

THE WEEK

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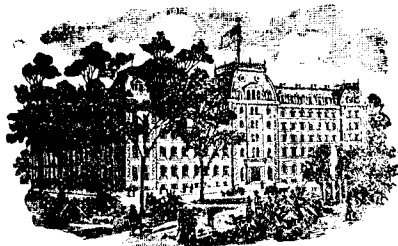
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THE WEEK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPT. 8th, 1893.

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CURRENT TOPICS.

Were it not for the inherent improbability, we might almost say impossibility, of so atrocious a thing as such a war in the closing years of this century, we should be forced to regard the situation as between France and England as decidedly threatening. As it is, we can only fall back upon the assumption that the unstable French Government is trading largely upon the known forbearance of Great Britain, in order to divert attention from its own weakness and create a little capital for itself at home. It is difficult to explain otherwise the course that is being pursued in Siam. The French Government must understand perfectly well; no doubt they have been told pretty plainly that the spoliation of Siam, or her reduction to the position of a dependency of France, cannot be permitted by either China or Great Britain, Siam's two interested neighbours. Apart from other considerations, the pertinacity with

which France is trying to force a quarrel upon her weak antagonist, combined with her establishment of an understanding with Russia, and the suspicious movements of the latter in the vicinity of the Indian frontier, might afford ample material for predicting that we are on the eve of great events. But the fact that both nations are in the thrall of the Jewish money-lenders and that the latter have no reason to love Russia, and are not in the least likely to come to her aid with the sinews of war, without which she, notwithstanding all her armaments, is powerless, is sufficiently reassuring. Equally so is the fact that France is confronted by the immense armies of the Triple Alliance, and that she well knows that her extremity would be Germany's opportunity. Hence the strange and harsh course of the French in Siam may be pretty safely regarded as bluster, for the sake of some temporary effect, if it be not the incipient madness which presages suicide.

Few things are more surprising and discouraging to the colonist, at least until he has had an opportunity to survey his country and its affairs from the other side of the ocean and to some extent from the point of view of the Englishman, and to get a better idea of its relative importance in that perspective, than the wrong conceptions which are often formed of it by even the best informed of English journals. It is not long, for instance, since the Spectator gravely informed its readers, that "in almost every colony, and especially in the greatest, the Dominion of Canada, there is a party which is antagonistic to England, and inclined to assume an attitude of hostility to the mother country." We do not undertake to speak for other colonies, but every well-informed Canadian knows that the statement is entirely erroneous so far as Canada is concerned. There certainly is no party, we very much doubt if there are more than a very few individuals in Canada whose feelings towards the mother country are other than friendly if not even affectionate. There is no reason or excuse for their being otherwise. The misconception of the Spectator and any others in England who may have the same notion arises probably from the fact that there are many in Canada who do not regard perpetual colonialism as the true goal of Canadian ambition. But this view, whatever shape it may take in the minds of those who cherish it, is very far from

implying any feeling of hostility to Great Britain. Even the few—and their numbers are probably decreasing rather than the opposite—who advocate or favour political union with the United States are for the most part thoroughly friendly to the mother-land of both countries and would expect to carry with them a mother's consent and blessing. The Imperial Federationists are of course, effusively loyal to Great Britain. As for those who look forward to ultimate independence, as do a considerable and probably increasing number of our people, we are assured that nothing like hostility or antagonism to Great Britain has anything to do with their views and aspirations. They simply look forward to separation as the natural outcome of development and so the best thing for both parent and child. And these three classes exhaust the roll of thoughtful and influential Canadians.

"The fundamental principle of metropolitan journalism to-day is to buy white paper at three cents a pound and sell it at ten cents a pound." "In some quarters it does not matter how much the virgin whiteness of the paper is defiled, so long as the defilement sells the paper." These are some of the words in which Mr. J. W. Keller, a New York journalist of repute, expresses in the August *Forum* his opinion of the decadence of the present day newspaper in general and the New York newspaper in particular. The main count in the indictment is that the newspaper of the day has become exclusively a business enterprise, and that, in so doing, it has in large measure ceased to be a vehicle of opinion, and, in the words of the *Nation*, "made itself more and more a purveyor of gossip and scandal." It is certainly no palliation of the charge to say, as Mr. Speed, another writer quoted by the *Nation*, does, that in so doing the newspaper is merely acting upon the principle of "giving the public what it wants." Mr. Speed shows by facts and figures derived from actual analysis that "the gossip this year usurps the place of the literary matter printed in 1881, and articles about crimes and criminals take the places formerly occupied by religious and scientific matter." To what extent Canadian newspapers have shared in the decadence of the American newspaper, we shall not attempt to decide. Very few of the former, we are glad to believe, go the length of the latter in substituting personal gossip and slander, or minute particulars of crime and the history of

criminals, etc., for more healthful and important matter. Perhaps this is simply because the bulk of their readers do not want such pabulum. Yet, when we come to think of it, we cannot but be struck with the disproportionate amount of space given by even our best journals to the reports of the trials in such cases as the "Borden Tragedy." Another noteworthy and not creditable fact is that while many of them are ready in their editorial columns to deprecate the iniquities of the race-course, or the barbarism of the ring, there are very few of them which may not be relied on to give full and minute accounts of both classes of events. This is no doubt giving certain classes of readers what they want, but it is none the less stimulating if not creating the depraved appetite to which it panders. The question of the true character and function of the modern popular journal is one which merits fuller consideration than it has yet received.

Since a short article on "Profit-Sharing," in our last number, was written, we have seen a very interesting account of the Dolge system, which was given at a meeting of the Brooklyn Electrical Association a few weeks since, by Mr. Dolge himself. It is thus described :

First, the system of pensions, by which employees can retire with a pension of from 40 to 100 per cent. of their wages, according to the length of their services. After twenty-five years' service employees can retire on a pension of their full wages. Second, the system of life insurance, by which each employee receives a policy of \$1,000 after five years' consecutive service, another \$1,000 after another five years of such service, and a third thousand after the third term of five years of such consecutive services. Third, a system of endowment, by which all employees who by their skill improve methods of manufacturing, save material, or benefit the firm in any way outside of their regular work, are credited with such a portion of the firm's earnings due to such efforts as the books show they are entitled to, after all proper charges have been deducted. These sums draw 6 per cent. interest per annum, but the capital is only payable when the beneficiary is sixty years of age, or to his family at his death.

The premiums on the insurance policies are, we presume, either paid up at the time they are handed over, or are paid from year to year by the firm. Special attention is called to the pension system, which, it was said, had been in existence in the establishment for sixteen years, and had produced the most beneficial results. An illustration was given in the case of a man who had been a faithful worker in the employ of the firm for seventeen years, and who, having passed the stage of "economic efficiency," had been for three years past drawing a pension of five hundred dollars a year, instead of being thrown upon the world when no longer able to earn a living.

Unlike the system described last week, the above is fraught with real benefits to

the employee whose health and other circumstances enable him to remain long enough in the service to fulfil the conditions. Yet it is, in its present stage of development, far from realizing the ideal to which Mr. Dolge looks forward—that closer union of wage-earners and employers in which "the workers become virtually partners of their employers." It now, as the "American Manufacturer," from which the above is quoted, observes, savors too much of paternalism, to suit the workman of independent spirit. The pensions, the life insurance, the endowments, all come too much in the shape of benefactions from the firm. Any of them is forfeited should the workman for any reason leave the employment a few weeks or days before the fixed period. Any of them, so far as appears, is lost to his family, should he become disabled or die before the expiration of the allotted time. Taking the three provisions in the inverse order, the "endowment"—a misnomer, by the way—to which the wage-earner is fairly and honestly entitled as a matter of justice, seems to be wholly at the discretion of the firm, or its book-keeper. The life insurance may or may not, according to circumstances, be the best investment the workman could have for his surplus earnings, but he is evidently treated as a child in the matter. The pension, unquestionably the best feature of the system, is made dependent upon a condition which not half the employees may be able to fulfil, however desirous of doing so, and is, consequently, in danger of being lost to him or his family in the hour of greatest need. Of all three it may be said that either the worker is fairly entitled to what they cost the firm, as a part of his earnings or they are a gift from his employers and, therefore, a charity. If the former, it is clear that the worker is entitled to a proportionate part of the whole as a right from the first, irrespective of time conditions, save as time and experience may enter as factors into his efficiency. If the latter, the moral effect cannot be good and the worker of spirit should decline to receive as a charity that which he has not earned. His self-respect and independence should be worth more to him than any pecuniary favours.

Just as we were going to press last week, the news came from Washington, that the Silver-purchase law had been repealed in the House of Representatives by a majority of more than two to one—repealed too, without condition or reservation of any kind. Its repeal by the Senate is now also assured, and will probably be effected without conditions. Already the moral effect of the action of the House is being felt all over the country. Banks which had suspended are re-opening, mills which had been closed are recommencing operations, and a more hopeful tone is pervading business.

Now that the last vestige of doubt has been removed as to the coin in which all debts and obligations will be paid, the inflow of gold will no doubt be ample for all the purposes of trade and commerce. The nation has tried a costly experiment. The four hundred millions of dollars which have been sunk by the Government in the purchase of silver, are but a trifle in comparison with the sum total of losses by firms and individuals all over the Union. Many of the latter may never be able to rise from their prostration, so as to recover the lost ground. But the resources of the nation as a whole are ample and it will soon forget the disaster, though it is to be hoped that it will not soon forget the lesson. Of course it is not to be supposed that the tide of returning prosperity will set in on full strength all of a sudden. Not even the richest and strongest nation can rally from the effects of such a blow, save by a prolonged and painful process. But the ultimate recovery is now morally certain, and this certainty itself will become one of the most potent influences in helping forward the process. Canadians have every reason to be glad and grateful that the outlook for their neighbours is so hopeful, if for no better reason than selfish reasons for it would be impossible that business stagnation could long continue on the other side of the boundary and we not suffer from the effects.

The United States being now committed unequivocally to the gold standard (which they have really had in substance all along), the question arises, what will be the effect upon the value of the precious metal itself in the world's markets. An esteemed correspondent took exception to the view presented in a previous paragraph in these columns that there has been of late years an appreciation of gold as well as a depreciation of silver in the business markets of the world, and pointed to the fact that the tendency to cheapness which is usually referred to in proof of the increasing value of the precious metal does not affect all classes of goods as he thinks it should do if the theory of the rising value of gold were sound. It would manifestly be idle to contend that no other influences have been at work to affect prices, and we should not think of doing so. The question is, however, an exceedingly intricate and complicated one, and it behooves the advocate of either view to advance opinions with reserve. A kindred question is that raised by those pro-silver theorists who contend that the effect of the virtual adoption of the mono-metallic standard by all the nations will be to put the world's supply of gold up at auction, so that the lion's share will be taken by the wealthiest bidders and the price steadily enhanced to the loss of all debtors. Another view, which has been presented with, as it seems to us, still greater force and plausibility, is to the

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effect that what is wanted in order to give stability to business is not the gold itself but the confidence which is the result of knowing that all exchanges are made on a gold basis. The great bulk of the world's business will still be done on credit, and neither nations, nor banks, nor private individuals will care to hoard the metal itself, so long as they know that their media of exchange actually represent it. Thus, it is argued, the adoption of the gold standard by the United States will not necessarily call for any large increase in the quantity required for business purposes, and so will not tend to create the predicted scarcity of the precious metal.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

Judging from present indications the coming Fall is likely to be marked in Canada by a political activity unwonted in a season when an election is not looming on the horizon. The oratorical struggle may be said to have commenced with the Liberal Convention some weeks ago, but, owing to the absence of the Premier and some of his most active colleagues in Paris, the Liberal leaders have hitherto had the field pretty much to themselves. They have made good use of the opportunity in various parts of the Dominion. When Mr. Laurier shall have completed his projected tour in Ontario, the views of the Opposition on the tariff and other questions will have been presented with a fulness and ability that can scarcely fail to have some effect. Meanwhile Sir John Thompson and his colleagues have returned and the former is, it is said, about to follow in the track of his eloquent opponent, with a view of counteracting the effect of the latter's addresses and those of his associates. He, too, will no doubt be aided by some of his most eloquent colleagues. All this is as it should be. Such addresses as the two leaders may be expected to make are one of the most powerful educational agencies that can be brought into play. The electors of Canada would be wise to hear both sides, weigh the arguments brought forward and calmly draw their own conclusions.

This campaign should be the beginning of better methods in Canadian politics. The practice which has been hitherto followed to too great an extent of leaving everything until the eve of an election, and then bringing all kinds of influences, legitimate and illegitimate, to bear upon the electors, is demoralizing. The excitement which is sure to be created by such a campaign is unfavorable alike to dispassionate discussion and to deliberate weighing of arguments. The temptations to hold out inducements are often too strong for the virtue of many politicians and voters. While the date of the coming election is still in the uncertain future, such temptations are reduced to the minimum on both sides.

There is some reason to hope that a more earnest and thoughtful spirit is abroad in the land than that which has prevailed for some years past. The revelations of the last census, combined with the obvious lack of growth and progress in most of the villages and towns of the Dominion, notwithstanding its unquestionable richness in natural resources, is compelling serious thought, and is fastening upon many who had pinned their faith to the National Policy the conviction that something is wrong with our fiscal system. Now is the time for all thoughtful men to enquire, to investigate, to deliberate, and to resolve. The speeches of the Minister of Finance, and the tone of some of the leading Conservative newspapers would seem to indicate that the Government is wedded to its protective policy. It remains to be seen whether the Premier, who alone can speak with full authority, will shut his eyes to the evidences of failure and reaction, and endorse that position. We make bold to doubt it. Pledged as the Government is to take some measure of tariff reform, its future will, we believe, depend very largely upon the spirit in which it carries out that pledge. Such statements as that lately prepared by the farmers of the North-West cannot be safely ignored by the head of a Government so pledged. The policy which compels the tillers of the soil, who are at the best toiling under many disadvantages, to pay a heavy toll either to the Ontario manufacturer or to the Government, on his lumber, twine, coal oil, fencing wire, and above all on his ploughs and reapers and binders is a policy which can hardly be submitted to indefinitely by the free and intelligent people of the prairies. And this is but a sample of the class of questions which are now before the people of the Dominion and which the Premier and his colleagues will be obliged to discuss. That they will be discussed to the full by the Opposition may be taken for granted. We shall await with interest the utterances of Sir John Thompson on the tariff question.

CHANGING ONE'S MIND.

An old proverb says: "To confess that one has changed his mind is but to admit that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday." Assuming the change to be honest and the result of larger knowledge of the particular question or maturer thought in regard to it, the saw is manifestly true. And yet there is a prevailing sentiment which often makes it one of the keenest reproaches which can be brought against a public man to quote some expression of opinion at a former period which is in contradiction with one more recently expressed. True, the censure is usually confined to those who hold the discarded, not the newly embraced opinion. Nevertheless, how often does the person against whom the reproach of inconsistency, and, by implication at

least, of insincerity, is brought, think it incumbent upon him to resort to subtle and doubtful explanations in the attempt to show that the earlier expression is not correctly reported, or that it did not mean what the words seem to convey, but is susceptible of quite another turn. Why is it that, as a rule, we are so loth to admit frankly that our former opinions or convictions with regard to certain questions have undergone changes more or less radical as we have grown older? There is, perhaps, scarcely a greater foe to truth than this false pride in consistency, this reluctance to admit that we were formerly wrong, or now believe that we were, in regard to certain important principles or doctrines? There is not, we venture to say, one of our readers whose views on many subjects have not undergone very material modifications within the last twenty, fifteen, ten, yes, even five years. There is not one of us who will not ten years hence, should he live so long, have materially changed some opinions which he now cherishes as convictions. Possibly we are making the assertion too general. A great student of human nature has told us that there are men who, when once they have grown fond of an opinion will call it honor, honesty and faith and cling to it as to dear life itself. We ourselves have met with persons of good ability and high standing who, however candidly and dispassionately they might, in the first instance, examine a question upon which it was necessary for them to declare themselves, having once committed themselves to a given view, made it a matter of pride, almost of conscience, to retain that opinion ever afterwards. Said opinion; duly stamped and ticketed, was systematically laid away in its proper pigeon-hole in the mental storehouse, with the distinct understanding that it was a finished product, subject to no reconsideration or amendment, always ready when called for. Such a method has its conveniences and saves a vast amount of time and perplexity to a busy man, but it does not produce exactly the kind of creed to which one would like to pin his faith as sure to be in accordance with the evidence up to date.

Reflections such as these will bring at once to the minds of most readers the curious mental history of one who, while in many respects the most remarkable, and in the political world at least, the foremost among living men, has probably changed his mental attitude and his political creed more continuously and completely than any other public man now living. It is characteristic of his changes, too, as of those of most men, that they have been so gradual that he himself has been in a large measure unconscious of them, and often unwilling to admit their existence. This is a very common experience. What is far less usual, in fact extremely rare, is that his changes even up to extreme old age have been uniformly and steadily in the direction of radicalism, there-

by constituting a most marked exception to the rule that the radicalism of youth and early manhood is soon modified, under the influence of the cares and responsibilities and waning enthusiasms of middle age, and especially of prosperous middle age, into a more or less easy-going conservatism, and not infrequently into a confirmed and inveterate Toryism. No doubt, very wide differences of opinion would be found amongst our readers, could we take their views, or read their thoughts, not only as to the progress in wisdom, or the opposite, indicated by Mr. Gladstone's veerings, but as to the nature of the causes and influences which have brought them about. Into this ethical aspect of the subject we need not now enter. These observations or rather the train of thought which has led to them, has been suggested by an argument used, not by Mr. Gladstone, but by his greatest political antagonist, Lord Salisbury. The ex-premier is arguing that if Home Rule is granted to Ireland it will be given not under a conviction of right, or as a matter of good-will, but as the outcome of a relaxation of the spirit of empire, "the staunchness, and tenacity, and determination," which have given Great Britain her supremacy over so many lands, and by which alone, in his view, that ascendancy can be maintained. He writes, "The opinions to which all responsible statesmen were pledged upon the Irish question, till the actual moment of capitulation came, make it idle to pretend that, if Home Rule is conceded now, it will have been bestowed freely and of good-will." Herein it is distinctly assumed that the change of opinion and policy on the part of so many not only of the English statesmen but of the English people whose opinions no doubt mould quite as much as they are moulded by their political leaders, is the result of weariness and weakness rather than of new perceptions of right, and a new determination to be just and fair. Our concern just now is not with the specific instance, but with the general notion. There is, we venture to affirm, good reason to believe that the gradual change which, as Lord Salisbury sees, is coming over the spirit of the nation, is quite as much the result of a growing conscientiousness as of a failure of energy or determination. There is a sense, it is true, in which conscience does make a coward of a nation as of an individual, but it is equally true of the nation as of the individual that "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and that there is nothing which contributes so much to staunchness and determination as a conviction of right and a sense of duty. We make bold, therefore, to maintain that, other things being equal, the probabilities both of right and of final victory are on the side of the one who has changed his mind in obedience to conscientious conviction. The man who can boast that he has never changed his mind is, it may be pretty safely affirmed, in accordance with another old saw, the man who has no mind worth speaking of to change.

