

This Number Contains: Attorney-General Longley on Principal Grant; The Future Life, by Professor Clark, D.C.L.; President Cleveland's Magnificent Bluster; The Tin Can Politician and the By-elections; Leader: Liberalism.

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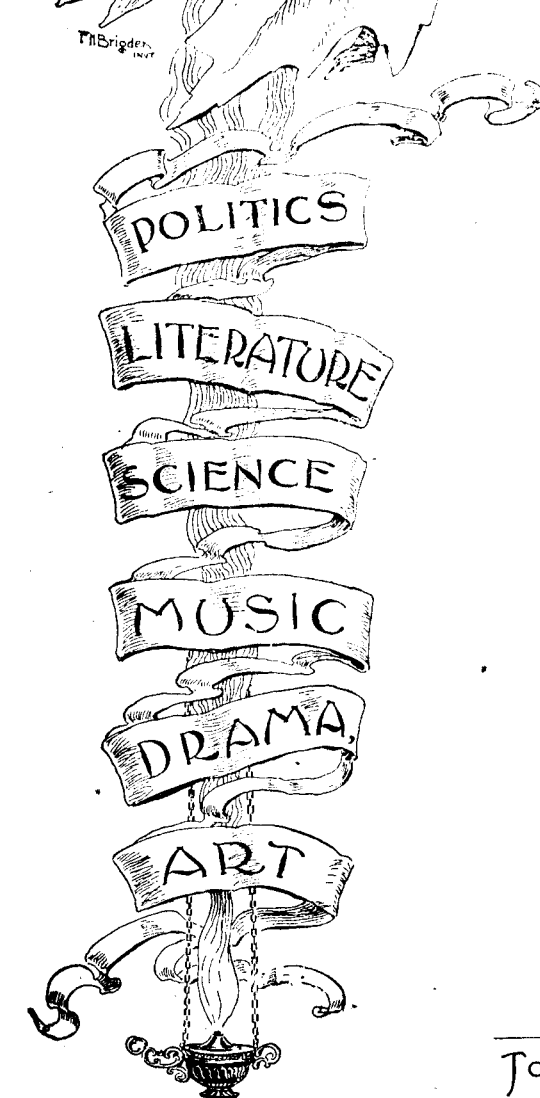
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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, December 20th, 1895.

No. 4.

## Current Topics.

Christmas.

Before the next issue of THE WEEK appears another Christmas will have come and gone, and the world will be turning its attention to the prosaic realities of the future again after the poetic festivities of yule with all their associations and delights. There is nothing that shows more clearly what a hold the traditions of the past have on all classes of society than the yearly celebration of Christmastide. It is to be hoped that the weather, which for a few days has certainly been of a trying order, will be of such a character, on Christmas Day at least, as to give a proper setting to the family reunions which will then take place. We may be thankful, however, that this great annual festival is built neither on climate nor on any physical considerations whatever. Its roots are in the affections, in old associations, in poetry, in what is spiritual rather than temporal. It is great enough to throw a halo of poetry over its material surroundings and accompaniments; it makes eating and drinking a sacrament, and glorifies and transfigures the prosaic products of the kitchen; idealises the merry dance and game; makes sacred the circle of those who sit around the fire. This is the great feast of family affection and remembrance; this the good hatchet-burying, forgetting-and-forgiving time. By all our remembrances of Christmas past, by the great Christian truths of which this festival reminds us, by the lilt of carols sung in frosty air in days forever gone, and by the love and affection and forgiveness that we have ourselves received, we are prompted to enter upon this festival in a spirit strong enough to rise above material surroundings and to dispense to those about us some of the hallowed and gracious feeling that should characterize this time of reunions. If people will find in ministrations to others' comfort and happiness their own best "keeping" of the day they will add one more memory to the pleasant remembrances of Christmases past, and bid defiance not only to gloomy weather but to any outside and incidental considerations. On Christmas day we will all be optimists of the most pronounced kind. As for the pessimists, we will, on that day, treat them on kindly Donnybrook Fair principles for their own good. Wherever we see a head of that character we shall all feel induty bound to hit it and to hit it hard. Perish the thought that anything can successfully stand in the way of a proper and adequate celebration of Christmas! Talk about the weather; why what would our kith and kin in Australia, in New Zealand, in India and many other places do if they gave way to the influences of weather for a single moment. They go at their Yule celebrations with a will and so must we. They blow the flies off their Christmas pudding, and keep the punkah going, and try to fancy how cool the snow is that is so admirably depicted on the Christmas cards!

A Menace to the Liberals.

The first of the bye-elections—that held on Thursday last in North Ontario—resulted in the return of the Government candidate, Mr. J. C. McGillivray, by a majority of nearly eight hundred. The Liberals and Patrons split the Opposi-

tion vote, which, united, was larger than that given for the Government candidate. But it does not necessarily follow from this that had there been no division Mr. McGillivray would have been defeated. The Patrons might not have given a solid vote for Mr. Gillespie. It is curious to note that the Orangemen of Brock voted for the Conservative, whilst the Roman Catholics of Mara and Rama voted for the Liberal. So far as the Manitoba school question is concerned the result of the election has not much significance. Though the Government's stand is decided enough, Mr. McGillivray himself succeeded in remaining unpledged. What is significant about the election is the strength of the Patron vote. The Patrons will ruin the chances of the Liberals if they persist in their present course. There is much more in common between Patrons and Liberals than there is between Patrons and Conservatives, and in the three-cornered contest the Government is bound to win. The vote of its opponents will be split as it was split in North Ontario. In Cardwell the Patrons have no candidate of their own, but here, too, the fight is three-cornered, Mr. McCarthy's candidate taking the place of the Patron. It is thought that the Liberal candidate, Mr. Henry, has but a slim chance of success, and Mr. McCarthy has appealed to the Liberals to withdraw their man that Mr. Stubbs may wage battle alone with Mr. Willoughby, the Conservative candidate. The Globe, however, does not approve of the principle of withdrawal of a Liberal candidate either in Cardwell or any other constituency, and, from the party's point of view, The Globe is right. But the forces opposed to the Government are severely weakened by these dissensions and the prospects of Conservative success at the elections brighten daily. Having got rid of such extreme men as Mr. Angers and Mr. Wallace the Government's position is appreciably strengthened. Men who hold extreme views on the race and religious questions can never succeed in Canada, nor can a party composed of such men succeed. We must have moderation and fair play for our watchwords.

Canada's High Commissioner.

An event of great interest to the Dominion is the visit to Ottawa of Sir Charles Tupper who comes at the invitation of the Premier to confer with the Government on the question of the fast Atlantic steamship service. Sir Charles is one of the most distinguished of living Canadians, and his services to his country both at home and in London have been many and great. His success in the high office he now fills with such wide acceptance has been conspicuous. We can say without any suspicion of flattery that Sir Charles Tupper has played no small part in winning for Canada and Canadians the recognition which is now enjoyed by this country and its people amongst men of affairs at the Capital of the Empire. His social success has not turned his head nor checked his Canadianism. He has not tried to curry favour with the great at the expense of his political convictions, nor has he said smooth and agreeable things when his country's reputation was at stake or its needs called for a firm stand and a decisive voice. In many and important respects he has made an ideal High Commissioner, a fact which his former political opponents have been ready to admit. We hope that his visit will be an enjoyable and a successful one in every way, and that he will return with

strengthened determination to leave no stone unturned that will further the important project which has brought him to our Capital.

The Tin Can  
Politician.

There is something pitifully grotesque in out politicians furiously wrangling over a few cans of mutton, and fiercely defying each other to prove assertions which even if proved would not have the least significance so far as the country and its requirements are concerned. By the side of tin cans the Manitoba school nuisance looks quite large and important, but it is in itself a very small matter, and were it not for a few interested politicians it would speedily assume its rightful proportions and drop out of sight and hearing. The politicians who are making such a fuss about the Manitoba schools are of the tin can persuasion. Large and generous ideas are unknown to them. They are ready to do anything for their religion except practice it, and quite unready to do anything for their country which might possibly interfere with their own little schemes for temporary self-advancement. One thing is clear: the men who are trying to make political capital out of this school difficulty are the enemies of the country and should not be tolerated. Away with them! Let the proper work of politics proceed. In the name of all that is practical, let us have no more of the tin can business. The large affairs of the country must not be pushed aside simply because a handful of children in a certain Province have been deprived of certain privileges. Public attention should be directed to the large projects of national and imperial importance, upon which the future greatness of Canada rests. These matters should be laid before the people that they may understand and see how narrow and small are the "issues" which are so vehemently discussed by the tin can politician.

The Notice to  
Quit.

If the necessity for publishing our article, "Delenda est—Carthago," which has evoked so much discussion, needed any justification it has it now. We have been most unfairly criticised by many people as "Jingo" advocates. We have also been zealously defended. Writing as we did from definite information we wrapped ourselves in our virtue, and have waited for developments. They have come with rapidity. The Olney claim is definite enough. "America for Americans—that is, the people of the United States." The two propositions laid down by Mr. Olney are: (1.) The Monroe doctrine must govern all the actions of European Powers in North and South America; (2.) This is the Monroe doctrine: Every time there is a dispute between a European and an American Power, it must be submitted to arbitration right or wrong. The reason set up for the claim, "that a distance of three thousand miles of intervening ocean make any permanent political union between a European and an American State unnatural and inexpedient," will hardly be denied. Where is the *sequitur*? What has this statement, supposing it to be true, to do with a boundary dispute between England and Venezuela? But Lord Salisbury's answer is:

Her Majesty's Government are prepared emphatically to deny it [the above statement] on behalf of both the British and American people who are subject to her Crown. They maintain that the union between Great Britain and her territories in the Western Hemisphere is both natural and expedient."

The Olney claim is the United States' notice to quit to England. Disguised in whatever form it may be disguised, couched in language peremptory or polite, the Americans believe that the time has come. They launched their torpedo,

and now England knows what to expect. American opinion has been educated up to the point of sustaining Mr. Olney's claim. We cannot blame them, because it has been for years held out to them as part of their national ideal. But they forget that although we Canadians are not Americans in their sense of the word we yet hold, and intend to hold, a very fair slice of America. Lord Salisbury's answer is therefore straight and uncompromising. He sees that it is not about Venezuela but about Canada that Americans are thinking. He has read between the lines, and takes up the challenge—Now, Canada, be ready to do your share!

Another Side  
of It.

It may be possible that the President of the United States has written ere this a private note to the Premier of Great Britain explaining, as he did on a previous occasion, that he means nothing by all this magnificent bluster, that he intends running for a third term, and that he must bid high for votes. We have no Sackville West this time to tell us about the little note, to show how sadly American public men lack all sense of personal and national honour, and how painfully ignorant they are of even the rudiments of diplomatic courtesy and consideration. The fact that a Commission is proposed to enquire into the Venezuela boundary question looks very much as if the whole affair is an election dodge of the most stupendous magnitude. If it be a "dodge," and nothing more, it is a most contemptible one—altogether unworthy of the Chief Magistrate of a nation with such pretensions as the United States. Whether Mr. Cleveland is in earnest or whether he is merely playing what he considers an effective part in view of the coming election we do not pretend to determine. In neither case can he justify his position on any grounds whatever. Great Britain has been a steady friend of the United States in spite of the continuous impudence of the nation's representatives and public prints. The imperious demands now made upon England are demands which no nation has any right to make on another, and the pressing of which can only lead to war. The preposterous deductions from the Monroe doctrine which Mr. Olney puts forward have been accepted with loud acclaim by the American Senate and Congress and by the press. If Mr. Cleveland is playing to the gallery, the gallery is evidently a pretty large one. There are very few Americans who do not appear to belong to it.

Senator Morgan's  
Impertinence.

It is difficult to say whether Senator Morgan is more rude to Sir Julian Pauncefoot or to President Cleveland. Mr. Morgan speaks as follows of the recommendation made in Mr. Cleveland's Message to Congress: "The reassertion by the President of the justice and rightfulness of the demand of the British Government, made with the insulting arrogance of an ultimatum, requires of Congress that its refusal at its last session to vote the lump sum of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to satisfy this demand should be defended." When the President tells Congress that the honour of the United States is concerned in paying this amount, Senator Morgan virtually tells him he does not know what he is talking about. The President, being to the manner born, knows, perhaps, how to value such criticism. The English people are not accustomed to be dealt with in the way Senator Morgan deals with them in his speech, and what they say about it may be condensed into one sentence clipped from the Saturday Review: "Such vulgar impertinence as Senator Morgan's would not be allowed in the House of Commons. Does the United States wish for war and why?" Probably it will be next in order for some other

Senator to rise and explain that Mr. Morgan's remarks are purely Pickwickian. But if the other Senators back Mr. Morgan up, the world could hardly be surprised if Great Britain were to insist upon a very decided answer to the question propounded by the Saturday Review. It looks rather as if the British lion was commencing to growl because his tail is being twisted a little more energetically than usual. The patience even of that patient animal has its limits.

Joseph  
Howe.

Canadians will hear, with feelings of patriotic satisfaction, that Nova Scotians at last are alive to the claims of their great statesman, Joseph Howe, on their gratitude and respect. A movement is now on foot to raise a monument worthy of the man, whose public services were set forth so forcibly by Dr. Bourinot in an elaborate paper quite recently printed by THE WEEK. In these initial stages of our national life no more important work can be accomplished than the encouragement of a love of country. In no better way can this be done than by pointing our young men and women to the stories of courage and devotion of which the annals of French and English Canada tell so eloquently. Laying aside all national and sectarian prejudice, let us study the pages of French-Canadian history and only remember that they give us many evidences of some of the highest attributes of humanity. Laying aside all political prejudice and bitterness let Tory, Conservative, and Liberal unite in bearing testimony to the services of those eminent Canadian statesmen, who, despite any mistakes they may have made from time to time in the opinion of some of us, were, on the whole, animated by honest and patriotic impulses. Among such statesmen the figure of Joseph Howe, printer, poet, statesman, governor, the father of responsible government, must always stand out most prominent; for he, at least, was ever unselfish, true to the best interests of his country and a loyal subject of the British crown.

