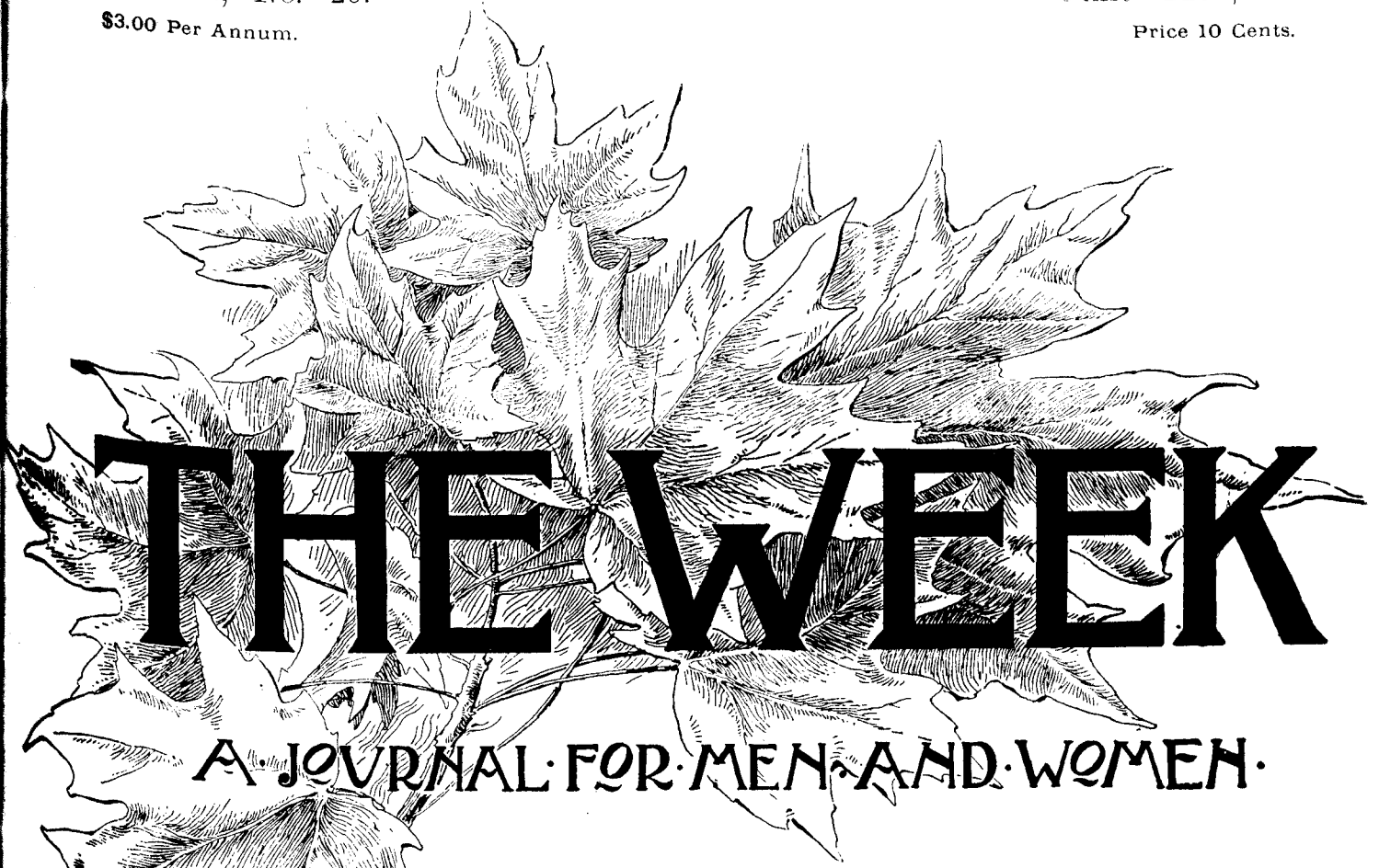


This Number Contains: Ill Effects of a Morning Walk, by Mrs. S. A. Curzon; Modern Hypnotism, by H. A. Bruce; Concerning Gloves, by The Professor; A Visit to the Grave of John Knox, by J. Campbell, M.D. Leaders—The Coming Conflict; Freedom of Speech.