A CONTRIBUTION TO AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.

"Loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean empire with her boundless homes."

There are many Canadians who recognize in the recently established line of monthly steamers between Vancouver and Sydney, a good omen for friendly feeling, as well as for intercolonial or international trade. Trans-Pacific mail and passenger service there has been between Sydney and San Francisco for at least twenty years, but 1893 has seen the establishment of a service from Vancouver to Sydney direct. From Sydney, Cape Breton, we can now proceed to Vancouver, and then take one of the new steamers to Sydney, New South Wales. It is interesting to note that a well known young Canadian, Mr. Carter Troop, of Trinity College, Toronto, has lately embarked in one of these steamers, either the Miowera, or the Warrimoo, and that we are to have descriptive letters from him in the daily press. Principal Grant a few years ago made the round of the Australias, and gave some stirring addresses of the patriotically imperial tone in those Southern regions. The writer of the present article spent the first ten years of his life south of the equator, and one of his earliest recollections is of the splendid harbour of Port Jackson, and of the well built and busy streets at Sydney, so far back as 1854 to 1857. But personal interest, however charming to the retrospective individual, is subsidiary to the patriotic sense, and the patriotism of the great empire, of which Australia and Canada as well as England and Scotland are integral parts, seems to the writer a greater and a nobler thing even than patriotism dealing with any particular section of that empire, however dear the birth-land or the home-land, may justly be. "Fifty Years of Australian History" is the title of a work barely a year old, written in an autobiographical form by Sir Henry Parkes. It is true it is the history of New South Wales, the parent colony, not the history of the whole of Australia, which is presented to us in these two volumes. Victoria was set off as a separate government in 1851, and for a time surpassed the mother colony in population; the two at the last census (1890) were practically equal, both exceeding one million. It is perhaps not an advantage to the two colonies that nearly half of this population is to be found in the two cities of Sydney and Melbourne, both of which are far more populous than San Francisco or Montreal. I have a fancy that Sir Henry Parkes, in his ardent love for his adopted colony, a long time wished her to usurp or monopolize or assume the name Australia, which name was no doubt appropriate from 1788 till 1829, when the second government was founded at Perth, and called Western Australia. Of the history of New South Wales, since the introduction of responsible government in 1856, Sir Henry Parkes has been a leading part. If he were to boast as regards the history of New South Wales, "Cujus pars magna fui," he could not be accused of unfounded egotism. Since 1856 there have been twenty-six administrations counting up to June 1892: the average duration of a ministry being thus about sixteen months, about twice as long as the average duration of a French Ministry under the Third Republic, but very brief when compared with the lifetime of Canadian or English administrations. Of these twenty-six governments, five have been formed by Henry

Parkes, and his aggregate tenure of office has been eleven years, nine months, and fourteen days, or very nearly one-third of the whole period; his average ministerial life has been two years and six months, while the average of the other premierships has been one year and less than two months. Though he is now 78, we should not be surprised at his forming a sixth ministry. Both Mr. Cowper and Sir Henry Parkes have been premier five times; Mr. Robertson four times, Sir James Martin, and Sir G. R. Dibbs, three times each. So that the old "often back" (Offenbach) joke about Colonial Bishops, would appear to apply equally well to Colonial Premiers, in New South Wales at least. Premier Dibbs, however, had very short tastes of official sweets, for up to June, 1892, his aggregate of official life was under one year! Such is the delicate balance of parties, or the sudden, rapid, shift of political ballast in New South Wales. It will perhaps increase our idea of the whirligig of Australian politics if we add that thirteen times have dis-solutions been prematurely sprung on refractory Parliaments during the same period: four times by Parkes himself, once indeed on the passing of a new electoral law, the other three occasions representing an appeal from the Assembly to the electorate. It is ably pointed out that the true history of the colony does not begin in the old convict days, when Captain Philip unloaded his hulks in 1788, but rather in 1843, when some kind of constitution was granted, and a Legislative Council was constructed, partly of nominees, partly of officials appointed by the Crown, and one-third elected by a constituency of twenty-pound householders. Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke was elected a member of this council, for Sydney, in 1848, and was for a time one of the leading politicians in the colony, Mr. Parkes being one of his committee. Henry Parkes had landed as an emigrant in 1839, his only discoverable assets at the time being a wife and child, which last had been born on the voyage. He had no friends on the great lonely continent, and not a single introduction; he began as a farm labourer on twelve dollars a month and a ration and a half daily, largely made up of rice. He helped to wash sheep in the Nepean river and joined the reapers in the wheatfield, but begged off and went to Sydney after six months. Then he went into an iron-monger's store, and amongst other things it is a tradition that he once kept a toy shop: it is certain that he worked amongst the unknown crowd of strugglers. He was busy thinking as well as working; he did not speak in public till he had lived nine years in the colony: i.e. till 1848, but two years later he started the Sydney Empire, a daily paper which lived till 1856, when it died a financial death, having made a considerable political noise, and leaving behind it some political effect; pecuniarily it ruined Henry Parkes for the time being, except in so far as he with a corklike buoyancy he declined to be ruined then or at any subsequent period; for this we cannot but admire him. Though the 'Empire' was a wreck financially it floated its proprietor into political life; we find him, less than fifteen years after he had looked wistfully on the dark rocks of Sydney heads from the deck of the emigrant ship, member for the city of Sydney.

The writer once saw Mr. Parkes on the hustings at Parramatta; he was fiercely polemic; this was in 1856. His membership for Sydney he retained till 1861, when he accepted

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posals of Mr. Cowper's government. The financial difficulty was the one which wrecked this government, Mr. Cowper having satisfied no one by adopting the more pretentious view of his adversaries. These consisted of two groups under Messrs. Martin and Parkes and these groups coalesced to form a new administration in 1866, Martin being Prime Minister and Parkes being Colonial Secretary. This was his first office, and his elevation to the highest position but one in the ministry reminds us of the elevation of Benjamin Disraeli to the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons in 1852, this being the first office Disraeli had ever held. William Pitt's first office, too, was one of Cabinet rank.

The first ministry in 1856 had been somewhat conservative: then Sir Charles Cowper was more or less of a Liberal, while Parkes may be described as a pretty consistent Radical. Parkes showed great patience in thus awaiting, not seeking office; though power was always his ultimate aim, he would never take a short cut to it. In another way he wins our applause for the independent way in which he declined a public testimonial for his political services up to 1856. This testimonial was pressed upon him by some of the most independent persons in the colony. He had much persistency, independence and unselfishness. Hence when he did take office he perched very near the summit and soon after attained that summit, having become indispensable.

One of the chief subjects with which Parkes dealt then and after was Public Education. There had been good Denominational schools, but the difficulty with these is to reach all classes and opinions. A national system must be unsectarian. Even in a case like the Province of Quebec, where one denomination is so decidedly in a majority, facilities are provided for undenominational education, so that those who wish to have religion excluded from school teaching need not be obliged to take any particular shade of religious teaching. In 1866 Mr. Parkes brought in his Education Bill which became law after very little opposition in either House of Parliament. Thus New South Wales antedated the mother country by four years in the matter of Public Education. Mr. Foster complimented Parkes on his work in this respect. By an Education Act, we understand a measure in which the State provides that there shall be within the reach of every citizen, without respect to private opinion on religion, a sufficient education. The State takes upon it the responsibility of providing against the necessity of illiteracy, in some cases the State goes further and compels the parent to educate his child. New South Wales does this. The Act of Parkes provided for religious teaching by any minister or denominational representative for the space of one hour daily; how this was practically managed we do not learn. It was certainly a wise proviso that the Denominational schools should have the same standards and the same inspection as the Government schools. It appears that after fifteen years of the system introduced by Parkes, the Denominational schools were abolished as State-aided schools. The only section of society who appeared to be irreconcilable on the education question were the Roman Catholics, who refused to avail themselves of the hour-a-day system of teaching religion afforded to them by the Act.

Both the Education Acts of 1866 and 1880 were passed by Henry Parkes and in these Acts he takes a laudable pride. The system adopted has never been secular, but has endeavoured to inculcate the cardinal principles of our common Christianity. This is a very difficult problem, especially when we consider that "no polemical doctrine is to be touched upon." We note that the Church of England largely takes advantage of the liberty afforded to teach special views of religion or rather distinctive views for the hour specified every day. In a mixed population like that of New South Wales, we do not see how any more liberal system can be devised. Since 1880 the Council of Education founded in 1866 has been abolished, and in its place a Department of Public Instruction under the direct control of a responsible minister has been constituted. It is interesting to note that since the last Education Act (that of 1880) the proportion of criminals has decreased from 4.8 per cent. to 3.4 per cent.; though this appears rather a high proportion still. The details of the system are given clearly and fully in the book, but must not detain us longer now. They are very interesting to the student of Educational systems. The other two great classes of measures in an Australian Parliament seem to be Land Bills and Electoral Bills. The great Land Bill of 1861, whereby free selection was allowed before survey, broke down the monopoly of the 'Great Runs.' Certain persons had obtained leases of large tracts of crown lands at nominal rents and these 'runs' were occupied for pastoral purposes. It was obvious that it could not be the Crown's intention to endow individuals with areas equal to many an English county, so that it was enacted that lots could be purchased by individuals who selected portions of the run for absolute purchase; these selections were to be farmed more minutely and thus the land developed. The Land Bill of 1861 made some equitable proposals for the preservation of the rights of the original squatters while making ample provision for the taking up of lands by new settlers. The Land Bill of 1861 had been considered in its day a radical measure, but it was one which had in the main satisfied the Colony. It was not till 1882 that Sir John Robertson, with whose name the Bill of 1861 was chiefly associated, brought in another Land Bill not materially affecting the principle of the former one but modifying some of its provisions, proposing remedies for some defects which had been discovered in the working of the old Land Bill. The chief object of the new bill was to make it easier for the fair dealing conditional purchaser, and more difficult and more dangerous for the conditional purchaser who might attempt in some fraudulent way to make use of the law. There were certain conditions of residence upon the land which some tried to evade and this and other subterfuges led occasionally to abuses. It is a fact that the Land Laws of New South Wales have been such as to attract people from the other colonies, and that at times the revenue from the sale of lands has been so great as to provide surpluses that have been even embarrassing to the Governments of New South Wales—a rare position for a treasury, Colonial or otherwise. This bill of 1882, however, met with considerable opposition, and amendments condemning the indiscriminate selection of land before survey, were proposed. The government of which Sir Henry Parkes was the head

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Whiden, who swept away in one conversation
the argument that a duty was necessary to
new industries in their infancy and
showed how the cost of the experiment must
always fall upon those whom it is proposed to
benefit. Parkes tells us that after this he
never wavered from the cause of free trade.
is owing to the influence of Parkes chiefly
the New South Wales has become a Free
Trade Colony. Those conversations at Dun-
stoun in Cobden's Sussex home by the winter
solstice of 1861 bore important fruit in the
policy of one, who after 1872, was to be the
leading mind for the most part in New South
Wales. Parkes also became very friendly with
the manliest men, Thomas Hughes. Their
intercourse has been kept up for many years
and Parkes has received many useful letters
on public questions, especially on
education, a subject on which Parkes carried
abundant legislation. Another name well-
known in the world of art is mentioned,
Thomas Woolner the sculptor. He had ap-
peared as an adventurer, seeking the gold-
mine, and Parkes had, as proprietor of the Syd-
ney Empire, shown him friendliness. In 1861
Parkes renewed the acquaintance in London,
and one of the fruits of this friendship was the
commission given later by the New South
Wales Premier to the famous sculptor for a
statue of Captain Cook. This stands on one
of the finest sites overlooking the noble in-
dustrial and creative genius and condensed history.
Parkes spoke in most of the leading towns
of central and northern Britain, the southern
part of England being taken by his colleague,
Mr. Dalley. This English campaign took
place in 1861 and 1862. Parkes did not reach
New South Wales till early in 1863. He did
not at once regain his seat in the Parliament,
but after two unsuccessful attempts in other
constituencies he was elected for Kiama in
1864. He went into Opposition to Sir James
Martin; this minister was defeated by Charles
Cowper, who formed his fourth administration
in Feb., 1865, and after several changes in the
personnel of his colleagues offered the position
of premier general with a seat in the
Cabinet to Henry Parkes. He declined this
office on four grounds. First, he did not ap-
preciate Mr. Cowper's colleagues; then he
thought the Nominee House or Legislative
Council should have been reformed and made
effective; he was also dissatisfied that nothing
had been done for public education, and be-
cause this he disagreed with the financial pro-

(the third administration) was defeated on this bill, and subsequently was again defeated upon an appeal to the electorate. Thus ended the most lasting and most stable of the New South Wales governments which had endured for more than four years. Sir Henry attributes somewhat of the loss of his popularity at this time to a long tour which he made chiefly in 1882. He had a serious illness and was advised to seek an entire change. He started off amidst the plaudits of the people on Dec. 29th, 1881, and travelling by the Transpacific route, which he had been largely instrumental in rendering possible, soon reached San Francisco.

Parkes found himself treated royally, (if such a term may be allowed in a republic), throughout his stay in the United States. He was franked across the continent in a directors' car, he received many invitations to public and private dinners in New York and Boston, and he told the Boston Merchants' Association the advantages that would accrue to them by the removal of the import duties on Australian wool, which he declared to be indispensable to the manufacture of the finest fabrics. Sir Roderick Cameron, who has been known in Canada as well as in Australia, was one who rendered material aid in promoting the pleasantness of the visit of Sir Henry Parkes and Miss Parkes to the United States. On the invitation of the Marquis of Lorne he paid a flying visit to Ottawa, where he met Sir John and Lady Macdonald. He does not tell us whether he discussed with one who was a father of Canadian Confederation the subject of the Federation of the Australian colonies. Like Sir John Macdonald, Sir Henry Parkes has obtained a world-wide reputation. No one man could be named as more famous than either in Canadian or Australian political history respectively. Both sprang from obscurity, both have known the adversity of defeat as well as the glory of the triumphal hour. Sir John Macdonald has had a more prosperous career and has held power with a firmer and more stable grasp. This I attribute to his greater tact and to his deeper knowledge of men. Sir John triumphed over greater difficulties in securing Canadian Confederation than those which confront the supporters of Australian Federation, for there is no such difficult racial problem to overcome in Australia as that of the English and French ancestry of Canadians. Sir John was more politic, more pliant than Parkes. The jealousy of Victoria and New South Wales ought never to have presented such great difficulty as the jealousies of Upper and Lower Canada. Sir John managed and directed his followers more completely and with the greater enthusiasm on their part from the very fact that he would sometimes come part way to meet them. Parkes strikes us as being more stubborn and opinionated, perhaps more consistent in the narrow sense, but not so wise, for the wisest can learn something from those who differ from them. If in the compromises arrived at by Sir John there was a tendency to give too much or to win support by some kind of equivalent of a public kind, we may say, on the other hand, that Parkes seems as a rule to have been more uncompromising. While Sir John seems to have won his position greatly by the union of a section of the Liberals with the Conservatives, or by absorbing into the Conservative party the right wing of the Liberals, leaving the left wing or Grit party on the opposite side, so

Parkes seems to have consolidated his power by a union of the Radical forces with the regular Liberals. Thus they both won eventually by union with more Conservative forces than those they had started with. We should be inclined to consider Sir Henry Parkes more of an idealist, Sir John Macdonald a more practical man. Parkes was more fervid and laboured in his speeches, Sir John more conversational and persuasive. Sir John was a more genial man and less egotistic, Sir Henry more self-conscious, we should fancy. Both men were far-sighted patriots; Sir John was of the two more distinctly attached to the British Crown; though Parkes was distinctly attached to the Crown, yet he found it necessary to tell the British people that "the softer the cords the stronger will be the union between us and the parent country." This may be true, but it might be expressed a little differently. It seems almost like reminding the mother country that she had not always managed her family happily, and some might reflect how she had lost her eldest daughter. Possibly Sir Henry would have converted the Australians to his federation ideas earlier if he had not been so anxious about the primacy of New South Wales.