Religious  
Education.

It is satisfactory to find that the question of religious teaching in our elementary schools is not forgotten, even if there does not seem to be as yet a general agreement as to the best method of providing it. An interesting communication recently made to the Globe newspaper, by a writer subscribing himself A.B.C., pleads earnestly for voluntary schools as auxiliary to the board or state schools already in existence. Many persons are strongly of opinion that voluntary schools are preferable to those established by the rating system; and, abstractly, there is a great deal to be said for them. But we fear it is too late. If, even in England, where these schools were in possession, there is now almost a life and death struggle for existence, how should it be possible to establish them in circumstances so much less favourable? It may be possible, after a time, to set up voluntary schools in places with a large population, and even to obtain grants from the Government or from the school rates for their support. But it will require a process of education in the public mind, and in the meantime something practicable should be attempted.

What can be  
done?

Can anything, then, be done, or suggested, which would be practicable under the actual conditions of this country? One method recently commended by a writer in THE WEEK was that the ministers or other members of the different Christian denominations should give instruction in religion to the children belonging to their several churches. This system

may be available in some places, but it will hardly meet the want which is universally felt; and, therefore, however this or other plans may be adopted in special localities, it is necessary to think of some method which shall be universally applicable. What shall this be? In the first place there must be some space of time—half an hour, say—appropriated for religious instruction *within the school hours*. In the second place, all the children (except those whose parents or guardians may object) should be taught to read appointed portions of scripture, and to commit certain parts to memory—as the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes, certain of the Parables, and so forth. Further, the children who are excused attendance at religious instruction should be instructed in subjects of a moral character. These are points on which it is believed there would be a very general agreement throughout this Province, and with these at least a beginning might be made. If more should afterwards be found possible, well and good. This would be something.

\* \* \*  
Liberalism.

AND everyone that was in distress, and everyone that "was in debt, and everyone that was discontented gathered themselves unto him." These were the people who in the time of Saul were the nucleus of the opposition under David, at least so we are told by the chronicle, in the First Book of Samuel, otherwise known as the First Book of the Kings. The allusion was brought into prominence in England by Lowe and the Cave of Adullam and Adullamites are now recognized terms in the English language for all politicians who are desolate and oppressed. From the nature of things and the constitution of men's minds it must always be that there will be too great opposing types. There are those who wish to keep matters as they are and there are those who desire a change. The motives of these latter may not be the same, but they agree on the main point of wanting to get existing arrangements altered. Their opponents represent vested rights. They attack privilege and prerogative. In England and all countries which have been under organized government for a long time Reformers generally have a serious purpose and a reasonable reason for their union against authority. In new countries like Canada abuses are more abuses committed by personal ignorance or tyranny than abuses of a system. Reformers have, therefore, not so much to attack on principle as on opportunity. In short, they are opportunists more than reformers. It is fair to assume and possible to conceive that the motives of both of the great classes of opponents on political questions are equally proper and sincere. What then are the elements which lead to the division between them? The Conservatives, those who wish things to remain as they are, are chiefly composed of men who have an interest in landed or business interests which will be affected by a change. They are generally wealthy or, at all events, independent. They are supported by the moderate, timid or nervous element of the community who dread a change without knowing why. Then they have the strenuous backing of all who hold office and can control patronage. The motives of the latter element are, on the whole, less sincere than those which operate on the two former. The opposing body, or Reformers, are much less homogeneous than the Conservatives. They include the very same people who joined the rebel David. Every man who has strong opinions about any particular hobby, when he finds he cannot get the average member of society to agree with him, goes into opposition. Each such man has his own particular fancy. One man nurses Prohibition, another Free Trade, another Annexation, another Sabbath Observance, another the Reformation of Social



Laws. The more strongly a person feels on any such subject the more he is inclined to insist on his own opinion that the remedy of that particular evil is all that is required to set the world right. The more zealous and more devoted he is, the harder he is to manage and all he can do is to join the chorus of discontent. Then the next element in the ranks of opposition are those men who are Irreconcilables—discontented with everything. They would abolish God as well as Society. Their own allies are afraid of these people. They are political Pariahs, but they are certainly not Conservatives, so in the "valued file" they count as Reformers. Their presence in the ranks of opposition does more to unite Conservatism than even the bond of Conservatism itself. From these men to the average Radical, who wants to see every man as good as every other man, there are all gradations of sentiment. But they are alike difficult to handle and almost impossible to lead—generally very determined and often rather ready than otherwise to suffer martyrdom on occasion. Then, besides these come the antitheses of the average Conservatives—those men who feel that the times are out of joint and that on the whole they were rather born to set them right. From the contrast of these two great opposing forces it is quite plain to see on which side will be discipline and organization. The Conservatives by their very temperament can be and are well led. Reformers are, as a rule, impracticable. It is quite possible that, theoretically, Reform is the nobler aim of man and that Reformers in the end deserve the thanks of the human race more than those who blindly insist on keeping things as they are. But the very nobility and independence of Liberalism are the very qualities which prevent its doing the practical good it might do. On rare occasions a great man of liberal inclinations so dominates all those who are of the same tone of thought that they are dwarfed and must perforce follow. Gladstone is the most conspicuous instance of this abnormal repression of liberal hobbies. But even, in his case, when his theories ran rampant, true Liberalism asserted itself and his oldest and most prominent allies forsook him and fled. *Si licet magnis componere parva* we have in Ontario the example of a Liberal leader who has succeeded in keeping in hand better than Gladstone did the miscellaneous elements which form a Liberal party. That Sir Oliver Mowat has done so for so long is the most conspicuous proof of his ability. He has had a most difficult part to play in balancing against one another the entirely opposite wings of his party. He has done so, and no other man could have done it. The only Liberal leader which the Dominion has seen since Confederation is Alexander Mackenzie. He was the incarnation of stubborn Liberal adherence to a given creed. Honest and straightforward, he was an embodiment of all the best elements of Reform—and his fate is a beacon for other Liberal leaders to take warning by. The sum and substance of the matter would seem to be that Conservatism is the refuge of the average man while Liberalism is the mark of the more advanced type. From its very nature Liberalism best does its duty in opposition and when placed in power must abandon a good many of its theories or surrender office. There is nothing like accession to power to sober a grumbler or theoretical politician. He finds that there are many things not dreamed of hitherto in his philosophy, and most of his castles in the air crumble into ruins. On the whole, the prospects of Conservatism are from the nature of human institutions more promising than the uphill work of even Liberal Reformers. In the latter case, virtue will, as usual, have to be its own reward, and a very meagre one it is to such Reformers as hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt—the sweets of office.

### Further Appreciation.

The current issue of THE WEEK is the second number of the thirteenth volume. This journal occupies the enviable position of being Canada's only high-class literary weekly. Its tone is good and the independent and fair manner in which it discusses all political questions has commended it to both parties. If THE WEEK maintains its present standing we predict for it a long life and extended honourable career.—*Woodstock Sentinel-Review*.

With the issue of Nov. 29th, THE WEEK enters the thirteenth year of publication. As a popular medium for the intelligent and able discussion of topics, political, literary, scientific, musical, dramatic, and artistic, this journal is held in high esteem by all Canadians. It numbers among regular contributors the best of Canadian writers and its leaders are timely, independent and strong. THE WEEK has out-lived many ephemeral rivals and its state of excellence is a guarantee that a long and useful future is before it.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

THE WEEK has passed the threshold of its thirteenth year. It has our congratulations and best wishes for the future. It has gone beyond the day when ill-natured persons styled it the "weak," and also a stage in its career when its articles were tinged with doubtless, unconscious Podsnapism. Its continuance in the arena of success is a standing contradiction of the theory of those who hold that there is no room in Canada for a high class weekly paper conducted on the lines of the English Saturday Review and the New York Nation.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

THE WEEK stands alone in aiming to supply for Canada a higher class weekly journal, rivalling the famous weeklies of England, and its success is creditable. A publication like THE WEEK, unbound to party, can throw its columns open with a degree of freedom not imitated by many party journals, to discussions of speculative politics of great use in a young community. . . . The position THE WEEK assumes is one eminently useful and deserving practical endorsement from the general public. Our contemporary of late has renewed the vigour which marked its earlier years, and whatever dissent may be felt at times from its views, none can be expressed as to the manner in which they are presented.—*Moncton Transcript*.

We congratulate the editor and proprietors of THE WEEK on feeling "justified in believing that it never stood so high in the opinion of Canadians as it does to-day, whilst abroad it is now generally recognized as a national journal, expressing the educated and independent thought of the Dominion." We agree with this journal when it says that "THE WEEK has helped many thousands, scattered far and wide over this broad land, to feel a deeper consciousness of the botherhood of the Canadian people, and the great part that is theirs in the British Empire." The aim of THE WEEK is a most worthy one, one which every Canadian will wish to see crowned with complete success—"To strengthen the ties which unite us to our Queen, to promote Canadian unity and loyalty, to quicken our political and literary life, to make more strong and energizing the fibres of common interests and common sympathies, to unite all who love to work in the service of our country, is the task that is given this journal to do, and earnestly would we appeal, after these twelve years, for the co-operation and hearty support of all our fellow-countrymen in the achievement of so great a task."—*The Canada Presbyterian*.

With its last number the Toronto WEEK enters upon its thirteenth volume. It is to be hoped the superstition as to the ill-luck attending "thirteen" will be demonstrated in this instance to be unreliable. THE WEEK is a journal of which Canada has reason to be proud. If it does not rival such journals as the Spectator, of London, and the Nation, of New York, it ranks easily in the same class. It has done much for culture in Canada during its twelve years existence. Editorially, it has striven to maintain an attitude of intelligent independence and a high standard of literary expres-

sion, which have not been without their influence on Canadian journalism. It has also furnished a forum from which the best minds of Canada have, by means of contributed articles, delivered their views on the most important questions of the day to the people of the Dominion; views most necessary for the people of Canada to be in possession of, but views which would, in the majority of instances, have remained unexpressed in the absence of such a medium. That it may long successfully continue to exercise the important influence it is exerting upon the higher thought of the Dominion, everyone interested in Canada's intellectual development will ardently hope.—*Alberta Tribune.*

THE WEEK has entered on its thirteenth year, and gives ample proof of progress and success. Its position in Canadian journalism is unique—it is not a newspaper nor a magazine, yet partakes to some extent of the character of both. It addresses itself to the educated, thoughtful, intelligent and fair-minded portion of the community; its criticisms are fair and manly, its conclusions honest, and its opinions independent. While it continues to adhere to its present line of action, THE WEEK is sure of a wide constituency of readers and patrons.—*The Sarnia Canadian.*

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### Christmas Greetings.

Peace and good will from God above,  
And holy joy  
And happiness and perfect love  
Without alloy—  
Be thine this blessed morn  
On which the Prince of Peace was born.

May angel choruses announce  
In joyful strain  
God's loving gift, and then pronounce  
In glad refrain,  
The name of Christ, the King,  
While all the courts of heaven ring.

And may their song find echo sweet  
Within thy breast,  
While His dear name thy lips repeat,  
And if oppress't  
By any foe within,  
Rejoice! for He shall save from sin.

Montreal, Que.

"IVY GREEN."

\* \* \*

### Imperial Unity.

NO one, whatever his present views of our future happen to be, can help feeling interest in, and admiration for the broad and lofty views so often, and on every available occasion, expressed by Principal Grant on the subject of our duty to the Empire. His recent articles on this subject in THE WEEK are exceedingly crisp and to the point—they are evidently the epitome of long and careful thinking on this great and far-reaching problem.

My only object in offering a word or two of comment is to point out to the distinguished Principal that in my judgment he is expending his missionary zeal in the wrong quarter. At the present moment it might not be a difficult task to convince the Canadian people that their position would be very much more honourable and manly if they were to assume a share of the burdens and achieve a share of the glories of Empire. I can conceive of nothing more anomalous, and scarcely anything more ignoble, than for five millions of such people as compose this great and growing Dominion, to occupy the position of Colonists, accepting defence from the Empire and contributing nothing toward it, responsible for the consequences of Britain's foreign policy, and yet unable to say a word or give a vote in the way of moulding it. While not, perhaps, able to decide finally and inexorably at this moment what we ought to do, I am prepared to concur in the general proposition that it is not heroic, or high-minded, or worthy of our achievements that we should remain dependents and dependents only.

But suppose Dr. Grant is able to convince the Canadian people of this fact—nay, suppose he has already convinced them, does he not realize that a greater difficulty confronts him in another place? Assume that Canada is ready to say

manfully, "We will be Colonists no longer, we will become an integral part of the Empire, and pay dollar for dollar with the people of the British Islands in maintaining the army and navy. And since the consequences of war fall upon us with the same force as upon Britain, we will send our representatives to the Councils of the nation and have our say in determining the foreign policy of the Empire." This I gather to be exactly what Dr. Grant thinks we ought to do. *But what say the British people to this proposition?* That is the crucial question, and it is to that quarter Dr. Grant and his coadjutors must submit their arguments and exert their missionary labours.

Looking at the problem superficially it struck me at first that the British people had more to gain by this Imperial Unity than the Colonies—more, at all events, than Canada. We have the alternative—it may not be a pleasant one to many, but it is still an alternative—of throwing in our lot with the English-speaking continent to which we belong. We have the further alternative of being able to stand alone after a few years and hew our way to a position of national greatness. But the power and prestige of the British Empire at this moment do not rest solely with the forty millions or less, who people the British Islands, the home of the race, and the holders of the national title deeds. It is because that in every continent and in every zone great English communities are growing up and assuming national proportions; strip these away and the Empire becomes of secondary importance, and shorn of most of its glory. To bring these great English-speaking communities together, and give all an equal voice in the Empire and make every one of them willing contributaries to its resources would strike an ordinary person as the greatest thing which the British people could do, a scheme so vast and magnificent in conception that all other state craft would seem paltry and common place beside it.