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# THE WEEK.

Vol. XIII.

Toronto, Friday, June 12th, 1896.

No. 29

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## Current Topics.

The Proposed  
New LL.D.

Having been challenged by some of Prof. Goldwin Smith's friends for our expressions of dislike of his opinions and of the proposal to make him an honorary LL.D. of the University of Toronto, we consider our best vindication is to republish Professor Smith's article which appeared in the Saturday Review of the 14th December, 1895. We have put into italics certain paragraphs we object to, in no way altering Professor Smith's own words. When this article was written the issue between England and America was defined by Mr. Olney's despatch and Lord Salisbury's answer. Mr. Olney wrote: "A distance of three thousand miles of intervening ocean makes any permanent political union between a European and American State unnatural and inexpedient." Lord Salisbury replied: "Her Majesty's Government are prepared emphatically to deny it (the above statement) on behalf of both the British and American people who are subject to her crown. They maintain that the union between Great Britain and her territories in the Western Hemisphere is both natural and expedient." Nothing can be clearer or plainer than this issue. The American people sided to a man with Mr. Olney. The English people by an overwhelming majority were prepared to sustain Lord Salisbury. Now, in whose interest was Professor Smith's article written? Read it, and you will see there is only one answer. In the American interest. The only conclusion that can be drawn from it by an Englishman is: Better leave America or else we shall get into trouble—and as for Canada it seems she is more trouble than she is worth. Professor Smith could not be more persuasive in his effort to assist Mr. Olney in clearing England off this continent. Mr. Olney hectored, Professor Smith was the candid friend.

A Canadian View  
of the Matter.

Now, as to the Canadian view of this article. We will put any question of loyalty to England out of sight. We will consider the effect of this contribution to an English paper of acknowledged position only as it affect Canada. Professor

Smith could not have hit Canada harder if he had tried. He says that he is sure the Americans would not care to annex the Dominion. When he says that, he is telling what he must know to be untrue. The Americans are not living solely to become masters of this country, but how long would it be if we were left alone before American troops would be across the border on some pretext or other? The answer to that question is not doubtful, and Professor Smith is the very man who would do his best to land them here. All his discourses, all his writings about this country have ended in his advocating what he calls its "manifest destiny" of incorporation with the Union. The immense majority of Canadians would rather die than see that day. Professor Smith has been told this truth. He must know that our national feeling is Canada first. He must know that he is running counter to every honourable feeling, every patriotic instinct that exists on this side of the line. And yet when war is at our gates he sides with the Americans—he tells England we are no use to her—he sneers at "Canadian loyalists" (his own words), and he does all he can to further the idea, so detested by Canadians, of continental union. Why, then, should we not oppose him? Why should we not say that the proposition to make him an honorary LL.D. of a Canadian University is an outrage on decency? If he wants these honours let him go to the States. If his friends propose them for him and they are Englishmen or Canadians—certainly, if they are Canadians—they are as bad as he is. There is no object in mincing words over such a subject as this is. If this degree is conferred on Professor Smith not only will the degree be no honour hereafter to any person, but Canadians will be looked upon as destitute of proper feeling or national self-respect. We only regret that we are obliged to give so much space to a subject which Canadians consider settled, but Professor Smith has friends who for personal reasons stand by him. The only way to convince these gentlemen, who doubtless are impelled by friendship, of their false position and the false position in which they are placing this country by their too considerate tolerance of dangerous and treasonable sentiments, is to refer them to Professor Smith's own writings.