In a speech delivered at the complimentary banquet given in his own honour by representatives of the Empire in 1882, he is happy, indeed, in his expression of Colonial and Empire loyalty. He strikes a fine keynote when he says: "I for one believe that the time is fast approaching when we shall cease to speak of England and *her colonies*." "We shall have to throw into disuse the word colonies, for a grand world-circling British Empire will arise, resting upon a hundred isles, lighted by the stars of both hemispheres, containing within its limits the higher developments of its hardy races; and this new Empire, embracing the outlying countries and the old land, must be united on terms of a just and an enlightened equality." "We cannot go on with the mother country looking upon us as mere outlying plantations; we must be parts really and substantially of the Empire." We pass over Parkes' work on behalf of electoral reform—he was a consistent supporter of substantially equal electoral districts with a single member for each. He worked well for industrial schools, reformatories, infirmaries as well as for public education. One characteristic of him is his desire to go to headquarters and to know and learn from leading authorities; if he wants to reform the Sydney Infirmary he consults Miss Florence Nightingale; he stays with Tennyson, is called upon by Robert Browning and only misses Longfellow because that poet is lying on his deathbed. Being one of the foremost of his kind he naturally wishes to meet, to know the foremost of every kind. It is a pardonable ambition, and by his success with Carlyle we must judge that Parkes' advances when he made them must have been judiciously made. He who could charm Carlyle could get on with anyone. There is a certain rugged manliness about Parkes which we cannot but admire, and we cannot do better than quote again from his speech at Willis' Rooms: "I am rather proud of having gone through twenty-four elections, never without a contest, because hitherto I have always been prepared to fight when there was occasion for it, and it did not matter whether the occasion was created by

me or by others." But we contend that a pugnacious attitude is not the best for governing: war is a wasteful way of settling national disputes, and party warfare is a wasteful mode of conducting government. It may be the best practicable at present, though the more frequently party spirit forgets itself and patriotism the better. Perhaps Sir Henry Parkes is best known as the President of the Australian Federation Conference. The idea of Federation has been in the minds of eminent Australians for more than forty years. An attempt was made to create a Federal Council in 1881, but as this Council had no executive to back it, probably it would not exert influence. And though it seems to have come into existence in 1883, New South Wales was not represented in it. In 1889, a conference between the premiers of Victoria and New South Wales took place, the result of which was that a Conference, representative of the six Australian colonies and of New Zealand, met in Sydney on March 2, 1891, and did not separate till April 9. This Conference was thoroughly representative and contained fifteen premiers or ex-premiers of colonies. Certain resolutions suggestive of a Federal Constitution were passed as agreed to, and the Australian colonies are not yet federated. One reason why New South Wales has not yet agreed to the resolutions may be surmised to be the fact that shortly after the Conference the labour representatives deserted Sir Henry Parkes and his fifth ministry resigned. The legislative programme, but parliamentary defeat prevented them from reaching it. The new Premier, Mr. (now Sir G. R.) Dibbs, an anti-Federationist and could not be expected to promote the scheme, especially when his great rival, Sir Henry Parkes, was so prominent in framing the Federation resolutions. Besides this, he too had trouble with the Labour party, and then he had to take a European tour. The premier's do this and it seems to have the same effect as the ostracism, except that in New South Wales the premiers return, and the Colony has on so well without them that they are deposed as a rule, shortly after their return.

Speaking of the Federal proposals scarcely like the name "State" for each integral unit of the Federation: we prefer "Province." We do not see that the States of Australia are likely by themselves to become great enough to warrant their separation from the Empire or which they now form part. For the same reason we deprecate the independence of Canada. Still more do we deprecate annexation. What we want is a universal empire citizenship common through the length, breadth and totality of the present Empire. What the scope, functions and limits of that citizenship shall be it is for us to determine just now. The life of Sir Henry Parkes and his political work show how much akin are the English-speaking people in every zone to which they have penetrated. Let us in politics as in religion fight for that which unites men and not for that which divides them. The interests of men and of nations are mutual not contradictory. Even the rivalry of political life has an end of its own. The loftier and more unselfish our ideal, both individually and politically, the higher will the result be personally, and politically. Let us work towards discovering each other's excellence, not towards

our own faults. One jewel of the crown may appear to sparkle in our eyes more than others, it is the completed diadem which is infinitely more beautiful than any one beautiful element. Let us work for harmony, not for triumph; for peace, not for ascendancy; for human happiness unsullied by human disappointment. In the future of enlarged ideals and of unselfish progressiveness, doubtless Canada will have as prominent a share as any other element. We trust Australia will have a like share. In this work we must honour such names as Parkes.

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PARIS LETTER.

The electoral campaign proceeds in the midst of the most profound calm and cynical indifference. The electors have not risen to any bite, to any leader. No matter how the candidates pipe, the constituencies refuse to dance. Indeed, it would seem, that the voters look upon electioneering as akin to humbug. A great number of tradesmen known to fame by their advertisements, set up to win suffrages as an untapped source of publicity. It keeps their name to the front. It pays to cry, "In the name of the prophet, Figs!" No one reads the papers of the candidates; at best, such are but sorry literature; all clap-trap, all that seems to pall on the political appetite, when it does not provoke irreverent laughter, it pinches features like the memory of an emetic. One candidate solicits election, and declares himself to be a Royalist; as he does not state to which of the five monarchial pretenders he bends the knee, he has been hooted as a Jesuit. A few candidates carry their own addresses about in the form of hand-bills, concluding by recommending the low price of their wares or the excellency of their perfume; these are known as fumistes. Some candidates printed an electoral address for a priot, enclosed the latter between two envelopes, and thus sandwiched, the publisher could read his address. He wore a hat reduced to remnants "from losses in Panama," and his shoes, full of ventholes, and his trousers, patched, till all the original material had disappeared, were also attributed to losses in the De Semp-hubble, and the "inability to obtain employment." In Paris, there are about five candidates for one vacancy, which is a low average. There will be an immense number of ballotages, or second votings over France; the first polling on the 20th, will sift the Richmonds and allow public opinion to seize the tendency of the verdict; on the 3rd September, the latter will be handed into the Republic with attenuating circumstances.

The Zurich Socialist congress is not considered to have advanced the cause one iota, while exposing the terrible rifts in the future. Plenty of verbal fraternity, and plenty of practical discord. The only Socialists are the Germans; they are organized and disciplined, like their soldiers. If that be the ideal for putting institutions into the melting pot, it will succeed in binding the brother-hatreds.

For the first time race hatreds

broke out; the French are not yet quite prepared to accept cosmopolitan patriotism with Alsace under German rule. There is no danger in international socialism, so long as internationalists are discordant about Fatherlands. The sting will be taken out of the labour grievances, the moment a working system is organized, not spouted over, to help workmen in the ease of accident, disease, and worn-out effort. Throw in all the facilities to allow labour to co-operate to secure cheaper subsistence, or to embark even in the hazardous role of associated industrial production. The state cannot be god-father nor god-mother for its citizens; nor do for them what they must do for themselves. To expect an army to go on strike, on the battle field, is the wildest of conceptions and to expect conscripts not to fall in, to learn how to slay brother Socialists, is equally foolish. Man is a fighting animal and men must kill each other in order to live—to be great, glorious, and free. The lady delegates are admitted to have won the blue ribbon at the Congress, they did not make long orations and when time was up, did not ask to add a few more words. None of them were screeching sisters, and several of them depicted the great hardships of their sex. The formula, "for equal work, equal wage," is pretty, but must not be applied to engine driving, navy toiling, sailoring, cattle driving, or soldiering.

The French cavalry, like Guzman, now know no obstacles. Two india rubber sacks inflated, per yard of distance, enable a gangway to be constructed. The principle applied to a river fifty yards wide, has enabled a passage to be constructed in half an hour, the planks placed on the sacks, and 500 horses thus have crossed over in sixty minutes. The rider walks in advance, leading his horse by the bridle; a double gangway can be constructed and perfectly safe. This pontoon does not suit artillery as yet. The Germans are not behind in progress in military matters. Hitherto, the employment of dogs in, not "of" war, was regarded as a joke; now, nineteen battalions, chiefly forest guards, scouts, and sharpshooters, are supplied with sentinel dogs, and "studs" are founded to breed and train them. The shepherd and mastiff are the races preferred, as well as the caniche or poodle. They are trained not to bark, only to growl when a stranger is signalled; they are supplied with a collar, having their number and battalion engraved thereon; also a waterproof bag into which despatches from the front can be placed, and a very serious volume of regulations is published respecting the treatment and the management of the dogs.

Not a soul believes that the suits taken against the bribed, etc., of the Panama Canal Company will result in obtaining the pilfered capital. It is merely a tub to the whale during the elections. The new parliament will be asked to vote that the state back up measures for the completion of the speculation, and that the parliament will have nothing to do with the matter.

The unfortunate man Moore, the poet cabinan and confrere of Victor Hugo, who shot at M. Lockny, is said to have never

been right in his mind since he lost all his fortune in Panama, and that after composing 1,726 stanzas eulogizing the enterprise and blessing old De Leseps.

Magna est veritas et praevaleret, as one said in their school days. It is not long since that a special commissioner of a leading journal here, visited Egypt, and let the cat out of the bag respecting the organized hypocrisy to get England out of Egypt by fair means or foul. The writer avowed that the valley of the Nile was blossoming like the rose under British protection. Another journal, by the pen of M. Legras, breaks the ice respecting Bulgaria; he says it is full time to testify to the progress and prosperity of that country. Sophia has been transformed; everywhere are the signs of a resolute people, and of a directing mind. He admits, the French are not liked there; they are too Russian in their sympathies. Austria is the pet big brother of Bulgaria, not forgetting Germany and England. Sophia is rapidly developing into a Berlin, having to combat nearly kindred physical obstacles. The little nation has made up its mind to be, and to remain Bulgar. French commerce is on the decline, the gods being too dear, and transactions only accepted on a cash basis, while Austria, Germany and England, take three and six months' bills. The country has a splendid future before it. Then no "Kaulbar" are needed, it may be assumed.

Rocheport relates how he received one great scare in his life, shortly after he escaped from New Caledonia, and was a refugee in Switzerland, but more or less hiding; he had no money, and aided by Ollivier Pain, they lived by pawning their clothes. They adopted assumed names Nobbling, who attempted to assassinate old Kaiser William, was accused of having consulted the Communists before his crime, and to have called on Rocheport; which was true, but Rocheport never knew nor saw him. Every circumstance told against Rocheport; were his extradition demanded, he would be convicted and certainly beheaded.

No complaints of extra sickness are heard in Paris, but the intense heat and drought are telling on constitutions; there is a good water supply, plenty of mature, refreshing fruits of all sorts, and excellent appetites to enjoy them.

A very curious malady now has broken out in Paris, and called the pelade. It attacks the hair and eyebrows, and that no restorer can restore. It is contagious; the microbe ought to be at once arrested. Capillary artists say it is not caused by their brushes and combs, these instruments of hygiene being constantly rinsed in carbolic solutions—that, only the credulous believe. I have noticed in the various post offices of the city, that nearly all the clerks between 23 and 28, are losing their hair. In the "centre" of the head is a large bald spot, recalling the tonsure of monks. Happily those who are orthoxly bald, or have pigeon wing remnants of the times when pelade was unknown. Some say the malady is caused by the cheap pomatums made out of the fat of rotten dogs and horses.

Other calamity, but this time more serious, because affecting the food supplies of the nation. The frogs are attacked with a pest that whips the jumpers

off in a few hours. Two hospitals of the city are said to be suffering from an invasion of fleas; but the latter had to jump back on the application of a disinfectant. In the suburbs, the wasps rule the roast, and do as they please. This will likely hinder a good reform, that of allowing children, whenever practicable, to go about the house barefooted.

M. de Foville is a famous statistician, but does not hesitate to state, nothing is as fallacious as figures—save facts—on Canning observed. He cites the 70 million frs. in gold that the Bank of France lent the Bank of England at usual rate of interest, some time ago. Now that sum was omitted, to be included in the customs returns.

A new whitewash; the white of eggs, is said to be efficacious in curing jaundiced features. It ought to be tried on Norton, the forger, who, though a malatto, is said to be suffering from the yellows. Napoleon I. rated Talleyrand on his treachery, pouring upon him all the epithets suited for such an occasion, in several languages. Talleyrand listened in silence, and encountering a Minister, said: "Pity such a great man has been so sadly brought up." Z.

SONNETS ON AUTUMN.

As a rule the poets have recognized in Autumn the period of fruitful repose. The juvenescence of Spring and the activities of Summer have gone, and the decrepitude of Winter has not yet fallen. The earth enjoys that period between mid-age and old-age, wherein are garnered for future use the fruits of early sowing and later care. It is the period of maturity. This was Milton's favourite season of the year, for he then felt his mental energies work more freely and effectively than at any other time. Thomson, to whom we owe the longest poem on the subject in the language, informs us that in this season the poet "best exerts his song," from which remark it is to be inferred that he himself must have written his own "Autumn" at some other period of the year, for it is the least meritorious of his four "Seasons."

Dr. Drake has christened Autumn "the season of Philosophic Enthusiasm" and "the season of Religious Hope;" but perhaps the best term yet bestowed upon it in the way of simile is "the Evening of the Year." An anonymous poet in the beginning of the present century sang very enthusiastically:—

Let merry Spring enjoy his flowers,
And odorous Summer, sunny days;
Let Winter build her icy towers,
I scorn them all for Autumn's blaze.

This will no doubt voice the sentiments of many who love the gorgeous splendour of the trees, the lush growth of the grasses, the ripening of the late fruits and the magnificently solemn sunsets that characterize the earlier part of the season; but to those who regard the later Autumn as the lower of pleasant temperature and of the clouds, the harbinger of winter crying with chilling voice, the vandal of the woods, tearing down the foliage pictures from their natural frames and trampling them under feet, putting the songsters to flight and laying the late-born flowers in an early grave, the turner-off of sunlight and bringer-on of dusk before the required time, who throws cold brown shadows over the semi-nude landscape;—to such observers, perhaps Thomas Dekker's rude

ferences to "Bald-pated Autumnus," "the barber of the year," and "this murderer of Spring, this thief to Summer, and bad companion to Winter," may touch a sympathetic chord.

It is to the former aspect of Autumn, however, that the poets chiefly look, for they have an eye for colour as open and keen as their brothers of the brush, though they draw their pictures only in words.

"Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness Close bosom-friend of the maturing year," is the keynote struck by Keats which gives them all the tune. The very name recalls the words of the Great Architect of the Universe which fell upon the dry land in the afternoon of the third day:—"Let the earth put forth grass, herb yielding seed, and fruit-tree bearing fruit after its kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth."

This is the meaning of the word Autumn—an increase by ripening growth—and it is the same in the Sanscrit and Icelandic as in the Latin.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, one of the most pleasing and promising of the younger American poets, published a sonnet in 1884 in his "Pictures in Song," which gives a welcome idea of the coming of Autumn in its ripening and adorning character:—

POMONA.

At noon of night the goddess, silver-stoled,
Came with light foot across the moonlit land,
And breezes soft as blow o'er Samarcand
Stirred her free hair that glistened like clear gold;
Sweet was her smiling lips, as when of old
Vertumnus wooed her on the grassy strand
Of some swift Tuscan river overspanned
By sunny skies that knew no breath of cold.

So when the door of dawn grew aureate,
And broken was the dim night's peaceful hush
By harvesters uprisen to greet the morn,
They knew Pomona had passed by in state,
For on the apples was a rosier blush,
And on the grapes a richer lustre born.

This is an excellent sonnet of its kind, graceful, easy and picturesque—the octave full of old and oriental imagery—the sestet opposed with rich and fruitful suggestion. It is composed in the first Petrarchan form (the formula being a. b. b. a. a. b. b. a. c. d. c. d. e.) and the rhymes are well balanced. The word *Samarcand*, at the end of the third line, strikes one as a strange selection for rhyme, and, singularly enough, it occurs as a rhyme exactly in the same place in another and altogether finer sonnet on "Autumn," written by no less a poet than Longfellow. That Triton among the minnows of American sonnetteers adopted the second Petrarchan form (viz:—a. b. b. a. a. b. b. a. c. d. c. d. e.), there being only two rhymes in the sestet as in the octave. A noticeable feature in its structure, which relieves it from any possible monotony, is the employment of a di-syllabic rhyme in the sestet. The sonnet reads thus:—

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield in the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;

Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves:
And following thee, in thy oration splendid
Thine Almoner, the wine, scatters thy golden leaves!

This sonnet is full of fine, broad imagery covering the natural phenomena of the season—It is a genuine outcome of poetical alchemy—the gold of genius has been resolved from the commoner metal of thoughtful observation through the fiery crucible of imagination. Sir Longfellow is the first of all American sonnet writers.

The last line immediately suggests another sonnet, written by one of our first Canadian singers, Mr. Archibald Lampman, who has struck such true and unique notes of harmony with nature that should certainly reach the rock of enduring fame. The sonnet itself is of a common irregular structure, (a. b. b. a. a. b. b. a. c. d. c. e. e.) octave, quatrain and couplet. It is the oldest form of English sonnet and was first employed by the first English sonneteer, Sir Thomas Wyatt. So far as the rhymes of Mr. Lampman's sonnet are arranged, it is imperfect according to the most rigid sonnet rules; for the two rhymes of the octave and two of the rhymes of the sestet are associated—the same vowel sound being used, viz:—*name, grey, close, gold*. But whilst such minor blemishes prevent the structural perfection of a sonnet, no matter how excellent the moment of the thought, there is such fine material in this sonnet that we forget the faults of construction in the chase of its conception.

AUTUMN MAPLES.

The thoughts of all the maples who shall name,
When the sad landscape turns to cold and grey!
Yet some for very ruth and sheer dismay,
Hearing the north wind pipe the winter's name,
Have fired the hills with beaconing clouds of flame;
And some with softer woe that day by day,
So sweet and brief, should go the westward way,
Have yearned upon the sunset with such shame,
That all their cheeks have turned to tremulous rose;
Others for wrath have turned a rusty red,
And some that knew not either grief or dread,
Ere the old year should find its iron close,
Have gathered down the sun's last smile's cold,
Deep, deep, into their luminous hearts of gold

In this poem can be seen touches from the hand of a new master that remind us of our old masters of poesy.

