

# THE WEEK

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# THE WEEK.

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

### CURRENT TOPICS.

We have before expressed the hope that Canadian politics have passed the lowest point of trickery and corruption, and that henceforth more honourable methods are to prevail. We confess, however, that the indications are not all so favourable as we should like to see them. It is rather discouraging that the Government and its supporters have no better defence to offer against the charge of "gerrymandering" than the *tu quoque* retort to the effect that the opposite party also resort to bribery. The statement that the former Liberal party was corrupt, whether true or not, is a poor refutation of a very serious charge brought against the present Government. We had hoped to hear either an indignant

denial that any gerrymandering had been done, or a distinct declaration of immediate reform. The fact is that to admit even tacitly the existence of such unfairness in the last redistribution as that charged is to destroy the whole force of the argument drawn from the alleged repeated approval of the Government's policy by the people at the polls. It would also be equally effective in reply to the Finance Minister's declaration that the representation of the Opposition with reference to the robbery effected by the N. P. cannot be true, because the people of Canada are free men and women, and slaves to no party.

If it be true, as now reported from Ottawa, that the Government has decided to submit the French treaty for ratification by Parliament, it is evident that its assailants, coming from various points of the compass, will give those set up to defend it some uncomfortable half-hours. It seems impossible that the Finance Minister, who should naturally take charge of the treaty during its passage through the House, can display much enthusiasm in its support. Neither the House nor the public will have so soon forgotten his attitude towards it last session. It is very unlikely that there is any truth in the rumour that it is the intention of the Government to propitiate Sir Charles Tupper, negotiator of the treaty, and avoid offending French susceptibilities, by having the treaty ratified by the Commons, only to be thrown out by the Senators. A precedent might be found for such a proceeding in the well known case of the rejection of the Liberal Government's British Columbia railway bill by the Upper House, after it had passed the Commons. We do not remember that there was any suspicion of collusion between the Government and the Senate, in that case, although Premier Mackenzie's evident readiness to accept the Senate's decision as final, against an expenditure which he was very loth to make, was somewhat too apparent. We do not look for any such display or real or assumed independence by the Senate in the matter of the treaty, but we shall be surprised if even the Government's influence be not pretty well strained before the treaty can be made satisfactory to the Commons.

It is now clear, as we felt certain the event would prove, that the sensational reports of difficulties between the British and American Governments in regard to the adoption of measures for carrying into

effect the provisions of the Paris award, were without any substantial basis. The necessary legislation is now proceeding simultaneously at Westminster and at Washington, and, from present prospects it is likely to be completed in Parliament quite as soon as in Congress. More could hardly be expected. It is not unlikely, in view of the fact that the regulations will bear hardly upon the Canadian industry, that the Ottawa Government may have made representations to the Imperial Government with a view to having the laws for carrying out those regulations made as lenient as possible. There is too much reason to fear that at the best the enforcement of the regulations will prove fatal to the Canadian sealing industry. This season's operations will probably decide that question. Meanwhile, in view of what is known concerning the legislation now being enacted by both parties, there may be too much reason for the apprehensions of the *Morning Post*, lest these should lead to future friction. The authorizing the ships of either nation to seize those of the other seems a ticklish business, and the commanders on both sides will need to proceed with great caution. A little jingoism on either part might lead to serious complications.

Lord Rosebery's complaint of the disadvantage under which a peer is placed in being ineligible for the House of Commons was largely discounted as the saying of a Radical leader. A different face is put upon the matter when the same complaint is made by Conservative peers. It is announced that three Conservative members of the Commons, who are in daily dread of becoming peers, are preparing a bill to provide that any member of the Commons who may fall heir to a peerage shall have the option of remaining in the House, if a member of that body at the time of his succession to the peerage, and if not, of offering himself as a candidate for election to that House, in preference to taking his seat in the Lords. It seems only fair and reasonable that such option should be given to men of ability and ambition, who may have already begun to distinguish themselves, but whose careers would be cut short by their entrance into the Upper Chamber. The best interests of the nation, too, demand that no obstacle be placed in the way of the natural selection of the best political talent available from any quarter for the public service. Whatever truth there may be in the commonly received maxims about the degeneracy of the scions of the aristocracy,

it has been and is being amply demonstrated that there are, to say the least, many marked exceptions among the young nobility of England. On the other hand, it is evident that the Upper House would soon be impoverished beyond hope by the desertion of its ablest men in order to make careers for themselves in the popular chamber. But when the hereditary Chamber is not only assailed by the Radicals, but deserted by prospective Lords, it is evident that serious changes of some kind in respect to it are near at hand.

If it be true, as reported, that of about one hundred candidates who wrote at the recent civil service examinations in Montreal, not less than one-third were personators, hired to represent members of the Ottawa civil service writing for promotion, the fact is humiliating in the extreme to every honest Canadian. Dismissal from the service, as well as the full penalty of the law, should be firmly visited upon the culprit in every case in which the attempted fraud can be proved. The man who could be deliberately guilty of such an attempt is unfit for any position of trust. Whether the fraudulent design is the result of want of moral principle, or merely of want of moral training, the guilty persons are quite unfit to be trusted in the public service. And what shall be said of the students and others who could, for a paltry money bribe, make themselves parties to such a transaction? Where was the high sense of honour which ought to be a religion in the breast of every college student? The crime of the personator is not a whit less gross and culpable than that of his employer, unless some allowance should be made for the fact that the one is the tempter, the other the tempted. But the latter must be held responsible for a higher intelligence and a better moral training, if the colleges are doing their proper work. A vigorous effort should be made to stamp out this tendency to dishonest trickery, before it saps the foundations of the national character, and makes the name Canadian a by-word. We can hardly blame foreigners if they take members of the civil service and students of colleges as at least fair representatives of the best types of Canadian character. We are glad to believe that those implicated in this case are very far from being such.

Is it the legitimate function of the newspaper simply to cater to the tastes of the majority of its readers, supplying what is found, by the crucial test of the subscription list, to be in largest demand, or has it a responsibility in the matter of educating and elevating the popular taste? The reply to such a question should be easy. It may be perfectly allowable for the purveyor of journalistic literature to meet to the best of his ability the popular demand, so long as in supplying that demand he is not called on to furnish anything hurtful to

mind or character. But it cannot be morally lawful for the journalist, any more than for any other citizen, to furnish for gain any commodity that is pernicious in its effects. The question is pressed upon our attention just now by the receipt of a circular from a Committee of "Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends," containing a report of the doings of this committee during the last year, in the interests of a purer literature for the home, which is the special object for which the committee exists. There is good reason to hope that a gradual change for the better is taking place in the leading journals of both the United States and Canada, though when we remember that most of the great dailies, on both sides of the line, will still give columns to an account of a brutal prize fight, it is obvious that there is yet too much room for improvement. The object of this influential committee of lady Friends is a most worthy one, and we wish them great success in their efforts to induce the journalists to throw aside "advertisements which point to gilded crime, details of most unholy acts, personal and pictorial notices which are incentives to the violation of the higher law" and to give their space to better things, thus producing a "pure, unsullied sheet for every home." The influence of such journals in forming the character of the people is incalculable, and the responsibility of those who produce them correspondingly great.

The new leaders of British Liberalism are no doubt politically wise in determining to separate their one-man-one-vote measure from their registration and simultaneous-polling bills. Both the latter reforms have so much to recommend them, and are open to so little objection on general principles, that the Opposition, especially the Liberal-Unionists, will probably hesitate to give them a very determined opposition. To so oppose them would be but to play into the hands of the Government, by giving them an additional grievance to carry before the national tribunal. The same consideration can scarcely fail to have a good deal of weight with the Lords also. On the other hand, the direct abolition of plural voting, however just in itself, is so closely connected with the other and equally necessary reform known in political parlance as the "one-vote-one-value" measure, that the attempt to accomplish the one would be sure to lead to the introduction of the other. It is not easy to see how any honest Liberal could support the one and refuse to support the other. If it is contrary to the spirit of modern popular self-government that one citizen should have several votes while his neighbor has only one, simply because the former happens to have property in several constituencies, while the other has none save in the one place, it is equally contrary to that spirit that a few thousand citizens in one place

should have the same influence in parliament as twice or four times their number in another. Of course the simultaneous polling, if adopted, will have the effect of reducing the plural voting to the minimum, even should the one-man-one-vote bill fail to be carried through. But it seems none the less true that it would redound to the honour of the Government and its party, if they would resolve to do the right regardless of consequences, and place side by side with the last named bill, one for a fair and, so far as practicable, equal re-distribution of the constituencies.

Mr. Charlton is again to the fore with his bills for promoting public morality in different directions. With that designed to enforce a better observance of the Sabbath we may deal hereafter, when we have learned its exact provisions, and the grounds upon which their passage is advocated. While we have strong convictions with regard to the value and necessity of a hebdomadal rest-day, as a means of promoting the physical and social, as well as the moral, well-being of the nation, we are quite unable to regard it as any part of the duty of the State to enforce the observance of such a day on religious grounds. But it has always seemed to us a pity and a shame that either artists and their patrons, or churches of any denomination, should claim exemption from the operation of a law designed to prevent the vice of gambling, or the formation of the gambling habit. True art should be the handmaid of a lofty morality and should in its own sphere, as the Church in its, aim at helping in the formation of the highest types of individual and national character. They dishonour themselves, or rather they are dishonoured by their representatives, when they claim permission to do that which is forbidden to others. We, therefore, earnestly hope for Mr. Charlton's success in his renewed effort to have these most indefensible exceptions to the application of a good law done away with, and this standing reproach wiped away from these two classes of citizens. No end can sanctify a wrong means, either in art or in religion.

It is a hackneyed saying, often uttered as if it were a truism, that men cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament. As we have more than once had occasion to point out, if the saw were indeed a self-evident or demonstrable truth, the occupation of parliaments would be to a large extent gone, for much of their time is spent in enacting laws designed to make men moral, or to deter them from the commission of immoral acts, which amounts to exactly the same thing. Not only so, but parliaments find it necessary to pass very stringent laws to promote morality among their own members, as witness the Canadian Act for preserving the Independence of Parliament. It is, indeed, a sad reflection upon the

frailty of human nature that such legislation should be necessary, in the case of a body of men who should find in their own delicate sense of honour an all-sufficient safeguard against the doing of anything tainted with even the faintest suspicion of impropriety. But seeing that it is deemed necessary by the members of Parliament to prohibit themselves by formal enactment from doing many things the commission of which would, in the opinion of the majority, tend to compromise the independence of the individual, it logically follows that they should strive to make this prohibitory act as complete as possible. By such reasoning it is easy, we think, for Mr. Mulock to show a moral necessity for the bill which he has again introduced, prohibiting the acceptance of free railway passes by members of Senate or Commons, on their way to or from the sessions of Parliament, for which journeys they are paid liberal travelling fees. Few persons, we think, if any, will attempt to deny that the acceptance of such passes tends to compromise the independence of the members accepting them, in the not unusual event of their being called on to pronounce in favour of or against the passing of some bill in which the railways of which they are beneficiaries are interested. It is not easy to see on what ground members of parliament, "all honourable men," can vote against a bill imposing such a restriction upon themselves.

### THE REFORMING OF THE TARIFF.

The long suspense is over. The Government's proposals for the revision of the Tariff are before Parliament and the country and are being scrutinized and discussed as few Parliamentary measures have been in many years. With the details we need not attempt to deal. These will be canvassed item by item when the Bill comes before the Committee of the whole House, in the light of fuller information than is now attainable. It is noteworthy that the first impression with regard to the magnitude of the changes made does not seem to have been sustained by closer investigation. This may be due in part to the fact that the changes are spread over a large part of the whole field, and that in respect to a few important articles, the reduction is considerable. The abandonment, in most cases, of the obnoxious specific duties, also, helped no doubt to create the impression. Closer scrutiny is showing, on the other hand, that in a good many cases that were not at the first obvious or suspected the effect of the changes is really a considerable increase in the rate of duty.

Perhaps, after all, the most remarkable thing about the new tariff is the speech with which it was introduced. The idea of pre-facing a more or less sweeping reduction of the scale of duties with an elaborate argument, the logical outcome of which would

seem to be that those duties should be kept up or increased, has certainly the quality of being unexpected. The speech would have served admirably, had it been intended to prepare the way for the first introduction of a protective system, or for a marked increase in the rate of the protective duties. As a prelude to what purports to be a substantial modification of the amount of protection given to some of the chief industries of the country, it was, to say the least, a surprise, and the reductions, so far as they were proposed, a strange *non sequitur*. Had the Minister contented himself with introducing his tariff changes, leaving it for each one to decide whether and to what extent they constituted a departure from the protective principle, it would have been sufficient to treat each item on its merits. As a rule the practical people of the country probably care much less about the abstract principle upon which the tariff is based than upon its actual effect upon their business interests. Those, however, who believe that a tax for the benefit of special industries, whether high or low, is wrong in principle and unjust in practice, will be glad that Mr. Foster chose to preface his rearranged tariff with an academic dissertation in defence of protection as an economic policy. Such a speech challenges reply and tends to keep the public mind directed to the underlying principles. This is what the opponents of protection desire, as they believe all fair discussion must hasten the condemnation of the principle of taxing one industry or one citizen for the benefit of other individuals and industries; with its inseparable corollary, taxing the many for the benefit of the few.

To the free-trader, one of the most gratifying passages in Mr. Foster's elaborate speech is that in which he distinctly and frankly admits that, in its initial years, a protective tariff has the effect of enhancing the cost of goods, and not only so, but that at the first that increase in cost will be very nearly up to the measure of the protection given. This is an unusual and important admission. Upon it alone the contention that a protective tariff is an absolute injustice might be safely rested. Let us take a single, concrete example and see how it works. For sixteen years past, a tax of thirty-five per cent. has been imposed upon the implements used by the farmers of Canada. As Mr. Foster very justly says, it is unfair to assume that the principle of protection is responsible for the whole amount of this tax. It is really responsible only for the difference between the amount of the protective tax and that which would need to be imposed for revenue purposes under a tariff for revenue. The genuine free-trader will, of course, say that a considerable part of this latter tax might be saved were the people advanced enough to adopt the more economical plan of raising the revenue needed by direct taxation. But let that pass. Putting the revenue tariff at

seventeen per cent., which is about the figure at which it was fixed before the advent of the National Policy, we find that, according to the admission of the Minister of Finance, the farmers of Canada have been paying for the benefit of the manufacturers of farm implements in Canada, or to put it in the most favourable light possible by an assumption which is open to question, for the benefit of the few hundreds of artisans engaged in the work, an additional eighteen dollars on every hundred dollars expended for articles which are indispensable in his business, and the purchase of which in many cases becomes a very severe drain on his small capital, sometimes actually leaving him under a burden of debt, which remains during years of struggle and privation, a millstone about his neck. That is, whenever the farmer purchases five hundred dollars worth of farm machinery he has been compelled by law to add nearly one hundred dollars more by way of bonus to the Canadian manufacturer.

"Not so," the Minister may perhaps reply, "Did I not say in the same connection that just as capital invests itself, as these industrial establishments multiply, as they become diversified and distributed throughout the country, the power of internal competition comes in to take the place of external competition—a competition in many cases more keen and destructive than the foreign competition, owing to equal conditions of production and carriage and distribution in the country. I will state, further, that it cannot be contradicted that in the history of the National Policy here, in the history of protection in the United States, in Germany, and in other countries—and the fact is one of the most patent in the record of the results of such a policy—although there is at first a raising of prices, they tend to come down by the multiplication of the industries and the competition which results therefrom, until the producers sell simply at the cost of the manufacturing, plus a merely living profit."

The answer to this argument is easy, even without investigating it on the basis of fact, or referring to such combinations as have been effected in this particular business, as well as in many others in Canada. The Minister himself gives us the answer when he resolves, after sixteen years of such home competition, to reduce the tariff on agricultural implements by fifteen per cent., in response to the demand of the farmers. What further reply is needed?

The whole argument is wrapped up in this one specified case of agricultural implements. It may be extended to cotton and woollen fabrics, to iron in its various forms and to all other protected products. Percentages may vary, the underlying principle remains the same.

We had in mind to refer to other parts of this latest apology for protection, such as the remarkable passage in which the Finance Minister seems to take credit for the

National Policy in that it has not laid a heavy hand upon the vast consuming population in such things as food staples, wood, brick, stone, and other things of which a surplus is produced in the country! Was it an oversight that he said nothing about its not having taxed air, water, and the light of the sun? He reproached the Opposition, in many cases, we dare say justly, for using arguments which involve misrepresentations of fact, as when they imply that the protective tax is responsible to the whole amount of the tariff on a given article, instead of being responsible simply for the percentage which represents the difference between its amount in a given case, and that of the revenue tariff which it superseded. Did it not occur to him to ask whether it was quite frank to repeat the stale argument that Great Britain was indebted to protection for the industrial advancement which enabled her to adopt free-trade, without reminding his hearers of the state of affairs reached under the protective system, which drove the masses, by dint of sheer necessity, to compel its abandonment? Was it frank to assume that the present manufacturing industries of the country are due wholly to the N.P., and ignore the fact that many of the most important were flourishing before the N.P. came into existence? Was it frank to assume that the returns of the last census, which have shown it to have gone to the verge of the absurd in the minuteness of its enumerations of so-called industries, could be fairly used as a basis of comparison with those of previous enumerations, which were based on inquiries much less minute?

That the new tariff, however unsatisfactory in some respects, will afford substantial relief to many oppressed consumers there is good reason to hope. To what extent it will satisfy the popular demand which alone has compelled the Government to make it, it is impossible as yet to predict. It is by no means unlikely that it may serve to so far allay the rising dissatisfaction as to secure the Government another lease of power. That will depend, however, more upon the degree of general prosperity which may exist in the country during the period—intervening before the general election, though that prosperity, or its opposite, will be the product of causes beyond the control of any administration—than upon the actual effects of the reduction of taxation, important as we may expect those to be. It is to be hoped that some of the most glaring mistakes in judgment, such as the imposing of a specific pound-weight, duty upon books, will be remedied in Committee. Meanwhile the great controversy between Protection and Free-trade, as economical principles to rule in the future of Canada, which is now but fairly begun, will go on until a permanent decision is reached.