But, frankly, this is just what the people of the British Islands at this moment would not do. I spent nearly three months in England last summer with occasional visits to Scotland and Ireland. I met leading men in the political, literary, and social world; I exchanged ideas with colonial representatives in London, but I did not find a responsible man in England who would regard as practicable or possible a proposition that Canada and Australia should have representation according to numbers in the Imperial Parliament, and be allowed to have a share in the administration of national affairs. It is not too much to say that no people on the globe are more jealous of outside interference in their national affairs. Nor is it intended as a reproach when the declaration is made that the English, above all races, have the most absolute confidence in their ability to work out their own destiny unaided. Perhaps this very quality has been among the most potent causes of their wonderful success as a race and a nation.

I had the pleasure of addressing some large gatherings in both London and the country sections of England, and I always mentioned with enthusiasm the fact that if the Empire should be pressed by foreign nations for every man belonging to the British Islands who could be called to the defence, another equal to him in strength and courage would come from the great English Colonies the world over to shoulder a rifle and stand by his side. This statement was always warmly and politely applauded, but I knew perfectly well that not a man who heard me ever dreamed that such aid was necessary, or that Britain would not be able to take care of herself without any such assistance.

Quite frequently, while in London, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. George N. Parkin, who has recently accepted a most important post in Canada. He devoted his entire energies for some years in stirring up interest in this great question in England and Scotland. He did a great deal of good for which Canadians should be duly appreciative; but I feel confident that, with exceptional opportunities of forming an intelligent judgment on the question, he will not controvert my opinion that the chief difficulty in the way of Imperial unity is to be found in England.

Let me not be misunderstood. The sentiment in favour of cultivating the colonies has enormously grown of late years. The "Little England" party is falling off, and the "Greater Britain" party is gaining ground. It is quite fashionable now in London to talk of Imperial unity in glowing and abstract terms. But it is the concrete and definite which kills. They would like to make the colonies friendly and

loyal; they would be willing to give them a chance to serve in the army and navy; they would like to do anything to make them feel pleasant, happy, and comfortable. But there is no serious intention of giving them representatives in Parliament, or seats in the Imperial Cabinet.

To bring the subject to a definite basis. Suppose, acting on Dr. Grant's advice, the Parliament of Canada should adopt a resolution agreeing to the fullest extent to the policy of Imperial Federation, and offering to accept a proportionate share of the expenses of the Imperial service on condition that she should have proportional representation in the British Parliament and Cabinet; would that be accepted by the Imperial Government? My best judgment is that it would not. What does Dr. Grant say?

If I am right in this why waste energy on a vigorous propaganda here? Would it not be more practical to send missionaries to England to convert the people and public men there? When I am assured that a generous reception will await an overture in Britain, then I shall be ready to gravely weigh Dr. Grant's mighty propositions.

Halifax, Dec. 9th, 1895.

J. W. LONGLEY.

### The Legend of Point Manitou.

IN the wilds of the North lies the Lake of Warpaint—O-Noméning. Far it stretches between beautiful hills clothed with the absolutely perfect forest, where the dark, clustered spires of the evergreens, rising like solemn cathedrals amid the leafy seas of hardwood foliage, cast a profound aspect of mystery and peace. Between it and the Pole there is no habitation of man. There go forward only the silent lives of the creatures of God.

A large-built, red-bearded descendant of the Norsemen, in a white flannel yachting-suit and English drawl, went there one week in summer.

Rising earlier in the morning than was his wont, and looking out from the upper window of the last settler's dwelling in the wilds, he saw nothing at first, beyond a hundred yards, except a blue-gray pall of mist. As his glance ranged along it, a bright gleam caught his eyes. In one place the sun had broken the gray pall and revealed, as in a mirror framed by white edges, the headland of a noble cape, whose long lines could be discerned darkly through the cloud. Around the head of the cape the whiteness of the broken mist was dazzling. It glorified the revealed fragment of rocks and pines and gave the cape a majesty as of a vision. This was Point Manitou.

That night, in the mountains, far away from the settlements, camped upon a neck of land between twin lakes of marvellous beauty, the camper and two friends who were with him, covered themselves for sleep, while on the door end of the tent the firelight made quick-moving shadows. The little dog Cheegwis, prowling around, also silhouetted his shadow on it. At the feet of the hunters, the Indian guides lay, just drawing their coarse blanket around their heads. The red-bearded Norseman addressed one:—

"Canard Blanc, why is the cape called Point Manitou?"

The Indian drew the blanket from his head and sat up.

"We others call it the Point of the Windigo," he answered in broken French.

A Windigo! The Norseman was a member of the Folklore Club. He glanced keenly at the Indian, whose faded clothes, his felt hat, his lumberman's oaths, of the day journey, it seemed after all were but a superficial European veneer. Externally an ashen-faced, miserable peasant, there had suddenly been roused to view the child of Nature, the heir of romance. How many thousand years was it since these people came over the Pacific from Asia, from the fringes of hoary and picturesque civilizations?

"In the times before the Catholics, proceeded the Algonquin, "as I have heard from my father, who heard it from the old men, there was a race of Windigoes in these parts, who ate the Algonquins. They were not men but like men in appearance, only twice as tall as the tallest men—twice as tall as thee and large in proportion. They were very black, fearfully strong, fearfully fierce, fearfully swift of foot, and able to see in the night, and their whole business was to roam, roam, roam without resting, up and down the woods by day, and by night for, Algonquins to live upon, whom they ate. There are none now, for since the people became Catholics the Windigoes lost their power over them,

and, as for me, it is my belief that they have all died of hunger in the woods, for want of Algonquins to eat. At any rate we do not hear of any of them living any more. They belong to the time past."

His solemnity and eagerness, and the piercing blackness of his wide-open eyes, with which the Canard Blanc stated his conviction were carefully noted by the party, who had all risen and were sitting up to listen.

A crash in the forest—one of the many mysterious sounds of night—startled their ears, but did not disturb the Indian nor tempt Cheegwis to bark.

"In those days this region was, as now, the hunting ground of the Algonquins and our people were often scattered, seeking game. There was a man who was hunting alone up by Lake Kiamika, in the West, when he saw the track of a Windigo on the shore of the lake at the break of day. He knew it by its great footprint and was afraid, for who could escape a Windigo? When you saw the track of one you were doomed: it was certain to catch you alone in the deep woods within a year. The Algonquin at once determined to try to escape by going to the Lake of Warpaint where he knew that some of our people were assembled, having come up to get paint for the war with the Iroquois; and he lost not a moment in taking his canoe on his head to make the first portage.

"No sooner had he got a little into the woods than he saw another track of the Windigo, fresh, turned towards him, and then he knew it had scented him during the night and was out seeking him. He saw, close by, the ashes of its fire, made of four pine trees, where it had warmed itself. He was afraid, but was a brave man and knew how to save himself if there was a way; besides he was the swiftest runner among the nation. So, with his canoe on his head, he ran across the rest of the portage like a deer that has heard a wolf. His arrows and hatchet were no use against the Windigo.

"At the end of that portage there was a little lake, quite long and narrow, covered with waterlily leaves, and the crossing was the narrow way, and a swamp was at each end. It was very silent—not a bird, not a deer, not a wild duck, only a muskrat, nibbling the water grasses, flopped under the water. Only a fishhawk whistled above him. Only a stick broke in the forest, about the length of tree behind him, and by a glance over his shoulder he saw the Windigo. It was creeping up to him as swiftly as a dog runs. At first you might have taken it for a great black tree, its body was of that size and tallness and its arms stretched out; moonlight came out of its eyes. The Algonquin leaped into his canoe and began the death-chant, but pushed the paddle with all his force. Now, Windigoes having no canoes were unable to go on the water, so this one immediately began running around the shore of the lake to catch the man on the other side. The Algonquin, alone on the little lake, paddling for his life, heard the crashing of the bushes as the spirit ran around. The lake was so narrow that as he paddled across he saw the length of it gave him some chance; besides there was the swamp the Windigo had to cross at the lower end. The portage from there was very long to the next lake, and a dangerous rapid of over half a mile which no man had ever passed fell beside it. The Algonquin ran for his life, but when about half the portage was passed he knew by the loud crashing of the forest that the Windigo was close behind. So he cried, "Shall I die by the rapid, or die by Windigo?" and jumping down to the shore with one leap, pushed his canoe into the rapids, singing the death-chant, the Windigo crashing along on the shore keeping pace with him, expecting every moment to pick up his body and eat it. However, he did not succeed, owing to the skill of the man, who got through safely after all. Now the next lake was very much more difficult to get around than the other, though larger, for there were four creeks for Windigo to pass. Out of the lower end goes the River of the Algonquin, which has a fall of twenty feet, over which no man had ever before passed alive. There was a portage possible only on the south side, on account of high rocks. The man made all haste to reach the portage as soon as possible. As he made the turn of the river approaching it he saw what he was afraid of—Windigo sitting at the portage landing waiting for him just above the smooth of the fall. Its face was striped with red warpaint, and it gave a terrible shout which could be heard above the shouts of the water. The Algonquin thought himself lost, but he drove his canoe at the middle of the fall, shouting



back, 'I will die by the river, I will not die by you,' and went over singing the song of a warrior. Windigo ran down to the foot of the fall and stretched out his black arm to pick up the body. But the Algonquin was very lucky that time, too. The fall was divided in the middle by a great smooth rock up to nearly the top. So the canoe slipped down it sideways into the white water and by the greatness of that man's skill he was not upset.

"After that he paddled and portaged all the way to the Lake of Warpaint without seeing any more of the Windigo. He knew very well that it would not give him up, but there was a party of people at the lake who were camped beyond the Narrows.

"When he arrived at the lake it was after sunset. By the time he had paddled to the middle night had fallen, a storm rose, the waves beat, and as autumn was well advanced the wind and frost were piercing to the point of death. He was making for the head of the cape, and as he was exhausted it was his intention to land there, leave his canoe in the bushes, and walk down the length of the Point, through the woods, until he came to the Algonquin camp at the Narrows. At that time there was a great pine at the very end of the Point on the height of the precipice, which pine lasted there until a few years ago, and had pictures cut on it of Windigo, and the Algonquin in his canoe. The warrior saw from a distance, as he approached paddling, that there was a fire on the Point under the pine-tree. As he came nearer and nearer he saw some one at the fire. At length as he arrived a little way from the shore, he saw it was the great Windigo who had made the fire, and by its light could see him walking round and round the pine-tree warming himself and waiting for the man to land. To save himself from being eaten the Algonquin had to stay out in the middle of the lake in his canoe all night in the midst of the cold storm. But whoever sees a Windigo must die. The Algonquin soon died. This is why the cape was called Point Windigo and why the pictures were cut on the pine. In the times of the Catholics the name was changed to Point Manitou."

The Canard Blanc, in the abrupt Indian manner, covered his head again with his blanket and lay down to sleep. Another loud crash in the forest sent a shudder through the strangers. They silently dropped back on their couch of spruce-twigs, and the shadow of Cheegwis, taking another prow around the tent, was seen upon the door, distinctly outlined in every hair.

ALCHEMIST.

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### The Tramp's Christmas Eve.\*

"TO hell with Christmas. What's Christmas to me? If you were as cold and hungry as I am, and had no boots, and slept in the station you'd say that too." Such was the growl which an elderly-looking, half-starved tramp uttered as he walked up the street on Christmas Eve. The words were muttered to himself because he was alone, but he meant them for the crowd. He saw all the people whom he passed smiling and happy. The shops as usual were all lit up, and there were all the bustle and hurry which characterize that festive season visible in their bright faces. Young laughter rang out in the frosty air, and above all in the sky twinkled the bright stars as brightly as if they were intended to add to the illumination. The tramp was a pretty seedy specimen. He wore a coat which once had been fairly decent. He had no overcoat. His hat was shocking and his boots had holes. As he walked along he shivered every now and then, and it was plain he moved with pain. At first glance he was not different to the ordinary specimens of his tribe. A second examination would have shown that perhaps in some bygone day he had been something better. His face had not quite lost its expression of respectability. If a ruffian, he was not a truculent ruffian—he was a very unpic-