The Silver  
Nuisance

The Montreal Board of Trade appointed a deputation to interview the Minister of Finance on the question of the increase of

American silver and paper currency in Canada. Merchants are naturally anxious about the increase of this currency on this side of the line. People cannot too soon understand that these promises to pay, both silver and paper, are only American promises to pay and are not necessarily redeemable in gold. They are not legal tender in Canada, and can be refused. If the community, banks included, refuse them, except at a discount, it will not take long to clear them out of Canada. The bankers say in reply to this suggestion that it is notorious that an inferior currency always drives out a superior one. But this rule holds good only as between two different currencies of the same country, that is, between a standard and a base currency. It does not

apply to paper attempted to be circulated in a foreign jurisdiction. It is possible it might be the case as regards silver if we had a domestic gold currency in Canada, but as between silver currencies of about equal standards of intrinsic value, for the silver dollar scarcely circulates at all in Canada, the question does not seriously arise.

The Patron-  
Liberal Alliance.

If the correspondence between Messrs. Mallory, Welch and Sutherland is genuine it is evidence of the old proverb that opposition, like misfortune, makes strange bed-fellows. There is nothing wrong *per se* in the alliance except that the Patrons have hitherto been supposed to be looking after No. 1 and nobody else. "This letter must either be destroyed or kept secret," says Mr. Mallory. "I have got you now," says Mr. Welch, and forthwith publishes the correspondence. The Liberal whip seems to have been cognizant of the negotiations. Politics, like sport, apparently cannot be carried on without "Welching." The peep behind the scenes furnished by Mr. Mallory's letter would be amusing if it were not rather saddening to see how great principles are prostituted through dirty work.

The  
Sudan.

The force to be sent from Egypt into the Sudan will be a large one. This time the lines will be followed on which Lord Napier of Magdala, carried out the Abyssinian expedition. That cautious old Scotchman left nothing to chance. He saw that everything was provided before he moved a man, and he took enough men with him when he did move. Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), another canny old Scot, acted in the same way in the Mutiny. His tactics have been criticized, and always will be criticized, as erring on the side of too great caution, but he ended the Mutiny. Fabius was removed because he played the same game against Hannibal—and we all know the result when he was superseded. There has been a great change in the British service since even the days of the Crimea. The British staff-officer is fairly up-to-date, and the old stock sneer of "lions led by asses" cannot now be indulged in. We trust the pious wishes of Redmond, M.P., will not be realized.

The Prince of Wales  
and the Derby.

The victory of the Prince of Wales in the Derby seems to have appealed to the English people in a peculiar manner. As a nation of sporting men the English have a high admiration of the qualities which make a man a good cricketer or a good boxer. They love to see a man ride straight and to know how to take a fence. Aestheticism is at a discount so long as there is the open air to invite a man to exercise. The Prince's victory gives an opportunity for a sort of apotheosis of this sentiment. The blazing sun of India—the cold winter of Canada—the burning heat of Australian sheep walks—the jungles of Africa—are no bar to English vigour. No portion of the world's expanse, no extremities of climate can quench this English spirit. Therefore, it is that the average Englishman in cheering the Prince's victory feels as if he were cheering for himself. In his own humble way he follows in the same line and the appeal to his own manly instincts is irresistible.

The Hungarian  
Millenium.

While Alfred the Great was reigning in Saxon England the Hungarian monarchy was founded. The Kingdom included Hungary, Croatia, and Transylvania. The date of its foundation is commonly given as 891—but 896 is near enough.

A Hungarian can boast then, as an Englishman does, that his country is a thousand years old. The present union with Austria dates from 1867 and is a result of the Prusso-Austrian War of 1866. The politic concessions then made by the Austrian Emperor and his personal influence were successful in holding together Austria and Hungary and induced the Hungarians to forget the memories of 1849. How long the dual system will last it is difficult to say. The population of Austria is 23,000,000, that of Hungary nearly 17,000,000. There is a difference of race and language between these two component parts and they are but loosely held together by their devotion to the reigning house. The next European cataclysm will see wonderful changes in this Empire. The Hungarian spirit is very strong and the Hungarians dislike playing second fiddle to the Germans.