The blood rose is found only in Florida, in an area five miles in diameter.

### OTTAWA LETTER.

The result of a year's labor and enquiries was given to the House of Commons by the Finance Minister, on Tuesday last, and the country was taken into his confidence as to the charges he proposed to make in the tariff in response to the agitation for its reform. The Hon. Mr. Foster kept up his reputation for fluency of speech and method of presenting his subject for the intelligent reception of it by his interested audience. The task he was set by the Government, namely, the maximum of yielding to the agitation for a reform of the protective features of his old tariff, with a minimum of injury as to his protected favourites, has been performed, and the fact that no one has been very badly hurt, and no one has been very greatly benefited, shows that while bowing humbly to the God of Mammon, he has preserved an odour of Sanctity which will make him feel a virtuous glow at having been so moderate in his annual pastime of spoiling the Egyptians in the persons of the toilers of Canada.

The result of his searching enquiries as displayed by his budget utterances show the extreme difficulty there is in applying scientific principles to the regulation of *meum* and *tuum* in the commercial life of a nation, and the truth of the old adage is brought forcibly to his notice that what is one man's meat, is many men's poison, when he attempts to tax the many for the benefit of the few.

There is a principle of free-trade traceable in the budget; where the duty on the manufactured article is lowered, protection has been afforded to the manufacturer by lowering duties on his raw material, leaving however, a strongly protectionist tariff.

The changes in the tariff are so numerous as to necessitate a number of speeches from members who desire to express themselves as to the effect the changes will have upon their constituents. There is a waiting game proceeding between the Hon. Mr. Daly on the one hand and Mr. Martin on the other, and between Sir Hibbert Tupper and Mr. Davies of the Maritime Provinces, as to who shall speak first, and much interest is taken in the patient self-suppression of the respective rivals.

Rumours have been prevalent that the Senators intended to break out in a new spot and give a ball in their spacious chambers where ladies' costumes show off to such great advantage, but some of the more sober-minded (stick-in-the-muds the young ladies call them) put their veto on it, and the hopes of the fair sex were cruelly crushed. According to some of the Senators it is befitting they should wear a sober if not a sad countenance, lest the follies of their youth should rise up in judgement against them.

There is an absence of any political excitement. The Liberal party has not changed its ground and there is no new fighting material imported into discussion. If the Liberal party does not put on a new suit of clothes and prink itself up, the young lady who is the goddess of Canadian hearts will turn up her saucy nose, and they may come to realize that they will be left to die to the tune to which the old cow died.

Col. Houghton has thrown more light upon the history of the rebellion in the shape of a ten column letter in the *Montreal Gazette*. As a contribution to the history of the movements of the North-west field force in 1885, the discussion which General Middleton has provoked is of

interest in Canadian military circles and of value to the historical student of the rebellion. While the actors are still on the scene the more information we obtain the better. Colonel Houghton's grievances seem to be of rather a personal nature against an old veteran commander who was not very mealy-mouthed in expressing his opinions.

Sir Hector Langevin has checked up an old confrere, Mr. Royal, and has called forth an angry rejoinder from the latter, in defence of his independence brochure. Sir Hector has not turned upon his country in consequence of his enforced retirement, and his affection for Canada and the institutions which he was so largely instrumental in creating, is still one of his strongly marked characteristics.

Lt.-Col. Gibson is to entertain the members of the Dominion Rifle Association at luncheon, in the Senate restaurant on Wednesday, after the annual meeting, when Lord Aberdeen will be present.

Ottawa, April 2nd, 1894. VIVANDIER.

### HON. JAS. YOUNG'S LETTERS TO THE "GLOBE."

Mr. Young is a prominent Reformer, who, like most of the business men of his party, was too intelligent to accept the policy of unrestricted reciprocity or commercial union, into which the wily Mr. Wiman entrapped the coterie of lawyers who control the organization and policy of their party: Messrs. Laurier, Cartwright, Davies, Edgar, etc. For several years these gentlemen advocated, on the floor of Parliament, on the platform and through the press, this policy of American birth and tendency, and assiduously and vigorously contended that the salvation and prosperity of the Dominion depended upon its adoption. They hoped that they, as its prophets, would be entrusted with its inauguration. Unfortunately for themselves, it was found, as the discussion on the question proceeded, that the disadvantages which they had overlooked outweighed all the advantages which they could claim. The anticipated favor and support which they looked for failed to materialize, and its promoters would willingly have consented that their policy and their speeches should be forgotten or forgiven. Something new in the shape of a party policy had to be found. Warned by their previous failure, the leaders shunned the responsibility of the formation of a new platform, and summoned a mass convention of the faithful, to be held at Ottawa, to accept without discussion the resolutions which the machine should prepare for them. There was no reference to commercial union or unrestricted reciprocity. These questions were quietly shelved, and the leaders were condemned to submit to the tacit disapproval of their advocacy of a policy of which their party had become ashamed. The platform of the party on commercial questions was embodied in the following resolutions:

(1). A revenue tariff restricted to the needs of honest, economical and efficient government, and so arranged as to promote freer trade with the whole world, more particularly with Great Britain and the United States.

(2). Negotiations for a reciprocity treaty to be entered into with the United States, including a well-considered list of manufactures, said treaty to receive the assent of Her Majesty's Government, without whose approval no treaty can be made.

The first resolution is vague enough in the "go-as-you-please" order, that would admit of the assent of thousands who differ very materially in their opinions as to what a "revenue tariff" really means. The words, "more particularly Great Britain," in the first resolution, and all the words after "manufactures" in the second resolution, convey a direct rebuke to those Reform leaders, who had for some years previously been constantly depreciating the value of our trade with the Mother Country and maintaining not only our right but our duty to legislate without any regard to our colonial position.

In order to show that complete harmony and agreement have been established between the machine and the commercial section of the party, Hon. Mr. Young, one of the leading dissentients from its former policy, appears to have been invited to write a series of letters, addressed to the *Globe*, on the subject of "Canada's Best Policy," and this he has done at great length and with some ability.

All through these letters Mr. Young appears to feel keenly the inconsistency of his position. He takes repeated pains to clear himself from all participation in the former errors of his leaders. In one place he writes: "Six years ago, in a series of letters to the *Globe*, I endeavored, in my humble way, (how humble, like Uriah Heap, these Grits are!) to give no uncertain sound on these questions, and I need scarcely say I continue firmly opposed to commercial union," etc. When Mr. Young attempts to relieve his leaders from all responsibility for the advocacy of this policy, his method would be laughable if it were not so disingenuous. Speaking of the adoption of the Ottawa platform, Mr. Young says: "Its unanimous adoption proves, as did the discussion on the subject, that the Liberal party is entirely opposed to commercial union, advocated by Mr. Goldwin Smith and others, or, indeed, to any other relations with our neighbors inconsistent with our present connection with Great Britain," etc. Does Mr. Young imagine that the people forget that not Mr. Goldwin Smith, but the leaders of his party, Laurier of Quebec, Davies of P.E.I., Fielding of Nova Scotia, Cartwright, Mowat, Mills, Charlton, Edgar, Patterson, Mulock, McMullen, and many others of Ontario, were the active promoters and agitators of this policy? Has Mr. Young been authorized to announce that this policy has been definitely abandoned? It can hardly be disputed that the adoption of this policy would be far more reaching in its effects on our political and commercial relations than any political measure which has been proposed since Confederation. Mr. Young emphatically condemns this policy. With what consistency can he now appeal to the people for their support and confidence in those men who, by his own admission, erred so greatly on this important question? If their judgment was so misplaced then, what has transpired to show that their judgment is sounder now? If they were insincere in their advocacy of commercial union, what assurance can he give as to their sincerity in their new policy?

Mr. Young's position is so inconsistent with his own judgment that his present attitude and advice will be viewed with suspicion.

Mr. Young is equally inconsistent when dealing with the question of Reciprocity with the United States. He says:—But, consistent with our perfect independence

the interests of the Dominion demand the largest practicable measure of reciprocal trade with the neighbouring republic, whose interests also would be equally benefited. Again he says:—"There are reasons to believe that the Americans are prepared to treat with the *Liberal party* for a new treaty." Mr. Young pretends to believe that the failure of the negotiations between the Canadian and American Governments arose from the refusal of the former to entertain any proposition extending beyond raw products, when, as Mr. Young knows, and as the British Ambassador testifies, the insurmountable difficulty was in the demand of Mr. Blaine, that the Canadian tariff should be assimilated to that of the United States, and especially with a view to discriminate against Great Britain. How could any treaty, so formed, comply with Mr. Young's qualification, "consistent with our perfect independence," or even with the qualifications contained in the second resolution of the Ottawa Convention?

If Mr. Young considers the largest practicable measure of Reciprocal Trade with the United States of such vast importance to the interests of the Dominion, why does he support and invite support for a party whose policy and utterances on this question have made any fair measure or treaty of reciprocity impossible? Mr. Young must know that the agitation in favour of commercial union and the extravagant speeches made in its favour by his own leaders have educated public opinion in the United States into the belief that Canadians are so anxious for free access to their market, that they are willing to sacrifice not only their fiscal independence, but their colonial connection, in order to obtain this.

If instead of using such stock phrases as "freedom of trade," "striking off the shackles," etc., Mr. Young had given the people an authorized explanation of what a revenue tariff means, and some intelligible statement of the means by which reciprocal trade can be accomplished in a manner corresponding with the Ottawa resolutions and his own qualification, these might have been valuable, and might perhaps conduce to the success of his party. But nine columns of platitudes do not define a policy, nor will they influence a single vote. Mr. Young says that there are reasons to believe that the Americans are prepared to treat with the *Liberal party* for a new treaty. Why with the *Liberal party* more than with the present Government of Canada? Does not Mr. Young see that this assertion involves the inference that the leaders of his party must have given United States politicians assurances, that if, by the withholding of their assent to the recent reciprocity proposals of the Canadian Government, they should assist the *Liberal party* to defeat their opponents, then, on their restoration to power, the *Liberal party* would grant such concessions to the United States as they could never expect from the present Government? On what other hypothesis can it be pretended that the *Liberal party* will succeed where the *Conservative party* failed? Surely, in making such assertions, Mr. Young must know that it is due to the readers of his letters, that he should clearly state the grounds for his belief, and allow the people to judge for themselves as to the wisdom or expediency of the terms upon which this proposed new treaty is to be obtained.

The course of political events in the United States during the last two years has

tended to create a contemptuous distrust of party pledges and political platforms. About two years ago, the Democratic Convention, held in Chicago, accepted a platform, in which the free trade policy was adopted and defined in much clearer and less ambiguous language than that of the resolutions at the Ottawa Convention. The presidential and congressional campaign was conducted on this platform; the country was flooded with free trade literature and aroused with free trade oratory. The Democratic party elected their candidate for the Presidency by an overwhelming majority, and secured a much larger majority of representatives than their most sanguine expectations anticipated. The country seemed to feel that prosperity was to result from a theory; that protection was doctored, and free trade secured. The doctrinaires of the new policy were invited by the President to frame a policy tariff which would be in accordance with the expressed mandate of the people. This tariff was submitted by the President to the Committee on Ways and Means. It was found so impracticable as to receive scant consideration at their hands. This Democratic, Free Trade Committee laboured and battled with the subject for weeks and finally submitted the Wilson tariff, which in almost every feature, rather resembled the work of a high-protectionist than of a free trade body of politicians. The bill went to the Senate, where it has been altered and mangled, and almost every free-trade feature eliminated by the Committee of that House. It has still to undergo further consideration and alteration in the Senate, and after that, the joint consideration of a committee of both Houses. What its ultimate shape or fate will be no one seems to know. Clearly and unequivocally as the great majority of the people expressed themselves in favour of a thorough revolution of their fiscal system, and unreservedly as the Democratic candidates pledged themselves to the accomplishment of this, it has been found that the policy so strongly advocated is so impracticable in itself, and would prove so destructive of the best interests of the country, that it has been virtually abandoned. The mere agitation of such violent change in the commercial policy of the country has done almost irreparable injury.

How has it been with the Government of Canada, in whom Mr. Young finds so much to condemn? They have voluntarily, undertaken the question of tariff reform as opposed to tariff revolution. They have promptly introduced a thoroughly revised tariff, throughout which they have made the largest possible reductions of duty, which a due regard to revenue requirements will admit of, and which at the same time are consistent with a reasonable and fair consideration for existing interests.

ROBERT H. LAWDER.

#### KOSSUTH'S VETERAN.

Majars, brother Majars, scattered through the nations,  
Majars, brother Majars, whom the home land keeps,  
The exile is returning; yet cease your acclamations:  
'Tis Hungary's beloved, her Lajos, but he sleeps!

Lajos, our own Lajos, Freedom's noble lover!  
Oft dreamt to wed you in her palace halls.  
O'er the car that bears thee God's own squadrons hover;  
Freed, the soul of Lajos has passed within her walls.

## DOWN THE GULF AND BY THE SEA.

## CHAPTER V.

Tis four years short of fifty since, within  
Debrecezin,  
Prince governor we made him; that was  
only right,  
For Jellachich was leading Croatians and  
Czechs in,  
To crush our new-born freedom beneath the  
Empire's might.

Our peasants came, with scythe blades strapped  
on long poles pikewise,  
Deadly things for mowing horse and rider  
down;  
Forest guards, and hunters from the mountains,  
likewise,  
Bearing guns and long knives, poured into  
the town.

We that were more able came on our own horses,  
Carbines slung behind us, holsters on each  
side,  
Flashing bare our sabres, when, to view the  
forces,  
Lajos came a-riding, with Gorgei for guide.

Gorgei the traitor, give his due the devil,  
He was not a coward but he had no heart;  
Strange that in the war-shock he could joy and  
revel,  
And in moral contest act the coward's part.

Czech and Croatian, Galician and German,  
Such were the soldiers our Scythemen mowed  
like hay,  
Foreign to the Majjar as Hottentot or Bur-  
man,  
Only foes for this, that they were in the des-  
pot's pay.

Ah, then the tyrant sought the help of tyrant:  
"Czar of the Russias, Freedom is awake;  
For her fair hand your Poland is aspirant;  
Up and crush the Majjar, crush for Poland's  
sake!"

Four hundred thousand crossed the Majjar  
border,  
Crossed it at Presburg, where of old the cry  
Rang out from Majjars, men of noble order,  
"Maria Teresa, for our king we'll die!"

It was at Temeswar host stood host opposing;  
Lead we had in plenty, powder next to  
none.

Down they mowed our Scythemen, vainly bent  
on closing,  
Silenced our poor cannon; the victory was  
won.

But we horsemen galloped, first our carbines  
aiming,  
Then our keen-edged sabres drawing from  
the sheath,  
Trusting to our horses, pistols both hands  
claiming,  
In our mouths our sabres grasped we with  
our teeth.

So our brave steeds bore us down upon the  
foeman,  
Blazed we with twin pistols, dashed them  
in his face,  
Seized our ready sabres, ah, but there was no  
man  
Fit to stand before them in our headlong  
race.

Safe we reached the frontier, where the Turk  
received us;  
Thither, too, came Lajos when the deed was  
done.

But we were no traitors; Lajos, he believed  
us;  
And whom Lajos trusted was his father's  
son.

Ah, woe 's me for Lajos: Kossuth as men call  
him!  
Old men are we now that helped him in the  
fight;  
Whither he has gone no judgment can appal  
him,  
Lived he as men live in God's most holy  
sight.

Lajos, our own Lajos, what our freedom cost  
thee,  
Exile from thy Hungary, land thou lovedst  
best,  
Never shall the world know, poor since it hath  
lost thee;  
The truest and the purest of patriot souls at  
rest!

J. CAWDOR BELL.

The bold bare Gaspe rocks next chal-  
lenged attention. Gaspe was visited and  
found to be made up of storehouses for fish  
and a few straggling huts. Here are, how-  
ever, some good boarding houses, and here  
the boat lost a bridal pair who had contrib-  
uted a good deal to the interest of their  
fellow passengers, the young lady being a  
Toronto beauty of great personal attractions,  
and the absorption of the pair in each other  
was a theme always fresh for the ladies.

The whole fish trade here is in the hands of  
people from the Channel Islands, mainly  
from Jersey. Dr. Fortin, at one time  
member for Gaspe, when visiting the Chan-  
nel Islands was received, to his surprise,  
by his constituents. While the boat lay  
here Mr. Lucius O'Brien, the artist, who  
was busy at work for "Picturesque Canada"  
visited her. The Bay is very beautiful. As  
we steam out the evening sun is hidden  
behind the tops of the purple hills, deep  
deep in shadow; on the opposite side, the  
wooded heights with green cleared patches  
and in the centre of each patch, a cottage, all  
lit up with sunlight—the bright green  
being made more striking by the dark,  
dark shadows in cleft and gorge; so dark,  
they seemed to have a moral character and  
to suggest murder or some deed of sin.

Rounding out of the Bay the hills which  
ten minutes before were so glad and  
green, rose up like their brethren oppo-  
site, robed in deep purple. The artist  
could have been at no loss for fine effects.

To the sultry day in the Bay, where the  
sun was intolerably hot, a beautiful cool,  
calm evening succeeded, the sky looking,  
as Bob Wilson said, quite new—not a cloud,  
save one lingering piece of blackness—  
which seemed like the last spar of a wrecked  
storm, all other vestige of which had, in  
the lapse of time, disappeared—for looking  
on the serene sky it seemed impossible to  
think of anything that was not peaceful  
and beautiful and devoted to rest.