"Hearing the north wind pipe the winter's name" is perfectly Spenserian in its tone; "Ere the old year should find its iron close" is simple and strong enough to suggest even a greater name; "Deep, deep, into their luminous hearts of gold" brings Keats to the mind. It is simply because Lampman is a great and original singer that we are reminded of other great and original singers in his poems. They are reminiscent, not imitative; sympathetic, not repetitions. The voice of Nature calls them all alike; but human ears are differently tuned—only those who have the highest receptive faculties to hear her mystic melodies and wondrous wisdom can tell us of her music. Hence the schools of imitative poetry, founded on the model of one great man, which are chiefly echoes with variations through which the original notes of the first singer may be dimly heard. Mr. Lampman is none of these imitating-birds.

There is only one poet in the English literature produced in Canada who can be properly called a dramatist—Charles Heavyside. Many others have written in dramatic form with more or less lyrical success, but Heavyside alone had the peculiar mental and imaginative qualities of the true dramatist. He also wrote some rhymed couplets which are called sonnets, but an American critic has correctly said of most of them that "they are about as wanton like as Pope's Essay on Man." A few of his quatorzains, however, were written in the irregular quatrain and couplet form and among them is the following:—

THE AUTUMN TREE.

Hark to the sighing of yon fading tree,—
 Yon tree that rocks, as if with sense distressed;
 It seems complaining that its destiny
 Should send the gale to desolate its breast.
 "Behold the paths of its falling leaves:
 Attend unto its oft-repeated cry,
 And slack the fury that the bough bereaves.
 Lo, have they not rejoiced in summer days;
 And have they not felt peace in summer nights?
 Warded from the scorching noontide blaze;
 Guided, for man, the fire-flies' evening flights?
 Oh, sweep not, then, so rudely o'er each spray,
 But let them gently, slowly pass away!"

Heavyside has here made the tree and its leaves anthropomorphical and thereby attracted our sympathy far more readily than a mere poetical description could have done. This brevity of the lower forms of creation with human sentiment and sensibility is often made by poets. Shakespeare is a master of the subject and employs it with rare and telling effect in his sonnets. In the 97th, referring to the very season, he says:

"The very birds are mute,
 Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near."

This is the same sonnet in which he refers to the teeming autumn, big with rich increase, bearing the wanton burden of the prime, like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease.

But Shakespeare has given the most striking picture of the desolation of late autumn in the language of his 73rd sonnet:—

"That time of year thou might'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none or few, do
 Hang from those boughs which shake against the
 cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet
 birds sang."

Henry Reed remarks, "How exquisitely worthy of him who told of Macbeth's 'way of all the world' that the leaves, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," is such a sonnet as this."

As Spring is the harbinger and Summer the singer, so Autumn is the prophet, and we expect to hear it preach through the mouth of the poet. Expectation is fully realized in this many lessons, moral and spiritual, to be deduced from falling leaves and silent boughs, and some of them are duly set forth in sonnets. Bryan Waller Procter (better known by his anagrammatic *nom de guerre* Barry Cornwall) has left us one of the best of this kind:—

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now;
 Already have the elements unfurled

Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
 The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow

About, and blindly on their errands go,
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,

Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;
 And, in sublime, mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

This is a broad survey of Autumn in its unrest and foreboding. The octave contains a generalization of its chief natural phenomena—the sestet conveys their suggestion to the soul—the spiritual lesson derivable. Such a moralizing faculty as this renders a man quite independent of theologies and creeds—the litany of Nature is all sufficing. Leigh Hunt writes thus in reference to this sonnet, which was published in a *Sicilian story, with Diego De Montilla, and other Poems*:—"The chief business of October, in the great economy of nature, is dissemination, which is performed among other means by the high winds which now return. Their effect upon the imagination, or that other utility of pleasure which nature produces upon the mind in moments apparently the most dreary, is almost universally felt, though everybody cannot express it like the poet."

There is a reflective sonnet of high rank, ending with a pleasant dip into the probabilities of after-death occurrences, for which we are indebted to the late Mr. William Allingham. This gentleman was a critic of fine appreciation, a scholar of noted ability, and one of the best of our modern minor poets. To him the writer is indebted for much information on certain passages in Sonnet Literature, on which subject Mr. Allingham was an acknowledged authority. His "Autumnal Sonnet" reads thus:—

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
 And night by night the monitory blast
 Waits in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
 O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
 Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
 Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.

Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
 The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
 It may be somewhat thus we shall have leave
 To walk with memory,—when distant lies
 Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

The opening line puts in very poetic imagery the gradual turning of the leaves which results in that magnificent colouring of the landscape which is seen nowhere to better perfection than in the garden of Canada.

The opening of the sestet recalls the sentimentalism of the Miss Seward school of many years before; but it is saved from the bathos of the super-sentimental by the beautiful turn of hopeful thought with which the poem closes.

Structurally the sonnet is very irregular in its octave (a. b. c. e. a. b. a. b.) and shows that it was written spontaneously from feeling and not builded up, like so many, upon rigid principles of rhyme which often prevents a free flow of the first and best ideas and images.

One of the finest of the few sonnets finished

by William Caldwell Roscoe, grandson of the historian, is charged with the clear spirit of descriptive application which found its highest expression in certain of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Most of W. C. Roscoe's sonnets were rough-drafted and never revised; but even the most unpolished reveal here and there the glitter of real gems. The following example was written at Hafodunos in 1847.

A WET AUTUMN.

Behold the melancholy season's wane!
 Oppressed with clouds and with the rainy days,
 And the great promise of that lavish gain
 All shattered, which his shining youth did raise.
 In misty fields the dripping harvest grain
 Hangs its dank head; the sorrowing reaper stays
 From day to day his sickling, chiding in vain
 His unused sunshine and unwise delays.
 Thus when I see this bright youth aged in tears,
 With bitter drops I wash my wasting prime,
 And sadly see mine own unharvested years
 In the unprofitable past their dark hours wave,
 And the great visions of my early time
 Wax fainter, and my face grows to the grave.

The seasons have ever, and ever will supply the poets with analogies to the marked periods of human life; nor can there be any end to the application of the changes in nature to the vicissitudes of human nature; both being momentarily and interminably variable. Mr. Alfred Austin, who has recently been mentioned as a possible Poet-Laureate, has principally exercised his talent upon dramatic or lyrical poems, but among the stray verses which have fallen from his versatile pen the sonnet has not been neglected. Indeed, had Mr. Austin devoted himself more to this form, his best poetic power would not have diffused itself so much as it has, for he has a gift for this form. Some few years ago the following appeared in the *Athenaeum*:—

When acorns fall, and swallows troop for flight,
 And hope matured slow mellow to regret,
 And Autumn, pressed by Winter for his debt,
 Drops leaf on leaf till she be beggared quite;
 Should then the crescent moon's unselfish light
 Gleam up the sky just as the sun doth set,
 Her brightening gaze, though day and dark
 have met,

Prolongs the gloaming and retards the night.
 So, fair young life, new risen upon mine
 Just as it owns the edict of decay
 And Fancy's fires should pale and pass away,
 My menaced glory takes a glow from thine,
 And, in the deepening sundown of my day,
 Thou with thy dawn delayest my decline.

There are many other excellent sonnets dealing with Autumn in its numerous aspects, which will serve as the basis of another paper.
 SAREPTA.

REVIEW OF THE REPORT OF THE BELFAST CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone received a deputation from the Belfast Chamber of Commerce who, as representing enormous financial interests, stated their objections to the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone, in his reply, contended that if the Bill became law Ireland would actually "suffer from a plethora of money." But the Economist, the leading English financial authority, stated (8th April, 1893) "there is scarcely a single figure in calculation given by Mr. Gladstone that cannot be clearly shown to be erroneous," and Mr. J. Clancy, M.P., the leading Nationalist monetary authority, has elaborately shown that instead of a "plethora of money," Mr. Gladstone's plans would result in financial ruin to Ireland. At the interview it was pointed out

to the Premier by Mr. Greenhill, the President of the Chamber, that "it had been carefully computed that the Belfast Chamber of Commerce represented a capital of 80 millions sterling invested in railways, banks, shipbuilding, linen mills, ironworks, distilleries, tobacco manufactories and other enterprises." By Mr. Giffen's valuation of Ireland—see page 165 of "Growth of Capital"—it appears that after deducting the value of the land, houses, farming capital, and public funds, the remaining wealth of Ireland amounts to 150 millions sterling; so that this single deputation represented more than one-half of the commercial, trading, professional, and invested capital of the country. Mr. Greenhill further stated that at the time of the Union the population of Belfast was only 24,000, but that now it was 260,000, nearly a twelfold increase. "One great complaint against the Bill was that the security arising from the Union was now about to be broken up. . . . As commercial men they protested against having to do their business under disabilities. . . . The great bulk of the manufactures of Belfast and Ulster found their markets abroad. They were really doing an export business, and they demanded that they should be allowed to remain on a civil equality with the manufacturers of the rest of the United Kingdom, and especially with those on the continent. Under the Bill this equality would disappear. The result would be that they would no longer be able to compete with their rivals in business and their trade would be destroyed. This was partly the explanation of the fall in values—amounting to several millions sterling—since the introduction of the Bill, and the reason why so many of them were contemplating the removal of their industries to Great Britain if it became law."

Mr. Thomas Sinclair observed "that that man was not Mr. Gladstone's friend who bade him believe that Ulster would accept the Bill," and he added that "a large number of those composing the deputation were at one time his (Mr. Gladstone's) followers."

Mr. Gladstone, in reply, stated among other things: "I have been conversant for over sixty years with the affairs of Ireland and I have exercised my best endeavours to make myself aware of the history of Ireland before that period, and I own I know of no proofs of historical jealousy on the part of the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland towards the Protestants of Ireland." Thus he totally ignored the doings of the Roman Catholic Parliament of James II when upwards of 2,000 Protestant property-owners were without trial sentenced to death; and also the rising in 1798.

With respect to finance Mr. Gladstone stated that "the figures are so adjusted that there is a surplus available for immediate purposes of £500,000." . . . He continued: "Therefore I say, gentlemen, it is not a chronic want of money—it is a chronic plethora of money which, if Ireland be prudent, threatens to beset her after she has attained her local autonomy." Since then he has admitted that his figures were wrong, and he has accordingly altered his financial proposals, but he still holds fast to his great discovery of an Irish "plethora of money." Mr. Gladstone's discovery ranks with that of Columbus. The latter discovered a new world, but Mr. Gladstone, out-heroding Herod, has discovered that Pat is troubled with what the French call

"an embarrassment of riches." This ranks with the old Scotch joke, of robbing a Highlander of his breeches.

Mr. J. Musgrave, Chairman of the Belfast Harbour Commissioners, then explained to Mr. Gladstone that in the year of the Union the number of vessels clearing from the harbour was 777, with a capacity of 55,268 tons. That in 1892 the number of vessels was 8,304 (a tenfold increase) with a tonnage of 2,053,637 being an increase of thirty-seven fold, and he added, "their belief was that if it had not been for the Union with England the prosperity of Belfast would have been utterly impossible."

Since then the Council have published their report, which was unanimously adopted at an extraordinary general meeting of the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber consists of 268 members who are mostly Protestants. It is, however, quite optional for all persons engaged in trade or commerce, whatever their religion may be, to become members.

The report goes very fully into the subject, but our space will only allow of a few extracts. It states "we have carefully studied the Bill and report that the manufactures and commerce of the country will be at the mercy of a majority which will have no real concern in the interests vitally affected. . . . The chief economic necessity of the country is the development of manufactures, trade, and commerce, but the vast majority of the population have no appreciation of the conditions under which alone such necessities can be met. They do not know that a government can destroy prosperity by destroying security and credit, but cannot create it in the face of insecurity and suspicion." . . . "The resources of Ireland are unequal to supporting a National Government. The income tax of Ireland is £556,000; in Great Britain it amounts to £13,296,000 (23 times as much). The coal raised in Ireland in 1891 was £44,542, that raised in Great Britain was valued at £74,055,000 (actually 1,683 times as great). The registered tonnage of Ireland is 256,439, that of Great Britain 7,990,261 (thirty-one fold more). . . . Belfast owns more than one-half of the total Irish shipping. . . . The first condition for successful trade is security. In Belfast under the shelter of the Union—protected by British commercial laws—there has grown up the first really great development of trade and industry ever known in the history of the country. From Belfast, as a centre, business has spread and is spreading to (enumerating eleven towns.) The development of that trade is entirely dependent on the maintenance of the sense of security. The mere introduction of the Bill has seriously shaken credit. Local shares which previously sold freely are at present almost unsaleable. The safeguards provided are of no practical operative value. . . . The veto of the Lord Lieutenant being treated with derision by the Nationalist press. . . . We plainly state the fact that under the provisions of the Bill we are defenceless. . . . The proposition to perpetuate the over-representation of the Nationalists (by gerrymandering the Irish constituencies) is cruelly unjust. . . . Beyond question, if the Bill passes into law large amounts of capital and many branches of industrial enterprise will migrate to Great Britain or the United States or the Colonies. The disorganization of industry will cause intense suffering among the working

classes of Ireland and drive them in large numbers to England and Scotland. . . . It is impossible that an Irish Legislature could start with high credit, and it is the most impossible since some of those certain to be its ministers have publicly associated their names with the principle of the repudiation of contracts. . . . We consider the financial arrangements as altogether unsatisfactory. . . . We repeat our belief that the Bill is not financially sound. . . . There is no provision for the necessary expenses of the Legislature, for the salaries of the ministers, or of the working staff, no provision for pensions for the existing police, for pay of the police in future, or for the salaries and pensions of new judges and civil servants. . . . There will be no funds available for technical education, science or art. Existing capital which we are interested must be subjected to fresh taxes. . . . We observe that there are no substantial restrictions on legislation on the subjects of the Poor Law and Education. . . . The public utterances of the Nationalist leaders and the resolutions passed by public meetings and boards of guardians in many parts of Ireland have shown such disregard of equity and economic principles that the thought of important powers being devolved on them fills us with consternation. . . . The vindictive folly which has threatened the linen trade of Ulster, the misapplication of funds supplied to relieve distress and the repeated attempts made through the agency of the Poor Law and Lighthouse Tenement Acts to inflict injury on political opponents. . . . No one can read the Bill without seeing that taxation can be applied to crush political opponents. . . . Some of the Nationalist leaders defend and advocate the system of boycotting, a system which Mr. Gladstone states is supported by the sanction of 'the murder which must not be denounced;' they are the men whom he has charged with preaching a doctrine of 'plunder.' We know . . . that by a judicial decision a large number have been convicted of being 'guilty of a criminal conspiracy.'

"We are satisfied with our existing position in the Empire. . . . All our progress has been made under the Union. . . . Since the Union . . . we have made a progress second to none. . . . The contribution of the Imperial revenue from Belfast is only surpassed by London and Liverpool. We wish to emphasize the fact that this progress has been made under precisely the same laws as those which govern the other provinces of Ireland." (With precisely the same advantages Cork, Limerick, and Galway have retrograded). "The raw material employed in our staple manufactures is chiefly imported. The iron and steel for our shipyards, two-thirds of the flax for our spinning mills, and the coal for all industrial domestic purposes are all imported articles. There is no privilege in this respect that is open to every other city or town in our island. . . . Why should we be driven by force to abandon the conditions which have led to that success? . . . We are to be driven out and handed over to the government under the guidance of men of whose principles we do not approve. . . . The Bill as drawn is not only and incurably unjust and should be rejected as law, the result would be a blow as dead

ly to Irish commercial interests as were the measures framed centuries ago intentionally to ruin Irish trade.

"The Bill . . . cannot be enforced in this city or in the Province of Ulster except by Coercion, by the force of the Empire directed against . . . the most industrious, the most law abiding, the most faithful and dutiful subjects the Queen has in the island."

Mr. Giffen's total valuation of Ireland is \$446,000,000. The items for trades and professions and for farming capital are respectively \$4 and 79 millions, together 103 millions. Excluding the Roman Catholic clergy, an overwhelming majority of the professions are opposed to the Bill. Leaving out the Protestants and those Catholics having fair-sized or large farms a very great majority of those Irish small farms are in favour of it. But it is said to say that the owners of 25 out of the 103 millions are against Home Rule. Practically 336 millions are against Home Rule. Practically 80 per cent. of the total wealth of Ireland, are strongly opposed to Home Rule. Numerically—including the R. C. Unionists from 33 to 40 per cent. of the population are against it. There is good reason to believe that the higher figure is correct. All property owners and traders, whether Protestant or Catholic, object to financial injury.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

THE PUNSTER'S FATE.

Nothing so clearly shows the decadence of remark as the corruption of its language. This holds good of nations, families and individuals. Even as in listening to the talk of a stranger in a crowd we can accurately estimate his education, surroundings, tastes and habits, so the language at any era of a people's history correctly indicates the tone of the national life at the time. Philologers may point up and expanded by the necessity of more words for the expression of increasing ideas, and the era in which it is so attained is known as an Augustine age. An acute observer can trace progressive improvement in the language of public thought through three stages of decay, namely, the rude, the florid, and the stilted. Decadence commences with the slipping of grand without gutturals in its tongue. The *ore* is the *fors anima*. Had the Romans spoken modern Neapolitan they would never have conquered the known world. The Alexandrians would have done it for them. When generals slide into labials the national vigour is in an advanced stage of pulmonary consumption.

As the slip-shod is the enfeeblement of national vigour, so is slang the dry-rot. How must the public mind have become, how utterly devoid of reverence for the great and grand, when it expresses itself in such debased as to speak familiarly of the "expressman; Vulcan, the bellows maker; Bacchus, old man; and the sea-born Cybele, Sis." Intelligent readers must agree, only the American—mind is arriving at the stage of degradation. Call to witness Bill and the paragraphists.