\* \* \*

### The Coming Conflict.

IN an article entitled "Delenda est Carthago" we in October last set forth the influences which were driving England and the United States of America into an inevitable conflict. Very shortly afterwards our prognostications were more than verified and our bitterest critics were silenced. It becomes once more our duty to call the attention of Canadians to the alarming conditions which prevail on this Continent. The general optimistic view of English Liberals, and, we are sorry to have to say it, of many Canadians on both sides of politics, is that the trouble is all over. They hope and believe, they loudly proclaim, at all events, that England and the United States are better friends than ever, that the inter-ecine warfare is indefinitely postponed and that all swords may be turned into ploughshares while everything is going to be decided by arbitration. Others, less sanguine but equally confident, admit that the people of the United States are willing to wound, but allege that they are afraid to strike. They point to the warnings given by leading American soldiers and especially American sailors that the United States are not ready. These American gentlemen kindly say they can make mincemeat of Canada in no time, but that a war with England is another thing. The English navy they concede can wipe out the seaport towns which have no fortifications or guns to protect them. Hence the feeling of alarm has gone to sleep, and the large majority of Canadians and almost the whole English people have sunk back into their usual lethargy. They will be soon galvanized. The politicians leading the Democratic party in the United States are aware of two facts. They know that their gold reserve is \$107,000,000, and that their deficit is almost \$30,000,000, and the year is not ended yet. They know that the \$50,000,000 borrowed on bonds in the beginning of the year has disappeared all but \$7,000,000, and that they have to face, as things are, a very angry nation. Another loan is unavoidable, and then another and another so long as the present state of things lasts. How long can it last? Even the United States, great and powerful and rich as they are, cannot go on borrowing for ever. The next point these men are becoming aware of is that the West and South are solid silver. The East, which has been advancing to the West and South the money borrowed by itself at cheap rates from Europe, is now called upon to repay Europe in gold with the prospect of being repaid by the South and West in silver. There would be then the greatest financial convulsion the world has seen. Now this catastrophe might only affect the United States themselves and possibly lead to a disruption of the Union, but for one fact. There is on file in the State Department at Washington an offer by the Russian Govern-

## Freedom of Speech.

ment to the Government of the United States of a loan of sufficient gold to tide the States over for a long time. There has been sufficient virtue and public spirit among the lowest politicians whom ironical Fate has pitchforked into prominence to enable them to resist this temptation. A pride in their country and a confidence in their own resources has kept them from listening to the voice of the tempter. But party exigencies have combined with national danger, and the bargain has been struck. Russia and China in Asia, Russia and the United States of America in America have agreed to join hands. This is no idle tale. The agreement has been arrived at. No Treaty has been signed. Everything is possible to diplomatists, and Mr. Bayard can lay his hand on his heart and say he knows nothing of any such agreement. Neither does he, but the agreement is made. The China of Asia and the China of America are allies of the Russian Colossus. The internal condition of the Asiatic China demands action. The passion for revenge of the Asiatic China cries for an advance. The ambition and the wealth of Russia supply the motive power for both. Germany's alienation from England deprives England of her best ally. Before very long—we cannot say how long, but before long—the first move may be looked for. To us, in Canada, the matter is one of vital interest. We must expect to defend ourselves. England is not omnipotent. When she is threatened in India—in Egypt—in South Africa. When Spain revives her claim to Gibraltar. To regain that fortress would compensate for the loss of Cuba. When the Fenian agitation is revived in Ireland—What can she spare for Canada? We must do our own fighting. England will not desert us. She is pledged to our defence, but we must be prepared ourselves. Be warned in time, Canadians, and do not be deceived.

What it is this journal's duty to give you warning of can be met if looked after in time. If you are possessed by a spirit of infatuation which prevents you heeding this warning you will be attacked unprepared. The Imperial authorities are on the watch. England's sword is loosened in its sheath, and her navy was never in better condition. But the struggle will be against mighty odds, and Canada must be ready to do her share or cease to exist.