Past Point St. Peter, a pretty fishing  
village flung against the sunset hills, and in  
the offing a little fleet of fishing boats, each  
with mainsail and jib; past Bonaventure  
Island with the Perce Rock on the right.  
This rock stands out of the water like the  
ruin of Titanic attentments and seems to tell  
of the vastness of the vanished structure, of  
which only one gigantic arch remains. The  
night was now fast falling. The sea wore, as  
Mrs. Emerson said, a black dress pointed  
with silver lace. Over the hills where the  
sun had gone down were black streaks with  
windy wreaths of purple, and green and  
orange. The face of the rock, both on  
Bonaventure and on the mainland, is scar-  
red with fissures and creviced with caves.  
As the seagulls from the top of Perce Rock  
screamed, the Captain, who at that moment  
came forward, where everybody had crowd-  
ed, asked, as sailors always do when passing  
here, "Do you hear the children calling?"

After breakfast the following morning,  
Bob Wilson greatly amused his own party  
and a number of friends of travel by describ-  
ing Dark whom he had left below try-  
ing to eke out a meal. Dark had got into  
a political discussion with a politician who  
had got on board at Gaspe and had neglect-  
ed to attend to the calls of appetite. When  
he found that nearly everybody had gone,  
he shouted, in that helpless way people do  
who want to speak French and whose  
knowledge of French is limited: "*Garcon*  
—waiter, waiter —*garcon—Donnez moi—*

give me *quelque chose*—something to eat.  
These gentlemen have got me on a public  
discussion—a public subject—and I have  
had nothing to eat. Bring me *quelque*  
*chose*—a little codfish or a little mackerel."  
Even the waiter found it difficult to hide a  
smile.

Our friends having exhausted their  
powers of appreciation on the scenery along  
the coast of Prince Edward Island, found  
themselves towards the afternoon of Satur-  
day in Pictou, whence they took train for  
Halifax, which they found to have the  
worst hotels, the most beautiful surround-  
ings, and the best kept gardens in the  
world. The surroundings of Halifax there  
is nothing in the world to surpass. A  
journey through the scene of Longfellow's  
Evangeline to Annapolis, and once more  
aboard ship bound for St. John. The ap-  
proach to Digby—the finest sheet of water  
it the world, and the scenery so beautiful  
that at dinner-time Roby looked into the  
saloon, pinched Dark's arm, and said:  
"You don't know what fine scenery you  
are missing." He himself had preferred it  
to his dinner.

Fog in Digby Gut—and the air much  
colder than in Digby Basin but Mrs. Emerson  
who was an experienced sailor, said as she  
drew a shawl round her shapely shoulders,  
"The fog will go away because the wind is  
from the north," and sure enough as we  
passed through the Gut the fog lifted and  
over rock and pine and tamarac, the sunlit  
mist passed away like gauze moved off by  
invisible machinery or, as Mrs. Emerson  
more poetically said, "like a shadowy dream."

At Digby came on board a gentleman  
and his wife who had been passengers from  
Quebec to Pictou. He was a shrewd  
Yankee, full of anecdote. He was delighted  
with Roby and Roby was delighted with  
him. He turned out to have been at one  
time Clerk of the Assembly at Albany, and  
"by thunder!" as Roby afterwards said,  
"what a picture he gave of the morals  
of statesmen in the State Legislature of  
New York! Why sir, they used to come to  
him—men he would have been afraid to ap-  
proach—and say, 'You tell me if there's a  
bill in which there's any money that's what  
we're here for. We haven't got quite as bad  
as this yet in Canada.' Thank God we say  
there is nothing of the sort in any Province  
of the Dominion.

Among the passengers who came on  
at Digby was a young girl whose dress  
furnished the first bit of *naivete* witnessed  
during the trip. She was a country girl  
either newly married or a lover with her  
sweetheart. Her new country fashioned  
bonnet was trimmed with red and white  
wild flowers. Everybody noticed her, and  
she hid her blushes by leaning over the side  
of the vessel watching the foam, white as  
innocence, hurrying to our wake.

From St. John to Portland the fog sig-  
nals were hardly ever silent—save for a  
short time at noon—when the fog disap-  
peared as if on purpose to show the travel-  
lers Campo Bello's rocky isle.

The cabin or the saloon deck was now  
the favourite resort, and such a scene!  
Some of the passengers were pretty sick;  
some read novels; some were knitting; at  
the tables groups playing draw poker and  
swearing internally while two ladies at the  
piano sang, "In the Sweet By-and-By."

At the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, the  
reports were that there was no room at  
Orchard Beach, so it was decided to go to  
Prout's Neck, which Roby would insist on  
calling Snout's Point, whither they got by



train as far as Scarboro' and thence by stage.

Prout's Neck, as its name imports is a neck of land running out from Scarboro' to sea, and dividing the ocean rolling into Scarboro' from the vast bay which the white winding shores of Orchard Beach encircle.

## CHAPTER VI.

After a day or two at the hotel all the "guests"—some from Boston, some from Montreal, etc.—grew as well acquainted as a family.

Roby had never gone surf-bathing before this visit to Prout's Neck. There was a lady at the hotel who was equally innocent, and it happened that this was the lady by the side of whom he walked when the party started for the Scarboro' Beach.

He led her in as if he was leading her in a cotillon. She was very pretty, and, unlike most of the bathers, had a picturesque bathing dress, white, trimmed with blue, tightened round the waist by a red scarf, which fell in a knot behind. She was very timid, and her timidity gave her the opportunity for the most graceful movements imaginable. She moved her shoulders, slightly bent her knees, frisked, glanced out to sea with an alarmed look, ran away from the breaker as it came in. Roby was as tame as a pet dog. He followed her out and begged of her not to be afraid. While he was in the midst of an oration on his powers as a swimmer, she turned and ran along the beach. All she wanted was the quiver and bow to be a perfect Diana. Dark indeed said Diana had left her beau behind her, and pointed to Roby, who thereupon made off after his truant partner. Again he took her hand and led her into the water. When the tide was hardly above her ankles she paused, looked around, shrugged her shoulders, bent down, dipped her hands in the water and wet her face, then stood erect, Roby all this time standing by—her very humble servant.

"We shall both get cold," he said.

"I am afraid you have found me a perfect nuisance," she replied. "Please go and leave me here."

No; he would not do that. He again dilated on his great powers as a swimmer. At last he persuaded her to determine to go into deeper water. But first she said to him: "Mind you hold me tight."

"Oh," he assured her, "don't be afraid. I'll hold you tight. Don't be nervous on that score."

A wave is coming—a little scream.

"Mr. Roby, hold me tight."

The next minute they were clasped in each other's arms and the wave went over them. As they recovered themselves, "You see," said Roby, "there's no danger."

"It's splendid. Here's another wave! Hold me tight!"

Another mutual squeeze. The wave passes over. They jump up together. He cries, "Splendid!"; she, "Lovely." They look out to sea. Here comes another wave.

"Hold me tight."

"Don't be alarmed."

The wave goes over them to their great satisfaction; and now, as they recover themselves from the shock, they observe a little crowd of spectators on the shore, and Dark is in the front, his eyeglass up and a broad grin on his face. But see! another wave is coming. They turn from the shore.

"Now, Mr. Roby, hold me tight." Another clasp, and the sea breaks in refreshing billows over them.

This scene was re-enacted with so much *verve* that it went forward amid continued roars of laughter.

As she left the water she did not look in the least like a drowned rat, or an escaped lunatic, or a fishwife fallen into poor circumstances, as is the case with most lady bathers. No: she looked beautiful. She walked over the sand like a deer, every eye fixed on her until her red sash disappeared through the door of the bathing shanty.

Roby swore that girl was fit to be a princess, that the Queen of Sheba—he pronounced it Sheeby—was nothing to her. But she, poor girl! was chaffed unmercifully by the ladies at the hotel. When she saw Roby, a little before dinner, she said to him: "I fear, Mr. Roby, my nervousness was a great annoyance to you to-day in the water. I am responsible, as I told them, for your holding me as fast as you did, because I asked you to hold me tight, and indeed I don't know what I should have done but for you."

After dinner it was very pleasant. Dark blue thunder clouds overhead; horizon to the west, gold and pink; to the south, pale yellow, with a few long, forlorn-looking clouds; the rollers coming up the beach like some melancholy marauders stealing a march on the land.

"The band is playing at Old Orchard," said Mrs. Emerson. "I am sorry we did not go there." The wind was blowing seaward, and the band could be plainly heard.

"Well," said her brother, "we can go there to-morrow."

"I hate that stage and the dusty road."

"We can go across in the yacht," said Dark.

"Is there a yacht to be had?" asked Mrs. Emerson. "That will be lovely. We can go all around. I love yachting."

The last refracted rays were dying away. The crescent moon was now bright, but cut in two places by thin lines of dark cloud. The evening star shone out of a little lakelet of blue, set in nether gloom.

Roby, on whom the sea and scenery were having a refining influence, proposed a walk and sidled up to the lady with whom he had won such notoriety as a surf-bather, while Dark strolled with Mrs. Emerson, and Bob Wilson brought up the rear with a lady from Boston.

Their conversation—But did you never walk by the melancholy sea under the solemn stars and moon? At such an hour the heart becomes involved in pleasing sadness, a kind of moral velvet which covers the sense of content and rest and health, as the coat of the peach wraps and protects the fruit. Then one is inclined—but why should I attempt to describe? If you don't know all about it as well as I do you are not worth writing for, and if you do—why carry coals to Newcastle?

In the afternoon of the next day all went out exploring the rugged shore, admiring the surf, the terrific waves breaking for ever against the black rocks. Some pulled hayberry, some talked scandal, and some made love. In the evening they went for a drive in the stage and as they came home, about ten o'clock, some of the gentlemen sung a stirring song, one of the ladies from Boston fitfully joining in.

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom—"

Mrs. Emerson made the gentlemen sing

it again. She said it had the heart-throb of a people in it.

As they sat for a short time before going to bed, Mrs. Emerson said to Roby: "I do not understand how that splendid woman from Boston married that man," meaning the lady's husband.

"Oh," said Roby, "such things are constantly occurring."

"I believe," quoth Bob Wilson, "it is an arrangement of Providence. Love, you know, is blind. Why, there was an ugly hunchbacked slave in Rome and at an auction of his master's effects, he was thrown in with a candlestick which was sold to a widow. He gained the favour of his mistress, and on her death became a millionaire. I have more than once seen a Juno married to a dwarf."

There was excitement at Prout's Neck. The lawn tennis players of Biddeford Pool came over to play the lawn tennis players of Prout's Neck. Roby's friend of surf-bathing notoriety carried off the honours. If she was a novice at surf-bathing she was no novice at lawn tennis. She was from Ottawa, where they play a great deal at the Racket Court. She had taken the Governor-General's prize away from the best players in the Dominion of Canada. Now she justified her training. It was certainly a pleasant thing to see the beautiful lithe girl spring to the balls and strike them with so much skill.

Her dress set off her figure to the greatest advantage. Her dark hair was surmounted by a red Tam O'Shanter bonnet. She wore a blue overdress, open so as to show a skirt of striped canvas such as awnings are made of; she also wore a collar of this canvas and a girdle of the same material. Such a picture! Roby was quite gone and was as glad when she became the heroine of the tournament as if she had been his own wife.

After a few days more at Prout's Neck they went to Orchard Beach, and stayed at the Fiske House. They took no interest in croquet on the sand, nor yet in lawn tennis. In the day time when not bathing they amused themselves yachting and in the evening with dancing and music—Mrs. Emerson singing well, as did a young lady from Syracuse, who had a fine rich voice and what a French lady called "imploreing eyes."

There is a great deal of human nature about a watering place and the various figures in the picture you can easily fill up, without pretending to the powers of grouping or portraiture of a Maclise.

A cry of fire! Roby, Dark and Bob Wilson were in front of the Brunswick House soon after the alarm of fire was given; they had friends in the ill-fated hotel who, like the rest, happily escaped. They packed five ladies with very skimp clothing into a cab, preparatory to driving them to the Ocean House. These ladies had lost everything. There was the hotel they had just left blazing to heaven, its sparks flying toward the growling, darkening sea; hundreds scattered around homeless, looking like a lot of helpless emigrants, yet—will the reader believe it?—these ladies did nothing but laugh heartily. No doubt the laughter was hysterical. When they had been conveyed to the Ocean House, Roby, Dark and Bob Wilson returned to see if they could be of any use. Another house had caught fire, but there was no opportunity to play the hero. No life was in danger and Roby said he might be placed in a yet warmer place than that fire, if he would scorch him-

self to save tables and feather beds. Like many others they got chairs and sat along the shore looking on the fire which raged and blew and crashed while the sea roared with sullen monotony behind. Getting tired they went behind the burning houses and found the railway track thick with people who had fled as best they might—some with scarce anything on them—from the flames.

Many of the holiday-makers were not very rich and when they went next day to Portland to replenish their wardrobes, the Portland shopkeepers behaved well, refusing to take much more than half the value of the things.

Roby swore this was just like the Yankees, and the Canadians generally were loud in their praise of the "Americans."

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

### PUBLIC SPIRIT.

What does Canada want? is a question frequently and anxiously asked by those who see in a stationary population and the recent statement of the Premier of the North-West that immigration is to be discouraged by his Government until such time as the Federal fiscal policy is radically changed, signs for a grave discontent in regard to the prosperity and progress of the Dominion.

The sophistry of the politician has often grappled with this question. His figures and facts are startling and numerous. His earnestly worded assurances of rapid progress have been most energetic; his endeavours to prove that all who disagree with him are "cranks" and "soreheads," and who, "being out of work," find congenial occupation and some cheap notoriety in crying "blue ruin," often afford free laughter to his audiences; his clever platform policy of thrusting the National Policy down the throat of the electorate by means of our noble Union Jack, and British cheap jingoism, strikes terror to the hearts of all lovers of truth. His hysterical arguments in attempting to prove that water naturally flows up hill, drives thousands in deep disgust from the ballot boxes. So much for the N. P. politician. Emerson's verdict, that the essence of political economy is non-interference, was never, at any time, so apparent as at the present.

In the Anglo-Canadian Address to the Earl of Aberdeen, a copy of which was kindly sent me by the author, R. J. Wicksteed, LL.D., I read in a few courageous well-chosen words a proof that Emerson's deduction is especially applicable to Canadian politics:—"Canadian politicians," so reads the address, "have been inordinately affected by that cursed disease of selfishness, and have been untouched by the healthy vigour begotten by public-spiritedness. The conduct of the public affairs of Canada previous to and since Confederation, has been and is characterized by a desire to rule by giving way to the demands of the corrupt and corrupting elements of the community, and a reckless disregard for the results upon the whole body corporate."

Undoubtedly strong and sweeping though this language is, I have no trepidation in repeating it in THE WEEK, where it has already appeared, and all thoughtful and observant readers will acknowledge its truth and respect the author for that trait which all men admire—pluck. Were there more of the same pluck in politics, the necessity for such language would not exist. It has often been pleaded that an honest politician is an impossibility, but this is

only true to a certain extent—when the political candidate lacks pluck and power of character. It cannot be doubted that craft and cunning are absolutely essential even to the honest politician in checkmating his opponents in the Legislative Assembly, but in his relation to his constituents cunning is not only unnecessary but impolitic, for the people as a rule value and sustain unflinching honesty and independence when intelligently and clearly expressed in language and when consistent in action.

Upon one occasion, when travelling in a railway car, the writer overheard an interesting conversation between two gentlemen bearing directly upon the question of political honesty—or rather, I should say, upon a possible political honesty. The nationality of one of the conversationists I took to be English, and judging from his remarks he must have had some experience of colonial life. The nationality of his companion I could not decide.

"What strikes me as peculiar," said the Englishman "is the truth of the proverb that possession is nine-tenths of the law in regard to your American Governments. Let any reigning government go to the people with liberal promises of canals, railways, public buildings, etc., and millions of dollars cannot ensure the defeat of that Government. Woe betide a newspaper that refuses the Government bribe; the prosperous sheets of its Government—supported opponents will be filled with libellous insults. It will stand alone, fighting for bare financial existence, while its contemporaries will hound, sneer and fling mud at its unfortunate honest proprietor and its uncertainly paid staff until the mass of the people, in their ignorance, will join in a general derision and history repeats itself and they allow another saviour to be crucified. Truly, you Americans like not—honesty!"

"Oh! come now," exclaimed his companion laughing, "you must not judge us too hastily. You must remember that, as a safe rule, young countries cannot be developed without Government assistance. For instance, a railway is built through an uninhabited country and consequently must wait for settlers before it begins to pay. The Government guarantees its bonds for a certain period and considers itself amply repaid by the increased amount in taxes it gets from along that line of railway afterwards. In the Old Country conditions are quite different. Sometimes you send us cranks out here who would block development altogether, so we are forced to down them and we do it—quick too. It's no use trying to reason with them, they simply won't see it, so we get them out of the way. You see," he added seriously, "such a queer lot come out here it's a hard job getting them to work together."

"If you have much kicking against the principle of government assistance to individuals and corporations," answered the Englishman "you must have a more intelligent class here than I thought. There is hardly a state-aided railway in the United States to-day which has one of its original promoters remaining in connection with it. The promoters made their millions and then sold out and—well, you know that now the most of the railways in the United States are in the hands of receivers."

"The country is opened up, though," answered his companion triumphantly. "If a public-spirited Government had built and manipulated those same railways the country would have been opened up exactly as at present. Not only this, but the people

would own what the original promoters have got off with—millions of dollars," answered the Englishman quietly.

"But the Government leaders would do what the promoters do," was the reply.

"The people have greater control over their own representatives than they have over railway promoters. Do not forget that I said a public-spirited Government. In this I mean honesty."

"Guess I'd like to be a member of a Government that controlled the votes of all railway employees," answered his companion with a smile.

"That argument is worthless," said the Englishman. "Commissioners could control the railways or, failing that, Government employees could be disfranchised. I confess, however, that the key to the whole situation is honesty. Had you honesty you would have much more rapid development in all enterprises. Without honesty the wheels of all business jar and stick. People wonder why England still maintains a position so much more powerful and stable than that of other nations; your great American, Emerson, discovered the reason. He said that it was due to nothing extraordinary, except honesty and the capacity for hard work. Friend, honesty is the foundation of our civilization. Secure individual, municipal, provincial and national honesty, and what capital you require to develop your country will flow rapidly in. It will be in its own interest to seek your investments."