Humour is a quality inherent in man, as also in the lower animals. Whoso doubts this latter assertion has only to watch dogs at play, when he will see an expression of unmistakable facetiousness come over their faces when anything comic occurs. In even the lowest type of human savages there are always buffoons and practical jokers. As society advances and practical jokes become actionable, fun is confined to words. Wit is the practical joke etherealized until it become imperceptible except to the initiated. Alas! there is none now. True wit went out when the guillotine came in, and graceful word-fencing perished with the last French marquis. Modern wit, so called, is, at its best, coarse and beefy. It is needless to add that the wretchedest and vilest simulacrum of wit is the pun.

From influences such as those we have glanced at, conversational speech is becoming—has become—debased. Nor is this verbal deterioration confined to the human species. It has extended to an order of beings whom modern scepticism—which believes nothing, not even an oath—would fain deny, but cannot. The accumulated belief of all our British ancestors testifies to the existence of fairies.

Recently, upon a time, two literary persons of the Dominion were (from circumstances over which they had no control) acting respectively as Annalist and Chancellor at the court of Oberon. Out of consideration for their families we withhold their names, but both were Brothers of the Fraternity of the Vignuoli and also honorary members of the Canadian Society of Literature. No one has as yet proposed them as Fellows of the R.S.C., probably because they have not written sonnets. To these mortal attachés to the faery court other mortals are indebted for this account of the fate that befel the punster.

It must have occurred to intelligent readers that spiritualists are very much at sea in accounting for the appearances and manifestations that take place at seances. Somehow it seems too awful a thought that the dead can be brought out of their graves and made to answer questions at 25 cents admission fee. If the dead and buried can be so cheaply disturbed what is the good of being dead? The explanation is obvious, and it is a wonder it has not been hit upon before. The incantations of the spiritualists do not reach the souls of the immortal dead, but are taken up by the fairies by way of a practical joke. A Canadian poet has given a clear exposition how these tricky and protean creatures found their way to America—moreover, has shown that our climate is congenial to them, and that numbers of them haunt our meadows and woodlands, requiring only a poet's eye and sufficient faith to see them.

"So that 'tis not uncommon now to see,
On quiet, restful nights, at full o' the moon,
When all things are outlined so charmingly
In the chaste splendour of the night's white
noon,
And light and shade the May-flowered moss
besmirches,
Fairy processions 'mong the white-stemmed
birches.

"Or, on soft summer days, among the
branches,
To find them on the bending leaf-sprays swing-
ing,
Or hunting butterflies across the ranches,
Or beating tambourines, and small bells ring-
ing,
In lively rigadon reels gaily dancing,
With their white cymars in the sunlight glanc-
ing.

"Or on the faint and mellow autumn eyes
Wading knee-deep in aftermath of clover,
Or playing hide-and-seek among the sheaves,
Or blindman's buff, and rolling o'er and over,
Or on the orchard fence, with jigs and grapples,
All busily engaged in stealing apples.

Landscape painters who have diverged from the C.P.R. track have discovered near the head of the lake a pleasant hamlet that would faint think itself a village. Few other persons know of its existence. This is Doltown. It is one of the oldest settlements in Canada. Two or three squatters' cottages gathered at a point where four roads met and in time became the sleepy hamlet it is. The four branch roads lead, in fact, from nowhere and run to nowhere in particular. No business appears to be done in the place. Children and a stray dog or two are the only moving things that lend an occasional life to its street. The men of the place never seem to have anything to do but smoke pipes and lean against walls. Women now and then rush out of the low-browed houses and scold the men, or seizing each her own juvenile offspring by the hair of the head drag them within doors. A stranger would be at a loss to imagine how the population make a living. The nearest surmise is that they have something to do with malt for a giant brewery in the county town, also with hops, together with the growing of aromatic herbs for the perfumers. Nevertheless, the inhabitants are not barbarians. Far from it. The march of ideas has reached even Doltown and the place possesses, besides a skittle alley, a debating club in which the more intelligent young men wrestle with such questions as: "Which are the ruinousest, Rum or War?" "Who is the greatest patriot, George Washington or Oliver Mowat?" "Which is the best to take hold on, nature or art?" and the like. A public tea-party winds up the session, the beaux providing the tea, sugar, lights and candies and the girls the cakes and the giggling. A reed organ (for most of the houses have forty-five-dollar organs, payable by instalments over three years) supplies the accompaniment to sentimental and fashionable songs sung by the misses. These meetings are Society, the *haute volée*.

There is one inn in the place—the Dolt's Arms (a bar sinister on a trousers proper)—that had once stood alone at the crossroads and yet affords in a moderate way good entertainment for man and beast. In front of this humble hostelry grows an ancient maple in whose shadow are erected a permanent table and rustic benches where in fine weather travellers prefer to sip the modest cup of ale for which the before-mentioned county brewery is famous. Wandering artists, resting on the rural benches, always pull out sketch-books, and make a note of the old-fashioned inn with its weather-beaten sign hanging on a gallows in front. One A.R.A. has idealized it by producing it as a background to a girl much prettier than barnaids are now-a-days, and in shorter petticoats than are now worn, administering a goblet of blueberry wine to a cavalier who is mostly boots and feather, mounted on a war-horse that any dealer could have told him was spavined in the off hind leg. This picture was hung on the line at the Academy and was rapturously spoken of by art critics. It was afterwards reproduced in colours as a prize in a word competition, under the name of "Doch 'an Doris," with the motto from Keats:

"O! for a beaker full of the warm south."
The table and benches are frequently occu--

pied by another class of travellers, more useful, perhaps, than artists. Commerce, without which no place can be great, is fairly represented at Doltown by one store, in which the worthy owner, deacon of a sect, carries on a retail trade in everything that the domestic wants of so small a community may require. When Deacon Williams runs short of supplies he sends a truck to the neighbouring larger town and lays in more. Notwithstanding this he is rated in the books of the mercantile inquisition as "good," and consequently the place was overrun by commercial travellers two or three in a day, wanting him to order things. The sample trunks they bring are enormous, resembling side-show caravans, and the articles they travel for are multifarious,—wooden and metallic, hammered and cast, tinned and coppered, woven and spun, flexible and brittle, solid and fluid, stoves, organs, pianos lawn mowers, tobacco, starch, mustard, patent rights, seeds and drugs, especially drugs. Mr. Williams never orders anything, but the business ambassadors come all the same, which shows how confiding is the commercial mind of Canada and what considerable profits somebody must earn to keep so many festive young men on the road. For they are a gay as well as shrewd race, these business tourists, and though sharp as needles are full of jokes as a jest book. They would sit under the tree at the inn and rattle off all the quips of the road.

Now, Doltown being a place so restful and rural, a detachment of fairies had taken up their residence near it on the banks of a beautiful brook that sparkled over a bed of gravel and took leaps and swirls where it met a boulder or other obstruction. This proximity to human beings had, however, a deleterious effect on the purity of the fairies' tongue. For these delicate and inquisitive creatures, when the public tea-parties of which we have spoken took place, would, themselves invisible, climb and peer in at the windows, and it is to be feared learned many conventional and idiomatic expressions which, although perfectly harmless, somewhat muddled their "well of English undefiled." In like manner when the gay commercials cracked their jokes the fairies would sit overhead in the tree and unconsciously pick up the phraseology of the road and rail. To such proximity to human society must be attributed in a great measure the modern tone of thought and expression that broke out so fatally in the fairy court. For, not long since, the locality in which the court then was, was infected with wit, which, had it not been checked, might have been productive of serious evils. This impending calamity was brought about in this wise:

The court was then temporarily lying within measureable distance of that fair city stately throned as a queen on a lake, and which justly asserts herself as the intellectual centre of the Dominion. Cultured readers of *The Week* on their next Sunday outing can readily identify the exact spot of the royal camp, within a radius of ten miles from Toronto, by well-defined rings of greener grass in the meadows. Some matters requiring adjustment between headquarters and the Doltown fairy settlement, an emissary, who was appropriately named Quibble, was accredited to the court. From the first hour of his arrival the influence of this person was malign. His air and manners had too much of the tone of the young men who travelled for orders and put up at the Dolt's Arms. Indeed, there can be little doubt it

was from them he acquired the mischievous habit of being witty. There was nothing about him of the Vere de Vere repose which we of the court affect, nor even that appearance of stupidity which is so becoming to Government officials. On the contrary, he was jerky and spasmodic. His taste in costume was vile, for, will it be believed, he had the affectation to present him at the King's levee in the evening dress of the human race, but the utter hideousness of the costume caused him to be refused admittance. Being looked on as an eccentric lion he, however, became the rage and found a host of imitators. Very short time elapsed ere the polished tone of the court grew unwholesome from bad puns. Instead of genial talk of the weather and coming delights, the question everywhere was, "Have you heard Quibble's last?" Titania's English was in danger of being permanently corrupted. The dullest were the worst bitten and those who were least capable of constructing three plain sentences exasperated themselves and others in putting compound words to the torture. "They raved, recited, maddened through the land."

"This is rinderpest," said the Chancellor, "we must put the sanitary laws in force."

Perhaps the unfortunate being who brought this sad epidemic had once really had a true perception of the facetious, but his sense of genuine humour had been perverted by hearing commercials read the works of Mark Twain and the jokes in the patent medicine almanacs. What could anyone think of a person who would ask, why is a seaman in a sailcloth coat good to eat? and reply with a grin, because he is a canvas-back; or of an ambassador who so far forgot himself as to say that he was dependent on a relative because he lived on the fairies' aunt; or, more deplorable still, who had the hardihood to remark at a party that a decoction of the berry of Mocha was a negro because it was Cuffee; or to say of himself that in his love for a dish of gossip and cup of tea he was quite old-maidish and saucer-dotal. Of course the Annalist remonstrated with him, after hearing him remark to a pretty fay, that his views on the Irish question had undergone quite a change since he chanced to meet a home-ruler, in fact (he said) met-a-murphy-sis!

"Sir," said the Annalist, with considerable heat, "such conduct is atrocious. Tear out these fly-leaves from the scrap-book of your brain. You really must check this dreadful propensity lest it become chronic and prove fatal. You apprehend my meaning?"

"Your meaning, my dear Annalist," said he, impertinently. "is like a Parnell pig,—it is not a-pay-rent." When the Chancellor threatened that if he did not curb his wit banishment would be his portion, he replied contemptuously: "'Tis no pun-is-meant."

Knowing how offensive the utterances of a witling of this kind must be to any cultured mind, the narrator spares the courteous reader the grief of hearing any more of his execrable sayings. Matters indeed drew rapidly to a head, for he was heard openly to demand in an assemblage of the young and innocent: "Why is a bake-pan on a cookstove like the longest side of a right-angled triangle? Because it's a high-pot-in-use." The applause that followed saddened the souls of the Chancellor and Annalist. Yet one might have forgiven even this last had not the infection spread to the innocent children. "Dear Mr. Annalist," lisped one of

the sweetest pets, "why am I like a little fool?" "Because you are one," replied he. "No, that is not it—because I have just had my dinner and am a little full, don't you see?" Distressing enough in grown fairies. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings it was terrible.

One could not help looking with horror at such a person as Quibble, but what could one do? Fortunately in Fairyland the law directed that a bore can be treated as a public enemy. Putting it on that ground the Chancellor and Annalist laid their heads together and formulated an impeachment which they laid before the king. His Majesty was much affected when he sent for the complainants to substantiate the charge. With that prescience which has ever distinguished his reign he saw the gravity of the crisis:—

"What's this about Quibble," asked King Oberon.

"Rinderpest," promptly replied the Chancellor.

"God save us!" exclaimed the monarch, "where's my sal volatile?"

His Majesty quickly calmed down and deigned to inquire, "What do you think of the Annalist?"

"Sire," replied that gentleman, "in the words of Locke, a word may be of frequent use and great credit, yet no more be learned by that is said of it, or attributed to it, than if it were affirmed only of that bare empty sound. They who would advance in knowledge, and not deceive and swell themselves with a little adulterated air"—

"Cease prosing!" said the King sharply. "Send the accused hither."

The accused was brought in, trembling, and His Majesty continued:

King: "Caitiff! you are charged with a grave offence. Prove your innocence. Tell him, some of you, and see if it is driv'n by idiotcy or only temporary insanity that is the matter with him."

Annalist: "Quibble, speak to the King. Unfortunately for the punster he was not that day in the vein. The fountain of his wit was low and his imagination evidently narrowed. He was therefore with considerable narrowness that he took the parole, and, wiping his brow on which the drops of perspiration stood, he addressed the Sovereign of Faerie:

Quibble: "May it please you, Sire, I interpret it as your command to give a specimen of mine art, to which your Highness deigns to listen. The words I am about to utter resemble a neat instrument of military music because they are a cun-ning-drum. (He hit it.) Here a brilliant thought seemed to be born in him and his tone rang triumphant as he commanded:—

"Why, O Sire, is an animal of the bovine species out in an electric storm like a horse summons for admission? Does your Majesty give it up? Because it is a 'Thunderbolt Knocks!'"

King: "This is intolerable. Take him and shoot him."

The condemned was led away and the trumpets of the King proclaimed that from that day forth punning is forbidden in Fairyland under pain of death.

Arrived at the mournful scene of execution the firing party drew up in line.

They fitted their arrows to the string. "Halt!" implored the intended victim, "would say a few last words."

OTHER PEOPLE'S THOUGHTS.

It sometimes happens that while a man accepts without question a generality, a lifetime is lost in disputes concerning the particulars involved in it. There is perhaps no better example of this than the wonderful conception so lightly spoken of as Duty. One finds scarcely a hedge-schoolmaster so little didactic that the ominous words "do your duty" do not glide smoothly from his lips. A simple demand in truth, and yet the nature, the meaning of it no philosophy can explain

"Do thy duty" is plain and emphatic, involving rapid judgment and immediate action. The words of the German philosopher hint at quite another meaning of what they are equally powerless to interpret: "Duty! Wondrous thought, that workest neither by fond insinuation, flattery, nor by any threat, but merely by holding up thy naked law in the soul, and so extorting for thyself always reverence, if not always obedience; before whom all appetites are dumb, however secretly they rebel; whence thy original?" More complex this surely, "However secretly they rebel"—the antithesis between thought and action, the possibility of admiration without possession—the whole tissue of morality in the ideal and in the actual seems to lie disclosed in these few words. It is no longer a question of rapid judgment but of serious reflection. An unhesitating maxim has given place to speculation regarding the origin of the maxim. It is to be observed that "Do thy duty" will always precede an attempted definition; it is only after years, perhaps centuries of action, that one pauses to analyse the motives that prompted it. The pause, in passing, is by no means a sign of increased vitality.

In life for the most part men will accept the generality of Duty without attempting to define it, or searching introspectively to discover if they have arrived at it inductively or by intuition. They will take, the majority of them at all events, the simple maxim, and it is perhaps well for the world that it is so.

Literature, in spite of the varied classifications, has dealt mainly with—men and women. Man's relations to the known, man's aspirations towards the unknown—when these themes have become exhausted shall not the last word have been spoken? And in all works that are dramatic in the true sense of the word, whether objective or subjective, in all works, in short, that pass or seem to pass beyond the personality of their author, we find the same inevitable theme—the failure in or the accomplishment of—duty. And here, too, as in life, we find the same main divisions. With the first "Do thy Duty" is an order peremptory, and in a normal state of affairs to be carried out immediately and without question—that is to say, the generality is accepted, but in exceptional circumstances the particulars involved in it are a stumbling-block. With the second the "oughtness" itself is discussed; the question is no longer one of implicit obedience, but rather one demanding why it is that there should be an implicit obedience. The first view is necessarily objective and tends, as we have observed, towards immediate action; the second is perhaps more subtle and subjective and leads to reflection and conflict. Shakespeare's Henry V. is perhaps a fitting illustration of the first point of view, i. e., that which recog-

nizes duty as an objective fact. Hamlet appears to us the very incarnation of one who views duty in that other light—as a conception impossible to ignore, impossible to account for, believed in and yet questioned, a subject rather for pondering than for deeds. Duty, it is true, involves the same for each action; on the one side spontaneous, inevitable, on the other brooded upon, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

And because in life and in literature duty appears always to demand action, immediate or reflected, we have come to consider that failure in duty constitutes action also, but action in a contrary direction. It would be easy to bring forward numerous instances of this, and the supposition is by no means unnatural.

And yet it is not always so; it is not by "doing" so much as by "leaving undone" that men turn their backs upon this supreme conception which includes all law and which no formality of law can render account. It is he who avoids responsibilities as well as the criminal, who sins thus grievously. It is he who makes no effort to heal as well as he who hides the impulse of murder in his heart. In short, it is the "respectable" man as well as the alien, the Pharisee as well as the outcast.

We know of no closer study of this negativity from which the deepest of all corruption may spring than the character of Tito (sacrificed perhaps from the artistic standpoint not a little to the author's absorbing interest in Florentine intrigue) in George Eliot's "Romola" and with her clear, earnest words, we will close, words that apply not only to Tito Melema, but to many whose infamy dies with them voiceless, unexpressed: "There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous."

A DREAM FACE.

Half-slumberous, in dreams, he saw his Love
Bend over him, and rest her calm, deep eyes
On his, compassionate as stars above,
Serene, yet sorrowful, as lovelight lies
Beneath the sadness of her yearning gaze.
She stooped until the waves of her warm hair
Brushed on his brow, and thrilled his trembling face;
Her hot, red lips apart in half-despair
And curled with doubtful smile; and her warm breath
Tumultuous came and went against his face.
Her olive flesh was warm, yet wan as death,
While soft the swell of limbs his eyes could trace;
And as her moist mouth neared and almost met
His lips that ached with fained expectancy,
Her lithe form shuddered with a sigh; while yet
Her dark hair hung so that he could not see,
She faded, ghostlike, into formless air
And left the agony that one at sea
Doth feel, when from his fevered sight, the fair,
Faint miraged isles, illusive, ever flee.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Death is the waiting-room where we robe ourselves for immortality.—Spurgeon.

