world as PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, and, indeed, all bowel complaints. 25c. only for Big 2 oz. bottle.

THOSE who are incapable of shining but by dress would do well to consider that the contrast between them and their clothes turns out much to their disadvantage.—*Shenstone.*



Mrs. A. A. Williams
Lynn, Mass.

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Sillsbee Street Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.:

"I see no reason why a clergyman, more than a layman, who knows whereof he speaks, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been significantly benefited. My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

Nervous Headache

for which she found little sleep. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little. Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what simply one bottle could and did do for her. The attacks of headache decreased in number and were less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved. Her appetite has also been better." A. A. WILLIAMS.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic.

PROFESSOR DEWAR, in lecturing before the Royal Institute, London, handed around to the audience an entirely new thing in the way of tipples, in the shape of claret glasses filled with liquefied air. The boiling point of liquid air is one hundred and ninety-two degrees Centigrade, or ten degrees lower than that of oxygen. After liquefying oxygen, Professor Dewar said that it is not true, as has been supposed, that the oxygen in the air liquefies before the other elements in air; on the contrary, the air liquefies as air, and is not resolved into its elements before liquefying. If this globe were cooled down to two hundred degrees below the zero of Centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied gas thirty five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

As for cities which take water from sources notoriously foul, like Jersey City, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and many others, the prospective danger makes the present an excellent time to agitate the question of a pure water supply. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and the possibility of a plague of cholera in some of these sewage-drinking cities should silence effectually the plea that the present supply is as good as they can afford. Second only to pure water supply in preventing the spread of epidemics is the promotion of cleanliness and proper sanitary precautions. The prompt removal and destruction of garbage, the thorough cleaning of streets and flushing of sewers, the provision of necessary appliances for fighting contagious disease when it appears—all these are matters which, in seasons of epidemic, acquire a new and great importance.—*New York Engineering News.*

THE introduction of the search light, without which no modern war ship or torpedo boat would be considered complete, dates from 1876, and the first vessel in the navy fitted with a search light apparatus was the *Minotaur*. The dynamo employed was one of the alternating-current type with thirty-two magnets, and it was driven at about 400 revolutions by a belt from an auxiliary pumping engine. The projector was of a primitive type, and pedestals were fixed in three different places, from any of which the same projector could be used. It was fitted with a parabolic reflector and with dioptric and diverging lenses. A diaphragm was also provided for enabling flashing signals to be made. The *Temeraire* in the same year was next fitted in a similar manner, with the exception that a Mangin projector was introduced, fitted with Wilde's lamp, lens, etc. In the next year, 1877, the *Dreadnaught*, *Neptune*, and several other vessels were fitted with the same class of apparatus.—*Electrical World.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.