"You cannot give reasons showing that our politics are corrupt and dishonest now. Supposing we were strictly honest now, how could we prove it?"

"By your economy. At present your whole political system is one of spoils and extravagance. You can point to no country where protection and boodling do not go hand in hand. If you think over this a moment you will find that with low and economical taxation, there are no crumbs for boodlers; protection is the parent of extravagance and corruption.

"But you forget that other countries compete for capital, and we are forced to do the same; if we do not, capital passes us by. We take the choice of the lesser evil."

"Your Dominion Government practically bonuses capital, and your Provincial Governments follow suit. If it ended here it might not be so injurious to the country, but your Municipal Governments come forward in the competition among themselves and offer their bonuses also. The capitalist, at first, thinks he has a snap, but after a little he begins to wonder at the poverty and slow growth of the country, and the number of bad debts he is forced to carry if he means to continue in business. It is a wonder to me that the extent to which you have carried this system of bonusing capital has not petrified your country altogether. My advice is, do away with protection altogether, and let your municipalities bonus those industries they desire for their own benefit, with their own resources. I feel convinced by what I have seen in America that, until the people toe the line at municipal bonusing, there cannot possibly be a healthy and steady growth."

"You should give a lecture upon this subject," said his companion, humorously.

"It would be a useless expenditure of energy. You have plenty of prominent men who at heart know what I say to be true, but they have not sufficient public spirit to fight prevalent ideas and openly proclaim

their inner convictions They prefer being in the swim. They are Roman Catholic in sympathy at one time, and speak Protestantism at another. They promise anything from a side-walk to a railway, and fulfil their promise by piling up the people's burden of debt. They feather their nests while in, and when the crash arrives, they are not to be found. This is, I take it, a devilish, not a public spirit."

"Pretty tough, I grant," remarked his listener drily. "But, you see, conditions are such and we must make the best of them. What can't be cured must be endured," etc.

"If your journals would form associations to work together for honesty and dignity in public affairs, especially at elections, the rapidity with which the prevailing cynicism and indifference would be replaced by honest endeavour and a human, public spirit would be, I think, surprising. Candidates of independent means would come forward and work for what is a more satisfying reward than any other—the gratitude and trust of their fellow-men. Respectable people would no longer look upon politics and political meetings with disgust and repugnance. The daily newspaper would, in becoming the true guardian of the people's material affairs, allow the pulpit, once more, to concern itself solely with the spiritual aspirations of humanity, the necessity for distasteful pulpit denunciations of these evils would die out. The clergy have been forced from their duty to humanity to grapple with these evils with the inevitable result that they have defiled their sacred calling and an unerring, though unreasoning, instinct enabled the masses to perceive a falsity somewhere and hence the present strange religious discontent and cynicism—the most appalling sign of our civilization.

"Not a bit of it," interrupted his listener stoutly. "It is undoubtedly the most hopeful sign of our age. The day of superstition is passed."

"Is it?" queried the old countryman musingly. Is it? Has the Alpha and Omega of all things been explained and made clear then? Has psychomachy ended, and pure earthly loves in their relation to eternity or the beyond, been explained? You say this spiritual pilgrimage of the people is a hopeful sign. Well, perhaps you are right, but are not thousands becoming discouraged and wandered from the path of sincerity into cynical indifference and consequent irresponsibility to true principle? Newman with leisure, magnificent brain and perfectly disciplined powers of thought, pilgrimaged and arrived in safety, but how many of the millions grovelling for subsistence, striving for three square meals a day, while the press, the pulpit and their trusted representatives gaze on with indifference—how many of these millions will sing as Newman did?—

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The press is polluting society and society in turn corrodes the church, so the church is becoming powerless to help. Let the press unite to relieve the pulpit of its strange, unsightly burden and the only foundation to a pure, healthy society will be laid."

His companion did not answer at once. At last he drawled slowly, "That's a very fine idea; very fine. So fine, in fact, one can hardly perceive how it can ever become fact. For instance, it would require—it would require—"

The Englishman completed the sentence—

"Pluck and public spirit," he said.

THOMAS CHALMERS HENDERSON.  
Vancouver, B. C.

### FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

(From the Swedish of "Frithiof's Saga.")

Frithiof, son of Thorsten, returning from a voyage, found his lands ravaged, his home desolate, and his betrothed, Ingeborg, sister of King Helge, carried off by the old viking, King Ring. In a rage, he sought out Helge while the latter was sacrificing in Balder's temple, and, during the altercation that ensued, set fire to the sacred edifice. In sorrow and despair he embarked once more on his sea-dragon, intending never to return. But unquenched longing for his love drew him to the court of King Ring, which he visited during a feast in the disguise of a beggar. Ring, marking at once the noble mien of the unbidden stranger, invited him to remain his guest and to join him in a hunting expedition. Here, the canto which follows takes up the story.

Spring-tide comes, the birds are twittering,  
Woods are leafing, sunbeams play,  
And the loosened torrents raving  
Hasten to the sea away.  
Tinged with glowing cheek of Freya,\*  
Peeping rosebuds petals ope,  
And in manhood's heart awaken  
Joy of life, and strength, and hope.

For the hunt the old king girds him,  
And his queen will join the fray;  
Now assembles all the household,  
Crowding round in colors gay.  
Bows are stringing, quivers rattle,  
Steeds are pawing in their stalls,  
And the hooded falcon screaming  
For the quarry fiercely calls.

See the chase's queen advancing!  
Wretched Frithiof, blind thine eyes!  
On her palfrey white she sits like  
Star on cloud of summer skies.  
Fairer than the fairest Valkyrs,  
Rota,† e'en, or beauteous Frey',  
While from graceful cap of purple  
Wave aloft the feathers gay.

Gaze not in those deeps of heaven!  
Look not on those locks of gold!  
Heed not thou that form so yielding,  
Nor that bosom's graceful mould!  
Turn thine eye from lily playing  
With the rose upon her cheek,  
Close thine ear to those loved accents  
Summer's murmuring breezes speak.

Now the hunter's train is ready:  
Over hill and dale, halloo!  
Horns are ringing, falcons soaring  
Up to Oden's halls of blue.  
Fearful fly the timid dwellers  
To their dens in forest gloom,  
But with spear upraised before her  
Follows Valkyr armed with doom.

Follows, painfully, the old king,  
By the hunt left far behind,  
At his side alone rides Frithiof,  
Silent, and with troubled mind.  
Darkening, melancholy fancies  
Thronging fill his anguished breast;  
Wheresoe'er his way will lead him,  
From his sorrow's voice no rest:

"Oh why left I e'er the salt wave,  
To this fearful peril blind?  
Sorrow thrives not on the billow,  
Blown away with heaven's wind,  
Danger leaves no time for moping  
To the viking far from land;  
Ever blend his gloomy visions  
With the sheen of bared brand.

Here, alas, I find it other;  
Longing far too fierce to say  
Beats its wings against my forehead:  
Fare I forth to dream away.  
Balder's court is not forgotten;

\* The goddess of love and beauty.

† One of the Valkyries, beautiful virgins who bear off the souls of the slain.

Ne'er that vow can I forget  
Which she made—SHE broke it never,  
Cruel gods have broken it.

For they hate the race of mortals:  
Our joys are their unrest;  
So they snatched away my rosebud,  
Pines she now on winter's breast.  
What does Winter know of roses?  
She esteems not such a prize,  
But with chilling breath she clothes it,  
Bud, and leaf, and stalk, with ice."

Thus his mourning. Soon arrived they  
In a solitary dale,  
Gloomy, narrow, hung with mountains,  
Shadowed o'er with birches pale.  
Here, dismounting, spake the king: "How  
Beautiful, how cool this bower!  
I am weary; come and rest us!  
I shall sleep a quiet hour."—

"Here, O king, you may not slumber;  
Hard the ground, and chill the place;  
Sleep is deadly; up, away! and  
Backward to the court we'll trace."—  
Sleep, like every gift of heaven,  
Unexpected good bestows,"  
Said the old man, "surely guest his  
Host one little hour allows."

Frithiof then threw off his mantle,  
On the sward its folds he smoothed;  
Head on Frithiof's knee, the old king  
Weariness in slumber soothed;  
Slept as calmly as the hero  
After battle's fierce alarm  
Sleeps upon his shield, or as an  
Infant on its mother's arm

Whilst he slumbers, hark! there sings a  
Coal-black bird on elm-tree tall:  
"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old one,  
End your quarrel now for all;  
Take his queen, to you belongs she,  
You the bridegroom's kiss she gave;  
Never mortal eye beholds you,  
Deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens: hearken! sings a  
Snow-white bird upon the bough:  
"Never human eye beholds thee,  
Oden's eye beholds you, though.  
Coward, will you murder slumber?  
Helpless old man will you slay?  
Whate'er your black deed wins you,  
Hero's name you lose this day."

Thus the birds their message warbled;  
Frithiof gripped his broad-sword fast,  
And, with horror, far within the  
Murky wood the blade he cast.  
Coal-black bird to home of darkness  
Steered its course; but, far away,  
Singing harp-like, soared the other  
Up to realms of fairest day.

Thereupon the king awakened,  
"Much my sleep has me renewed;  
Guarded by a trusty broad-sword,  
Sweet the sleep in shady wood.  
But where is thy blade, O wanderer!  
Lightning's brother, whither gone?  
Who hath parted from each other  
Those that ever should be one?"—

"Matters not," young Frithiof answered;  
"Here in Northland lacks not sword;  
Tongue of sword is keen and biting,  
And it speaks not peace's word.  
Evil spirits dwell in steel-blade,  
Spirits from the Nifelhem,‡  
Slumber e'en is not protection,  
Locks of silver anger them."—

"I have slept not, youthful hero,  
Merely tempted thee have I;  
On a man untried or weapon  
Prudent one will ne'er rely.  
FRITHIOF art thou. I have known thee  
Since my hall thou trod'st unbid;  
Old Ring was not slow discerning  
What his cunning guest had hid.

Wherefore stol'st thou to my dwelling,  
Soughtst thy name and form to hide  
‡ The nether world.

Wherefore, tell me, but from old man's  
Bosom for to steal the bride?  
Honor, Frithiof," said the old king,  
"Hospitality demands;  
Bright her shield as clearest sunlight,  
Open is her countenance.

Fame had told me of a Frithiof  
Terror of both men and gods,  
Shields he clove and temples fired,  
Brave to fight with doubtful odds.  
Soon with war-shield, ne'er I doubted,  
Will he come against my land,  
And he came, but—clad in tatters,  
With a beggar's staff in hand.

But, wherefore avert thine eye, man?  
Youthful, also, once was I;  
Life's a conflict from beginning,  
Youth it's day of chivalry.  
Drained by many a desperate conflict  
Youthful courage soon is nought;  
I have tempted and forgiven,  
I have pitied and forgot.

Look thou, Frithiof, I am aged,  
Grave's repose will soon be mine;  
Take my kingdom then, O young man,  
Take my queen, too, she is thine.  
Be my son till then, and stay my  
Guest in king's hall as before,  
Swordless champion shalt thou guard me,  
And our ancient feud is o'er."

"Never," answered gloomy Frithiof,  
"Came I as a thief to thee;  
Had I wished thy bride to plunder,  
Who is there had hindered me?  
But desire drew me hither  
On my love once more to gaze;  
Ah, deluded! smouldering fires  
Lighted up in fiercest blaze.

In thine halls too long I've tarried,  
There, O king, no longer guest;  
Angers of offended heaven  
On my bosom heavy rest.  
Balder with the locks of yellow,  
He who holds each mortal dear,  
See, he hates but me among men,  
Only I rejected here.

Yes, 'twas I that burned his temple,  
I it was his shrine profaned;  
Wheresoe'er my name is uttered,  
Children flee, and joy is baned.  
Her unhappy son, in anger,  
From her forth spurns mother earth;  
Outlawed am I in my bosom,  
Outcast even from my hearth.

Never more on lap of green earth,  
Rest for Frithiof while he lives;  
Neath his feet the ground is burning,  
Forest e'en no shelter gives.  
Ingeborg is lost forever,  
Her hath stolen Ring, the old;  
Sun of life for me is darkened,  
Only cloud and night enfold.

Then, away to mine own ocean!  
Out, hurrah, my dragon good!  
Bathe anew thy pitch-black bosom  
Joyful in the salty flood;  
Wave aloft in cloud thy fleet wings,  
Through the hissing waters share,  
Fly as far as lode-star leads thee,  
While the conquered billows bear!

Let me hear the tempest's noises,  
Let me hear the thunder's voice!  
When it roars and rages round me,  
Then shall Frithiof's soul rejoice.  
Clang of shield and lance-rain, old man!  
In mid-seas I'll meet the foe,  
Challenge death mid roar of battle,  
And to gods appeased go.

DAVID SOLOAN.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble  
at a time. Some people bear three kinds—  
all they have had, all they have now, and all  
they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

## EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.—II.

Let us now turn to the second race of reformers. A noble manner of representing the old types had been accomplished, and some attempt at truthfulness in copying nature, but on the whole art was still fettered by the intensity of religious conventions. These conventions had not prevented, indeed they had partly caused a great development in depicting human emotions, especially the spiritual side of humanity, and Giotto, Orcagna and Fra Angelico in this respect had much advanced art, but there was as yet little attempt at painting correctly the external show of things—little verisimilitude—and no one had been bold enough, perhaps none had desired to present religious conceptions in a radically new form.

Ghiberti (1378-1455), the sculptor, in producing reliefs in metal, had developed perspective beyond the contemporary painters, and we have first to mention his pupil Paolo Ucello (1397-1475), who while he had the lack of color and the hardness of style characteristic of sculptors who paint, attempted battle pieces, in which his horses and armed knights in their various attitudes indicate a knowledge of foreshortening not found earlier. And in some nearly ruined frescoes at S. M. Novella higher qualities of the same kind are shown, especially in one where the incidents of the flood are represented in a most spirited manner. His love of animals is always shown, especially in birds, whence his name "Ucello." Regarding perspective, it is well to remember that during Ucello's life it commanded the attention of many greater men. Brunelleschi (1379-1446), the architect, as well as the sculptor Ghiberti, studied it scientifically, while Piero della Francesca, the Umbrian painter, celebrated for his portraits, made geometry subservient to his art for the first time among moderns.

We must also spare a moment to Andrea del Castagna (1390-1457). An orphan, acquainted with poverty, a shepherd boy discovered drawing, like Giotto, he appears as a sort of antitype to Fra Angelico. He paints in a rude, fierce, but very strong and accurate manner, not decorative angels in bright colors and gold, but, almost in monochrome, the rugged, half-wild man of the wilderness, John the Baptist; his face in one instance with the furious energy of a Scottish covenanter, and, in another, an emaciated figure with the sense about it of carrying the sins of a wicked world. Both are terribly realistic conceptions of the sorrows of real humanity. These two painters, interesting only historically, make way for the immortal genius Masaccio. Born near Florence in 1402, he was already at the age of seventeen executing a commission at S. Clemente in Rome, representing the life of St. Catherine of Alexandria. While this work is not in a marked degree different in kind, he already shows a sense of proportion, dignity and atmosphere quite beyond his contemporaries. He was back in Florence when only eighteen, and apparently began his chief work in the Brancacci Chapel in the church of S. Maria del Carmine about 1422 or 1423, leaving it unfinished at his disappearance in 1428.

The development of this marvellous boy is to me the most extraordinary fact in Italian art. We find him painting with beauty and power at eighteen, making an epoch in the art of the world almost as he came of age, and at twenty-six or seven

passing over to that company which is neither quick nor dead—only absent from the sight and knowledge of their fellow men. Here is a reformer who does not attack the cherished ideals by painting with too forcible realism—does not indeed attack them at all. Nor is he a realist. He simply paints such external facts of nature as mountains, trees and clouds, subordinate though they be to his story, with more truthfulness and poetry combined than had been shown before. He shows a knowledge of space, atmosphere and perspective which we can only account for by imputing it to his own amazing genius. The flat figures of the Giotto school disappear, and are not only round, but modelled with an art almost perfect. Raphael did not disdain to copy his Adam and Eve, while the shivering young man upon the bank in the St. Peter Baptizing formed an epoch in art. He paints religious subjects in what may truly be called the grand style, but neither mystical nor realistic. Clearly he does not so love the human face for its spiritual beauty alone, and so hate the human flesh, as to paint the soul in a face which is attached to a body devoid of sufficiently correct anatomy to stand securely. On the contrary he delighted in the human form, cared much for its external beauty as a whole, was indeed a modern Greek. Who taught him we have now to confess we do not know. He painted, it is understood, elsewhere than in S. Clemente at Rome, and the Brancacci chapel in the Carmine Church at Florence, but there is little else in existence now, and he is to be studied only in these two churches.

Before Masaccio began to paint in the Carmine Church, Fra Lippo Lippi (1412-1460) entered the adjoining cloisters at the age of eight, so that, although he was only sixteen years old when Masaccio died, he unquestionably must have learned much from the work of the great master, whether directly instructed by him or not. We may as well dismiss from our minds at once the tales of Vasari regarding this and many other painters. Fra Lippo Lippi was just a simple naturalist, a quality required in painting at the moment, and for what he did as such he fills an important historical position among painters. He painted his Madonna as an ordinary Italian mother, the nimbus reduced sometimes to a floating ring, sometimes a floating disc so diaphanous as not to interfere with the otherwise natural effect of the picture. His Madonnas are not beautiful, are dressed in quite worldly garments ornamented with strings of pearls and beautiful braids, wear head dresses of almost the same fashion as in contemporaneous portraits, and are not the least impressed with religious feeling—as Browning says, sufficient for Madonna or the daughter of Herodias "who went and danced and got men's heads cut off." His babies are not divine infants, but the kind of splendidly robust babies the nurse and mother would be proud of. His angel children are children of the earth, often fat, wide-jawed with short faces and short bodies; very real and unspiritual, but full of the gladness, the enjoyment and even the coarseness of natural life. In color he was not only original, but he anticipated the richness of the Venetians and must have deeply influenced his immediate Florentine followers. He was not capable of high conceptions as to form, but he completely mastered the difficulties of drapery, in this respect leading the way also, and the remarkable freedom of some of his figures is greatly in-

creased by the naturalness of the clinging robes about rapidly moving limbs. Finally, he loved the world about him—not in the bad sense of Vasari's tale—but because his nature prompted him to revolt from the subjective types of Fra Angelico, and drove him in the other direction to a quiet unspiritual and objective naturalism. He saw and tried to paint:

"The world  
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,  
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and  
shades,  
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!"