8th, 1893.]
It was clearly against orders to permit a speech at the place of punishment, but the provost-sergeant was a kindly man, the father of a family, so he wiped his eyes and said, "Say
The condemned pondered for a moment and then demanded in an inquisitive tone of voice:
"When is a door not a door?"
The archers felt their weapons paralyzed in their hands, at once at the audacity and anti-
"When is a door not a door?" he re-
They dropt their arms.
"When it's a-jar!" shouted he.
They turned and fled, but after them they heard the voice of the possessed punster, yell-
"When is a door not a jar? When it's
They only fled the faster, but fast as they were overtaken by the demand:
"When is a door not a gate? When it's
The party reached camp in great despond-
and communicated to the King the failure of their mission: whereupon, as Baron Tenny-
"there was dole in Astolat."
banished from his species, the
propounding conundrums to Echo and bother-
that coy nymph by trying to make her
"Rex's Cocoa."

HUNTER DUVAR.

TWO SONNETS OF PETRARCH.

"Si breve è il tempo."
That brief the moment, and so swift the thought
Which brings my lady from the grave again,
That instant is the medicine for my pain
When I gaze on her my grief is naught.
Love who hath bound me and my cross hath
wrought
Trembles when he beholds her stand again
At my heart's door, where he my life doth
With face and accent fair beyond all thought.
Who comes a queen unto her own to chase
The bitter thoughts which haunt my burdened
heart
With the calm radiance of her heavenly
face.
My spirit with such splendour half opprest,
Murmurs, "Forever blessed be the day
When to my heart, thine eyes first found
their way."

"Le steele e'l cielo."
The stars the sky and all the powers of air
To this fair Light have set their utmost art,
Which mirrors back all Nature's godliest
part,
And shines as if no sun were other where
So lofty is the work, so strange and fair,
The beauty well might dazzle mortal heart,
The Love did to those radiant eyes impart
The grace and sweetness which are shining
there.
And where those soft rays fall the air is
With sweet
purity, and doth strange power obtain
To hold our very thoughts and words in
thrall;
No low desires dare approach her seat
The truth and honour. How should this
That low desires are by beauty slain?

LOIS SAUNDERS.

The days of chivalry are not gone, not-
withstanding Burke's grand dirge over
them: they still live in that far-of wor-
ship paid by many a youth and man to
the woman of whom he never dreams that
he shall touch so much as her little fin-
ger or the hem of her robe.—George El-

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORLD'S FAIR LOAN ART EXHIBIT IN TORONTO.

To the Editor of The Week :

Sir, -The Canadian Institute, which is always alive to our national interest, not only in deep and progressive scientific work, but also in the art and literature of the country, has already taken a step towards securing some of the British pictures, now at the World's Fair, for a Loan Exhibit in Toronto. Some correspondence has passed between the High Commissioner and the Secretary. Would it not be well for the Ontario Society of Artists to co-operate with the sister body and lend its influence towards a project that would do it honor? Should there be too much difficulty in the way of obtaining the consent of private owners of pictures, as many of the Works of art have been specially collected for this international event, perhaps the consent of artists of other nations could be obtained to allow their work to be seen here before being shipped back over the seas. It is not impossible that an entire collection, such as that of Russia, or Holland, or Sweden, which does not contain more pictures than we have sent to Chicago, could be got to halt here on its way home. The pictures by one man alone, would be the lesson of a life time: I refer to those of Anders Zorn, who is himself the Swedish Commissioner in Chicago, and the Canadian people themselves would be greatly interested in the visit of such works of art.

Our Industrial Association has with commendable enterprise brought many attractions to this city, which amuse if not elevate. If we can have Dahomian dancers, Fijian pantomimers, stage looters and scarpers from the Wild West, Japanese jugglers, etc., etc., should we not endeavour to have some of the most notable examples of that "splendid art that spreads for us a poem on a panel, that conjures out from their retreat the spirits of the wave and woodland, of the field and whispering wind; that repeats history in living characters, and anoints our worthy men with immortality."

To be sure this cannot be done without trouble, and much of it too. For after the commissioners have been consulted, the consent of artists themselves must be received, and permission also of the Customs authorities at Washington and at Ottawa for bonding the cases or payment and return of duties that might be demanded. We think of course there would be a disposition everywhere to facilitate the work of our citizens in an effort so commendable; and we greatly hope the opportunity of their present near neighborhood will be seized by our Art societies, and the best effort made to bring them nearer still. -Yours, J. W. L. F.

DR. KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

We sincerely congratulate Dr. Kingsford on the energy and success with which he is carrying forward his great work. The same fulness of research, the same impartiality of judgment, the same sober weighing of evidence and practical good sense which characterized the earlier volumes are found in the present. We are also able to add that Dr. Kingsford seems to improve in his manner of telling his story. The volume before us strikes us as more interesting than its predecessors a characteristic which may possibly be imparted by the nature of the contents, but which, at any rate, may be noted as a fact.

The period of time covered by the volume is only about three years. It begins with the siege of Quebec by the Congress troops under the command of Montgomery and Arnold. When we read of the blunders com-

* The History of Canada by William Kingsford, L.L.D., F.R.S.C. Vol. VI. 1776-1779. Price \$3.00. Toronto: Rowse & Hutchison; London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1893.

mitted soon after by the English leaders, we experience a feeling of satisfaction, that the royal troops were at that time under the command of Carleton, an able officer who afterwards suffered from professional jealousy. As Dr. Kingsford remarks towards the end of the volume, "Carleton will ever retain one of the first places in Canadian history. The work he performed lived after him. His government was carried on with integrity and wisdom. It is he who in a great measure laid the foundation for the Quebec Act on the broad ground of rendering justice to the new subjects."

One cannot help feeling that even Washington could hardly have achieved success in his resistance to British authority had the conduct of the other royalist leaders been as wise and judicious as that of Carleton. The advance of the British troops along the line of the Hudson was, for a time, almost uniformly successful and victorious in spite of the generalship of men like Howe. The whole story of this campaign is of deep and painful interest; and we think that Dr. Kingsford has thrown light upon various incidents and episodes which have hitherto been imperfectly understood. On the one hand, it cannot be denied that the British troops and their German auxiliaries showed all their traditional courage; and this is true of officers as well as men; but the generals, as a rule, such men as Howe and Burgoyne, were incompetent and foolhardy, and threw away their chances of success; whilst Washington, knowing perfectly well that it was only by eternal vigilance and by taking advantage of every error and omission of the English leaders that he could hold his own, even when he was defeated, found means to repair the disaster in the false security and confidence of his opponents.

A more striking example of the bad generalship of Howe, and of the skill with which Washington availed himself of it, could hardly be given than the defeat and capture of the Hessian troops at Trenton. The dilatoriness of Howe, the presumption and carelessness of the German leader, Rale, and the boldness of Washington, all contributed to the result which was not merely a victory, but a restoration of hope and confidence to the flagging spirits of the revolutionists. Nor did Howe make any serious attempt to repair the mischief. His "duty was immediately to have re-established his posts, to have entrenched the detached forces and to have placed a different general to Grant in command. If he was to preserve the Jerseys, he had to show that British strength was capable of holding them. There was no difficulty in doing so. He had six times the number of Washington's forces, highly disciplined, well provided; while Washington's soldiers were badly supplied in all respects, imperfectly disciplined, and with few officers of knowledge and experience." But all these advantages were simply thrown away.

It should be noted that Dr. Kingsford shows, again and again, that the qualities of the royal troops were excellent. There has been a kind of impression that they were greatly inferior in courage to the colonials; but there seems no ground whatever for this opinion. When they were skilfully handled and well led, they behaved with courage and tenacity, and cases are mentioned in which their discipline gave them great advantages over the comparatively untrained forces of

Washington. Generally speaking, the losses in battle on the side of the Americans were far greater than that of the British, a fact which is full of meaning. Only the incompetence of the royal generals prevented their success. Was it destiny?

If we learn from these pages the incompetence of the British leaders, we are also taught to do full justice to the heroic figure by whom they were confronted. He remains, Dr. Kingsford reminds us, an example for subsequent ages an example of the success of truth and righteousness. 'The United States may learn by Washington's career in those two years of depression from which he so nobly emerged that his success was not the consequence of cunning, party combinations and pandering to popular clamour; but of high principle and devotion to the cause he accepted. He correctly judged the situation, that whatever the risk, it was his duty to attack the opposing general at all times and under all circumstances. Fortunately for him that general was Howe. What a contrast between the constant activity, the unwavering determination, the wise, thoughtful vigilance of Washington, and the irresolute, neglectful, inactive, even indolent movements of his opponent!"

But Howe was not the only incompetent royalist general. Here is Dr. Kingsford's account of Burgoyne, the man by whom Carleton was superseded: "In private life Burgoyne was an honorable man, with generous impulses allied to the vices of the fine gentleman of the time, then looked upon as a claim to social distinction. His courage was of the highest order, but with characters so constituted everything ranges round self; it is the common failing of this class. Burgoyne, in the consideration of his own advancement, had no thought for the men under his command; they were mere pawns in the game, and with little qualm he could see them swept from the board provided he remained the winner. The fact will become more plain as we witness the closing scenes of his disaster." And in a later chapter he says: "Burgoyne, like many men, wanted that sound sense, that well balanced judgment, that high moral courage, which, in a crisis even worse than that in which he was placed, have led their possessor to achieve fame and honour. Burgoyne's campaign had been a series of mistakes, the first and principal being that he entered upon it with the high-sounding words, 'This army must not retreat.' In all this Burgoyne was the very opposite of Washington who was too great to think of preserving the semblance of power when the substance was slipping from his grasp."

It would be of little assistance to the reader to give a mere outline of the narrative here described, and we have thought it better to draw attention to some of the leading characteristics of the book, and to show Dr. Kingsford's manner of dealing with the subjects which he handles. Incidentally there are various topics dealt with to which we would gladly have drawn attention. Such is the murder of Miss Jane McCrae, an account of which is given on the 202nd and following pages. We should also have liked to quote the judicious remarks of the historian on the employment of the Indians in warfare. These will be found at page 179, and the reader will hardly overlook them.

We do again heartily congratulate the

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ART NOTES.

Mr G. Bruenech has just returned to Toronto from an extended sketching tour in the Lower Provinces, including Quebec, the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence, the coast of Nova Scotia, etc.; and he is now about to start for the Muskoka country in order to catch the lovely autumnal tints to be found in such perfection in that region of lakes and woods.

An art-loving Parisian roving about Auvergne has discovered behind the choir in Notre Dame-du-Port, at Clermont, a group of the "Expulsion from Paradise," which expresses beautifully the naivete of some local sculptor. God is pushing Adam gently by the shoulder out of Paradise, while a too zealous angel had seized Adam by the beard and is dragging him forward. Meantime, Adam himself is not idle. He expresses very forcibly his idea concerning the true culprit. Keeping a large fig leaf in place with one hand, he has the other in Eve's hair, which he is pulling viciously, and, in order to reinforce his lesson, he is kicking the Mother of Mankind with one foot, while he tries to keep erect on the other.—New York Times.

It is still not easy to find an artist in his or her studio, or in fact to find a studio at all, as they have not yet been taken for the coming season. Mr. J. W. L. Forster is back from his hand among other things a portrait of the late William Gooderham which is not more than begun. The attitude is a sitting one, the right hand is thrust into the front of the coat and the left one makes a slight but very expressive gesture, while the accessories, well subordinated, bespeak the character of the man as we knew him. In a greater degree, of course, the face does the same, but as it has been only quickly laid in, so that one can only guess at the final result—the guess being that it will be quite equal to anything this artist has done yet. Like the portrait of the late J. K. Macdonald, this is to be hung in Victoria College—a fitting tribute to the generosity of both men.

The London Public Opinion has the following: "How typical of the difference between French and British aestheticism is the gift of four oil paintings sent a few days ago from France to the Lord Mayor of London, and to the Mayors of Windsor, Brighton and Southampton. These presents are intended as signs of appreciation of the hospitality shown by the English municipalities to a deputation from Havre. When we on this side of the Channel desire to do honour to anyone, we present him with a piece of plate, with an eating or drinking utensil. We are even now barbarians. In France they have at least progressed far enough to recognize that pictures make quite as good presents as dishes or cups." The idea is neither unknown or unpractised here among us, but alas! too little so. Even for our own homes we do not hesitate to spend freely, on carpets and curtains, wall paper and furniture, sums that would bring us many a gem that could not fail to be "a joy forever."

Awards to British Artists at Chicago.—Medals have been awarded by the jury selected to pass opinion upon the paintings in oils and water-colours exhibited at the World's Fair (says a Reuter's telegram) to the following British artists:—For Oil Paintings: Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. George Boughton, Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Fred Brown, Lady Butler, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Melton Fisher, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Alfred Grey, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. L. LaThangue, Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. W. Logsdail, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Sir John Millais, Madame Montalba, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. David Murray, Mr. A. Peppercorn, Mr. Adrian Reid, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, Mr. John Stokes, Mr. Edward Stott, Miss Annie Swynnerton, Mr. Chevalier Taylor, Mr. William Titcomb, Mr. G. Weatherbee, Miss Wood, Mr. W. Wyllie, and Mr. Charles Wyllie. For Water-Colours: Mr. H. Coutts, Mr. Birket

Foster, Miss Kate Greenaway, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. W. Hatherrell, Mr. Henry Henshall, Mr. Henry Hine, Mr. Andrew W. Gow, Mr. Walter Langley, Mr. James Linton, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Lionel Smythe, and Mr. E. Walton.

The high priests of nature, who alone are initiated into its mysteries, are the poet, the musician and the artist, each in his own peculiar way. But while the writer and the musician present nature to us, the one through the medium of word pictures, the other through the wonderful medium of sound, it is left to the painter alone to put before our eyes actual representations of nature herself; he says to us, "here is a little piece of earth which you have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see." And so perhaps landscape and marine artists come closest to the throbbing heart of nature, and with that very closeness comes a responsibility that is hard to throw off or shirk; the duty, which every conscientious artist must realize, to interpret nature honestly, purely, and in a manner thoroughly in sympathy with his subject. As to the choice of subjects, experience is the great medium through which we must work in selecting them, and with each attempt the beginner will find how true is the saying that "nature is full of flaws," though it may seem heresy to say so; and he will seldom find a perfect picture ready for his brush, and should therefore not allow nature to impose any and every thing upon him. On the whole, it is well not to spend time in making studies defective in composition, but the eye should be trained for pleasing effects. I make a special point of this, for so many students injure their eye for form and composition in the single pursuit of colour—a most important element in a picture—but not everything. The absence of good colour may indeed render an otherwise fine picture worthless, but composition must in every instance be considered. It is hardly necessary to mention the study of values here, as we all realize the importance of properly massing the lights and shadows. It is quite the same in landscape painting as in work from the figure. To have too many props is to be encumbered rather than aided by them, so let us forget rules if they prevent rapid and original thought; after your work is done use your rules in passing a verdict upon it with the paramount idea that your picture must have feeling and sympathy with nature, which is equivalent to truthfulness. Another thing I would impress upon the student is to avoid fads, one of which is seeing nature through another's eyes. Paint what you see, yet do not struggle to impose your personality too strongly upon your work; it would be a vulgar intrusion, showing a love of self rather than of nature, and is a direct challenge for notice. For example, we have seen foregrounds treated in a dauby way, showing carelessness and lack of study; one might as well leave off the frame of a picture as to leave out the natural frame to the subject, like the stones, grasses, weeds, etc., which always show at their best in the foreground, although they must be kept in the picture as in nature, perfectly unobtrusive.—R. Le Grand Johnston, in the Corcoran Art Journal.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The memorial to F. Liszt in his native town of Oedenburg in Hungary has been inaugurated.

"Little Puck" is at the Academy and is being appreciated by nightly crowds. It will remain for the whole of this week.

At Jacobs' & Sparrow's the "Struggle for Life" is now running. The company is a good one and the scenic effects remarkably well managed.

Professor Martin Krause, the celebrated music critic and piano teacher of Leipzig and President of the Liszt Society, has been decorated by the Duke of Anhalt with the Knight's Cross, I class of the Order of Albrecht the Bear.

The boards of the "Grand" are at present held by Lewis Morrison and his company with his admirable play "Faust," always so attrac-

tive to Toronto play-goers. It will continue till Saturday, when Mr. Morrison will appear in Richelieu.

Another Polish pianist, Mr. Josef Slivinski, will come to America this season and give a series of recitals in musical centres in the United States and Canada. It is also probable that the remarkable pianiste, Sofie Menter, will likewise visit this country to wards spring, under the management of Henry Wolfsohn.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, the well known and talented organist of All Saints' Church, will give a series of organ recitals during the winter, the first, we understand, to take place in the above church early in October. Mr. Fairclough's recitals two seasons ago were an interesting and instructive feature of the musical year. Those promised will doubtless will be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations this coming season by all music lovers and admirers of excellent organ playing.

Patti will be accompanied on her tour to America by Mrs. Fabbri, Messrs. Galassi, Lely and Novara. Her husband, Nicolini, who will also be a member of the troupe, will occasionally sing, and the party will likewise include a secretary, a maid, a valet and a cook, together, of course, with the indispensable pet dog. Forty concerts in all will be given, and at each concert an act of some opera will be recited in costume. Patti will sail on October 28 by the Lucania, and will open in New York on November 9. She will not be in Chicago till late in January, and will go as far West as California, the season closing in April in New York.