turesque one at all events. The passers-by, if they thought it worth while to be curious, said, "Poor devil," and then forgot all about him. The big constable at the crossing of the streets kept him in sight as a natural foe. So altogether the man might be excused for not feeling exactly in a frame of mind suited to the season. When he uttered the words above quoted it was fairly early in the evening. He felt in his pocket for the hundredth time to see he had not lost a ten cent piece he had found earlier in the evening. When he saw it he stooped and picked it up as a hawk would a chicken. He had also in his pocket a meal ticket or two received from the secretary of his national society, so he was sure of a meal and a bed. Ugh! such a bed! His soul sickened when he thought of what he had to face. What should he do? How could he escape it? He and misery had been for long companions, but this evening when everybody seemed so jolly his wretchedness came home to him more than usual. He turned and went back down the street. It led to a black and turbid river, over which it crossed by a bridge. He reached it. The bridge was all lit up on both sides, and crowds were crossing and recrossing. The tramp stopped in the middle, looked over the parapet, and saw below the dark river with blocks of half frozen slush and ice sluggishly floating down. He shuddered, looked back at the bridge with its brilliant lamps and its moving throngs of passengers. The contrast seemed to paralyze his movement. "Too soon," he muttered, and turned up the street again. As he looked up the street he had come down and saw the long line of illumination his heart failed him. He turned off into a quieter road and plodded on. Soon he came into a region where the lights shone through the window. Door bells were being rung and parcels being delivered. Every now and then a burst of music came either through a half-opened door or through the closed and curtained windows. Suddenly he stops. "What is that? My God, that is the very tune." He puts his fingers in his ears and hastens on. The evening gets colder, the wind is getting up, the stars commence to be clouded over, and specks of snow shine in the rarer gas lights. "It is too cold here, let me get back to the crowd." He turns once more and by another road finds his way back to the street where we first saw him. He passes a stand where they sell hot coffee. He has resisted bar-rooms and taverns. From long experience he knows how short a time hot whisky or grog keeps you hot. But hot coffee is different, and he buys a cup which he pays for out of his ten cent piece. Lingeringly he drinks it and he gets his change. Now he knows his bed is out of the question, but the coffee has warmed him up. The coffee woman being poor herself has taken a quiet stock of her customer, and saying to herself, "Its Christmas Eve," not only gives him a good extra mug full but adds out of her own good heart a chunk of bread. Slowly he drinks and slowly he eats, but too soon it is done. He puts down the cup and slinks away. The other customers and the coffee woman exchange significant looks, and then they too think no more about him. When he comes back to the main street he looks in at the shop windows. The jewellers make a grand display. He sees within his reach, if he could get at them, the means of warmth and food and rest, but they are not for him. The constable sees the expression of his face and "Move on, now" keeps him going. With aimless steps and spiritless movement he loiters along. All of a sudden he turns down a side street where he knows he can find a "dive" where he can get a drink. This time he is going to take spirits and he gets them. When he goes in it is into an atmosphere reeking with smoke and foul language. He gets one drink, then another, and his money is gone. He comes out into the night air and the poison he has taken acts on an enfeebled mind. He seems to himself to see strange visions. He sees a boy at school, a gentle, patient mother; she disappears, the boy is a man. What was the tune he heard? Where was it he used to hear it long ago? It comes back to him. A young girl sitting on the door-step singing it with careless glee. Where is she to-night? Faces come and go before him. They seem to be calling him on. One of them has a cold scheming underhand expression. He knows it well. That was the man who ruined him, and has brought him where he is. Now he seems again to call him and to mock him as he mocked him long ago. "D— you, I will make you stop." He grasps at him. Where is he? What is this he has hold of? It is the railing of the bridge. One look around and he sees the crowds have gone; the lamps are flickering in the wind;

\* This record has been furnished by one of the Tramp fraternity. It is founded on facts known to the writer and communicated to the editor. If the tone of the contribution appears to be too morbid, or for any reason unsuited to a time when among ordinary people peace and happiness reign supreme, our readers may for that very reason be led to an acquaintance with the sorrows of a terribly large proportion of their fellows who are not ordinary people, and who feel their troubles all the more keenly because they see more clearly than usual at such a season what they have lost and what they are hopeless of regaining. Optimism where it ignores the gospel of despair may be pushed too far.

nobody is near ; he looks to heaven ; the stars have veiled their faces ; a leap on to the parapet followed by a plunge into the icy stream and this was the end of the Trump's Christmas Eve.

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### The Socialism of To-day.—III.\*

LET us now turn to the present system. It is best summed up in the words of the author of "The Social Horizon": "The drudgery of commerce needs no individuality." The relation of Capital to Labour does not admit of individuality. The profits of Capital increase without regard to the rights of Labour. There is, broadly speaking, but one freedom, that of the Capitalist. No matter how great the over-production, the surplus is sent to waste rather than that the market price should materially lessen. An abnormal surplus of supply produces stoppage of work. In its struggle to live in these times of enforced idleness and indirectly to reform the market for the employee, Labour almost exhausts itself. Capital plays the fox to the goat. Occasionally, too, an apologist will remark that Labour fares better now than ever it did. That, of course, is not true. The golden age of Labour was long ago. The best "hands," we are told, are those most like automatic attachments to the machines. "Merrie England" gives a graphic description of the process of deterioration.

In Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution," the picture is given a still more gloomy overcast. The argument turns largely upon the inheritability of acquired characteristics. "But if," says Mr. Kidd, "as the writer believes, the views of the Weisman party are, in the main, correct ; if there can be no progress except by the accumulation of congenital variations above the average, to the exclusion of others below it ; if, without the constant stress of selection which this involves, the tendency of every higher form of life is actually retrograde : there is the whole human race caught in the toils of that struggle and rivalry of life which has been in progress from the beginning. Then, also, must all the phenomena of human life, industrial, political, social and religious, be considered as aspects of this cosmic process, capable of being studied and understood by Science, only in their relations thereto." But one cannot help thinking that even if we should have to grant that "the rivalry of existence must continue immutable and inevitable to the end," the immutability is only in the tendency. A stand against the inevitable tendency will never produce the ideal state of peace it is true "when the antagonism of the individual and the social organism" shall become extinguished. Yet it is a position of static neutrality which will, to borrow an expression of Mr. Kidd's, humanize its conditions. This all, however, supposes the worst side of this great controversy. And, upon the other side, appears no less a champion than Herbert Spencer himself. "These evidences," he says (Weismanism once more), "furnished by independent observers, unite in showing, firstly : that all the multiplying cells of the developing embryo are alike ; and, secondly, that the soma-cells of the adult severally retain, in a latent form, all the powers of the original embryo-cell." "If these facts do not disprove absolutely Prof. Weisman's hypothesis, we may wonderingly ask what facts would disprove it?" Afd, again, he says : "All that evidence collected by Mr. Darwin and others, and regarded by them as proof of the inheritance of acquired characters, which was cavalierly set aside on the strength of this alleged process of panmixia is reinstated. . . . And if Weismanism be untrue, the conclusions Mr. Kidd draws must be, in a large measure, erroneous, and may prove mischievous." Much more likely than Prof. Weisman's contention, if we are to go by evidence, is the contention that "the effects of use and disuse are transmitted by inheritance." So true does this appear that we observe continually that nature conduces to the transmission of even new mental characteristics by the transmission of new and acquired physical characteristics. Dispositions plainly modifiable by effort and plainly inherited predispose the offspring to the mental attitudes of the progenitors. In fact, to be brief, the preponderance of both scientific and casual evidence is to the conclusion that it is possible, by well-directed effort, to make the struggle for life less and less acute.

The history of Socialism in general is marked by great

\*To be concluded in our next issue.

names and by great literary works, as well as by popular revolutions. Richard Owen, in the early part of this century, saw the effect of moral education and a "wise appreciation of natural laws." He was the first crusader in England of the modern movement. Proudhon, the author of the celebrated saying that "property is theft," was the critical philosopher of the new movement and finally gave utterance to the significant statement that "mutual goodwill and neighbourly affection will have to replace the permanent warfare between man and man." This reminds us of Christian Socialism. The literature leading up to modern socialism comprises some of the most famous works in history ; Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, Bacon's New Atlantis, the Campanello, the Basiliade prior to 1789, and Icoria to 1848. The old grades of society were abolished by the French revolution of 1789, leaving men, as they thought, equal and free. But this, we see, was a mistake on their part.

In English manors, in early times, even the poorest and most servile took part in the manorial court and in the parish court or vestry. Of these Prof. Thorold Rogers says: "These institutions, of which some shadows still survive, preserved, I cannot doubt, those ideas of political and civil liberty from which much has already been developed. . . . The local combination was, no doubt, the original of Parliament." In these, and in the compactness of the towns, was developed the desire for union, which gave birth to Guilds. For centuries these organizations withstood every effort of master employers to lower the condition of the workingman. Though long since abolished, except in name, the Guilds bequeathed their ancient spirit and helping-power to the trade union, an organization not very long since under the ban of the law. So well did these ancient Guilds protect the workmen that in the fifteenth century "the real wages of the peasant were nearly double those which he now receives and the artisan was better off than he now is, both directly as far as wages go, and indirectly as far as the incidents of his calling were considered." (Rogers.)

HAMPDEN BURNHAM.

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### Parisian Affairs.

EVERY person apparently desired to see the remains of Edumas fils interred as rapidly as possible. He declined all religious ceremony by his will, so for the vast majority he lost caste—they turned away from the obsequies. The deceased had no religion save adoration for the theatre, and there he would brook, like the Turk, no rival near his throne. All the same, it was a painful spectacle to see a great man so interred ; not even a speech, a secular adieu. Conveyed from his town house and deposited in the public temporary vault till his sepulchre be definitely prepared. Only his widow and two daughters knelt and prayed a few minutes beside the vault. It seemed bizarre. Then his grave clothes ; a wide pair of pantaloons, a blouse, a black neck handkerchief ; his feet to be left bare as well as his face. But Dumas, during the last twenty years of his life, professed to be a Christian in his writings, that was, perhaps, only one of his many *boutades*, and illogical conduct, though he claimed to be a master logician. And to think that such a man, having tasted all the successes, all the vanities of life, had only one supreme wish when dying, to be buried in a loose pair of breeches and a workman's smock !

Perhaps the most interesting incident of the funeral was that when the cortège wound its way past the statue to his father, on the Place Malesherbes, many a spectator mentally compared the biographies of father and son. But the latter will never have a statute in Paris, nor will even a blind alley be called after him. He poured out the vials of his wrath upon the Communists and Parisians, after Massacre week in May, 1871. This explains why the municipal council declined sending a delegation to the funeral. It is said, they will not place the usual slab on the façade of the house where he was born. The pamphlet he wrote on the occasion was unmeasured in its language, and upon a defeated and misguided party, already well punished by Macmahon. Thirty thousand were estimated to have been mown down. And there was no necessity for Dumas rushing in where angels feared to tread. He never occupied himself with politics. He would have given a few fingers of

his hand to have never written the philippic. Rochefort scarified him for that merciless act. It is well known that the defunct was a natural child, but less known is the fact that he was not legally recognized by his "awful dad" till seven years old. The doctors are still unable to state what was the nature of Dumas' complaint. "Overpressure of the brain," say some; others have other explanations. The best yet given is that by one of the Galens—"a sudden cessation in respiration."

Respecting the Turkish question, the public appears to be, like the six officially-United ambassadors, quite at sea. In France, people confess they know nothing at all about the matter, but hope the powers will keep shoulder to shoulder, and not yield to the Sultan's whims. The maintenance of the unity is the sole means of warding off the but too possible conflagration. The Ottoman empire was born in fire and blood and may well so expire. The strain on all nation's nerves by the attitude of Abdul-Hamid has well nigh reached the snapping point. Persons who know the Levant well, assert that nothing would terrify the oligarchs of the Yildiz Kiosk so much as a good insurrection among the Arabian Mohammedans—who regard the Sultan as a usurper and a kind of heretic. If the prophet only pulled him up at once to paradise, he would confer a boon on Christians. Prudent foreigners commence to send their families out of Stamboul. One political writer, passing as a great gun, thanks the gods that, France and Russia being united, the peace of Europe is secured. We have day dreamers still.

The French at last commence to take in that Madagascar bristles with difficulties, and these have not been lessened by the murder of missionary Johnson and his family. At present Madagascar is like Mahomet's coffin. The French Government intends to revise the treaty of peace, but whether that may turn out a song or a sermon remains to be seen. The prospect is not bright, and the night is not yet far spent. It will be an awkward predicament for the French should general war suddenly break out. Then in the Burma-China affair, their situation is not clear and France must always count with Siam. It is accepted that England is quietly settling her disputes with China, and is expected to astonish the world with her policy of results. In the Far East the Japs appear to be the only happy people; they must be sitting in their gardens counting all their money obtained from China. It is unlikely that Russia will make any move towards Port Arthur till spring; only the Japs go ahead whether wind and weather permit or not. In their leisure moments they are clearing the wild men out of the bush in Formosa. Soon they will be able to announce the country to be so civilized that Cook's excursionists may safely visit the island. If a general war breaks out Japan will be expected to play a decisive rôle in the Chinese seas. The Son of Heaven ought to follow the setting sun of "The Shadow of God on Earth"—the Sultan—and note how effete sovereigns are disposed of.

The special correspondent—just sent out—of a leading Paris journal to Constantinople writes that matters cannot be worse in Asia Minor, and that the tranquility existing is but apparent. As the winter approaches the news as to massacres will be more difficult to ascertain. The Kurd is, for the moment, resting after his murdering and enjoying his loot. The murderers always massacred the fathers and husbands, well-knowing the famine that has now set in would make short work of the wives and children, and which it is accomplishing the anticipated finish. At some places, even for gold, food cannot be obtained. At Trébizonde, a seaport town, five francs will not purchase now what ten sous would have done before the troubles. In the Sassoun all the population is doomed to disappear, so the Sultan is right. Give him time, and quietness will set in. In Syria there is the calm before the storm. The Druses are ready to attack the towns. That means pandemonium.

M. Zola intends to enjoy "a little rest" by writing actualities for the journals. He has just completed one article devoted to the coming "schism" in the Roman Catholic Church. He announces that the Holy Father is unable to struggle against the modern forces that are sweeping away theological creeds and replacing them by a religion of humanity and in harmony with advancing democracy. His Holiness is being driven from concession to concession till he is left alone with dogma. Zola thinks the revolt against the Vatican will commence with the United States.

A kind of hole-and-corner inauguration of a statue, "The meeting of Lafayette and Washington," has just been inaugurated. Parisians displayed no enthusiasm for the gift—from an Americanized Austrian, the proprietor of the New York World. However, statuomania still rages in France. The French are not at all unanimous respecting Lafayette's character; they state had he merited a statue he would have been given it long ago. The history of the rôle of Lafayette in the war of American Independence has yet to be written. Ostensibly, he set out with a few adventurous spirits like himself to make a diversion against England—a step that Louis XVI. felt cost him his throne, as the consequences did later, his head. Lafayette was "financed" by Beaumarchais, who was a trader as well as playwright; he speculated in American tobacco and cotton, and the Americans knew well that while naturally accepting the French help against the pig-headedness of George III. On returning to France Lafayette and his followers brought home the seeds of the rights of man and the sacred right of insurrection. These principles took root and ripened into the revolution where the French monarchy disappeared.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1895.