When I undertook to deliver this lecture, I hoped to trace all the important lines of development down to the period immediately preceding Raphael, but I find it necessary to confine myself to Florence, and such neighboring schools as are involved in her history. Otherwise, at this point I should have discussed the early Venetians, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, who inherited, as we have seen, through their father, some of the sweet Umbrian influence, and Andrea Mantegna, their brother-in-law, who first studied in the school of the poor artist but good antiquary, Squarcione, and therefore loved to introduce, as became the manner even with his Florentine contemporaries, beautiful fragments or complete designs drawn from the ruins of the art of the old Roman civilization. If I were tracing the development of landscape painting, the backgrounds of the greater Bellini would mark an epoch. If the history of German art were being considered, the lasting influence of Mantegna and Bellini upon Albert Durer, their junior by some years, would be a point of interest. It is hard, also, to pass by those painters of Murano, the Vivarini, who introduced such an intensity of color into Venetian art.

But our course is with Florence, and asking you for a moment to return to Uccello and Castagna I shall briefly refer to two Florentine naturalists of the same type. The elder Pollajuolo (1429-1498) is to be noticed as the first who studied anatomy by actual dissection. His paintings are otherwise uninteresting, but many of you will remember in the National Gallery in London his extraordinary treatment of S. Sebastian. The wounded saint does not lean sentimentally against a tree after the usual manner. The bole of the tree separates, four or five feet above the ground, into three limbs, of which two are cut off, and on the two stumps he stands, his back against the surviving limb. Thus conveniently elevated, six archers in as many different attitudes transform the tortured saint into a sort of pin-cushion, all of course in order to exhibit the artist's skill in anatomical drawing. The new born love of the antique is shown by the ruins of a Roman triumphal arch introduced at one side of the background, while behind all is a landscape of great extent, showing complete knowledge of perspective and great advance in the drawing of mountains and trees. Unfortunately it is all hard in style and unpleasing. Another artist who, if we are to believe Vasari, was a goldsmith, sculptor, carver, painter, teacher of perspective, and musician, is Andrea del Verocchio (1435-1485) that is "Andrew with the true eye." He has left as evidence of his skill the equestrian statue in the Piazza S. Giorgio e S. Paolo in Venice which Ruskin declares to be still the best equestrian statue in the world, and the intensely Florentine David now in the Bargello museum in Florence; but of pictures there is only one which can certainly

be assigned to him, the Baptism of Christ in the Academy at Florence, and in that the two angels are attributed to his pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. The background, a poetical dream of mountains and sunshine, is the fore runner of those backgrounds of Leonardo which, whether Ruskin will permit or not, most of us will continue to regard with unmixed delight. The figure of John the Baptist in the picture is quite as realistic, but very different from the half wild creatures of Castagna. This lean, rugged man suggests the pious, deeply serious puritan of later days, but with no fierceness; on the contrary his face expresses an overwhelming sense of the terrible destiny on earth of the man Jesus whom he is baptizing.

We have now had a long race of simple and devout painters, satisfied to paint nothing but religious pictures, and cheerfully following the conventions regarding such; and we have had a revolt in the shape of naturalistic painters who sought to combine religious subjects with faithful painting of the external facts of nature which they selected from the scenes of life about them. We have also had some tendency towards secular subjects, and a widely spread effort to master the scientific principles of art—to improve the technique. It is interesting to note the teachers and their pupils at this time.

Verocchio had three famous pupils Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Lorenzo di Credi (1459-1537) and Pietro Perugino (1446-1524). Giorgione, although fellow pupil with Titian of Bellini, was so impressed by the style of Leonardo that he became the teacher of Titian, who taught the world. Perugino, as you know, taught Raphael, who taught the world. Masaccio, as we have seen, was the direct or indirect teacher of Fra Lippo Lippi, and that nature-loving painter taught Sandro Botticelli (1446-1510), the only contemporary the great Leonardo chose to mention in his treatise of art, and whose work we have now to consider. Botticelli was born at a time when the resurrection of the classic remains of plastic art and literature and the study of the classic myths; the effect of the literature of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio; the Platonic academy of Cosimo de Medici and its director, Marsilio Ficino, translator of Plato; the intellectual curiosity which made it possible for the father of his country to be at once a statesman, merchant-banker, collector of Greek, Latin and Oriental manuscripts, worshipper at an actual shrine to Plato and a patron of the art of Fra Angelico, made an atmosphere in which the simple faith of the time of Giotto could no longer exist. Little wonder that before the close of the century there should have appeared such an æsthetic pagan as Pico della Mirandola and such a religious reformer as Savonarola. Little wonder perhaps, too, that Pico should, after all his philosophising be shrived by Savonarola and die in the garb of a Dominican although doubtless half pagan to the end. In this complex world, and sensitive to its finer elements, the peculiar genius of Botticelli reflected in painting what was best in the culture of the time. His own life was without much event. After Fra Lippo Lippi died he became the most celebrated painter in Florence, was called to Rome, painted what, judged by the faded remains, must have been splendid frescoes on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, spent the rest

of his life at home in Florence, and late in life fell under the sway of Savonarola.

Appreciating fully the beauty of the mystical religious school of which the summit of achievement had been reached in Fra Angelico, yet impressed with the naturalism and the desire for true technical principles in his contemporaries, he belonged to none of these, but is, as I have said, an expression of the intellectual state of his time—a painter of subtle thoughts—a dreamer impressed with the slight tinge of melancholy natural to dreamers. That he could paint robust specimens of Christianity we can see in the Saint Augustine of the Ognissanti or All Saints' Church. That he was, when he chose, a rich colorist, many pictures avouch. His knowledge of landscape and love of things out of doors is evident everywhere in his work and his painting of drapery has influenced poetical figure painting ever since, and never more than just now in England. But the true Botticelli is to be seen in the best known among the many round pictures, the Coronation, in Tobias and the Angels, the Birth of Venus, the Calumny of Apelles, and the Primavera or Allegory of Spring; and what is at once noticeable, is that the poetical spirit of all is the same. The female angels accompanying Tobias are not essentially different from the maidens in the Allegory of Spring, and all with their mobile, passionate faces, suggest lovely creatures of this earth, fit, perhaps, for heaven, rather than heavenly messengers visiting the earth. Angels and seraphs though they be, they wear most costly and beautiful garments, resplendent with jewels and exquisite embroidery, clearly the product of human hands. Indeed we at once think with ecstasy of the world for having such faces and such garments amongst the possible things to be attained here. Since the advent of Masaccio artists have striven to paint the nude, and in his treatment of nude figures the poetical and intellectual qualities of the mind of Botticelli appear. If we turn to the nude figure in the Calumny and to Venus, in the Birth of Venus, we must be dull indeed if we are not charmed with the purity and grace with which they are painted. The Coronation in the circular form, frequently referred to as the Madonna of Botticelli, is, however, the finest expression of his poetry and religion combined, if indeed it is not the expressed essence of all the Madonnas painted before it. She wears no jewels, nor earthly made embroideries. Her garments are ornamented after the early method, and might have been worn by a Madonna of Cimabue. Her face, with its nearly closed eyes, drooping mouth and melancholy almost suggesting tears, carries the idea of maternity on the one hand and on the other the shrinking sense of possible unfitness to wear the crown and to be the mother of the Saviour of the world. The angel children are clearly the result of the bold departure of Fra Lippo Lippi, but how different. Like all the faces of Botticelli, they are not regular types of beauty. They depend for their interest upon the spirituality he is able to express in their faces. They are lovely from the human side, because, unlike the rather vulgar, well-fed children of Fra Lippo Lippi, they are Italian children of the sun and air, with tremulous faces, tender eyes and luxuriant hair; and they are lovely as angels, because if angels are ever like children, it would be delightful that they should be like these

children. But they have no wings, and perhaps he did not mean us to know whether they were angels or merely creatures

"Not too bright or good  
For human natures' daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles.  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

These lovely children hold over the Virgin's head a crown which looks like a galaxy of stars; and in the centre of the picture there is a space where in the far distance we see a beautiful bit of the earth—houses and trees, water and hills, and a wash of Italian sunshine over it all. The mysticism of the early Madonnas is there, and the naturalism of the later painters, blended in the melancholy sentiment of Botticelli.

But there is a more important quality in Botticelli than any I have mentioned, and one which would hardly be expected from the peculiar nature of his other gifts. He possessed dramatic power of more force than any artist, except Signorelli, until Michael Angelo. Some slight evidence of this quality was seen in two or three rapidly moving figures by Fra Lippo Lippi, to which I referred, but in such a picture as Botticelli's Calumny of Apelles, the action of the whole composition is startling in its furious rapidity, while in such pictures as Tobias and the Angels and the Allegory of Spring, the figures move as if in a rhythmic dance.

I will return in a few minutes to Botticelli's Florentine contemporaries, but before doing so I must introduce two contemporaries who were not Florentines, although influencing that school. Luca Signorelli, born in 1441, at Cortona, and of the Tuscan school, lived until 1523, when Michael Angelo was 48 years of age. Apprenticed to Piero della Francesca, and clearly influenced by Pollajuolo and Verocchio, he learned all that the scientific school could teach him. He was the first great painter of the nude, apart from the few figures of Masaccio, connecting the early attempts of Ucello and Castagna with the consummation of nude drawing reached in Michael Angelo. He had, like Michael Angelo, a tendency towards classical subjects in order to indulge his capacity for correct anatomy and dramatic force, and he was not always free from coarseness. But in such religious subjects as the various phases of the History of Antichrist, in that chapel in the Cathedral at Orvieto, which so different a man as Fra Angelico began to decorate, he aimed clearly to emphasize the incidents he treated, by depicting the majesty and beauty of the human form. His figures have not much individuality, but he gives to humanity as a whole such an elevated type physically as would have pleased the ancient Greeks. He has the same startling vehemence as we have noticed in Botticelli, but treated in an entirely different and much more correct manner. Indeed when we look at the intensity of the dramatic action of Michael Angelo, we cannot but feel that he was greatly influenced by Signorelli, whose work we know he copied.

The other contemporary of Botticelli is markedly different. Pietro Perugino, born 1446 and dying at the same time as Signorelli, was an Umbrian, and through all the changes of his long life the native influence prevailed. He was the crowning development of the beauties and defects of that school. Studying perspective also with Piero della Francesca as his assistant, and subsequently, as I have mentioned, a pupil of Verocchio, he understood anatomy

and perspective thoroughly, but they were only a means towards another end. He is as opposite to Signorelli as Fra Angelico to Castagna. Instead of tremendous dramatic energy, we have in him the most perfect specimen of the contemplative in art. While this lack of action is clearly a serious limitation, no one who has seen will ever forget such a picture as the Adoration of the Infant Jesus in the Pitti Palace gallery. The stillness, the solemn rapture of the central figure, must appeal to every heart, and of its kind it is perfect—Raphael could do no more. His faces are all types, and the range of types is very limited, but no one except Fra Angelico has so expressed the profound depths of the soul. Like his fellow pupil, Leonardo, he was one of the first to paint in oil, and he finished his pictures with the same exquisite care and with rich, luminous colors. His strongest qualities reappear in the early pictures of his pupil Raphael.

Returning to the Florentine school, two painters are always in our mind when we think of Botticelli, his contemporary Ghirlandajo (1449-1494), and his pupil, although only eleven years younger, Filippino Lippi (1457-1524). Beautiful painters, indeed great masters as they were, I shall not have occasion to say much regarding them. The principles of art were now thoroughly understood in Florence, and these only helped to perfect the process, not to add new principles or processes. Ghirlandajo, but a few years younger than Botticelli, Signorelli and Perugino, died at forty-five, long before his contemporaries, and as his development was slow his period of fine work was comparatively short. He was a goldsmith, and Ruskin, who would have us believe that to the end of his life he had only the ideas of a goldsmith, objects to our admiring too much those splendid frescoes in the S. M. Novella which some of you will remember as among the chief glories of Florence. Yet I fear ordinary people like ourselves will heartily admire these frescoes as long as they remain sufficiently preserved for mankind to look at them. He was a man of the highest intelligence, learning from every great painter before and around him, copying even Giotto and Masaccio, and painting, with the accuracy and precision of his time, the whole range of animate and inanimate things. With his high intelligence and sincerity he did not startle with novelty, but kept within the range of the natural sympathies of man.

Filippino Lippi is to me a much more interesting painter. Studying under Botticelli, he imbibed his spirit but improved the types of beauty, repressed the over-strained sentiment and dramatic action, giving a splendid dignity to his pictures. He was essentially a great historical painter with unusual capacity for portraiture, individuality, narrative, dramatic action and color. He finished the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel left on that mysterious night when Masaccio disappeared, and the critics are still disputing as to where Masaccio dropped the brush and Filippino Lippi, long after, took it up.

But the path hitherto so narrow is widening beyond our grasp. It was my purpose to trace the development which led to Raphael and Michael Angelo, and in the Florentine school I have only now to mention Fra Bartolommeo (1475-1517). Born in the same year as Michael Angelo, he died nearly fifty years earlier. Since the appearance of the naturalistic or scientific school I have had occasion to say less and less about

purely religious painting. Religious incidents now often merely formed an excuse for the exercise of the artists' skill which would have been exhibited in secular subjects, if the church had not remained the greatest patron of art; just as Turner would introduce into a superb landscape some trifling figures in order to name his picture after a classic story, because the idea that a landscape might be painted for its own sake was not quite accepted. But for a brief moment Fra Bartolommeo gave the world once more religious pictures conceived in the soul of a devout man. Dowered with genius and technical skill not inferior to any but the three or four greatest painters, he gave us, in the Deposition from the Cross in the Pitti Palace gallery, one of the two or three absolutely perfectly religious pictures in the world. Without the mysticism of Fra Angelico, the sentiment of Botticelli, or the contemplative stillness of Perugino, he painted, not with reference merely to one or two of the facts centred in religious feeling, but with reference to all the facts of human life.

My story is now finished. When Fra Bartolommeo was born Leonardo had been twenty-three years in the world. Of the work of his delightful school of followers to be seen at Milan I must not speak; Michael Angelo, as I have said, was born in the same year, Titian within the next year or two, and Raphael eight years later.

If I seem to have overloaded my lecture with names, I must plead that I have tried to mention no one who did not directly contribute to the development of painting. I am forced to leave out of my account delightful painters in Bologna, Venice, and other cities over the Appenines, and such interesting contemporaries of Raphael as Il Sodoma and Andrea del Sarto.

B. E. WALKER.

## PARIS LETTER.

It must be with the view of keeping the hand in, that the constitution tinkers have resumed work. Since 1789, France has had some 21 brand new constitutions—like the Athenians the French like novelty; for a twelvemonth at least, no formal attempt was made to improve away the present regime, when suddenly five plans to revise and correct the existing constitution appear—they come in battalions. Each perfect curer has his panacea, his fad, for making France great, glorious, and free. But the oddest feature about the matter is, that no one demands any reform of the constitution. The plans comprise not only the mending, but the ending of the Senate; the Patricians naturally do not like the latter. Some of the tinkers propose that when the Deputies vote a bill a second time after the Senate has rejected it, the bill shall become law. The House of Lords will please note. Another proposition is, to place Deputies and Senators into a melting pot, and cast them into conventionnels. One Solon desires to Americanize the constitution, by having the Ministers chosen outside the parliaments; better functionaries would thus be secured. The whole discussion is academic, platonic, and nugatory. Then it is the old mic.

One of the best barometers of Paris destitution is the statistics of the Night Refugees. A society has established five of these. They sheltered in 1892, 100,000 individuals of both sexes, and of all ages; and the average cost, all expenses covered, is a fraction over the rate of 1fr. per head.

Many of the sufferers are restored to their families and friends; some are provided with employment, but all are bettered by the matriculation bath, and clothing fumigation, plus a bowl of soup and a junk of bread. The esthetic side of the misery might be worse; the liberal professions exhibit a decline of waifs and strays; only 65 governesses and school mistresses, and among these are included dealers in "nick-nacks." There were 274 artists connected with the theatrical profession, of whom 12 were pianists. There were 318 sailors relieved; now a sailor in Paris is a *rara aris*, even in the best of times; 2,144 printers; 2,832 locksmiths; 11 merchants; 9 apothecaries; and 555 sans profession. There were also 115 professions; 71 school-masters; 47 students; 23 journalists; 20 architects, and 14 litterateurs. The night-refuge works in with another society, that may be called the "Day Refuge," which is an adoption of "General" Boattis' plan of reformation by work. Donations of cast-off clothing and used-up toys are gratefully accepted—even dolls without heads, dogs with only two legs, and sheep that have lost their bleating power.

M. Caumeau is a town councillor, and one of the vice-presidents of the Municipal Council; he is an out-and-outer, he has just toasted the Commune of 1871, and looks forward to the "next merry meeting" of its desired edition. He believes that only a good revolution can right the situation; that is, the "new spirit" which is required, and not the doctrine as propounded by M. Spuller of "inflexible moderation." It was Danton, and a few men, who constituted the Reign of Terror, and once ruled France, who compelled her to go a "head"; the anarchist bomb and the insurgents' rifle—why not petroleum—are good to terrify the white-faced capitalists. M. Caumeau is, he says, a "revolutionary recidivist," and only the spilling of fresh blood under a new Commune, is the means to the end. But what that end is, he does not say. At the same banquet, Deputy James said, the "anarchist bomb is a lyre, which causes all the reactionists of the government to wail." This could be over-looked, only the bombs also disembowel innocent people of all ages and sexes. Matters for the future thus look lively, and M. Caumeau asserts, it is the roll of the Municipal Council to undertake the work. Moral: "Who peppers the highest is surest to please."