The issue, as it has been presented in the above lines, is now out of the reach of any humanitarian influence or religious consideration. Place yourself in the position of an American and confront the dilemma. Shall we have a financial convulsion to be followed by another War of Secession, or shall we take the loan these people offer us and comply with their terms and join them in threatening England? What would your answer be? Then consider the situation, financial and social, as it exists in Russia, the United States of America and China, and what doubt have you that the situation is as described? We need not dwell on the details of the picture. Any reader with ordinary critical intelligence and knowledge of affairs can fill them out himself. We were laughed at, in certain quarters, when the article "Delenda est Carthago" was published, we will, perhaps, be denounced for this one, but we repeat. Be not deceived. We speak the words of truth and soberness, and it now rests with you to heed the warning given.

\* \* \*

"Reprinted Pieces, and The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices" is the complex legend upon the title-page of the latest volume in the Macmillan popular edition of Dickens. The papers are dated from 1850 to 1869, and are reprinted in chronological order. They include a certain amount of matter that is practically new.

WHERE freedom of speech should end and repression begin is a matter, in one sense, of opinion. The English system is to allow the most entire freedom of speech—in England. This example is appealed to by men who do not look below the surface as a model for the world. How much freedom of speech do the English people allow—in Ireland? In peace time agitators there are allowed to shout until they are hoarse. They are allowed to scribble denunciations of the "bloody Saxon" by the ream, and publish them without interference. Even in the House of Commons an Irish member is allowed, with silent contempt, to say plainly that he hopes the British troops in Egypt will be well thrashed. But when once the British people are aroused to the fact that there is danger in the wind how far does their tolerance extend? The agitators are silenced at once. A Government, the most liberal possible, throws them into gaol. The meetings of turbulent men cease. The gentlemen who sported "goatees" hurry to shave them off. Tolerance is ended. Continental nations furnish no precedent on this point, because with them tolerance is an unknown quantity. The people of the United States, also, cannot be said to be tolerant, although the better men among them inherit English tradition, and would like a better system of criticism of public institutions than the mob will allow. But, take the case of a man of prominence advocating the return of the Eastern States to their British allegiance on the ground that they were being made (as is the fact) only a milch cow for the South and West. How long would he be permitted to speak and write and agitate publicly, without interference, a move in this direction? Why should Canada be different? Are Canadians endowed with such cosmopolitan faculties and ethereal principles that they have no love of country? Surely not. While the utmost freedom of speech is the innate right of every man, that right can only be used at his peril. If he persists in using that right for the purpose of advocating what can only be carried out by the destruction of the institutions of his country, or if he invites those who covet her territory to invade her before she gets too strong, what right has that man to claim free speech. Society is organized for mutual defence. Canadians believe that the system they live under is one to be perpetuated. They desire to leave to their children that system intact. They have made every sacrifice to maintain the sacred independence of their country. Up to what limit are they to be called upon to tolerate the actions of people who oppose and decry their efforts? A philosophical calmness on these questions may be possible to a professor of philosophy. It is not possible for an ordinary fallible Canadian—and we will go so far as to say that, when it is possible, it is better for the name "Canadian" to end. There is always a danger that if you make a man a martyr you evoke sympathy for him. But condemned murderers often receive flowers and other attentions from silly women and weak-minded men. Are murderers not to be executed for that reason? It is necessary to show that Canadians are in earnest in the work of nation-building. While occupied in that work they have neither time nor inclination to allow mischievous busybodies to distract their attention. When these busybodies unite with other busybodies and form a combination to overthrow the edifice being reared with so much love and hard work, then there is only one answer. He that is not with us is against us, and cast out let him be. Old Bismarck was the man of blood and iron, but united Germany is the solid monument of his labour. Let us have united Canada.