Z.

### Waking and Sleeping.

Mother! pray do not let me sleep  
For my love is out on the storm-tossed deep!  
Do not let my eye-lids close to-night!  
Turn brighter still that flick'ring light!  
I am weary, and yet I dare not rest  
While the foam rides fierce on the waters' cres  
When asleep I dream, when awake I weep—  
Mother! pray do not let me sleep!  
I fain would sleep if death would find  
A way to loose from the chains that bind  
This soul of mine, and set me free  
To seek that home where the weary be.  
But, when I sleep I seem to see  
Into a world that is strange to me—  
A world where grisly phantoms dwell—  
Shades of a burning, torturing hell—  
I hear the screaming, the dismal crying  
As mortal souls in torment dying—  
I see them stretch their arms to clasp  
My love within their fiendish grasp—  
They scream—he turns his face to me,  
Then sinks beneath that burning sea  
Twice as the waves on yonder deep,  
And then I wake—but wake to weep.

Oh Love! come back to this heart of thine!  
Return with life to this soul of mine!  
Leave me not thus with the years to be,  
Speak to me! Call to me! Comfort me!  
When I sleep I dream, when awake I weep.  
Pray mother, dear, do not let me sleep.

My angel mother, pray let me sleep  
For the storms are hush'd on the restless deep,  
The winds and sea-birds cease their screaming;  
Say, mother dear, can this be dreaming?  
The waters dark have turned to gold,  
The warmth of spring replaced the cold;  
On the further side of the burning sea  
My Love is beckoning, calling me.  
I come! I come! Mother, let me go!  
What is it keeps me, holds me so?  
Quick, let me reach him! God is kind—  
This is no dreaming, wand'ring mind!  
My Love is guiding, leading me  
To the silver strand o'er the golden sea.

ARGYLL SAXBY.

### At Street Corners.

AT the recent military fête in Hamilton there was an interesting collection of curios and relics. They were as a rule, more genuine than most exhibitions of the kind, but some of the articles shown gave considerable scope for skepticism, while in others the good ladies who were in charge had displayed more zeal than accuracy in their descriptive cards. One item on the list was a pair of spurs that had been worn at Waterloo, the wearer of which had had three horses shot under him; and another was a saddle, also from the field of Waterloo. By some mischance, the fact about the three horses was attached to the saddle instead of to the spurs. A visitor was being shown through the room by one of the committee. "This," said the lady, "is a saddle used at Waterloo; and, would you believe it, there were three horses shot under it." "That's funny,"

said the visitor, "how in the world did anyone find time to change his saddle so often that day?" "Good gracious," replied the agitated cicerone, "that ticket should be on the spurs." And the ticket was immediately changed.

The meanest man in town rode into the city on a street car the other day. He tendered a dollar bill to the conductor, asking for twenty-five yellow tickets. The conductor had none, but offered him a quarter's worth of blues. The passenger, who was elaborately dressed in broadcloth, and a silk hat, refused, on the ground that for a quarter he could get only six tickets while, for a dollar, he could make a gain of one. The conductor suggested that the passenger should merely pay his five cent fare, but this was also objected to, and the discussion terminated by the conductor paying the fare from his own pocket.

There is one of the city's economies which is of an ungracious nature, and which always affects us in days of thaw. It is that whereby the principal street crossings are left unswept—a simple matter, but one which means a great deal. Why not allow crossing-sweepers if the Street Commissioner has not funds enough to attend to it? We, of the Street Corners, feel that we pay our taxes and we have a right to clean walking—or as clean as it can be made. Now, on the coming in of a thaw a man ought to be posted at every *principal* crossing. Keep the mud off the crossings and you keep it to a large extent off the pavements. Leave it on the crossings and every pedestrian passenger will take a little of it on his soles and deposit it on the sidewalks. I say the *principal* crossings because these are used by nearly everybody and should be kept clean.

In the old country crossing-sweepers are an institution and nobody grudges a penny to the knight of the broom. If we may believe some of the stories that are told about these crossing-sweepers some of them realize a competency by their industry and civility. A muddy day is to them a god-send and they hail wet weather with cheerful hearts.

I wish the melodious Male Chorus would get a more harmonious and meaningful name. The members of the Toronto Male Chorus sing delightfully, but there is nothing in their title to show that they belong to the human species, is there? I am open to correction, but I never speak of a woman as a "respectable female," and I have heard a male chorus sung in varying tones by dogs. I may be open to the charge of being hypercritical, but I really see no reason why this excellent organization should obtrude its sex, but hide its species.

I am glad to hear that Mr. C. W. Bunting, of the Mail and Empire, is sufficiently recovered to return to Toronto after his sojourn in North Carolina. Many friends will hope that these colder latitudes will not interfere with the work of complete convalescence.

I have been shaken hands with by several candidates who are running for the City Council. They beam upon me effusively, and if only they will let their light shine in the Council as their countenance shines on possible supporters in these waning days of December, the old civic chamber will be illuminated as never before. At the present time of writing it is not clear who are to offer themselves for the Mayor's chair, although it seems to be certain that Alderman Shaw will be in the running and a favourite. He knows the civic business very well and there seems to be reason in allowing him to finish the waterworks revision which he began so well by initiating the visit of Mr. Mansergh, C.E., for the purpose of reporting upon it. Failing this, I should like to see Mr. E. B. Osler come out. He tried once before to obtain the position, but the electors did not know enough to close with his offer. They are better informed now, perhaps, and I feel sure that if Mr. Osler were to come out again a majority of our best citizens would work hard to elect him.

A French newspaper, published in the manufacturing city of Lyons, makes the astounding statements that

"Jabez Balfour, who has been convicted of fraud, is related to Lord Arthur Balfour, leader of the House of Commons, and Duke Salisbury, the Prime Minister, and that on account of his rank, the convict will most likely be imprisoned in the Tower of London, which for many hundreds of years has been reserved as the gaol for breakers of the law among the nobility of England." This appears as a perfectly serious item of news. No wonder France is a gay nation. If the serious papers are as entertaining as this what must the comic ones be? I venture to say that even a Liberator victim could not read the paragraph I have quoted without smiling.

One of the most interesting street corners at the present time is that where Bay and Queen Streets join, and from which a view can be obtained of the new Court House and civic buildings. There are many citizens who do not realize how impressive the edifice is to be which has now for some years been gradually rising there. When completed it will be far and away the finest structure in Toronto, judging only from what one can see in its present state, surrounded as it is by ugly boarding and building material. It will cost a heap of money before it is finished, but it will be a beautiful building, a credit to the city and to its architect, Mr. Lennox.

I am glad to think that Mr. Chiniquy's gratuitous remarks upon the magnificent gift of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hugh Ryan, to the St. Michael's Hospital, do not in any extensive way reflect the opinion of Toronto people. Mr. Chiniquy would apparently deny that there is any beneficent intention in the gift at all. For my part I am glad that we have among us a man large-hearted enough to apply some of his wealth to the relief of his fellow creatures. A man who has the consciousness of having sincerely done this can afford to treat remarks like those alluded to with a becoming calmness and indifference.

DIAGENES.

### Music and the Drama.

MR. ANTHONY STANKOWITCH is a pianist from New York who gave a recital in the hall of the Conservatory of Music one evening last week. I did not hear him. The recital, however, was arranged in the interest of the Virgil Practice Clavier, an instrument containing a piano key board having no tone, but producing clicks instead when the proper touch is applied. I have spoken before in these columns of the mechanical uses of this very ingenious instrument and of its importance in developing an accurate pianistic technic (mechanism) under certain conditions, and of a certain kind. But there are people who run to extremes over every fad, and thus are often led away from the real truth after which they are supposed to be striving. In piano playing, mechanism is one thing; a musical, emotional tone, having richness and beauty, quite another. This latter quality cannot be acquired on any instrument having solely for its object mechanical dexterity. In practising on the clavier one's whole mind is absorbed on technic, supple finger action, the equal development of both sets of muscles controlling the fingers, as well as those of the wrist and arm. The clicks, if properly brought out, ensure and develop evenness of action, the up clicks particularly assist the student in procuring a free, buoyant and prompt release of the key, which, in itself, is a strong incentive to clear playing and rapidity of muscular movement. It is likewise a valuable aid to memorizing, as the clicks sound all the same, the eye has to be particularly acute in discerning whether the right keys are played, and so this creates care and concentration. Now all this deals with external things, excellent in themselves, for technic is and always will be a very desirable, although elusive, commodity. But fortunately music does not end here, a sympathetic appealing tone is of far higher importance, beauty of touch, with a feeling for this lovely human tone with all its expressive emotional charm, should ever be placed before the pupil as an ideal, and if associated with technic from the beginning, will create a desire for this highest conception of the beautiful in sound. The Clavier *will not* and *does not* develop this feeling; tone is not one of its char-

acteristics. Perfection of phrasing, unity of thought as shown in the works of good composers cannot be rightly conceived. Artistic conception, subjectivity with intellectual supervision, is thrown aside for probably a well regulated, calculating mechanism. I have a Clavier, the first one brought in Toronto; it stands in my studio and occasionally I use it myself and also with pupils. So I am not speaking from hearsay or at random, for I have made myself thoroughly familiar with its peculiar advantages. These I have spoken of, and they perhaps, are helps when conditions are favourable; but notwithstanding all this, two-thirds of the practice at least, should be done at the piano, and everything from the simple exercise or scale to the finished piece should be studied with a view to tonal beauty and *nuance*. Tone should not come by chance, for the touch should reveal the tone which the mind feels and dictates. A responsive, accurately adjusted and artistically developed technic is necessary to produce this effect, and both (which makes the artist if the mind is trained musically also) can only be acquired by practising on an instrument of tone (a piano). Beautiful piano playing in its most finished and elevated aspects demands a perfect execution, with a corresponding degree of exquisite tonal beauty. They cannot be separated nor can they (I repeat it again) be developed to such a degree on any instrument void of tone, no matter how ingenious or perfect, as regards machine-like precision.

Miss Ella Butler gave a piano recital at Loretto Abbey, of which institution she is a pupil, on Tuesday evening last, to an appreciative audience. Her programme was a difficult and varied one, consisting of pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein, and several others, and these she gave a spirited and robust performance. She is talented and reflects credit on her teachers, who have been the sisters of the Abbey. The Bach Tocatta was particularly well performed, being neat, clean and rapid. The young ladies who assisted were the Misses Le Bel, Chapin, Shea and Hughes, the latter being an elocutionist of much ability and skill. The singing of the other three was much admired, as they all have unusually beautiful voices, which they use with much refinement of style.

The concert given by the University students who form the Glee Clubs (the Ladies' Glee Club being more recently organized) came off very successfully. The singing was lustily cheered and merited all the applause. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the conductor, succeeded in getting from his choruses very good effects in shading and attack and must be heartily complimented upon the result, for it is not an easy thing to get among students voices of equal value from a musical standpoint. The Banjo Club, under Mr. Smedley's direction, came in for a large share of the applause, although the soloists—Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, of Buffalo, contralto; Mr. H. M. Field, pianist, and Mr. Robinson himself—did not suffer in this respect either. Mrs. Holmes sang with delightful tone and expression, her intonation being very exact and true. The same may be said of Mr. Robinson, whom I never heard sing better. Mr. Field repeated former successes, and played with much technical brilliance. Massey Hall looked very ornamental, being decorated with bunting, etc., representing the colours of the various colleges affiliated with the University.

W. O. FORSYTH.

The remarks made in this column a short time ago in regard to the position occupied by music in our schools would be incomplete without some reference to the manner in which our higher institutions of learning deal with this question. Many of them, especially the colleges for young women, give due prominence to music, but in the institutions designed primarily for the training of young men the art is frequently neglected in all its aspects. This is greatly to be deplored, for it should be borne in mind that the majority of students attend colleges and universities for the sole purpose of obtaining a general education, and not to fit themselves merely for some particular profession. They wish to lay a broad foundation for their future development, special study for any branch of commercial or professional life being usually commenced only after graduation. Surely when such is the case a fair opportunity ought to be given to every student to learn something about music, along with his other studies. "What!" some conservative friend may

exclaim, "demand a certificate that every student has played five-finger exercises for one hundred hours on an approved key-board? Or have compulsory performances of Hungarian Rhapsodies arranged for sixteen hands at four pianos! Or hold an oral examination in sight-singing!" No, not exactly that; at least not until every student of Shakespeare is required to present a certificate of having served a number of nights as supernumerary in an approved theatre, and to recite, in costume, a scene from his favourite play. What is needed, however—in our Provincial university, for instance—is that there should be classes for the study of musical history, theory, and analysis, together with a series of illustrated lectures on the works of the great composers. In writing this, the College of Music affiliated with Toronto University is not being overlooked; but that is an institution designed primarily for those who wish to make a special study of music in lieu of a liberal education. Perhaps the courses here suggested might be given by teachers from the College, but the important point would be the placing of music on the curriculum of the University so that it could be taken, by all who desired, not as extra work but as a part of a regular course for the degree of B.A. In this way it would become possible for a bachelor of arts to have some slight knowledge of at least one of the subjects usually included under the term *art*.

Two books have lately appeared from the press of G. Schirmer, New York, which are of particular interest in connection with this question of music in schools and colleges. The first of these is a small work entitled, "A Popular Method of Sight Singing," by Frank Damrosch. While the author does not claim that he is putting forth an original system, still the arrangement of the subject is new in many points and the method deserves special attention from the fact that it has been used in the People's Singing Classes in New York, classes for sight-singing, the members of which, at the time of joining, do not, as a rule, possess any education in music. The success of the method as applied to the needs of these people is said to have been most gratifying.