All the pretenders to the French throne are now engaged "catching heiresses;" Don Carlos has hooked an Austrian, Prince Victor Napoleon is landing a Russian; the Duc d'Orleans is on the look-out in Spain, and the young Nauendorff will speculate on a Chicago grain merchant's daughter—and his prospects of restoration are as good as any of the others.

Here is a curious case of body snatching. The late Paul Bert founded the mutual autopsy society, one of the rules being, that each deceased member's body was to be dissected, and members who so desired, were to be present at the post mortem. Gambetta belonged to this society for the advancement of science; it is the more curious since the anatomical school has all the subjects—4,200 a year—that it requires. One X—, belonged to "the autopsists; he wrote to Dr. Coutereau that he intended to commit suicide—and that the rules did not prevent—and to come and claim his remains. The doctor, accompanied by the commissary of police, burst into the apartments of X—; he was

dead, having suicided himself with charcoal fumes. The doctor allowed the body to remain as it lay, till he would send for it next day, to be dissected after convoking the members of the society. But that evening the wife and son of the deceased arrived, claimed the remains, and whisked them off to the family vault in the country. The family no doubt laughed at their lugubrious smartness. But those laugh best who laugh last. The defunct anticipated the abduction of his body, and executed his will, depositing it with a co-member, that in case his family abstracted the post mortem, all his property was to go to the autopsists, and the latter now claim the heritage.

There is much that is hazy about the committee of inquiry's investigations into the working of the new type ironclad *Magenta*. The real point was to ascertain, would she in a gyration heel up or turn over. Now local gossip affirms, that the manipulating of the big guns at a certain focus, and an abrupt pivot turning of the helm, would bring the ship within the coffin angle, while dangerously affecting her boiler apparatus. As for the cross-purposes in the administration of the departments of the arsenal of Toulon, the removal of a few fossil salts will secure the required "new spirit." This latter means, a methodical annual augmentation to the fleet. Other naval Powers might imitate that steady plan of progression, and thus do away with all panics.

The bar has now a very pretty quarrel to decide, and against the bench too. The lawyers are subject to a council of discipline, whose director, annually elected by the faculty, is called the *batonnier*. It is one of the regulations for all law students, if called to the bar, to promise to plead gratuitously for indigent suitors, and the *batonnier* indicates the lawyers by turn to undertake cases. Now, a lawyer cannot recover his fees, though a doctor can, hence why the fees must be paid in advance. It is notorious that many well-to-do people are so mean as to petition for gratuitous legal assistance, and employ the "influences" to secure it, though able to pay; and that evil is so augmenting that the lawyers have at last kicked. It is precisely the same situation by which the comfortable classes, in the rural districts especially, obtain free medicine and hospital care, at the expense of the indigent. A case came before a judge where two old maids had no lawyer to defend them, nor could they secure the services of any, for love, cash, or anything. The judge passed restrictions on this case of boycotting and the bar resented it, while being backed by their *batonnier*: the old girls were rich, had promised in a former stage of the trial to refund the attorney the fees he advanced for them to the lawyer, but did not. No lawyer would accept their brief, and the *batonnier* selected the case as a stand against the abuse of gratuitous defenders, and would not tell off any member. That's where the matter rests. It is better to be briefless than hold briefs that bring no fees.

On an average, ten lunatics a day have been arrested by the police in Paris. Since the anarchists began to throw bombs, and the police to make sudden arrests, the number of captured lunatics has risen to twenty, and on one day twenty-nine. The unfortunates allege they are followed by the anarchists with bombs, or that the police desire to catch them and seize their private papers. At Asnières a man tried with a

bomb to blow up his mistress and himself at the same time; only half the tube exploded, and that was the moiety which operated on himself alone.

The shareholders of the Panama Canal Co. are being still amused with projects for the completion of the work. They seem to have enough of what they call dust-throwing, and are taking steps to liquidate the liquidator, and put the big relic up to auction. The sudden stoppage of Cornelius Hertz to put his threat into execution, to publish his stock of compromising papers, prepared public opinion for the alleged result, that Hertz has made an arrangement with the Philistines, who had impounded his property. If so, the recovery of the doctor may be considered rapid. His presence in his office on the Boulevard des Italiens, which he has never closed, may soon be looked for. Others affirm that M. de Lasseps is rapidly recovering from his illness; that he now demands not newspapers three months old, but stop-press editions of the daily newspapers. Who knows but that he and Dr. Hertz may yet figure in the same Sir Roger de Coverley dance? Everything happens in France. The victimized shareholders cannot begrudge the restoration of the two illustrious invalids to better health and long life.

M. Ernest Daudet, brother of "Alphonse," has written a work on the history of the Franco-Russian alliance. The most curious part of the book is where the author avows that France holds at the present moment more than *four milliards of francs* of Russian loan bonds, and that fact he considers as the best *gage* for the sincerity and durability of the alliance.

The French deputies have been classed up to date, thus: wholly bald; fully thatched heads; full beard and hair; the red, the dark, and the white colored; the tallest and best built; the fattest, the leanest and the smallest. A reward is offered to whoever can discover a single hair on the head of Deputy Agnard; the tallest member is M. Golpin; the smallest, ex-Premier Goblet; the fattest, Georges Berry; the leanest, Monseigneur d'Hulst; the handsomest, M. d'Kerjegn, and the plainest—.

The general idea in France about the Empress of Austria is that her mind is a little wrong, and that after her life of agitation, the healing climate of Southern France would favourably tell on her sunset of life days. The Empress of Austria has never been popular; the aristocracy have ever been her enemies; they put in circulation all the curious gossip about her. She has the gift of being satirical, and in her intercourse with courtiers is accused of intolerance. Her conduct has been correct, and the Emperor has returned it; in the early years of her marriage she was jealous of some light conduct on the part of His Majesty, but she found consolation and resignation in religion. She prefers the Hungarians to the Viennese. When the Emperor came to be the selected husband of the Princess Helene, he fell in love with her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and married her. She was treated, during the early years of her marriage, with disdain by the court, and her mother-in-law was her most cruel foe. But she lived it all down. The Empress is accused of having no heart save for horses and dogs. Till lately she may be said to have lived in the saddle, and she selected her maids of honour solely on account of their skill in horsemanship. Her health first broke down by fretting over her son's marriage; she detested her

daughter-in-law, the Princess Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians—it was the most piteous marriage ceremony ever witnessed. The Empress is in love with her hair, which falls to her knees, and sobs if a single hair be combed out. She is a terrible smoker, puffs 50 cigarettes a day, and several very strong cigars before going to bed—that “calms her nerves”; and her teeth have never been blackened by the weed.

The French telegraphists send messages daily over the world in 35 languages; the latest addition is Siamese. The Japs largely wire in their native tongue, but John Chinaman sends no telegrams.

### THE ROCK AND THE ROSE.

The grim rock on the hillside rough  
For ages stood the sun and storm,  
But once upon its shoulders gruff  
The wild-rose twined in rapture warm;  
For one sweet summer twined and clung,  
Then fell away, and left the rock  
More barren where the dry vine swung;  
The sterner for the dead arms' lock.  
And through the endless, empty years  
The rock remained—but, tell me, Man,  
Who loved and lost, yet shed no tears—  
How with the rocks where roses ran?

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Toronto University.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE UNIVERSAL HYMN.

Adapted to Modern (Secular) Educational Requirements.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir,—*A propos* of “Religious Education in the Public Schools,” the following from *Punch* may be found pertinent.

JOHN BURTON.

Arise my soul—if soul I've got—  
And vaguely vocal thank  
For all the blessings of my lot  
The Unknown, Eternal Blank!

I thank the Streak of Azure Haze  
That on my birth has smiled,  
And made me, in post Christian days,  
A happy School-Board child.

I was not born, as myriads were,  
In ages dark and dim,  
And taught to pray a pious prayer  
Or sing a holy hymn.

I was not born a little slave  
To formula and creed,  
Or taught that heaven must light the grave  
Or God-love banish greed.

I was not born when priests might roam  
And teach the childish band  
To sing about our heavenly home  
Or of that happy land!

Mere dogma muddles up the mind,  
And leaves it in a mess.  
Religion surely was designed  
To make our freedom less.

The conscience clause? It may secure  
Some freedom to the slave;  
But where's the sense—unless we're sure  
That we a conscience have?

We've lots of “Standards” which we  
treasure,  
There's one superfluous quite,  
A standard human wit can't measure  
(In Board Schools)—that of Right!

Secular matters make our joys,  
And facts are our sole food.  
Do we turn out good girls and boys?  
Good heavens! What is “Good”?

Through all the periods of my life

One goodness I'll pursue:  
With rare “good things” this world is  
rife;  
I'll try to get a few.

### ART NOTES.

We regret to say we have been obliged to hold over notice of the Woman's Art Association Exhibition till our next issue.

Arrangements have been made with a high class art school whereby we are advised that any readers of this journal of the age of fifteen up to thirty can receive free tuition by sending name and address to the editor, with a reference as to character.

#### MR. GEORGE BRUENECH'S EXHIBITION.

The exhibition at Messrs. Matthews' gallery, Yonge Street, now being held by Mr. Bruenech, R.C.A., well illustrates the fine, strong and pleasing work of this genial and popular Canadian artist and the progress he is making is remarkable. It is rather beside the mark, but the following incident shows the appreciation in which Mr. Bruenech's work is held. Before the exhibition was well open, early on the opening day, one of Toronto's most prominent brain-workers—a man whose name and fame are not confined to Canada—called at the exhibition and purchased five pictures, including some of the best of the exhibit. No. 1 is without-doubt the strongest and most impressive water color yet produced by this artist, and to our mind one of the most effective yet painted by a Canadian artist. We can quite understand one whose travel has been limited, and who has not been privileged to behold the mysterious and awe-inspiring effects which impress the visitor to the land of the midnight sun, being astonished at this picture: “Midnight on the Tys Fjord, Norway.” The bold mountain on which the eye first rests has its crown bathed in the ruddy glow of the midnight sun, the foreground is the deep green-toned sea on which is reflected the sunlit slope of the mountain, in the distance are the purple ranges and the pallid sky shades off to a faint light in the distant horizon. The effect of this noble picture is most impressive and its execution is most creditable. It is a strong, true, poetic presentation of a striking scene in that far northern land, the rugged home of the bold, adventurous Northmen, the inspirer of the heroic sagas, the land of mountain and fiord. This picture could not have failed to attract wide attention at the recent exhibit of the Royal Academy at Ottawa, and it well merits the warm praise of so fine a critic, and so just a man, as the distinguished Canadian artist, Mr. M. Matthews, who says that he has seen almost precisely similar effects in his artistic wanderings in our own Rockies. In referring to such a picture one cannot help recalling the high tribute paid to Mr. Bruenech's artistic excellence, by the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise (both accomplished art critics), in purchasing no less than four examples of his work. Our limited space forbids our treating other noteworthy features of the exhibit at length, but we cannot omit mention of No. 2: “The Harvest of the Sea,” which is a sea piece of unusual strength. A fishing craft is driving along over a stormy sea, and at a not very safe distance comes rushing through the mist, over her track, a huge ocean greyhound. No. 6, “Evening, Muskoka,” is a beautiful soft piece of autumnal coloring and represents most charmingly a bit of Shadow River, Muskoka. No. 3, “Clearing Weather off the Banks of Newfoundland,” is another vigorous sea piece. There is undoubted power in the moving sweep of the billows and the cold grey masses of storm clouds overhead, while the ship labouring along under shortened sail, bespeaks the strength of the wind. Mr. Bruenech's modesty is strongly evidenced in the low price of his pictures, and his courtesy make a visit to his exhibition doubly pleasurable.

#### THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

Of the annual Exhibition of Canada's

Royal Academy, which was opened by His Excellency the Governor-General, on Thursday evening last, at Ottawa, with a very successful gathering of Academicians and their friends and admirers, it may be said without fear of contradiction that it is as a whole a distinct advance in many respects on any similar exhibition yet held. The national gallery in which it was held being smaller than the Toronto and Montreal galleries, a large number of pictures that might otherwise have been shown were crowded out, and it is supposed that only the very best have been selected.

Of course, among the artists there are naturally differences of opinion as to the judgment shown, and one or two favourite artists are not so fully represented perhaps as could be wished by their admirers, but, on the whole, the result has doubtless been that this present exhibit represents the best talent of the country and approaches nearer to what we may perhaps term an European standard than any previous one.

Beginning alphabetically with the catalogue in hand, we find Mr. Atkinson represented by one large oil—a moonlight scene, shown last year in Toronto, but much improved by the artist since then, and wanting only reduction in size to make it still more pleasing.

Mr. Carl Ahrens, the next on the list, has a pleasing study (No. 3) of a small boy building some toy boats and a very nice little bit (5) called “Dutchman and Sheep”—his more pretentious picture (6), “Dutch Rag-pickers,” while good in composition and intent requires more work on the subordinate figures to perfect it. This may be because of the difference between the light of the gallery and that of the artist's studio, which makes “varnishing-day” a necessity with most artists. His “grey evening” is a suggestive little picture.

J. M. Barnsley's “Dieppe Harbor” is a good example of this artist's well known style.

Wm. Brynner has a good “Wood Interior” (10), and a strong bit of good color in (11) “Great Illecilliwaet Glacier.”

F. M. Bell Smith has done some of his best work in (14) “London Bridge,” a larger edition of his picture of last year. The wetness of the road and sidewalk and the dirty London sky are well given. It is perhaps an unpleasant reminiscence to a Londoner, but the facts are well and artistically rendered. “Rocks at Low Tide” (18) shows another phase of this artist's skill, perhaps the one in which he is best known, and his study of a head (17) still another—the execution of his watercolors is crisp and good. “Mt. Carroll” (154) is better than the more pretentious “Pont Neuf” and “Westminster”; if this artist could concentrate his abilities and were not led by his facile execution and clever handling into so many diverse fields of art, we might see some more important and lasting work from his hand.

Miss Bell's “Nibble at Last” is a strong effective picture of children fishing, with perhaps a little too much brilliant yellow in it.

F. Brownell has a strong portrait of the poet Wilfred Campbell, and an effective picture called going fishing. Wm. Cruikshank has the place of honour on the north wall for his “Breaking a Road,” the oxen being carefully studied and the action of the horses well rendered. It is a good example of how effective a purely Canadian subject can be made, and shows that an artist need not go abroad for the picturesque. W. Chappelaine's “Peeling Potatoes” is worthy of a better position than it obtains, and Frank Checkley's two portraits of old ladies (28 and 29) give promise of a new and strong addition to our portrait painters. Of F. S. Challenor's pictures, the “Song at Twilight” is perhaps the best in oil, although this artist shows to better advantage in his water colors, his “Autumn Reverie” (158) being an excellent specimen of his work in this latter style. The “Hay Field” (32) has some excellent work and outdoor effect in it. A. Cox's small marine, “Crossing the Bar,” has the merit of succeeding in rendering what it professes to show us in an easy, pleasing way.



## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Dignam has but one picture, "A Poppy Garden" (38). It hangs rather too high to be seen to advantage, and looks a little hard in treatment perhaps in consequence. J. W. L. Forster's portrait of Dr. Nelles is not a favourable specimen of this artist's work. It is far better for public men to be painted while they live, though too much the fashion to expect the artist to produce good portraits from photographs after death. Miss Ford's pictures have the French hall mark on them. Her "Woman's Story" is perhaps the best of them, a low toned painting of a mother and son by the fireside. Mr. Greer's portrait of Mrs. Ward is free and flowing in line and treatment, the expression is natural and the flesh tints good, altogether a popular style of portrait. R. F. Gagen's water color, "Under the Birches," is, for some reason unknown, hung among the oils. It is, however, strong enough to stand it, and shows to good advantage. J. L. Graham's "Across the Sea" is a clever piece of work; the cattle are well grouped and drawn. J. Hammond's "Dulse Gatherers" is strong and shows a good comprehensive grasp of the subject; it is in good keeping throughout. Miss Holden's "Widowed but not Forsaken" is an excellent piece of work, subdued in tone and in fine harmony throughout. Her "Grey Day at Lachine" is also a careful and true rendering of nature.

An exceedingly true sketch is Miss N. Houghton's "Foggy Morning over the Bar" (56), and "Cloudy Morning" (54) is equally good. Miss C. S. Hazarty's "Indian Reservation" though slight and sketchy, gives promise of better results in future.

The President, Robert Harris, has a fine portrait of A. F. Gault in the centre of the south wall. It has great power combined with simplicity. A still better head, "Canadian Backwoodsman," because freer and painted with more abandon, represents this artist on the north wall. O. R. Jacobi has some characteristic works (64 and 66), not perhaps equal to his very best, but in his well-known manner. F. M. Knowles shows a bright pastoral scene in (68) "A Yorkshire Lane," and a clever grey study, "St. Levan's Church, Cornwall." O. Leduc, a new name among the artists, shows a very painstaking study of still life, "Open Book" (73), which must have cost him many hours of labour; the brilliant red cloth foreground injures this work much and would be better away or subdued. C. M. Manly has one small oil, which was shown in his exhibit in Toronto, and two more important water color studies of willows, in his well-known happy manner. Mr. Matthews is represented by a small but good oil, "The Way Home," in which the sunlit road is well rendered. His large rocky mountain picture, we are informed, was crowded out, the room being so small. T. Mower Martin's principal works are: "The Flock at Rest," which has been seen in Toronto; "Planning the New Barn," a figure scene of Canadian farm life, and "Toronto Bay, evening," showing the waterworks and the old stone wharf. They bear evidence of much thought and care. L. R. O'Brien shows two oils, a new departure for him, but very good and very like his water colors, of which "Wind and Weather" and "A Bend of Shadow River" please us best. We cannot help thinking, however, that his old style of painting was the more successful. Of A. D. Patterson's portraits we prefer "The Late Toussaint Trudeau Esquire," which has much merit. J. C. Pinhey's "Iris" is a clever study of a female head, and his "Constantia" has a freedom of handling and appearance of ease about it that give it a charm of its own.