## Modern Hypnotism.

HYPNOTISM itself is as old as the hills, but the study of hypnotism is, comparatively speaking, a development of the investigating mind of the nineteenth century. Ages ago the priests of India and Egypt practiced the art, as the evidence of bye-gone days bears testimony, but it was not until after the first quarter of this century had elapsed that hypnotism was, so to speak, re-discovered. In 1841 a Dr. Braid, of Manchester, whose name will go down to posterity as the founder of modern hypnotism, undertook the study of the phenomena of mesmerism, as expounded by Mesmer in 1733. He began his work with a profound contempt and disbelief in these phenomena, but before long discovered that he could, by directing his patient's gaze for a fixed time at some one point, bring about a condition of nerve-sleep which might be applied to the cure of nervous diseases. For want of a better name he styled this condition neuro-hypnotism, which afterwards became shortened into hypnotism. And thus began the modern study of a science which is rapidly encroaching more and more upon the domain of the physician, and of which the medical man is with good reason jealous.

Since then the exponents of the doctrines of hypnotism have held varied views upon the origin and nature of this peculiar condition. Braid, of course, when he had thus discovered, as he thought, the only means of inducing the hypnotic state, negated the belief formerly held that there is a magnetic fluid which can be transferred from one human being to another, by means of the peculiar agency known as animal magnetism. Esdaile, an English surgeon in India, who practised hypnotism with success, believed that this state was induced only by physical means. These two, of course, in common with Charcot, the great French experimentalist, maintained that the hypnotic state presupposed disease on the part of the subject. Then, however, came Liebault, the founder of the Nancy School, who boldly affirmed that a perfectly healthy man or woman invariably proves the best subject, and that hypnosis was by no means a presupposition of a pathological state. The trend of modern hypnotism is based on this presumption.

Mr. Sidney Flower, the author of "Hypnotism up to Date," has come out with another work, "A Study in Hypnotism." Mr. Flower is a strong advocate for the study and extension of hypnotism, and the arguments put in the mouth of his hero are all based on tenable grounds. There can be no doubt whatever that this science has progressed wonderfully in the last few years, in spite of the quacks and charlatans whose malpractice has often brought it into disrepute. Much has been said and written both for and against the practice of what is colloquially known as "hypnotic influence," but when all is said and done, much good has been accomplished by hypnotism, while the evil effected by it may really be counted as nil.

The popular cry against hypnotism is that once hypnotized always hypnotized, that the free will is gone, and that the subject is for ever afterward a pliant tool in the hands of the operator. Now this feeling, from which arises so much antagonism to the science, is in reality based on rather insecure ground. Mr. Flower takes up the cudgels valiantly in behalf of his pet hobby, and lays around him right lustily. One of the arguments he advances, and one which occurred to me most forcibly the other day, is this. All through the country hypnotic performances are being given by operators and subjects. Now some subjects are more pliable than others, more impressionable, and productive of far more effective phenomena. These men can command a good price and do command one, so that when a subject has discovered that he is more valuable than the operator seems to deem him, judging from the pecuniary stand-point, he at once casts around for another employer, and if he is a good hypnotic subject is quickly snapped up, and leaves the old master for the new. The point of all this is that, pre-supposing the complete control of the subject by the will of the operator, would not the former be compelled, even contrary to his own wishes and inclinations, to remain under the control of the master mind, and be unable to break away from the so-called hypnotic influence binding him? Yet we never find this to be the case, and day after day the subjects and operators in hypnotic teams are breaking with one another, the operator to find a new man, the subject to enter the employ of one who will give him a higher salary.

Moreover, people cannot be hypnotized against their will, and when there is resistance the attempt is useless. Every modern hypnotist recognizes and admits this. But there may be suggestions which will overcome the resistance, or auto-suggestion of the other, and then hypnotism is a possibility. Where there is opposition, however, the influence is nil. Sometimes, indeed, the force of the auto-suggestion is so strong that even when the patient has asserted passivity the hypnotic state will be overcome and what we term "consciousness" return. Such instances are, however, uncommonly rare. But what is indeed a possibility is self-hypnotism, and the field opened by this is a vast one. No more head-aches, no more tooth-aches, no more sleeplessness, no longer the pangs of an unrequited love, all can be cured, gently lulled away by auto-hypnotism. The fakirs of India long practiced this and still continue to do so, while there are men to-day in this part of the world who can, by mere suggestion, put themselves in a state of hypnosis, and come out of it again at the time previously determined in their own minds. The hypnotizing of a man, according to the theories maintained by Sidney Flower and numerous modern hypnotists, does not take away from his responsibility. Charcot, the Frenchman, whose long experience had given him authority, challenged the production of one authentic crime that could be laid at the door of hypnotism. Hypnosis is, in reality, not a sleeping, but a very wakeful state, an exaltation in which the senses are especially active, and the subject, though at the suggestion of the operator he may do absurd and foolish things, will yet not put his life in jeopardy. Who, for instance, can indicate a case in which a hypnotized man has committed suicide?