"The Structure of Music," by Geo. C. Gow, is a larger work, though not extending over more than two hundred pages. The title is well chosen, for, notwithstanding that a large part of the space is devoted to the study of harmony, the book, on the whole, is far broader than most of the mere text-books on that subject. The first fifty pages, under the heading "Notation," contain nearly all the matter commonly included under "Rudiments of Music," as well as many suggestive paragraphs not usually found in text-books. The remainder of the volume is devoted to the subject of Harmony, the various rules being briefly discussed and being illustrated by many short passages from the works of noted composers. The very large amount of information contained in the book is presented in so condensed a form as to render it unsuited to the use of students who are working without the aid of a master, but when used, as it is intended to be, under the direction of a teacher, it should prove very valuable. It has already been adopted as a text-book in several colleges in the United States, and is worthy of the attention of everyone who is engaged in teaching those branches of music which are discussed in its pages.

The first Quarterly Concert, of the present season, in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was given on the 12th inst., in Association Hall, before an appreciative audience. The number of pupils who participated in the lengthy and exacting programme was so large that detailed comment is impossible. The performance served to demonstrate that the students of the Conservatory are working earnestly to advance themselves in their various departments, some of those who took part displaying abilities of quite an exceptional order. The programme included organ solos by Miss Edith C. Miller, Miss May Hamilton and Miss Birdie Buchan; piano solos by Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman, Miss Lily Dundas, Miss Alice E. B. Bull, and Mr. Napier Durand; vocal solos by Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Edythe Hill, Miss Gertie Black, Miss Katherine Ward, Miss Teresa Tymon and Miss Dora L. McMurtry; an arrangement of Liszt's "Les Preludes," for two pianos, played by Miss Jessie Perry and Miss Mabel Bertram; and a duologue entitled "Marie's Secret," given by Miss Gertrude Trotter and Miss Ida M. Wingfield, pupils of the Conservatory School of Elocution.

C. E. SAUNDERS.



## Art Notes.

IT is rather surprising that Leighton, the painter of languid beauties and gracefully idle athletes, should make his mark as a sculptor with a statue which is about as violent in action as anything that has yet been accomplished in the art. Strange, too, that the man of Grecian ideals should leave the easy gestures of the Parthenon period of sculpture and accomplish a work with the qualities of the comparatively decadent Greco-Roman period.

His "Athlete struggling with a python" has few equals in violence of movement in the domain of sculpture; in fact the famous Laocoon group is the only one which I can recall at this moment (amongst ancient marbles) which has the same amount of contortion and straining of muscle. Even the "Slaves," "David," and "Cupid" of Michel Angelo are reposeful as compared with the twisted figure of Leighton's "Athlete"; and the "Discobolus" and "Fighting Gladiator" are creatures of rhythmic curve in comparison. But the defence of Leighton's statue is the fact that it is successful. It is a perfect expression of the idea which he wished to convey. It represents the effort on the part of a young Greek hero of the games to subdue, by muscular strength alone, the awful power of an enormous serpent. From the standpoint of realism I question the possibility of the incident—that is to say, I doubt if even a Sandow could hold in check for ten seconds the deadly embrace of a twelve foot python. But that is no reason for rejecting a subject which offers possibilities for heroic sculpture; and Leighton has a good precedent in the Laocoon group for portraying a struggle between a man and a serpent, although in the latter work the reptile is gaining the victory.

A visitor to the South Kensington Museum will encounter Leighton's statue in one of the picture rooms upstairs. And he will have the opportunity of comparing it with the works of other masters. Downstairs are to be seen Michel Angelo's "David" (a plaster cast); the same artist's "Cupid" (original marble); Alfred Stevens' original plaster models for the groups which support the Wellington tomb, and other examples of muscular energy in marble, plaster and bronze. The "Athlete" is made in the latter material, and the dramatic intensity of the design is heightened by the deep colour, the shining lights and dull shadows of the material. The natural rich quality of the bronze has been allowed to dominate, for the most part, but here and there the tendency to variety of tint has been somewhat heightened by oxidization, and some pretty greens are the result.

The action of the figure is not unbeautiful in spite of its force. The youth is firmly planted on his feet; the right arm is held out before him, the hand having a deadly grip of the throat (if one can use the term) of the python; and the writhing monster, with one coil round the waist of the hero, and another round a foot is at a disadvantage, because its muscular antagonist has frustrated it in the intention of winding its horrid length around his body.

The President is not often given to sculpture, although his delight in it is sufficiently manifest by the marbles and bronzes in his possession. It was for him that Alfred Gilbert executed his beautiful figure of the hapless Icarus. But the President's work in sculpture is almost confined to the modelling of figures and groups for his large painted compositions, in which the contours of limbs and the disposition of the folds of drapery are all the more accurate and complete for having been carefully elaborated in clay.

E. WYLY GRIER.

There have been an unusual number of small exhibitions of pictures within the last few weeks, held in the various art galleries of Toronto, and that they are appreciated has been shown by the fact that thousands of people have visited them. At Ambrose Kent's galleries some very good pictures are shown, amongst the contributors being Messrs. O'Brien, Reid, Knowles, Fraser, Sherwood, Chaloner, Gagen, and Ede, and Mrs. Dignam.

Mr. F. McGillvry Knowles has a large collection of oil paintings on view at Matthews' art gallery, the subjects being of great variety with every possible effect of light.

At Bain's gallery Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Homer Watson

have a number of oil paintings and water colours, and there are also a great many fine pictures from the French Gallery, Bond Street, London, both in oils and water colours.

It is rumored that Sir W. Van Horne and Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, and Mr. E. B. Osler have kindly consented to lend part of their collections of paintings for the purpose of a loan exhibition to be held shortly in the Toronto Club.

The Art Institute of Chicago has been the scene of a series of exhibitions, greater in number and importance than ever before held there. The exhibition in oils and water colours of the Danish and Glasgow schools was succeeded by the annual exhibition of American paintings and sculpture which closed on the 8th Dec. At present the joint work of the Pallet Club (which is composed entirely of women) and the Art Students' League, is being shown, and comprises sculpture, paintings in oil, miniature water colours, pastels, black and white compositions, pen and ink drawing and pencil sketches.

Mr. William Chase, of New York, is forming a class of art students to spend February, March and April in Madrid, for the purpose of work and study. The party is to sail on the 22nd January by the North German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm III.*, and the fare for the round trip is to be only \$195.13 for each person, to include a return journey by Paris, Havre and Southampton. In '97, after taking another class to Holland, Mr. Chase intends to give up teaching and devote his whole time to painting. His studio in Tenth St. is shortly to be given up, and his collection, which has been the work of years, and comprises not only many valuable pictures, but also tapestries, porcelain, bronzes, and many fine old pieces of furniture, is to be sold by auction.

To-morrow afternoon Mr. Carl Ahrens will have on exhibition at his studio a number of his own paintings. The view will be a private one.

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### This Our Land.

This Canada of ours I celebrate,  
For her dominion is from sea to sea;  
The Promised Land for nations yet to be!  
Coal for their hearth-fires waits 'neath shale and slate;  
The bunch-grass holds in fief the prairies great,  
Their fields for wheat; the sombre lordly tree  
Of their homes croons; the tides of Acadie  
Swing round earth singing to Vancouver's gate;—  
While swift the flying shuttles of the trains  
Weave West to East, and mined copper veins  
Make nerves for thought; the mountains with their grand  
Still patience wait to see the New Race stand,  
With old Norse valour, on her sea-like plains;—  
A brave strong race, earth's sceptre in her hand.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

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### The Future Life.\*

THE subject of man's destiny after death must ever be one of the greatest interest, and this from different points of view. Among believers in the Christian revelation there can, of course, be no question as to a future life. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a question which has been answered conclusively for the Christian by Him who brought life and immortality to light. But even among these there exist many differences of opinion in regard to the future of those who are rejected by Christ.

But this is not all. Outside the boundaries of the Christian Church there are in our own days—probably in all ages—not a few who do not regard the testimony of Christ as final, and who still declare themselves as uncertain whether death is only a temporary sleep or a sleep which knows no waking. And to such persons the question must be one of profound interest, and, one might believe, the doubt on such a subject must sometimes be agonizing. To both of these classes the volume of Dr. Salmond, now before

\* "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality." By Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. Price 14s. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1895.

us, will afford much food for reflection, and if it does not in all points work conviction, it may yet furnish data on which thoughtful men may base their own conclusions. The centre of the book is naturally devoted to the teaching of Christ; whilst the Apostolic teaching comes at the end, as evolving the full meaning of the Master's words; but the first two books, dealing respectively with the ethnic preparation and the Old Testament preparation will be read with much interest.

In the first book the author examines first the ideas of the Lower Races, then, in succession, Indian beliefs, Egyptian beliefs, Babylonian and Assyrian beliefs, Persian beliefs, and Greek beliefs; showing that, whilst, in the present state of our knowledge, we are unable to determine the origin of man's belief in immortality—whether it was a primitive instinct, or an original revelation, or an acquired conviction—"belief in some sort of existence after death is found to be a catholic belief of humanity." This statement is fully illustrated from the recorded beliefs of the nations mentioned above.

An important section of the book is devoted to the Hebrew belief in immortality. It is well known that Bishop Warburton, in his "Divine Legation of Moses," contended that the Hebrew religion had no place for the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. The learned bishop lived in a period in which Christian teachers made rather too much of future rewards. When S. Paul said that the wages of sin is death and the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus, he did not mean that these things came after death, although they lasted on forever. They were present states of men in this life, and if we read the Old Testament with thoughts like these in our minds, we shall be less surprised that there are not more definite references to future rewards and punishments there. The legation of Moses had to do with the government of the Children of Israel in the promised land and with their condition there when they obeyed or disobeyed.

Dr. Salmund treats this part of his subject with great care and moderation. He points out that the idea of immortality was involved in the great fundamental beliefs of the people, and that it was implied in other beliefs. Thus the representation of God as the Living God carried with it the thought emphasized by our Lord, in answering the Sadducees, that He is the God of the living. The thought, again, of man as a creature made in the image of God, carried with it the same idea. Again, the great blessing promised to Israel was Life. "I set before you life and blessing or death and cursing." Was this merely the death of the body? Was it of this only that Balaam thought, when he said: "Let me die the death of the righteous?"

It is quite true that there are desponding utterances in the Book of Job and in the Psalms respecting man's future. But the Book of Job does not represent the faith of the Hebrews; and if there are hours of despondency in which some psalmist can see no light, there are others which are full of hope and glory. And what is the meaning of the calling up of Samuel and of the raising of the dead, if there is no life for man after the death of the body? And what shall we say of the hopes expressed by some of the prophets?

When we come to consider the nature of man's future life and the conditions of different classes of men in the eternal world, we have in these pages a very careful examination of the teaching of our Lord and of the Apostles, together with a thorough discussion of the various theories which have been suggested in explanation of that teaching. Thus, the author deals in what seems to the present writer a very satisfactory manner with the theory of Conditional Immortality—we had almost said the modern theory, when we remembered that Arnobius taught something of the same kind. Dr. Edward White and Prebendary Row have made a good fight for this theory; but Dr. Salmund answers them in a satisfactory manner.

The doctrine of Universalism, which can boast a greater and more venerable history, finds no more favour with Dr. Salmund; there, too, this present writer must agree with him. It seems impossible to accept the teachings of the New Testament in any reasonable manner, and yet hold that "all men shall be saved at the last." When, however, we endeavor to ascertain the actual opinions of our author as to the state of the lost, we are left in some doubt. On one point he is quite decided—perhaps more so than he has

any right to be—"that the moral decision made in the brief opportunity of this life is final." Christ says that the sin against the Holy Ghost is final. He does not say the same of the state at the time of death.

Dr. Salmund tells us that he does not accept the "ideas of punishment which were once current." He means those of Dante's *Inferno* and Dr. Finney's revival sermons. But this is not much of a relief, if there are left to multitudes of human beings sufferings which are no less real. But on these points we can form our own judgments. Dr. Salmund has given us a book full of information, thought and argument, which will help us to judge wisely and rightly on these great subjects.

WILLIAM CLARK.