G. A. Reid has a clever and taking picture in "Life's Twilight," which requires a long focal distance to get the proper effect, the blue lights being too apparent when approached more closely. His "Andante" is clear and sketchy, and his decorative panel, entitled "Harvest" shows well in its elevated position. Mrs. Reid's roses are well known. Here are some of her very best (107 and 109), being equal to any we have seen in former years. Her (106) "At Close of Day" is one of the best figure pieces in the room, although the

candle could be dispensed with perhaps. O. Staples does not show quite such important works as we have seen from him, and we miss his clear animal pictures from this exhibition.

James Smith shows great improvement in his "Westminster Bridge and Parliament Buildings"; it is the best picture we have seen by him. Henry Sandham sends two heads, both good and carefully painted, but not equal to his best work. Miss J. Spurr has three landscapes, all well executed in her careful manner. Colin A. Scott has a fairly painted little girl in 125, and a water color of cows grazing, well drawn and painted, in 189. W. A. Sherwood is seen at his best in three small pictures, "Life's Eventide" (126), in which the old lady's head shows masterly work. Miss Mary Paterson has a carefully finished figure and a Pastel Head of a Lady finely drawn and colored. Miss Tully has also a good pastel head in 130, while her two landscapes, 128 and 129, show improvement in this line. E. E. Thompson's 132 is a fine little picture, hung much too high to be properly seen; the deer is excellent in 131 and the fox is cleverly drawn and posed. A. C. Williamson shows a nice little picture, "Embers" (136), very low in tone and a Brolles Interior, which is also good. H. R. Watson has some good landscapes which impress us as being in advance of his work of late years in 139, 140, 142, 145, 146 and 147. J. W. H. Watts' "Springtime" is a nice bit of color with well drawn trees. His "Fall Ploughing" is hardly up to the same standard. James Wilson's unpretentious sunset has a merit of its own.

Of exhibitors of water colors only we have John A. Fraser with a number of good bits of color, 168 and 166 being among the best; H. Martin with "Toronto Shipping" (178) and "Killin Moor" (177), both good, the latter perhaps the best; F. Day, with "Bow Falls" and "Hermit Range," and an excellent bit of mountain work (161)—"Above Marion Lake." E. E. Thompson's "Study of a Lion's Head," out on the stairs, is worthy of a better place. F. A. Verner's "Stonehenge" can also be seen here in modest retirement, along with his "Stratford-on-Avon," both in his well-known manner. C. J. Way is not quite up to his old standard in 195 and 196, but perhaps they might appear to better advantage if lower down.

On the whole the exhibition is a distinct advance on its predecessors and promises well for the future of art in Canada, under the auspices of the Academy, especially in view of the fact that at the general assembly, held on Friday, W. Cruickshank and E. W. Grier were elected members, and A. C. Williamson, J. L. Graham, and F. Brownell were elected associate members. Among the architectural drawings shown were clever works by J. A. Radford in his best style; a fine drawing of the University library building, Toronto, by C. B. Dick, which was accepted by the Council as his diploma work; a large colored drawing of the Redpath library, Montreal, by A. T. Taylor, and a pen and ink sketch of the Parliament House, Ottawa, by E. Fosberry; while sculpture was represented by a solitary panel carved by J. W. Alexander.

The opening night was largely attended, and His Excellency's address was exceedingly appropriate and encouraging, but the politicians and statesmen were conspicuously absent, being engaged in the duties of the hour, which are particularly arduous just now.

From 1885 to 1892 the net income of the Bell Telephone Company available for dividends ranged from over 18 to more than 27 per cent. on the nominal capital. In five of the years it was over 20 per cent, and only a small part of the capital represented other property than the patent. The capital has been increased from time to time to prevent the dividends from exceeding it. It has grown from \$7,350,000 in 1881 to \$20,000,000. The average amount of the capital was \$11,206,035, and the dividends in fourteen years have aggregated \$23,106,096. The average rate of dividend has been 14.72 per cent.—*New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.*

Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, violinist, of New York, formerly of Toronto, is now the musical critic in the *New York Herald*. Mr. Mitchell's education and talents eminently fit him for the position, as he is a well read and scholarly musician, and knows a thing or too as to how music should be performed, and what constitutes an artist's equipment.

A song recited by pupils of Miss Alice Denzill, with piano and violin selections, was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening, March 29th. Being at the Forester's concert we were unable to be present, but learn from a reliable source that the pupils performed their various selections in a manner which showed the careful and artistic training they had received to the greatest advantage. A delightful programme of ballads, choruses, piano and violin numbers was performed, closing with Oliver King's cantata for female voices, entitled "The Naiads," which was beautifully sung by the chorus class of some twenty singers. Miss Bella Geddes, a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, played a couple of piano solos, and Miss Norman, a pupil of Mr. Dimelli, played a violin solo. A large audience was present.

Also, on the same evening, Mrs. Fred W. Lee, a pupil of Mr. H. M. Field, performed with much success an exacting programme of piano music in St. George's Hall, assisted by Mr. Klengenfeld, violinist, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor. Mrs. Lee's solo numbers were: "Chromatic Fantaise," Bach; the last three movements of Beethoven's Sonata in D major, op. 10, No 3; Liszt's "Au lac du Walenstadt," Raff's "Rigaudon," two of Chopin's Preludes, a valse by Moskowski, and Liszt's 12th Rhapsody. She also appeared in the last two movements of Gade's Sonata for piano and violin, op. 21, in conjunction with Mr. Klengenfeld. We believe Mrs. Lee performed her numbers with great brilliancy and with musical sentiment, for she is ambitious, studious, and has excellent talent. Mr. Klengenfeld proved himself the artist both in his solo, "Vieuxtemps' Reverie" and in the Sonata above spoken of, as did also Mr. Robinson in his two songs "The Shadows Deepen on the Castle Walls" and Schubert's lovely "Serenade."

On Wednesday evening of last week we attended the concert given by the pupils of Sig. Vegara, in the Grand Opera House, when a much too long programme was performed. It is all very well to present ambitious programmes, but it is entirely unjust, and altogether injudicious to exceed two hours in the performance of a programme given entirely by amateurs, unless it is of unusual excellence, and varied by instrumental members. Many of Sig. Vegara's pupils have undoubted talent: perhaps we could say this of all those taking part, although particular mention might be made of Miss Florence Mabel Glover, Mr. Felix Mercier, Miss Terresina Rolleri, Miss Clara Rothwell, and Mr. Arthur Carnahan. As we have before intimated on other occasions, Miss Glover is a young lady gifted with a good voice, dramatic ability, and musical talent, but she should study proper tone production, breathing, and solfeggi, until she has her voice thoroughly under control, for her manner of excessively straining it at intervals is not only unnatural, and injurious, but is most unpleasant to the listener. We simply state these facts because of their importance, for Miss Glover has great possibilities if she studies patiently and with seriousness. The scene from "Der Freischutz" was fairly well done, although exception might be made to the speed of some of the numbers. Miss Rolleri took the part of Annetta, and showed genuine ability, as did also Miss Glover as Agatha, and Mr. Carnahan as Max. In the selection from Il Travatore the soloists were Miss Glover, Miss Alice Burrows, Mr. Mercier, and Arthur Carnahan. In nearly all of the miscellaneous selections given in the first part of the programme the soloists were greeted with much enthusiasm, and received several exquisite bouquets. It was a serious mistake on the part of Sig. Vegara that he did not have an

orchestra to accompany the operatic selections, as the music sounded tame and thin with the piano accompaniment, notwithstanding it was well played by Mrs. Blight. The gorgeous orchestral effects in Weber's romantic opera were entirely lost, and the performance suffered accordingly. We almost omitted to mention that the opening chorus of the first part was sung with excellent effect, and with commendable beauty of tone; in fact, it was one of the most interesting numbers of the evening.

The concert given under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Foresters in the Pavilion on the 29th ult., was attended by an immense audience who evidently relished the popular selections given by such popular artists as Miss Norah Clench, Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, Mrs. J. E. Smith, Mrs. Agnes Knox, Mr. Fred. Jenkins, and Mr. R. O. Riester, the latter, however, making his initial bow to a Toronto audience on this occasion. The programme opened with the vocal duett "Oh that we two were Maying," which was capitally rendered by Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Riester. Mr. Jenkins followed with "The Anchor's Weighed." This once excellent tenor gave an expressive rendering of John Brahams' plaintive song, although his voice has not the freshness which formerly distinguished it. He, however, succeeded in pleasing his hearers, and was recalled. Mrs. Charlton-Knox, the well-known reader and elocutionist, gave a humorous Scotch selection, "How Gavin Birse put it to Mag Lownie," and in response to being twice recalled gave with considerable effect Shelley's "Skylark." Mrs. Smith sang neatly and with her usual success Molloy's once popular song, "The Kerry Dance" and was likewise granted an encore to which she too sang an extra number. Miss Norah Clench followed and played with remarkable brilliancy Wieniawski's "Legende" in G minor, and one of Sarasate's "Gypsy Dances." We have not heard Miss Clench to better advantage than on this occasion. She seemed comfortable and thoroughly at ease, perhaps because there was such a large audience of eager listeners, perhaps because her numbers were happily chosen, but at all events her phrasing was broad and dignified, and her tone rich, clear and warm. The rhythmic peculiarities of Sarasate's wild "Gypsy Dance" was given with much hilarity and precision and showed her splendid command of virtuoso passages. In response to an enthusiastic encore she played an arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Riester's voice is a baritone of excellent quality, and well under control, and his first number, DeKoven's "Nita Gitana" proved him to be a really delightful singer. Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes sang in an impassioned manner De Koven's beautiful ballad "Oh Promise Me" and received instantaneous applause. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of great beauty, and she sings in a manner highly artistic. She has many admirers here and to please them she kindly responded to their wishes by singing the rather pathetic love song "Douglas Gordon." Mr. T. A. Baker, the humorist of the evening, provoked applause by his ridiculous and thoroughly in-artistic selections. We did not remain for the last half of the programme, but each of the artists appeared again. Mrs. H. M. Blight played the accompaniments with great care, and with a fine appreciation of the singer's requirements.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward H. Cooper. New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., (Ltd). 1893. \$1.00.

Richard Escott, from whom this book is named, is about as vile a villain as we have for many a day met with in fiction. In form and name a man, in spirit and life a demon. To him virtue and honour were unknown quantities, and morality an undiscovered country. In the most cold-blooded fashion he sought to barter his daughter for gain to one of his own kidney, and in the craft and dexterity of the gambler and rouse he found solace and delight.

Escott is strongly portrayed the character of his worthy son George is also well presented. Alford, the socialist, is a present-day type, and Nellie, the pretty aristocratic daughter of Escott, is a fine foil to her inhuman father. There is a wedding and a ghost in the story and our readers will agree with our opinion that we have read many a worse told tale than this.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY. By "Q." New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd). 1893. \$1.00.

Within the 320 pages of this book we have some 20 short stories and sketches by an author who has won for himself the distinction of being one of the best English writers of short stories. And well does this volume sustain his reputation. The "Delectable Duchy" is Cornwall, and here we have in most delightful form pictures the life, character and scenery of that English county. "Q's" pen has the vigor, the delicacy, the pictorial power of an artist's brush. So great is his art and so consummate is his mastery of it that you are content to have him lead you whithersoever he will. You feel the lump rising in your throat and perchance a hot tear forces its way out, and for an instant blurs the page as you read that exquisite bit of human pathos—"The Paupers"—for "Jan" and "Maria" are of your own flesh and blood, and your heart cannot withhold its pent up sympathy from those humble, quaint, simple-minded, but true-hearted Cornish folk. Then again the rollicking humor of St. Piran's is irresistible. But there is no need of particularizing where all are excellent and variety but lends satisfaction to the reader. "Q" knows Cornwall well, in fact he has it at his finger tips, and even those who are unfamiliar with Cornish folk and speech and scene, will under the spell be content forthwith to take him at his word. This book cannot very well find too many readers and may they long, as do we, for many another from the same brilliant pen.

#### PERIODICALS.

Both *Cassell's Family Magazine* and *The Quiver* for April sustain, by their varied and excellent contents, their reputation as two of the best magazines in the English language for the home and fireside.

April brings a good number of the *Journal of Hygiene* and much useful and important information will be found in it regarding "The Cumulative Effects of Poison," "Typhoid and Drinking Water," "Round Shouldered Girls," "Musician's Eyes," and other health topics.

Lawyers on taking up the April *Temple Bar* will at once turn to the sketch of "Lord Abinger and the Par." Scarlett, the consummate advocate and Brougham's formidable adversary, is one of the notable figures in the history of British advocacy. "A Canoe Voyage on a French River" is most readable on paper. There is amongst other good serial, short story and poetic matter a pleasing paper on Theodore de Banville, the French romancist.

There is no lack of movement in "The Flying Haleyon," the complete story contributed by R. H. Savage to the April number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. P. F. de Gournay writes of certain peculiar phases of southern life in his article "The F. M. C.'s of Louisiana." Julian Hawthorne has a pleasant account of an interview with Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, and Gilbert Parker adds three stirring chapters to his brilliant serial "The Trespasser."

The strong face of the Earl of Rosebery appears in frontispiece in the *Review of Reviews* for April. "The Progress of the World" is comprehensively outlined with numerous illustrations. The best-read contribution will no doubt be that of W. T. Stead, "The Three English Leaders: Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt." Sir Henry Parkes writes of "The Drift in Australian Politics," and there are other able articles and a large mass of general information widely gathered in this number.

## Birthday

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Dr. Andrew White continues his series of papers in the *Popular Science Monthly* by a consideration in the April number of "Theological teachings regarding animals and man which he ably argues have been largely demolished by science. Two most interesting contributions are those respectively by Professor J. Le Conte on "New Lights on the Problem of Flying," and by Dr. C. F. Hodge on "The Method of Homing Pigeons." Walter Lodian has a readable paper on "A Century of the Telegraph in France" and the dreaded Wolverine is the subject of a short paper by Mr. Horace T. Martin.

Eben Greenough Scott will find many who dissent from, as well as many more who assent to, his views on General Lee's dispositions during "The campaign of the seven days" expressed in the April *Atlantic*. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's has a war story entitled "The Oath of Allegiance." Richard Burton's article "Nature in Old English Poetry" has a comely neighbour in that of Olive Thorne Miller, prettily called "The Secret of the Wild Rose Path." The classical reader will enjoy Mr. R. Y. Tyrrell's scholarly paper on Early Latin Poetry and the politician will find food for thought in the respective articles on the Referendum and the Italian crisis.

A noticeable frontispiece is that of *Scribner's* for April. "Old Memories" is the title, and it is from a painting of Frank Bramley. Octave Thanet's paper on "The Farmer in the South" is most vigorously illustrated by A. B. Frost. A moving story is Thomas Nelson Page's "The Burial of the Guns." Gustav Kobbe's paper entitled "Life under Water" is a graphic description of the experiences of a diver. Duncan Campbell Scott's "Spring Song" is delightful reading:

"Sing me a song of the spangled dells,  
Where hepaticas tremble in stormy groups,  
Of the violets swinging their golden bells  
As the light wind stoops."

Arsene Alexandre's lively delineation of "French Caricature of To-day" will provoke many a smile—but if we continue, there will be no novelty for the reader of this excellent number.

"Matthew Arnold" is the subscription of the artistic portrait which forms the frontispiece of the April *Century*. Some excellent pictorial emigration work is done in the strong series of pictures by Andre Castaigne entitled "From the Old World to the New." A very pretty sonnet is that of T. B. Aldrich on Ellen Terry in "The Merchant of Venice." John G. Nicolay contributes some advance pages of a new book about Lincoln under the caption Lincoln's Literary Experiments, and very interesting they are. We may as well admit that it is quite bewildering to attempt to discriminate, where one's space is limited and there are so many excellent and attractive articles as

appear in the April *Century*. We might, however, notice Professor Roberts' timely poem "The Quest of the Arbutus."

"A Battle Ship in Action" is the title of the first article in *Harper's Magazine* for this month and it is a spirited narrative by S. A. Staunton, Lieut. U.S.N., of a sea fight which in September, 1898, displayed the superior fighting qualities of United States officers and battle ship over a strong opponent. George W. Smalley has a calm, sensible paper on "The English Senate," in which he shows the House of Lords to be no unimportant factor in the governance of the British Empire. William McLennan's clever and characteristic series of stories is well sustained, as is George Du Maurier's "Trilby." Andrew Lang and Edwin Abbey vie with one another in prose and pictorial illustration of "Winter's Tale." The same may be said of Poulteney Bigelow's and Frederic Remington's vigorous portrayal of the "Emperor William's Stud Farm and Hunting Forest." But there is much more than we can mention in this capital number.

### LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, LL.D., has recently been giving a series of recitations in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. William Houston, M.A., recently read an instructive paper before the Canadian Institute on "The Rhythms of Tennyson."

Miss Agnes Maule Machar, so well known to Canadians as "Fidelis," has been taking a trip southwards to Washington and Virginia, and our readers will have "a benefit" in some graphic sketches from Miss Machar's facile pen.

Mr. R. W. Phipps, of Toronto, who lately died, was a very well informed man and an able writer. His letters to the press largely influenced the public mind on the subject of protection and contributed to its adoption in Canada. His advocacy and knowledge of forestry led to his appointment as clerk of forestry under the Ontario Government, which position he filled at the time of his death.

The Canadian Club had a successful gathering at Hamilton on Wednesday, the 28th March; speeches were delivered by a number of gentlemen, that of Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, on the subject of "Finance and Literature," being especially noteworthy. Able addresses were also made on a variety of appropriate topics by Messrs. A. T. Freed, Stuart Livingston, Adam Brown, Alexander Muir, A. F. Pirie, and J. H. Long. Mr. Thomas O'Hagan recited a poem entitled "Heroes."