Toronto musicians have nearly all returned from their summer vacation, those not having done so will probably arrive sometime during the present week, and soon all will be actively engaged in another season's work. We are glad to notice by Chicago papers the success of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. Harry Field, organist and pianist respectively, who played last month at the World's Fair. Both of these gentlemen are excellent performers on their respective instruments, and were certain to give a good account of themselves, and win distinction among our musical brethren in the United States. Mr. Edward Fisher has returned from his trip to England, and is looking in excellent health. He engaged whilst there Mr. J. Humfrey Auger, Mus. Bach. Oxon., F. C. O. Eng., a most capable theorist and organist, who will conduct the theory classes at the Conservatory, in place of Mr. Arthur E. Fisher who goes to the College of Music. These two institutions, we understand, open with splendid prospects for the coming year.

Mr. H. A. Jones, who sees "a line of severance between dramatic art and popular amusement," says the London Public Opinion, is amongst the few who take the British drama seriously. In the New Review he discusses the subject with some complacency, and beholds in the future some remote period when the drama shall take the place of the pulpit as the inculcator of morality to the nation. Undoubtedly the standard of dramatic literature has much improved of late years in England, and we no longer borrow our plays from France. It has been a question of supply and demand. A small percentage of the mob of playgoers desired something better than Adelphi melodrama, than the milk and water of Tom Robertson's comedies, which, if produced today, would be laughed off the stage, or than French plays in the clumsiest of English dresses, which have found much favour with the Kendals. To meet this want plays of the calibre of the second Mrs. Tanqueray may be expected occasionally. But, whilst we are pluming ourselves on our improved taste, it would be well not to forget the extraordinary influence the music halls are asserting over people who a few years ago never dreamed of visiting a "variety entertainment." Mr. Jones is inclined to underestimate this. He forgets, too, that "serious drama" as an investment leaves much to be desired. The theatrical season has not been very successful. The French plays met with little more than a suc-

cès d'estime. Prosperity has not smiled upon "Daly's Company of Comedians" at their new house, and even the brilliant acting of Signora Eleanora Duse at the Lyric proved little else than that an interesting and expensive exotic does not necessarily attract the public.

LIBRARY TABLE.

NOT ANGELS QUITE. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is wholly a new style of book, and will doubtless afford interest to those in search of something new in the way of light reading. The plot is simple, but marvellously well worked up. The modes of life in Boston, and all its fads and peculiarities, besides the flowery modes of expression, racy of the wild and woolly west, are all brought out in the most delightful way. We think Mr. Dole has succeeded in making a really clever book.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH. By Edward King, author of "The Gentle Savage," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From beginning to end the story is of absorbing interest. Joseph, the hero of the book, is an Israelite of a high and noble style, and seeks to ameliorate the condition of his poor and oppressed brethren, found in the tenements and by-ways of the over-crowded city of New York. Many artistic and ably drawn descriptions are given of Jewish life in a great city, including pictures of Hebrew gala and holy days, which are very charmingly and realistically portrayed.

OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND: A Journal and Note-book for Ocean Voyagers. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 182 Fifth Ave.

Beautifully and daintily got up with white canvas cover, and of a most convenient shape and size, this useful book will be in great demand by all who cross, or propose to cross, the herring pond. Besides spaces, properly ruled, in which to keep a regular "log," both on the "outward" as well as on the "homeward" trip, there are pages allotted for all sorts of notes, with most apt and clever quotations, selected as appropriate to each day of the voyage as it passes, interspersed throughout.

STORIES OF THE SEA, taken from Scribner, consisting of "The Port of Missing Ships," by John K. Spears; "The Fate of the Georgina," by Maria Blunt; "Captain Black," by Charles E. Carryl, and "The Last Slave Ship," by George Howe, M.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the fourth of the series of six charming books, all conveniently diminutive in size, forming the stories from Scribner. The stories are well told and worth preserving, and in this volume relate to the sea and seafaring life, as the name implies. With vignette title page, numerous illustrations, clear and beautiful print, the little book is at once dainty and attractive.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS. Essays of Haryot Holt Cahoon. Edited by Cynthia M. Westover. New York: Tait Sons & Co.

This work comes to us without preface or introduction, and the author's inscription is simply "to my friends." Some explanation of how the essays came to be written, and how published in book form, would be gratifying to the curiosity, but is not an essential, for the title of the volume well explains its contents; the book is what it professes to be, the rendering in words of "What one Woman Thinks." The short essays deal in a wide variety of subjects:—"Grandmothers," "The Popular Widow," "Pockets," "Patriotism," "Strike," "A Seven-Leaf Clover," and many others (seventy-four in all) are discussed in turn, sometimes seriously, sometimes humorously, often poetically and pathetically, and their discussion suggests new ideas and happy thoughts to the reader, and makes the perusal of the book a pleasure. Embracing as they do so many of the commonplace features of every-day life, there is not

much novelty in the subjects of many of the essays, but they are generally treated in a fresh and attractive style, from a common-sense point of view, and yet strikingly and cleverly; a pure womanly air pervades the thoughts expressed, and the authoress is amply endowed with human kindness and brightness of disposition, so that she has kind things to say of most people, and looks at matters mainly from the sunny side. The authoress' vigorous and sententious style, is however, sometimes marred by a newspaper mode of expression, and an apparent attempt to coin striking phrases which do not lend grace to her pen. We think too, that the book would be improved by the omission of some of the essays, which are rather weak and suggest "padding." It is as if the authoress was writing all (instead of what is worth knowing) about "What One Woman Thinks."

PERIODICALS.

F. M. Holmes commences a bright September issue of Cassell's with an amusing sketch entitled "The People's Fair." S. Southall Bone's serial "Davenant" reaches the fifteenth chapter in this number. Raymond Blathway writes a graceful and readable paper on "Work and Play at Charterhouse School." C. J. Blake contributes a short story entitled "Mr. Churchill's Paper." A good yarn, in three chapters, is Arthur Milton's "The Tailor."

A paper of far more than ordinary interest is Gamaliel Bradford's contribution to the September issue of Poet Lore, entitled "A Pessimist Poet." William G. Kingsland discusses Ruskin as an art teacher; this last paper contains "some further unpublished letters." J. G. Fleay, continues his "Gentle Will, Our Fellow," and Louis James Block writes some strong lines on "Walt Whitman." W. F. Rolfe continues his study of "Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar.'" This number also contains the conclusion of "The Sightless," from the French of Maurice Maeterlinck.

H. E. Gray opens the Quiver, for September, with "Asa's Blessing," which interesting contribution is followed by "The Christian Triumvirate of Oporto," from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Robertson. The Dean of Armagh tells of "Four Things Stored Up," while the Rev. T. Thain Davidson preaches an eloquent sermon upon "Rubbish." "Staunch," by Ethel F. Hedde, is a pretty little story in two chapters. "How We Made the Children Happy" is the name of a contribution which no reader of this issue should skip. The three serials are continued.

The Methodist Magazine for September opens with the continuation of "Tent Life in Palestine," from the editor's able pen. Annie Clarke contributes a pretty poem entitled "The Sea of Tiberias." "India: its Temples, its Palaces, and its People." Francis Huston Wallace, M.A., writes an intelligent paper on "The Free Church Jubilee." The Rev. E. Barrass, D.D., writes upon "Our City Charities," which valuable contribution is followed by a short poem, by Amy Parkinson, entitled "He Shall Give His Angels Charge over Thee." A graphic and interesting sketch is the editor's, "A Young Heart of Oak." Amelia E. Barr's "The Squire of Sandal-Side" is concluded in this issue.

R. D. Blackmore's "Perlycross," reaches the twelfth chapter in the August issue of Macmillan's. A very interesting paper on a subject of which few are weary, is "The Tragedy of Mr. Thomas Doughty," from the pen of Julian Corbett. Speaking of Doughty's relations with Drake, the writer says: "To the last there seems to have been no ill-blood between them. It was as though two courtly gamblers had played for a high stake. Drake took payment without exultation, and Doughty lost like a gentleman." J. W. Sherer contributes a readable sketch of "A Forgotten Worthy." "The Perpetual Curate" is a clever piece of character drawing. "Miss Stuart's Legacy" is continued, and a good number is brought to a close by "Leaves from a Note-Book."

"Sestina" is the title of a poem with which the August number of *The Californian* is always opened. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is always vigorous, sometimes even something more.

Then were mine eyes fixed on that glittering sea. Dear to all sense-sunk souls beneath the skies. Gold tempts the artist from the lofty height. Gold lures the maiden from the arms of love. Gold buys the fresh, ingenuous heart of youth. And gold, I said, will show me Pleasure's way.

"The Land of the White Elephant" is discussed in a readable paper by S. E. Carrington. Edward S. Holden tells of "Forest Fire on Mt. Hamilton." Sara H. Henton writes on that engrossing subject—"Types of Kentucky Beauty." "A Modern Hesperides" is a good article, by D. B. Weir. J. J. Peatfield writes on "A Navajo Blanket," which remarkable paper is followed by Hon. Abbot Kinney's "The Division of a State."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has purchased as a permanent dwelling-place, the old Indiana homestead of his family.

M. Alexander Guilman, the noted French organist, arrived on the *Bourgogne* last Sunday for an extended tour in this country.

Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bart., M.P., is preparing a memoir of the late Mr. W. E. Smith, sometime leader of the Conservative party in the Commons.

Messrs. Longmans & Co. have in preparation the Rev. Dr. W. Sanday's Bampton Lectures on "The Early History and Origin of the Doctrine of Biblical Inspiration."

A poem by Sir Walter Scott which, it is believed, has never been printed in any form, and certainly not in any edition of his works, will be found in the September *Blackwood*.

A new descriptive story, by Miss A. M. Machar, entitled "Down the River to the Sea," will be shortly published in *Montreal* by McConeffe, with illustrations. This will prove an attractive souvenir book of a favourite Canadian authoress.

Two new Salem editions of those famous books "A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys" and "The Snow Image and other Twice-told Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, are about to be published by the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Prof. St. George Mivart's work, "Happiness in Hell," which appeared originally in the Nineteenth Century, has been placed by the Vatican in the "Index Expurgatorius." Mivart may prepare for a "boom" in his writings.—*The Literary World*.

A grant of £100 from the Royal Bazaar Fund has been conferred upon the daughter of Robert Burns, the widow of James Wingate, whose literary merit led to his being rewarded with a pension of £50 a year, memorial to the first Lord of the Treasury prepared by the Glasgow Ballad Club.

The Lenox Library in New York is open every week-day during the summer from five o'clock. A rare collection of books and paintings can be seen there, including the Lenox collection of Bibles, the Draxel library, the George Bancroft library, the Shakespeariana, etc. Admission is free.

Another edition of the Cambridge Shakespeare is contemplated. It is to be in eight volumes, large paper, one volume to be devoted to each play and one volume to be devoted to each poem. Special hand-made paper is to be used for the books, and they are to be bound in red linen. The house of Clay will be responsible for the printing work.

Of Oscar Wilde's "Incomparable and Inimitable History of Mr. W. H.," being the secret of Shakespeare's Sonnets, there is to be an "ordinary" edition of 500 copies and a "special" edition of fifty large-paper copies. Mr. Wilde is to bring out a poem called "The Sphinx" in 250 small copies and twenty-five large-paper ones.

As an illustration of the money paid by writers as soon as they acquire a reputation

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The September Cosmopolitan contains less than eight thousand words, for which the sum of seven hundred and sixty-six dollars was paid. Ex-President Harrison, Mark Twain and William Dean Howells are the three whose work commands such a price.

Mr. J. E. C. Rodley, is passing the summer at Chateau du Defe on the Bay of Biscay lent him by the Princess De Leon, where he is busy at work on his book on France for Macmillan & Co. The work is to be on the general lines of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Owing to its great size it may not be expected to appear before the end of next year.

The Williamson Book Company, of Toronto, are about to issue a book of remarkable interest entitled "Railways and Other Ways," being reminiscences of canal and railway life during a period of sixty-five years, by Mr. Ayles Pennington, the oldest railway officer still in active service, and first Goods Manager of the Preston and North Staffordshire Railways of England, and first General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

The Athenaeum states that there is soon to be published in London a volume of poems by Mr. Francis Thompson, a new writer whose work has excited considerable interest in private circulation. Two or three of the pieces about to be published were shown by a friend to Mr. Browning shortly before his death, and his opinion was expressed in a letter dated from Asolo, October 7th, 1889:—"The verses are indeed remarkable, even with all the particulars concerning its author. It is altogether extraordinary that a young man so naturally gifted should need incitement to venture upon his conspicuous ability. Pray assure him, if he cares to know it, that I shall have a confident expectation of his success."

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, who has just returned from the United States to England, remarked to an interviewer that the States present a magnificent and growing field, which I think shall find spreading westward and opening up new markets, but the prospects there are not at present, and they don't look forward to a brisk season. * * * Business is suffering from the plethora of cheap books thrown on the market by the failure of the U.S. Book Co. and its various branches. I hope Mr. Walter Besant will not be encouraged in his optimism by the vast masses of books he will have seen upon the stalls and in dry-goods stores, as it is doubtful if, at the price, either printers or authors have ever been paid for them. But it is a big market, and it will soon be absorbed in healthier business.—The Critic.

In addition to a long list of announcements of English works for autumn publication the Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish a number of important books by American authors, among which are to be included "A History of Development and Heredity," by Prof. Henry B. Orr of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; "The Distribution of Wealth," by Prof. John R. Commons of the University of Indiana; "Genetic Philosophy," by Pres. David J. Hill of the University of Wisconsin; a translation of the new revised German edition of Wundt's "Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology," prepared by J. E. Creighton, Ph.D. and E. B. Titchener, Ph.D., both of Cornell University; and a translation of Windelband's "History of Philosophy," by Prof. J. A. Tufts of the University of Chicago.

A very interesting report made by Inspector Rossignol, M.A., to the Minister of Education, lately appeared setting forth the general condition of Upper Canada College, than which nothing could be more satisfactory, and that the College appears to be flourishing, and in danger of losing its old prestige. The new blood introduced during the last twelve months in the shape of Mr. John Henry Collinson, M.A., Cantab, who has proved himself to be the best coach Canada has ever seen, besides being a man of unquestioned experience and qualification, has been productive of results that redound to the good of the College. We might mention, too, the appointment on the staff of Mr. Pelham

Edgar, M.A., as being eminently a good one. The powers that be are going the right way to maintain the supremacy of this grand old school.

AN ARKANSAS MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away—Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless—How She Was Saved.

From the Arkansas Democrat.

The story of renewed health told in the following article has been carefully investigated by the Democrat, and is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality are slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sorrowful girls meet us on every side, and unless the same prompt measures are taken, as in the case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lulu Clements, the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. Cora V. Clements, one of the most prominent residents of Lonoke, Ark., was attacked with a mysterious wasting disease, over a year ago, and despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians, she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony, and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a Democrat reporter:—

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken anaemia, or, in other words, watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

"Her condition grew from bad to worse, and becoming alarmed, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia, Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicines of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient.

"Myself and daughter had almost given up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the Arkansas Democrat I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms of which were the same as in the case of my daughter. I purchased some of the pills, and commenced giving my daughter three pills a day. Before the first box had been taken an improvement was noticed. Color in her face was noticed, and her appetite returned. The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could breathe more freely. When the fourth box had been taken she was entirely well, and since then has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full of life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when everybody thought she would die.

"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly and is now a very healthy woman."

Peculiar

Peculiar in combination, proportion, and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its strength and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Hundred Doses One Dollar." Peculiar in its medicinal merits, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for **Sarsaparilla** itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its "good name at home,"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell than of all other blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, **Peculiar** preparation ever attained so rapidly nor held so steadfastly the confidence of all classes of people. Peculiar in the brain-work which it represents, Hood's Sarsaparilla combines all the knowledge which modern research **To Itself** developed, with many years practical experience in preparing medicines. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the suffering of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest savior of the present age.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

ALL RACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF NUGGET-FINDING.

The history of the great Californian and other nuggets of the precious metal is (says a writer in Chambers's Journal) in many respects interesting and romantic. Thus, the discovery of one of the finest Californian nuggets was made under very singular circumstances. It is known as the Oliver Martin Nugget, and was found near Camp Corona, in Tuolumne County, and weighed 151 lbs. 6 oz. Martin and a companion named Flower were camped in a canon when a terrible rain-storm came on in the night, and the water in the stream suddenly rose. The miners attempted to climb the hill, but the flood overtook them, and both were carried down the stream. Flower was drowned; but Martin, though severely injured, escaped. While trying to bury his companion's body by the roots of an upturned tree, Martin discovered the rich nugget that bears his name. He was too weak to move it. He attempted to reach some neighbouring miners, but fainted from exhaustion, and was found on the trail by them. When able to walk, some weeks later, Martin took them to the spot, and the nugget was removed. The gold was mixed with quartz, but the nugget was valued at over 20,000 dols. The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Shasta County, was discovered in 1870. One day, three Frenchmen, two of whom were named Oliver Longchamp and Fred Rochon, drove into the town of Shasta in search of a spot to mine. They happened to have some business with A. Coleman, a dealer in hardware. The three asked him where was a good place to mine. He carelessly pointed in a northerly direction and said, "Go over to Spring Creek." They took his advice, located a claim on the creek, about eight miles north of Redding, and in a few days one of the little party picked up a nugget worth 16,000 dols. In 1863, a mass of gold weighing 360 oz. was discovered at Columbus, in the same county, and was valued at 5,236 dols; and not far from the same spot, a poor Frenchman found a nugget valued at 5,000 dols. The rich mass of gold rendered the miner insane, and on the following day he had to be sent to the Stockton Asylum. The money was sent to his family in France. The heaviest nugget of gold ever found in the world was found in Australia in 1852. It weighed 223 pounds, and was known as the Water Moon Nugget. A curious fact in connection with gold-finding has just come to light in the United States. George Nay, an old Colorado miner, asserts that he has at last found the Mojave Mine, one of the famous lost gold mines of the desert, whose existence has been unknown for nearly thirty years. This mine was notable among the Mojave and Hualapai Indians for a long time before the arrival of white men. The Mojaves used to bring the gold out and trade with it along the Colorado River. The location could not be found, however, as Arataba, the old chief of the Mojaves, kept it a secret. Many white men have hunted for the mine since the death of Arataba, which took place about twenty years ago; and Nay now claims that he has discovered the location of the mine. He says it is twenty miles over the Colorado River, in Arizona, and on the edge of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain. He has discovered distinct traces of the old Mojave workings, and has gone to San Francisco for the purpose of forming a company.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hamilton Herald: The Home Rule Bill has passed the British House of Commons. Despite which fact the versatile Mr. Smalley will proceed to pound it all around the ring to-morrow, pass two or three want of confidence motions on the Government, and demonstrate beyond all possibility of doubt that Old Man Gladstone is no better than he ought to be, and should be put in jail and locked up in an insane asylum.