### Kingsford's History of Canada.\*

I HAVE read all the eight volumes of this history, and—while all of them are good—the eighth is the best. Canada, in her early youth, had two heroic epochs. Maisonneuve, Champlain, La Salle, Frontenac, and a great host of intrepid explorers, missionaries, and martyrs, made the first memorable. This volume deals with the second epoch, and chiefly with the war of 1812-15, when the farmers and backwoodsmen of Canada fought three campaigns and were eager to begin a fourth in defence of their freedom, side by side with British regiments, for the first time in insufficient strength, in consequence of the defeat of Bonaparte, to ensure decisive victory. The question is sometimes asked, Would it not be well that the memories of such a struggle, between people of the same race and speaking the same language, should be forgotten? Dr. Goldwin Smith evidently thinks it would be well. In his excellent "Political History of the United States," while tracing luminously in several pages the influences which brought on the war, and pointing out clearly that the United States were almost wholly responsible for it, he gives barely two sentences to the sacrifices which were cruelly forced upon the people of Upper Canada. Instead of Henry Clay's boast, that the militia of Kentucky would of itself conquer Canada, being fulfilled, "the forces the Republic put forth in the invasion were repelled by a small body of British troops aided, not as appears at the outset zealously, by the local militia, and Michigan was lost. As the war went on the Americans learned discipline, were better led, and were more successful, but Clay's boast remained unfulfilled." Such a description seems, to a Canadian, not only inadequate but unjust. Three successive invasions, made at different points in 1812, by Generals Hull, Van Rensselaer, and Smyth, were hurled back, and the invaders ignominiously defeated at every point. In 1813, the victory at Chryslers was a set off to our defeat at Moraviantown, not to speak of the "crowning victory" of Chateauguay, where the French-Canadians achieved so much honour, though they could have done nothing without the gallant Glengarry militia. In 1814 the last attack on Upper Canada was repelled at the obstinately contested and bloody battle of Lundy's Lane. Of numerous smaller engagements it is unnecessary to speak, but when one thinks of all that was involved in those campaigns, and of the united front shown by our scattered population, by the women as well as by the men, in spite of the efforts of traitors to sow disaffection among them, two members even of the Legislature being reported to the House in 1814 as having "deserted to the enemy," it seems to me that some warmer expressions might have been used by the most judicial writer than the one which I have quoted from Dr. Smith's history. Dr. Kingsford's view with regard to our duty to remember the deeds of our fathers, is the one with which as Canadians, as lovers of truth, and it may be added as friends of the United States, ordinary men will sympathize. He points out in his preface that Canada was attacked simply because it was a portion of the British empire and held to be its most vulnerable part. He has no desire to disinter rusty weapons, but calmly says that, "In whatever light the war may be regarded, it is important that its history should be related with a strict regard to truth, however much that truth may be attended with pain." Nothing is ever gained by forgetting the heroism of the past. Scotland would be worth

\* "The History of Canada." By Wm. Kingsford, LL.D., etc. Vol. VIII. Toronto: Rowse and Hutchison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1895.

nothing as a member of the Empire, or even as a political unit with England, if her people forgot Wallace and Bruce, or even Prestonpans and the march to Derby. It was Walter Scott, who did most to make the welcome of the first King of England who visited Holyrood memorable, who wrote those "Tales of a Grandfather," which to this day stir the blood and fire the imagination of the boys and girls of Scotland. We would think little of the people of the United States, North or South, if either forgot those terrible conflicts of 1861-5, in which their best and bravest laid down their lives in defence of what they believed to be a worthy cause. So the best way to prevent the people of the United States from ever dreaming of repeating the wickedness of 1812, when a President declared war simply because that was the price he had agreed to pay in order to get the nomination, is to show to them and to all the world how impossible it is to subdue a free people fighting on their own soil, even when all the odds are against them. It is well for us to lay the same lesson to heart and as another proof that we are still in earnest we should see to it that the country is kept in a defensible position. The best way of doing that is by properly equipping, drilling, and officering the militia, who are organized for defence not defiance. This should be done, even if absolute assurance were given us that no attack would be made on Canada.

This volume of Dr. Kingsford's can, I trust, be obtained by the public, without the necessity of buying the whole series, to which he has devoted so many years of research. If not it should be published as a distinct work. It contains an accurate and vivid account of our history between 1808 and 1815, and Dr. Kingsford always gives his authorities. That was the critical period of our national existence. It was then decided that Canada should live its own life and grow along the lines of ancient British freedom, rather than according to a constitution struck out of immediate necessities.

G. M. GRANT.

### \* \* \* Some Canadian Birds.\*

SOME seven or eight years ago Mr. Chamberlain published a work on Canadian Birds the title of which, at the moment, we cannot recall, but which, if we remember aright, was a mere descriptive catalogue intended for the scientist rather than for the general reader. It was noticed at the time in these columns in terms of commendation, but the author's modesty does not permit him to mention it on the title page of the little volume now under consideration. The latter, as we are told, is "a book that can be sold at a low price, and that will give accurate information about the habits and distribution of Canadian birds, as well as descriptions of their plumage, and give this information in untechnical terms"; and it has been written in compliance with a demand, coming especially from teachers, for a book "to assist them in interesting their pupils in birds and familiarizing them with the species most frequently met with in country rambles." The task the author set himself to do he has most satisfactorily accomplished. He writes with thorough knowledge and keen appreciation of his subject and a graceful literary touch that makes his work particularly attractive. Mr. Chamberlain controverts the statement, so commonly heard from Old Country people, that we have few song-birds in Canada. "Quite the contrary," he replies. "Canada can fairly boast of more species of song-birds and of more beautiful bird songs than can be heard in England. But our grandest carrillon, the chief chorus of our sylvan voices, is heard in the morning only—the very early morning—at dawn, though a few of our songsters reserve their sweetest strains for that quiet hour when daylight dies"; whereas "English birds are always active, always to be seen and heard."

The illustrations, in black and white, are, with a few exceptions, from drawings made by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, the well-known artist of Toronto.

It is to be hoped that the sale of this excellent little work will be such as to encourage Mr. Chamberlain to speedily prepare another similar series, which he promises to do should the demand for this one so warrant.

\*"Some Canadian Birds: A Brief Account of Some of the Common Birds of Eastern Canada." By Montague Chamberlain. First Series—Birds of Field and Grove. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

### Recent Fiction.\*

THE "Set of Rogues," in Mr. Barrett's entertaining novel of that name, comprises four worthies, Christopher Sutton, John Dawson, the Senor Don Sanchez del Castillo de Castelana, and Moll Dawson. The story purports to be a true account of their conspiracy to obtain possession by fraud of a valuable estate and rich heritage, and is supposed to be narrated by Christopher Sutton, who gives a history of their travels and adventures. Mr. Barrett tells his story in a light, lively style, quite in keeping with the nature of his subject, and the novel proves most delightful reading. The language is quaint and original, its attractiveness being increased by a curious mingling of the present and past tenses. Some of the descriptive passages are very good, especially the account of Elche, that quaint town which, in by-gone days, formed a neutral ground for Spaniards and Moors to barter their merchandise. The character-sketching is well done, particularly in the case of the girl, Moll Dawson, who, in the end, makes a grand atonement for the sin she has committed, and the wrong done to her husband. Don Sanchez is one of the most interesting characters in the book, for he is such a curious compound of haughty pride and of thorough-going rascality. We can heartily recommend this book to all lovers of light fiction.

Captain Marryat's famous sea novel, "Peter Simple," is so well known that any review of it is quite uncalled for, but we venture to say that this new edition by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will materially increase the present demand for the book. It is plainly but attractively bound, and is well illustrated by Mr. J. Ayton Symington. The novels of Captain Marryat have ever had a justly wide-spread circle of readers, and the racy descriptions of naval life contained in them will always keep their interest fresh and unabated. Peter Simple is, it seems to us, this novelist's masterpiece, containing as it does some of the finest bits of character writing which have ever come from his pen. Who can ever tire of the brave, open-hearted Terence O'Brien, the valiant and noble Captain Savage, Mr. Chucks, the boatswain whose life's ambition was to be a gentleman, or the hero himself, who began life as Midshipman Simple, "the fool of the family," and ended life as Lord Privilege.

Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray have collaborated in the writing of a most impressive novel, "The Charlatan." The book is a story of hypnotism, and deals to some extent with theosophy, or rather with the fraudulent methods practised by certain self-styled theosophists. It seems to us, however, that the ruling idea of the book is rather the development of a strange man's character than any exposure of fraud and deceit. As an example of literary art it does not merit any consideration, yet the writers must be commended for the earnest, convincing style in which their book is written. The characterization in the novel forms a striking contrast to the slipshod nature of the narrative and descriptive portions. Miss Arlington is a splendid type of pure womanhood, whose life is ever cast in ideal lines. Madame Obnoskin, the adventuress and pseudo-theosophist, is only too ready to take advantage of the weak and doting old earl. Lord Dewsbury is the perfect picture of a man who, however noble and good, has become terribly narrow-minded under the influence of a ruling passion—in his case, political ambition. Mervyn Darrell, the idle, egotistical, good-for-nothing, shows after all that he is good for something, however small that something may be. Philip Woodville, the Charlatan, who is one of the noblest characters that have ever been introduced into a latter-day novel, shows how out

\*"A Set of Rogues." By Frank Barrett. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

"Peter Simple." By Captain Marryat. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

"The Charlatan." By Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Company.

"A Son of the Plains." By Arthur Paterson. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"The Garden Behind the Moon: A Real Story of the Moon Angel." By Howard Pyle. New York: Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

"The Renegade." By James Chalmers. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

"Two on a Tower." By Thomas Hardy. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

of an evil nature much good may come, under the influence of the love of a noble woman. If only for a study of real self-sacrifice, the truest and most unselfish "The Charlatan" is well worth reading, and will amply repay the time spent in its perusal.

In "A Son of the Plains" Mr. Paterson tells a story of life in the far west, telling all he has to say in a manner superior to that of the majority of writers in this class of fiction. The book teems with exciting episodes, and contains all the essentials usually demanded in a book of this type. There are Indians, road-agents, cow-boys, and all the other necessary components of the ideal western life. The book is written in a breezy, dashing style, some of the scenes being remarkably well done, notably those in connection with the adventure of the stage-coach, and, later, the duel between Nat Worsley and Sandy Rathlee.

Mr. Howard Pyle is one of the best known of American fairy-book writers, and once again he has delved into the inexhaustible riches of fairy-land. This time he has taken the moon for his subject, and has written a most entertaining story for young people in "The Garden Behind the Moon." The story varies a great deal from the usual style of fairy-tales, and contains many a good lesson intertwined with the fairy-land fantasies. The page illustrations maintain Mr. Pyle's reputation as an author-artist, while the volume itself reflects the greatest credit on its publishers.

The action in Mr. Chalmer's novel, "The Renegade," takes place about the end of last century, and the opening scenes are laid around Solway Firth. The central figure in the story is Captain John Paul, better known as Paul Jones, who has figured in so many romantic stories. The novel does not merit any extended notice, although some of the episodes in it are full of thrilling interest, notably the scene at the "Devil's Grid," and the account of the naval battle between the Serapis and the Bonhomme Richard. The book is remarkable for a voluminous use of profane and coarse language, which, however it may be in keeping with the characters making use of it, is entirely out of place in a work presumably intended for the perusal of literary and refined people.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn from "The Renegade" to the next book on our list, Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower." This is a novel which was written with a purpose, the purpose being, as Mr. Hardy himself puts it in the preface to this new edition, an endeavor "to set the emotional history of two infinitesimal lives against the stupendous back-ground of the stellar universe, and to impart to readers the sentiment that of these contrasting magnitudes the smaller might be the greater to them as men." On the first publication of this novel, some thirteen years ago, it was violently assailed, epithets such as "hazardous," "containing improper morals," being applied to it, but we feel that the high aims of the author have overcome these criticisms. The novel seems to have attained its purpose, for it contains a thorough study of emotions and character-development, though it does seem to us that the end of it all should have been different. The character of St. Cleeve Swithin and Lady Viviette Constantine are splendidly drawn, and the novel proves not only interesting but instructive. The scene of the action was suggested to Mr. Hardy by two spots really existing in the part of the country specified (Mid Wessex), each of which has a column standing upon it.

H. A. B.

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## Letters to the Editor.

### REV. DR. JARDINE'S LETTER.

SIR,—I was glad to read the letter from Rev. Dr. Jardine, now of Chicago, in yesterday's WEEK. It is satisfactory so far as the evidence is concerned which he gives in the first paragraph. But do I understand him to imply, in the second paragraph of his letter, that a desire among the people of the States and a governmental policy looking to the extension of their territory *by violence* (for that is what all the articles to which he refers deals with) would be "perfectly right?" From what I know of Dr. Jardine, it seems to be out of the question that he can mean that. Yet that is suggested. Would he kindly explain?

CANADENSIS.

Kingston, Dec. 14, 1895.

### AMERICAN FRIENDLINESS.

SIR,—It is reassuring to be told by Mr. Jardine that there is no unfriendliness to England and Canada in the United States, but in order to set our somewhat disturbed minds entirely at rest, perhaps he would answer the following questions on the subject:

1. Can he display a British flag in the streets of Chicago? and if not, why not?
2. Why do the American papers find it to their advantage to print "tail twisters"?
3. Why is Anglophobia an important factor in American elections?

Some other questions also suggest themselves, but if Mr. Jardine can satisfy us on the above points, perhaps we need not worry so much about the rest.

Mr. Jardine has not chosen a very striking evidence of friendliness to prove his case, when he refers to a vote taken by a Chicago paper on the question of the annexation of Canada to the United States. It would be difficult to imagine a more impudent act of hostility than the deliberate request in time of peace by a public journal for expressions of opinion on the question of acquiring the territory of another power.

A PUZZLED READER.

### CHRISTIANITY'S MILLSTONE.

SIR,—Your last issue contains a criticism of Mr. Goldwin Smith for his article in the North American Review on "Christianity's Millstone."

Will you allow me to say that your position is entirely wrong, and that the article in question will do an immense amount of good. From Mr. Smith on political matters I differ *toto celo*: but for this paper upon the Bible—which paper I hope will be read from the Atlantic to the Pacific—the learned writer deserves, in my opinion, the thanks of fair-minded, intelligent men.

You imply that the time has not yet come for plain speaking. I believe it has more than come, and that the continual attempt to explain away difficulties that cannot be explained away, tends directly to mental dishonesty. It is owing to this unfortunate habit that clergymen are, in general, the most illogical and unfair of all disputants.

The question at issue is not a matter of details or of the manner of inspiration. It is simply whether plain, unequivocal statements in the Bible are correct or not. The great majority of intelligent men know that they are not, and the day has arrived for such men to cease pretending to believe what they do not believe. It will be only a comparatively short time until the Bible in the old sense shall have entirely disappeared. It will then come to be regarded in its true light, as literature—literature in general of a high order, but abounding in errors and presenting a primitive view of God and man.

J. H. LONG.

Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 16th, 1895.