It is with much pleasure we announce to our readers that our occasional contributor, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C., has kindly consented to take charge of that portion of the reviewing department of THE WEEK which relates to Constitutional Law and History, and kindred subjects. Dr. Bourinot's standing as one of the first living authorities in this special department, will be a guarantee that the aim of THE WEEK to yield its quota to the advancement of sound thought and broad scholarship will be more fully realized.

The Canadian Institute announces the following programme of papers, meetings etc., for April: Saturday, 7th, France in Newfoundland, Robert Winton; Manx Carols, Rev. Neil MacNish, LL.D. Saturday, 14th, Early Traders and Trade Routes (continued) Capt. Ernest Cruikshank; The Gatin Valley and the Blue Sea Lakes, L. W. Middleton, C.E. Saturday, 21st, The Clam, Rev. J. J. Hare, Ph.D.; The Development of Power at Niagara Falls, N.Y., L. W. Middleton, C.E. Saturday, 28th, Rain Fall and Fluctuations in our Lake Region, Andrew Elvins; The Structure and Chemistry of the Blue-green Algae, Prof. A. B. Macallum, Ph.D. Saturday, May 5th, Forty-fifth annual meeting in the Natural History (Biological) Section. Monday, April 2nd, Native Plants of Medicinal Interest, S. Hollingworth. Monday, 16th, *Musca Domestica*,

G. G. Pursey. The Botanical Sub-section meets on 9th and 23rd, at 394 Yonge street. The Section will meet on the first and third Mondays in May. Subjects to be announced. James Noble, Secretary Natural History Section, 29 Howard street. In the Historical Section. Thursday, 5th, The Pioneer Gold Hunters of California, Daniel Clark, M.D. Thursday, 19th meeting at the Public Library. Exhibition of rare Canadian Books, MSS, and Maps, with Comments by Mr. Bain and others. Thursday, May 3rd, Annual Report and Election of Officers in the Geological and Mining Section. Thursday, 26, Vitriified Brick for Street Pavements, Thomas W. Gibson. Election of Officers.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### DAFFODILS.

Nay, daffodils, I will not pluck  
Your pretty lives and let them perish:  
'Twould surely spoil a poet's luck  
To ravish what the Muses cherish;  
And worthier far your little hour  
Of being lived than mine which passes  
In fostering hopes that never flower  
Or prove the seed of idle grasses.  
For you, uprising from your beds,  
Are filled with profitable fancies.  
Content you lift your golden heads,  
Content you dance your golden dances—  
Not envious that the violet  
In gift of perfume has surpass'd you,  
Not grieving that primroses get  
The leave of Nature to outlast you;  
But very happy to be here  
You live a life of perfect blossom,  
Then go to wait the coming year  
Contentedly in Earth's soft bosom.  
—Arthur Austin Jackson, in *The Speaker*.

### A HURON COUNTY MIRACLE.

#### AN OLD LADY'S STORY OF DEEP INTEREST TO OTHERS.

Mrs. Robert Bissett, who was Crippled with Rheumatism for Nine Years, Despite Advancing Years has found Relief—She Relates Her Experience that Others May Profit by it.  
From the *Goderich Star*.

For upwards of three years the *Star* has been republishing articles from various papers in Canada and the United States recounting miracles in healing, wrought, often in forlorn cases, by the use of the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A more or less intimate acquaintance with the publishers of several of the newspapers warranted us in believing that the cases reported by them were not overdrawn or exaggerated advertisements, but were published as truthful statements of remarkable cures from human ills worthy of the widest publicity, that other sufferers might be benefitted also. For some time past we have heard the name of Mrs. Robert Bissett, of Colborne township, mentioned as one who had experienced much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of painful suffering. Curious to know the particulars, a representative of The *Star* called upon her son at his flour and feed store on Hamilton street, and asked how far the story was true. Without hesitation or reserve Mr. Bissett launched into praise of Pink Pills, which he said had a most wonderful effect in relieving his mother from the suffering of a bedridden invalid, crippled by rheumatism, and restoring her to the enjoyment of a fair degree of health and activity for a person of seventy years of age. "See her yourself," he said, "I am sure she will freely tell you all about her case, and you can judge how much she owes to Pink Pills. I am sure that it is owing to them that she is alive to-day."

Acting on this cordial invitation, the reporter drove out to the well-known Bissett homestead. Mrs. Bissett was found enjoying an afternoon's visit at the residence of a neighbor, Mrs. Robertson. She laughingly greeted the reporter with the assurance that she knew what he had come for as her son had told her the day she was in town what was wanted, and although she had no wish to figure in the newspapers she was quite willing to tell the facts in her case. "It is about nine years," she said, "since I was first taken down with rheumatism and for seven months I lay helpless in bed unable to raise or turn myself. I doctored with local physicians and I suppose the treatment I received must have helped me, for I was able to go around again for quite a long while, until another attack came on, and for two years I was again laid up, never being able to put a foot under me, or help myself in any way. I tried everything. Bless you—doctors, baths, liniments and medicines, and of course suffered a great deal, being troubled also with asthma. But although I finally got on my feet again I was not able to do anything, and could get across the room only with the help of someone and leaning on a chair which they would push before me. By and by I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though of course I had no faith in anything, I bought some at Wilson's drug store and began their use, and when I had taken two boxes I felt they were helping me. I continued them quite awhile, improving gradually until now I am as you see me, although I have not taken them for a couple of months. I can now go around alone, and although I always keep my stick with me to guard against an accident or a mis-step, I can safely say I am wonderfully improved from the use of Pink Pills. I am no longer a helpless burden and care on my children that I was, and Pink Pills did it."

Mrs. Bissett has been a woman of great activity and industry, and is possessed of an unusually bright and vivacious mind; she is a great reader and talks with all the charming interest of one of the old-time mothers in Israel. In her long residence of 48 years in this county she has seen many changes, and to her patient toil and untiring labors may be attributed much of the prosperity and beauty which is characteristic of the old homestead.

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## PUBLIC OPINION.

Quebec Chronicle: If Canada is ever to amount to anything her public men must use their energies and abilities in her behalf. No one likes to be told perpetually that he is a failure. And the Liberals of Canada, it seems, always make it a point to cry woe! woe! We much prefer the optimist to the pessimist.

St. John Telegraph: No class has been more injured by the tariff changes than the men who sell cheap literature. The new duty of six cents per pound falls with crushing effect on the bookseller. A St. John man who went yesterday to get his book through the custom house, came back in a very unamiable frame of mind. The invoice cost of the books was \$52.17, and the duty, according to the old scale, would have been \$7.80. To his astonishment he discovered that the duty he would now have to pay would be \$26.67, or more than 50 per cent.

Ottawa Citizen: What reciprocity the United States would grant to Canada under the last administration was clearly explained by Mr. Blaine at the Washington conference in 1892. He stated frankly that the United States would agree to no reciprocity other than this, the free entry of all American goods into Canada, and the adoption by Canada of the American tariff against England and all other countries. This of course meant annexation, and this is what the Liberal leaders and their ally, Winan, were working for and what they are heading for still.

Hamilton Herald: It is a scandalous thing that members of Canada's House of Commons should sacrifice their independence and disinterestedness by accepting annual passes from railroad companies. The fact that they recognize the obligation and are swayed by it is shown when questions in which railroads are concerned come up for adjustment, when it is only too often made apparent that instead of the railroads being run in the interests of the country, the country is run in the interests of the railroads. The willingness of members to trade their independence for railroad passes is shameful.

Halifax Chronicle: Outside of that on agricultural implements scarcely a single reduction is made that materially modifies the iniquitous principle embodied in the present protective tariff. All that can be said of the new tariff is that it is a flimsy pretence at reform. It is a mere tinkering. Where the duty was 45 per cent. in some instances it is made 42½ per cent. Not a single trust or combine is seriously affected by the change. The cotton trust remains supreme and so do the sugar and cordage trusts, and they will be permitted under this present tariff to prey upon the people as before.

Canadian Gazette: Every day accumulates reasons for belief in the ultimate success of the great Imperial unifying movement, of which Canada has made herself the leader. The courage with which Mr. Huddart is grappling with the question of an effective Atlantic link in the chain of British steamship communications to Australasia and the East has given a welcome impetus to the cause, for the bare idea of bringing Australia within twenty-four days' reach of England by a route practically inviolable in time of war suggests what infinite possibilities lie before the enterprise. The Pacific cable presents itself to the public mind as a natural sequel to the steamship connection, and, in urging the importance of them both, the representatives of the Colonies speak with one voice.

JAMES E. LESLIE, Richmond street, Toronto, writes:—"It affords me great pleasure to attest to the benefit I derived from your Guaranteed Acetic Acid in a case of Pleurisy. It was decidedly effectual; nothing more need be said. I have also recommended the Acid Cure system of treatment to many of my friends, and in no case has it failed. You are at liberty to give this certificate publication."

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CLEMATIS AND IVY. A Record of Early Friendship. Being Extracts from Unpublished Letters of George Eliot. Conclusion. William G. Kingsland.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS. 'Hamlet' and 'Orestes.' Prof. Paul Stapfer.

SHAKESPEARE'S IGNORANCE CONCERNING THE COAST OF BOHEMIA. Charlotte Porter.

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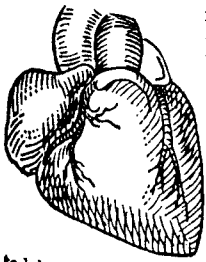
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**SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.**

Liquid fuel, in the form of petroleum refuse, has been tried with such success by the German Naval authorities on a small scale that Signor Cuniberti of the Italian Navy, who has given much attention to the subject, has been invited to visit Germany and conduct further experiments.

A canal connecting the Elbe and Danube has been projected. It would start near Vienna, near Kornenbourg, extend 133 miles northwestward toward Budweis, and from the latter point the channels of the Molden and Elbe would be "canalized" for 189 1/2 miles. The greatest difference in level along the route is 1,312 feet. It is estimated that 80,000,000 florins (\$32,000,000) would cover the cost.

The new twin-screw torpedo boat *Speedy*, of the British Navy, which has had two or three trials recently, has water tube boilers of the Thornycroft pattern. Thus far the results are highly satisfactory. The engines developed a horse-power of from 4,500 to 4,700 and the vessel showed a speed of twenty knots in rough weather and shallow water, with easy firing. It now remains to be seen whether the boilers possess durability.

It begins to look now as if we would be able pretty soon to "ring up" Europe over the 'phone. The question of ocean telephony is being earnestly studied, and for a month experiments have been carried on. The results that have been obtained are the talk of the scientific world. Keen attention to the subject has been caused by the invention of a new electric wire, and, according to some eminent authorities, it may revolutionize the present system of long-distance talking.—*New York World*.

Thousands of photographs of lightning have been secured during the last few years, but until last month there was no known record, made in this way, of the globular form of lightning. Such a one is said to have been obtained by Dr. Kemphill, of Kingstown, England, on November 9, during a terrible storm. This negative exhibits both the ordinary sinuous flashes, and, on the surface of the sea, a number of fireballs, joined together by horizontal lines of light, and resembling "the course of a ball of wool played with by a kitten."

It is not always the direct shock of the lightning stroke that does the greatest damage. The discharge acts powerfully by induction on all conductors in its vicinity, producing thousands of momentary but intense currents, which when they leap across minute intervals give rise to sparks which may start fires, or explode gunpowder. One of these induction currents, in leaping from one metallic thread to another in a table-cover, set the table on fire, and in another instance the transmitter of a telephone was destroyed in the same way by the fusion of part of the wire in the coil.

An observation made by Messrs. Richards and Rogers, of Harvard University, is of interest to chemists, as it may necessitate the redetermination of the atomic weights of some of the best-known metals. They find that the oxides of copper, zinc, nickel, and magnesium, when prepared from the nitrates, always contain a large amount of occluded or absorbed gas, chiefly nitrogen, which in the case of magnesia exceeds a cubic inch to the gramme. This affects the values hitherto accepted as correct, so much that they can now only be regarded as approximations.

The largest continuous distinct forest district in West Prussia is known as the Tucheler Haide, and extends over an area of thirty-five square miles. It is subject to great and sudden changes of temperature. Snow has fallen as late as May 19, and night frosts have occurred as late as the 1st and 3d of June. Prehistoric remains are found belonging to the later stone and to the bronze ages. The inhabitants are occupied almost entirely with forestry and agriculture. Polish is still the prevalent language, though German is now generally understood.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Senate of Venice in the Middle Ages issued an edict limiting the size of women's sleeves.

A map of America, by Columbus, has been discovered. It represents this continent as part of Asia.

The use of furnaces to destroy a city's garbage and refuse is growing in favor. There are now fifty-five municipalities in England where the system is used.

Rider Haggard's English estate embraces 200 acres of farm lands, the intelligent study of which has made the novelist an expert authority on crops and other agricultural matters.

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A single pair of robins have built a chain of 11 nests linked together by means of dried orchard grass, on a girder in a tobacco shed on the plantation of Howard Pitkin, East Hartford, Conn. The string of nests was built last spring.

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A new system of ship ventilation has recently been fitted on several steamers by Baird, Thompson, & Co., of Glasgow and London. Downcast and upcast shafts are fitted at either end of the holds to be ventilated, and ejectors, worked by compressed air, are fitted at the bottom of the upcast shafts. A constant circulation of air through the holds is thus secured.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Last night the eminent tragedian Thomas W. Keene commenced a three nights' engagement in this theatre, appearing in his favorite character of "Richard III." "Othello" will be presented on Friday evening, and "Richard III." on Saturday evening. At the matinee on Saturday Mr. Keene will appear as "Shylock" in the "Merchant of Venice."

The exports of briquettes from Belgium in the first eleven months of last year amounted to 437,231 tons, as compared with 313,833 tons in the corresponding period of 1892, and 323,566 tons in the corresponding period of 1891. France was the largest foreign consumer of Belgian briquettes, having imported 207,837 tons in the first eleven months of last year, as compared with 161,006 tons in the corresponding period of 1892, and 173,268 tons in the corresponding period of 1891.

AFTERNOON TEA.

The popular thing now-a-days in the better classes of society is for the lady to receive her friends in what is termed "Five O'Clock Tea." While usually tea is dispensed at one end of the table, the indispensable article is Chocolate, usually of that better grade called "Vanilla Chocolate." For years in the Old World Chocolate has been recognized as indispensable with lunch after evening parties and may be partaken of by delicate ladies immediately before retiring. This in some measure accounts for the enormous production of "Menier" of the article known the world over as "Chocolat Menier."

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He: I don't believe you will ever marry me. Why, you've already been engaged to nine men! She: Yes, but I never married any of them, George!

Overheard by our artist (the conceited one): "That ain't bad wot 'e's a-doing, Jim. Blowed if I could do it?" "That's only cos yer ain't been brought up to it. Wot I ses, Bill, is every man to his trade?"

She: The letters of Junius I regard as the most wonderful compositions in the language. He: They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. Why, he wrote a letter of condolence to a widow, and she took off her mourning immediately.—*Life*.

Mrs. Jackson: I doan' see yer at chu'ch no mo', Uncle Silas. How comes dat? Uncle Silas: Dat ere new pahson done sot me agin him, a-sayin', anermals ain't got no souls. How dey go'n a git chickens inter hebbin, den, I'd like ter know?—*Puck*.

Artist: I am going to paint this cottage of yours. Woman: Aun glad tae hear it, for it hisna been done for mony a lang day, an' I've been at the laird ower an' ower again, but he never heeded. (After a pause.) But, losh, man' whaur's yer pail an' brush?

Miss Lookout (to the young curate who has proffered to fix up a swing): Don't be afraid, I'll steady the ladder. Rev. Mr. Youngman (unmarried): And will you catch me if I fall? Miss Lookout: I'm sure I'll try; but I think it'll be a pretty smart girl that catches you.

A Scotchman mounted on a donkey had to travel over a rough piece of country in Australia. He came to a wide ditch which the donkey refused to cross. Turning back a few yards he urged the donkey into a gallop, thinking the donkey would jump across. Instead of doing so the animal stopped suddenly, throwing Sandy over his head with such force that he landed on the other side of the ditch. Gathering himself up, he looked at the donkey a moment or two, and then said: That's very well pitched, my lad; but how are you gaun to get over yourself.

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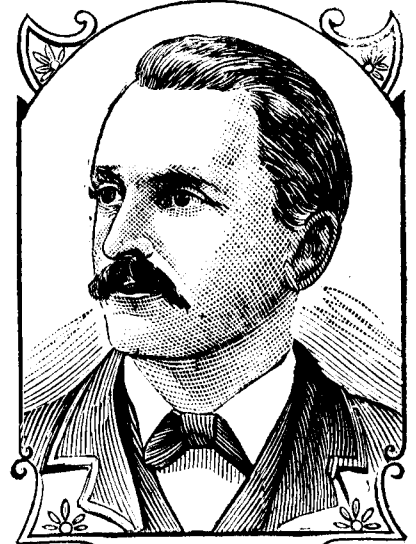
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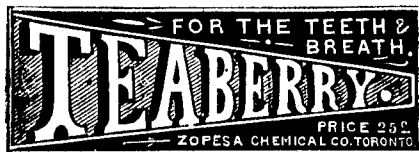
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From all other sources	-	8,358,807 70
		<u>\$41,953,145 68</u>

### Disbursements

To Policy-holders	-	\$20,885,472 40
For all other accounts	-	9,484,567 47
		<u>\$30,370,039 87</u>

### Assets

United States Bonds and other Securities	\$72,936,322 41
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	70,729,938 93
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	7,497,200 00
Real Estate	15,089,918 69
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	10,844,691 73
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	6,609,608 39
	<u>\$186,707,680 14</u>
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	168,755,071 23
Surplus	<u>\$17,952,608 91</u>

Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed \$708,692,552 40

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct.  
CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

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