Brandon Times: Belief in the possibility of creating a boom seems to be a peculiar modern infatuation. It is proposed to create one by giving money to a railway company, to a mining company or to a manufacturing company, by giving away mining and agricultural land, by preventing people from going abroad, or by constructing a great useless public work. A moment's reflection on the principles of production and exchange will convince anyone of the futility of such efforts, and the sooner we as a country of farmers make up our minds that there is no possibility of getting something for nothing, the sooner we will be on the way that leads to prosperity. We can no more sow chaff and reap wheat in this land that they can in any other. The present stringency in money teaches this lesson.

Halifax Critic: There is a lesson for the working people of our Province in the present condition of their workmen in the United States. Hard times have come to many of the factory hands and mill workmen. The majority of them have already begun to suffer, and the prospect of a winter without work and wages begins to stare them in the face. The American workman spends as he goes. There is none of the frugality of the French laborer or the thrift of the German workman in his composition. It is not in his nature to lay by against a rainy day. Consequently, in dull times he and his family suffer severely. It is true that the wages of some working people compel them to live from hand to mouth, but the majority of laboring people either in the United States or in Canada can, if they will, lay by some amount of money. This is a lesson that should early be impressed upon our young people, who should be taught and encouraged to save. Habits of thrift and frugality cannot be too early formed, and our Dominion will be the more prosperous when our people have thoroughly learned the lesson.

Vancouver Daily World: They have some queer ideas about Canada in the old land yet, but Canadians have the right to expect better knowledge from those in charge of the Imperial Institute, designed as a rallying place for the colonies and to promote its interests. On the cover of the menu card in the dining-room, says a recent visitor, Britannia is depicted receiving the gifts of her children—typical, it is presumed, of the colonial support accorded to the Institute. The West Indies are shown as bringing their pine apples and peaches; the Cape brings her grapes; India her spices; Australasia her wines; and Canada—a huge lump of ice. A little boy, rigged out in the thickest of winter snow-blanket coats and tuques, holds up in his woollen mittens a jagged mass of the frozen substance. It may be that the representation was meant as a compliment to Canada during the melting weather of the last few weeks, but the compliment is not one that will find much appreciation in the Dominion. This country is something more than a large producer of ice and is possibly possessed of a greater variety of natural resources than any other on the face of the globe.

A statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero—the wise, the good or the great man—very often lies hid or concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light.—Addison.

LANGUAGE IN DETERMINING HUMAN RACES.

French anthropologists agree that a few anatomical characters are not enough to determine a type of race, and that it is necessary to investigate all or as many as possible of such characters. Anthropology does not interfere with ethnology, because each has its distinctive field of inquiry. Anthropology does not say that physical characters are superior or inferior to linguistic characters: it says that the two sciences are of a different order and for a different purpose. The first relates to the physical elements constituting peoples; the second to the classification of peoples. Language grows, loses, borrows, changes, transforms, and all this independent of anthropological characters, such as beliefs, customs, industries. Physical characters are hereditary and inherent in the blood, but linguistic characters are not. If a Red Indian is born among strangers and without the society of his own race, he will speak not his own language, but that of those who rear him; but he will retain all the physical characteristics of his race, just the same. Different and opposing races may speak the same language; and on the other hand, the same race may speak different languages.—Scientific American.

A HIGH BUILDING

There are several thirteen and fourteen story buildings in New York City now, and it is probable ere long to erect another, down on Broadway, nearly opposite Trinity Church, that will rise sixteen stories from that street and seven from New-st in its rear. The main building will be 212 feet above the sidewalk, and the dome will rise to an elevation of 348 feet, and thus overtop Trinity spire. In fact, it will probably be the highest building for office purposes in the world. An insurance company is arranging for its construction. Builders and engineers are greatly interested in two novel features of this undertaking. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to excavate for the foundations for such an enormous edifice. The right among other buildings. The designer, therefore, sank caissons such as are used in bridges, having them filled with compressed air to exclude water. Masonry was laid underneath and upon these boxes when a proper depth had been reached, namely, when they got down to bed rock. Then, instead of having continuous walls to sustain the structure, the weight will be carried by these piers, which are filled with concrete, and are thirty-two in number, and then comes a system of cantilevers. On these rests a series of cantilevers, carrying the building proper. No doubt is expressed anywhere as to the success of the scheme.

A TWO-FOLD OBJECT ACCOMPLISHED.

Numerous ideas have been advanced, numberless systems have been established and a great many arguments engaged in for the avowed purpose of endeavoring to accomplish two objects with one weapon, or, as is commonly said, "kill two birds with the one stone."

In the realm of science every possible device to secure the accuracy of instruments, etc., necessary to accomplish double objects is sought and studied out.

In the world of literature the author, in order to make his composition shorter than otherwise would be the case, resorts to means whereby he can include two or more ideas in a limited space, ordinarily occupied by one idea.

In the business world many expedients are resorted to to accomplish a two-fold object under one system. That of life insurance is particularly noticeable. Under that most excellent policy, the compound investment, issued only by the North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, a two-fold object is accomplished, viz., protection to your dependents in case of your untimely death, or a desirable investment to yourself should you survive the period selected.

By communicating with the company at its head office, 22 to 28 King street west, Toronto, or by applying to any of the company's agents, full particulars will be given you respecting the excellent plan, as also those of the other admirable plans of the company.

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SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

Electric light men in Hartford go about town on bicycles, and carry ladders under their arms while so mounted.

Two wave motor pumps have been in operation some time out near the Cliff House, not far from San Francisco, that have raised 1,000,000 gallons per day into a reservoir at an elevation of 100 feet. The Pacific Lumberman says: "This appears to be the best results that we know as having been obtained from the various wave motors that have been tried during the past six or seven years."

The long and close competition between rival machine guns has resulted in favour of the Maxim. It has been decided that hereafter, in the offensive equipment of British war vessels, the Maxim shall take the place of the five-barrel Nordenfeli and Gardner guns. The first to carry the new guns will be the cruiser Bonaventure, and she is to have four of them in her armament.—Scientific American.

The Gulf Stream is well described as a river in the bottom of the ocean. Its bars and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm; it takes its rise in the gulf of Mexico, and empties itself into the Arctic Sea. The Gulf Stream is more rapid than the Amazon, more impetuous than the Mississippi, and its volume more than 1,000 times greater. Its waters are of an indigo blue, and the line of junction can be easily marked by the eye.

Cats have for some time been known to be the means of conveying the infection of diphtheria, and now they stand arraigned on another charge of a similar nature. A surgeon (says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian) has just distinctly traced an outbreak of scarlet fever in a house to the intrusion of a cat from an infected household, and it is even said that a case has come under the notice of a medical officer of health in which small-pox was so conveyed.

At a meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Berthollet read an interesting paper on the archaeological question whether there was an age of copper prior to the age of bronze. Pieces of copper have been unearthed by M. de Sarzez in Mesopotamia, which are apparently older than any found in Babylon. Copper is easily reduced from its ores by carbon, but bronze requires the addition of tin, a comparatively rare metal, as it is chiefly found in Malacca and Cornwall.

The problem of manufacturing a non-corrosive paint for the bottoms of steel and iron warships, which has been vexing the navy officials for a long time, has just been satisfactorily settled. A paint was invented in Germany several years ago, which had the desired properties; but, as the Government requires American-made paint on American warships, it could not be used. Now, however, the German paint plant has been removed to this country and United States cruisers will now have non-corrosive bottoms.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The alarming prevalence of miner's consumption has directed attention to the necessity for a scientific and thorough inspection of mining methods, so far as ventilation is concerned, the disease, which is of modern origin, being declared to be due to inhaling poisonous gases arising from the use and combustion of high explosives, in which nitro-glycerine is the powerful constituent; this substance, discovered in 1846, has come into mining use only within the last twenty-five years, previous to which black powder was employed. So far as can be learned from a study of mining and medical records, it is stated, such a disease as miner's consumption was unknown until very lately; and it is for this reason that it is supposed to be due to the gases arising from the use of nitro-glycerine.—New York Tribune.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals



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which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract the diseases. Take the medicine according to the directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all Druggists, or, on receipt of price will be sent by mail. 5 boxes for One Dollar.

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Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

Be sure to get "RADWAY'S"

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.

Bert. J. Reid, Wingham, Ont.

Inquire not too much into your bosom companion's griefs, nor compel him to tell all the tales of his life. Much and all will be told those that do not ask; and you shall have the secrets into which you do not pry.—Bartol.

IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

Advertisement for Crab Apple Blossoms and Corn Lavender Salts. Includes text: 'CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS', 'Corn Lavender Salts', 'CROWN PERFUMERY CO.', '77, New Bond Street, LONDON.' and 'Solely by Lyman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.'

Advertisement for Wild Strawberry. Includes text: 'FOR THE TEETH & BREATH', 'WILD STRAWBERRY', 'ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO', 'PRICE 25c'.

UNBEARABLE AGONY. For three days I suffered severely from a severe complaint, nothing gave me relief, and I kept getting worse, until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry, I found great relief, and it did not fail to cure me. Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfrid, Ont.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including 'G HUMAN', 'tree that a', 'not enough', 'and that a', 'or as may', 'Anthropo', 'sh edas', 'sh d's', 'thrology', 'l char', 'l linguis', 'wo scien', 'for a d', 'tes to c', 'g peopl', 'of peopl', 'owa, ch', 'epend', 'ed as', 'sial char', 'rent in', 'es are', 'k stran', 'is par', 'his not', 'who ne', 'ie th', 'the my', 'ay', 'the', 'k differ', 'n.', 'and', 'York', 'ng to', 'nearly', 'will', 'and', 'near', 'to', 'rise to', 'us over', 'ill prob', 'for', 'husban', 's con', 's are', 'featur', 'exce', 'us', 'ing', 'some', 'g them', 'clude', 'ah and', 'per', 'wh a', 'len,', 'to', 'ill be', 'filed', 'in nu', 'of col', 'caus', 'No', 'the', 'PUBLISHED', 'ed, man', 'a great', 'ed pur', 'oer', 'kill two', 'ible de', 'etc.', 't and', 'or, in', 'therap', 'by be', 'a spec', 'xpeditio', 'is partic', 'ent pub', 'of the', 'protection', 'ely', 'ould you', 'ay at the', 'ons, fall', 'the', 'able', 'the', 'supernatural is a man', 'only by cou', 'ing in the divinity', 'which str', 'withi', 'us. Nothing is so weak', 'nothing is mightier than we', 'we are vehicles of a truth before', 'the State and the individual are', 'ephemeral.—Emerson.'



DON'T BE FOOLED

by the dealer who brings out something else, that pays him better, and says that it is "just as good." Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed. If it don't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. No other medicine of its kind is so certain and effective that it can be sold so. Is any other likely to be "just as good"?

As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It's not like the sarsaparillas, or ordinary "spring medicines." At all seasons, and in all cases, it purifies, invigorates, and builds up the whole system. For every blood-taint and disorder, from a common blotch or eruption, to the worst scrofula, it is a perfect, permanent, guaranteed remedy.



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Return Tickets will be issued to the

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At First-class Single Fare for the Round Trip.

For berths in First-class or Tourist sleepers, or seats in Parlor Cars and full particulars, call on any agent of the Company.

WEST-END BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

No. 2718 St. Catharines St. West, Montreal.

This school, conducted by Miss Lawder and Mrs. Rice, has been well and favorably known for the past twenty years, and will be re-opened on Thursday, September 14. An efficient staff of teachers is employed, and while all the English Branches, Latin, and Mathematics are thoroughly taught, Music and French receive special attention. The number of resident pupils is limited, and every effort is made to make school life as home-like as possible. On application to Miss Lawder, at above address, circulars will be sent and further information given, if required.

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH. DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE. DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world. W.G. DUNN & CO. Works—Croydon, England.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The soul that is the abode of chastity acquires an energy which enables her to surmount with ease the obstacles that lie along the path of duty.—Joubert.

The standard blood-purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's, because HOOD'S CURES.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria is said to be a skilful knitter, and works at it indefatigably. She has knitted, with her ladies, many quilts for the use of the wounded in hospitals during the campaigns of the British forces.

We are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder.—Emerson.

A LETTER FROM EMERSON.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Yours truly, Mrs. Wm. Whitely, Emerson, Man.

Sociologists and philanthropists will note with interest and perhaps with profit that two men who took part in a parade of the unemployed in Newark N. J., and cried for bread were robbed, respectively, of a gold watch valued at \$150 and \$20 in cash.—Washington Star.

OFT IN PERIL.

Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

The biggest diamond in the world has been discovered at the Jagersfontein mines in South Africa, and weighs 971½ carats. It is three inches long and from one and a half to two and a half inches in breadth and thickness. It is of a perfect color, and is marred by one black spot in the middle, which will drop out if it is cut in two.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia, or liver complaint. As B. E. B. cures all these complaints, it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed, the headache vanishes.

The overturning of the coach the Rainbow calls attention to the rareness of such accidents and the remarkable safety of coaching as a sport and a recreation. Though the passengers were spilled out they were not hurt. Accidents must happen now and then. Even if a man sits at home all day to avoid them the ceiling may fall upon his head. But the figures show that going coaching is as safe as walking to the church.—European edition of the Herald.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla DOES, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

London, a weekly paper, is authority for the statement that Calcutta is ahead not only of all English, but of all European cities in the activity and wide functions of her municipality. The Calcutta municipal council manages her water supply, makes the mains which contain the water, owns a municipal railway makes the rails and builds the cars, supplies public light and manufactures lamp-posts. The city owns a municipal carpenters' shop well equipped with machine tools and with a petroleum motor as motive power. The turning and fitting shops are well supplied. All the conservancy water-carts are built and kept in repair by municipal workmen.

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CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hezeltine, Warren, Pa.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Mrs. Norris—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Robbie. You're the worst boy in Southborne. That's the third clean dress you've spoiled to-day. Robby — That's four; look at Mrs. Allister, she's had on four!

"By the way, Mr. Goodworke, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?" "Why, my dear madam, the one embraces the other." Oh, Mr. Goodworke! Not in church!"

C. D. D'Auber, Esq. (with dignity) — I am wedded to Artsir. Philistine Friend — Then I wonder she doesn't sue you for a judicial separation. C. D. D'Auber, Esq. (with more dignity) — On what ground, sir? Philistine Friend — On the ground that she isn't able to support you.

Two waiters in a Ninth street restaurant collided yesterday and one fell headlong down the steps leading from the kitchen to the dining room. The dishes landed with a noise like the rattle of artillery. "Hellc!" observed Blobbs, who was just ordering his dinner; "some one has been tipping the waiter."

One day, as an old countryman was busily engaged in digging a drain in a field, close by the roadside, there approached him a very slender, but stylishly-dressed youth, who, thinking to take a lark out of the old man, addressed him thus—Hello, there, old man; looking for a worm." "Nay, nay," replied the old man, looking up at the youth, "not to-day; but if you call round next week I'll be fishing."

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health, and removing disease.

The thought most optimistic that doth come to me these days is this—and how I laugh thereat!—That pessimism pays! Why, only yesterday I wrote A poem full of light; I sent it out and got a note Returning it ere night.

"These lines are nice," the writer said; "They show a dainty touch; But your paper can't have read, We think, so very much. This happy stuff is out of date; Depression is the thing, And verses now must growl at fate To have the proper ring.

"Declare that life is wholly grief, That all on earth is wrong; Make every man's a fool or thief! The burden of your song, Drop gladness, drop all your mirth, Drop sunshine and fresh air, And send us in ten dollars' worth Of gloom and dark despair."

—John Kendrick Bangs, in *The Century*. We'll write it down till everybody sees it Till everybody is sick of seeing it Till everybody knows it without seeing it—

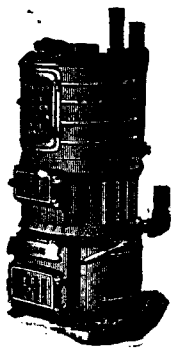
that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headaches, and "cold in the head." In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay \$500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay \$500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of great name dealing; thousands of dollars and a cure you because we've cured thousands of others like you—if we can't we will pay you \$500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure." They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.



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Note attractive design.

Has the Least Number of Joints,

Is not Overrated,

Is still Without an Equal.

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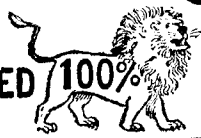
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I strongly recommend it as a substitute for tea.—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON.

FAMOUS
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IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOPING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

BBB CURES HEADACHE

By acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing morbid matter and thoroughly cleansing the entire system, Burdock Blood Bitters promptly removes Headaches of all kinds, no matter how obstinate or severe. Constipation, Dyspepsia and Bad Blood are the usual causes of Headache, B.B.B. removes these and with them also the Headache disappears. Note the following

STRONG EVIDENCE:

"My Sick Headache occurred every week for forty years, I took three bottles of B.B.B., have had no headache for months, and recommend it highly."

Mrs. E. A. STORY, Shetland, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or consecutive, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and itching hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



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In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 30c.



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