[Our correspondent does not quite understand our position. Much that Mr. Goldwin Smith said was true enough; but it was not applicable. It was a little like Don Quixote at the windmills. The position which he assailed is not one which is defended by Christian theologians in general. Very few now hold the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. Very few ever held it. It is neither an ancient doctrine nor a modern one. It is simply an exaggeration of the doctrine of the Church which has turned up from time to time. Then, again, Dr. Smith seems to imagine that Christians use the Old Testament as a kind of text-book, which is not the case. The Old Testament is a record, and, we believe, a trustworthy record, of the gradual development of Divine Revelation, which culminates in the Incarnation. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that the difficulties of some of the narratives of the Old Testament, taken in their literal sense, had not been thought of before. Doubtless Dr. Smith and Mr. Long are quite aware of the large licence allowed to himself by S. Augustine in the allegorical interpretation of Old Testament history. On one point we have not touched, and here can only touch—the connection between the Fall and the Atonement about which Dr. Smith seems to have no hesitation. The literature on this subject is something portentous; and it would not be fair to expect that even a man of Dr. Smith's œcumenical learning should have mastered it; but we think he should look a little further into it before he pronounces so definitely on the subject. Does the Professor remember what Coleridge said about the Fall? —EDITOR THE WEEK.]

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### Periodicals.

The Christmas Canadian Churchman is arrayed in a cover suitable both to the season and to the nature of the publication. There is an article on "The Church's Christmas Festival." Another paper treats of "Christmas in Africa." A well-written sketch is entitled "Christmas and Christmas Bells," and is of the nature of a reminiscence. Other articles for the season are, "The Holly," "Christmas Day and How to Keep It," and "Peace and Good-Will." The issue contains several Christmas poems, and seems inspired throughout with the spirit of Christmas-tide.

The December number of the Canadian Home Journal comes to us in a bright, inviting cover, and the contents are seasonable and interesting. There is a three column review of Ian Maclaren's latest book, "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne," with a portrait of the author. There are brief sketches of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mme. Klein, and Mrs. Hall Caine. "Fwilight" is the title of a pretty little poem by Faith Fenton. Mr. Hall Caine contributes a story, "Christmas Eve on the Isle of Man." Another Christmas story is written by Madge Merton. The illustrations throughout the magazine are all neatly and artistically executed.

The December number of Temple Bar opens with a liberal installment of Miss Dougall's interesting novel, "The Madonna of a Day." This is followed by a short poem "Upon Cynthia's Fan," and next comes an historical sketch on "English Occupations of Minorca." Mr. I. Hooper contributes a short story "Nathaniel Dixon, Naturalist." There is an interesting article on the various Poet-Laureates of England. The serial story, "Scylla or Charybdis" is concluded. Mr. G. W. Bulman is the author of a brief study, "The Migration of Birds." Mr. Alfred T. Story contributes an article on "William Blake," the poet and artist, who flourished during the last half of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the present one. There is a story "For the Chiltern Hundreds," by Mr. E. W. Abram. "Cats and Their Affections," an original and interesting study by Mr. C. B. Wister, is begun in this number.

The December Cosmopolitan contains an imposing list of contributors well-known in the realm of fiction, including such writers as Robert Louis Stevenson, I. Zangwill, James Lane Allen, Sarah Grand, and "Ouida," all of whom contribute short stories. "A Tragedy of the Great North Road" is one of the fragments left by Mr. Stevenson. "Ouida's" story, "Tonia," is a study of crime induced by poverty. Mr. Zangwill's story is entitled "The Choice of Parents." Sarah Grand is the authoress of a tale called "A Momentary Indiscretion." Mr. Allen's story, "Butterflies," is a serial. The fiction department in this number is thus of unusual interest. The article which opens the magazine is "A Christmas Legend of King Arthur's Country," by Arthur Warren and J. Leon Williams, and is well illustrated. A. C. Wheeler writes "Actresses who have become Peeresses." These are the leading articles in this month's number.

The December number of the Canadian Magazine appears in a new cover, one that is a distinct improvement on the magazine's previous two designs. The contents keep up its reputation, for the majority of the contributed articles are interesting. Dr. Bourinot writes about the Baron de Saint Castin in "A Gentleman-Adventurer of the old Régime." J. H. Long deals with "The First Canadian Christmas." A paper by J. Castell Hopkins, on "Mr. Chamberlain," will no doubt prove of interest to many. Charles G. D. Roberts discusses the Loyalists of the American Revolution. Dr. G. A. Stockwell contributes an entertaining sketch, "A Christmas Deer Hunt in Uruguay." J. M. Lemoine gives a descriptive account of the castle of St. Louis, Quebec. John Ferguson, M.A., M.D., comments vigorously on the teachings of Christian Science. Thomas Swift's story, "Adele Berthier," is concluded. There is a short story by "Kit," entitled "Oh, My Colleen." Poetry is contributed by Charles Gordon Rogers, W. W. Campbell, J. Cawdor Bell, Reginald Gourlay, and others. The book reviews in this number are all well done.

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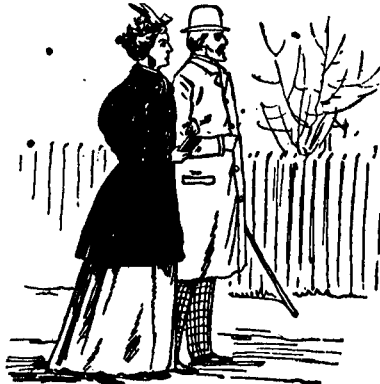
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Mr. Dominick P. Chasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P.E.I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a remarkable, one and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years past, but previous to that time was a strong, healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired to save her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost constant severe pains in her chest



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which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she was troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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## Periodicals.

The December number of St. Nicholas is, as we might expect, replete with Christmas stories for young people. The opening article begins the first of a series of "Letters to Young Friends," by the late lamented Robert Louis Stevenson. Among the illustrations which embellish this article is a capital photograph of the writer Helen F. Greig writes about "Owney, the Post Office Dog," who has been such an extensive traveller over the whole of the United States, even to far away Alaska. There is another dog story in "Bombshell, an Artillery Dog," by Lieut. John C. W. Brooke

A new serial commences in this month's number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. It is styled "A Romance of High Politics," and is entitled "An Uncrowned King" Lady Gregory writes about "Eothen" and the Athenaeum Club." The peasant life of South Russia is described in an article by J. Y. S. Mr. Frederick J. Crowest contributes a paper dealing with Purcell, the English composer, who flourished in the seventeenth century. E. Gerard's serial, "A Foreigner," is concluded in this number. Colonel Henry Knollys discusses "The English Soldier." Another interesting contribution takes the form of a biography of "Mr. Finch." A most entertaining article is that dealing with "Oxford in Fact and Fiction" These are the leading features of the number.

The Bookman, of New York, is as bright and as readable as ever. In the columns of "Chronicle and Comment," with which the number opens, we notice photographs of, and comments upon, such well-known writers as Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Anthony H. Hawkins (Anthony Hope), H. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan), and William Watson, about whose merits as a poet a fierce controversy is intermittently carried on in England. A series of articles on "Living Critics" is begun in this number, the subject of the first one being Mr. Wm. E. Henley. H. T. P. writes about Mr. Charles A. Dana, "the most conspicuous exponent of American journalism to-day." There is a brief paper by Michel Delines, dealing with "The Paralysis of German Literature." "Professor Litzmann," says the writer, "after a long investigation, has come to this rather depressing conclusion: 'The literature of united Germany is neither hot or cold, but dreadfully commonplace and destitute of individuality.'" Jonas Lie, the Norwegian writer, is sketched briefly by William H. Carpenter. Hamilton W. Mabie, in "Books and Culture," gives a short paper on "Personality," as seen in the great books which are "the products of the highest activity of man in the finest moments of his life." There are the usual letters from London and Paris, while a number of Reviews of New Books complete the Bookman.

The December Arena contains the first of a series of papers of "Personal Recollections of America's Seven Great Poets." The article is quite interesting and is illustrated by good reproductions from photographs. There are recollections of Lowell, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant in this paper. Henry Gaullieur, a well-known writer in France, contributes an article on "The Wonder of Hypnotism." Professor Herron's contribution this month deals with "The Opportunity of the Church." Professor T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, argues for the Government obtaining control and proprietorship of the telegraph, while Justice Clark discusses the legal aspect of the telegraph and telephone services. An interesting article in this number is Dr. Rodes Buchanan's paper on "Scientific Theosophy." Helen H. Gardener, writing as usual about the woman question, discusses a recent publication, "The Woman-Suffrage Movement in the United States," a work written by a lawyer. "The Equality of Opportunity" is the title of an article by James L. Cowles. Frank Parson continues to write about "The People's Lamps." The editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, presents a brief "Life of Sir Thomas More." John Davis continues his sketch "Napoleon Bonaparte." There is a short story by Baylis M. Dawson, and a novel, "The Valley Path," by W. A. Dromgoole, is begun in this number.



## Fair and beautiful

—the woman who keeps at a distance the complexion beautifiers, paints and powders, which soon ruin the face. A healthy glow to the skin, a face without wrinkles, and sparkling eyes, will be yours if you keep the system and the special internal organs in good condition. The young girl, or woman, often grows pale, wrinkled and thin, eats little, everything wearies her, she complains of herself as aching and sore and as sleeping poorly. Often she is troubled with backache, or a tender spine, with a bearing-down weight in the abdomen, or at periods she may be irregular, or suffer extreme pain from functional derangements.

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Literary Notes.

"The Tribulations of an Author," that highly amusing article in Life of Dec. 5th, was made up of actual notices of Paul L. Ford's "The Honourable Peter Stirling," a novel which is being much talked of.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's new book, "A Japanese Marriage, which has had an immense run in England, no novel except "Trilby" being more in demand at the libraries, has just been issued in America by Macmillan & Co.

Mrs. Alice C. Fletcher, who has lived among the Indians for some years, depicts a phase of life that has an historical interest and that is fast passing away, in "Tribal Life Among the Omahas," to appear in the January Century.

An interesting little book, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., made up of essays, several of which have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly will be published by Macmillan & Co., in style uniform with Professor Corson's "Aims of Literary Study."

It is thought that the novel entitled "Dona Perfecta, by B. Perez Galdos, having been translated into English by Mrs. Serrano, and published in attractive form by Harper & Brothers, will prove to be one of the noteworthy books of the season.

An entirely new edition of the works of Lord Byron is announced by Macmillan & Co. It will be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and will include, beside the complete poetical works, the letters of Byron, public and private, which with their spirit and ease and charm are usually admitted to be among the best of English letters.

The souvenir number of the Brantford Expositor, which has been received reflects the greatest credit on the publishers. It is splendidly illustrated throughout, and the reading matter is for the most part interesting, particularly so, no doubt, to the regular readers of the paper. We might mention especially Mr. Buckingham's "Recollections of Canadian Statesmen," Mr. W. Houston's article, "George Brown as I Remember Him," and the biographical sketch of "William Lyon Mackenzie."

A new edition is announced by Macmillan & Co. of "The Marvellous Adventures of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.," a work ranking in interest second only to Herodotus, in that fascinating class of books that hover between fact and fiction. Though written nearly six centuries ago, the account of the worthy knight's travels, and especially of his remarkable visits to the Chan of Cathay and Prester John, are as fresh and delightful as ever. The book is illustrated by Mr. Arthur Layard with pictures as naive as the text, and is made gorgeous with a cover of scarlet and gold.

A. T. Quiller Couch, (Q), a very competent critic, publishes in the London Speaker, of Oct. 26th, a very flattering notice of Mr. E. W. Thomson's Old Man Savarin. He says:—"We have had good tales in plenty of the (American Civil) War, and Canada has found a most poetical story teller in Mr. Gilbert Parker. Nevertheless, be they of Canada or the States, Mr. Thomson's stories hold a place of their own by their distinctiveness of fancy and of language. It is a quiet distinctiveness. They never, by any chance, produce that shock of admiration which a volume of Mr. Kipling's, with a sort of insolent triumph, will renew again and again. And on Canadian ground they maintain that idyllic quality which, perhaps because Mr. Parker has such command of it, seems to be the right quality of a Canadian story. But Mr. Thomson's quietness covers a remarkable range of power. He can give you (as in "The Privilege of the Limits") a fine pawky humour; a sombre and tragical pathos (as in "Great Godfrey's Lament"); a pathos more acute and feminine (as in "The Shining Cross of Rigand"); and, (in "The Ride by Night,") good galloping narrative that stirs the blood like a ballad. Indeed, of its class, I know nothing so good as this last mentioned story. I may say, at least, quite confidently that it is one of the best rides in fiction, poetry or prose.

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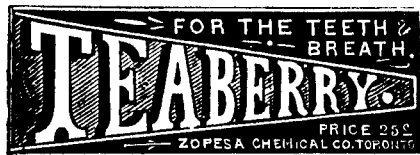
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The publishers of the Montreal Gazette have started a new era in the issue of city weeklies. The price of the weekly edition of the Gazette has been reduced to fifty cents a year.

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The following comments are given in a morning journal. The principles set forth are well worthy of the consideration of the merchant classes:—

"At this season of the year the social, political and commercial interests of this country are more discussed than at any other time. Every elector just now is taking into his serious consideration the election of fit and proper men who will guide the interests of county, town or city to successful issues. At present, in political circles, the all-important questions are remedial legislation and the trade question. Social events and political questions are of secondary importance to agricultural and commercial interests. The country is pre-eminently an agricultural, mining and commercial one and therefore the people should give the closest attention to encouraging the developing of their magnificent agricultural resources, advertising the wealth of the mineral deposits and supporting the most reliable and trustworthy business men in their business pursuits. Canada may have eloquent theologians, eminent lawyers, skilful doctors, and renowned politicians, but without honest, upright, and progressive merchants it cannot succeed. How careful, therefore, should commercial transactions be made to keep above reproach. Toronto, "the Queen City of Canada," having its commercial foundation laid by business men of undoubted ability and unquestionable integrity, to-day stands second to none in the money markets of the world.

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- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, Traders Bank Building, 63 Yonge Street.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.  
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- Bookbinders** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.
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R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
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The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
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- Teas** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
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