When the wide-spread prejudices against hypnotism are overcome the science will have much more scope for its usefulness and a far greater chance of development than it now has. The disciples of hypnotism, who are many in number and zealous in spirit, are ardently striving to overcome the barriers raised by ignorance and fear. After all it would seem as though the subject himself and not the operator does the hypnotizing. A state of passivity is required, as noted above, and it is the mind of the subject which becomes self-passive, uninfluenced by the will or agency of the operator. The latter, of course, makes suggestions which tend to bring the mind of the patient into the conditions favourable to the hypnotic treatment, and then all is plain-sailing. It is latent or open faith in the power of the operator, who may often be really less powerful than the subject, which super-induces the drowsiness which leads the other, unconsciously, into a condition of mind most favourable and responsive to such suggestions as will not endanger his being, or violate any of the rules of life which he has established for his guidance.

Again it is not absolutely necessary for hypnotic purposes that the subject go to sleep at all, or, in other words, there may be mental hypnotism without visual. The mango plant trick of the fakirs in India, by which a full grown plant is seen to germinate and burst quickly into foliage and blossom from a seed planted in a pot, has been explained on the theory of involuntary and passive hypnotism on the part of the onlookers who imagine that they see what is in reality not there. I have never heard of anyone who, while a spectator at any one of these feats, has ever thought of hypnotism or especially brought resistance of will to bear while the growth of the plant was in progress, for if so the trick of the fakir would, on that theory, have been proved an imposture. What makes it more probable that the hypnotic theory for these deeds is valid, lies in the fact that the Kodak has been snapped on the mango plant, and while the onlookers and the fakir himself were plainly visible, no image of the mysterious mango appeared on the sensitized film. Now, Kodaks, even if wishing to get in a state of passivity, have no mind and cannot be hypnotized. They simply record facts, and the fact remains that the whole of the so-called feat of magic is an imposture, wrought, not by the superior intellect of the fakir, but by the unwitting non-resistance in the minds of those witnessing the performance.

This paper has now done with its subject, an attempt to briefly outline the modern trend of hypnotic thought, and to combat and overcome many of the prejudices, natural enough but ignorant, in vogue against the pursuit of this most interesting pursuit. There is no space to treat at all of the various phenomena of hypnotism, the sense illusions, somnambulism, insensibility, or apparent insensibility, to pain of any sort,

and so forth. Suffice it to say that the insensibility to pain is the most valuable phenomenon, owing to its usefulness in connection with therapeutics. The main and only object of hypnotism is to cure disease, and many are the cures that have been effected by it. The pursuit of this study should never be for simple amusement, but with the laudable design of doing all that is possible for the good of one's fellows. Hypnotism is not an amusement but a science, a science just as surely as there is an operation of law in the natural world.

HARRY A. BRUCE.

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### Keats.

The following sonnet was written by a young Canadian, T. B. P. Stewart. He was a great admirer of Keats, and, like him, died at an early age, but not before he had shown considerable power, and real poetic spirit.

Immortal exile from the Grecian shore,  
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature's shrine,  
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,  
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour  
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore,  
And dreams of dryads, amber-honey, wine,  
And flowery wreaths the white-limbed nymphs did twine :  
These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no more  
In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,  
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,  
Thou sleep'st alone, and Time's great ruin lies  
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who once sought  
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,  
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot !

Toronto, Canada.

T. B. P. STEWART.

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### Tennyson's Art of Narration.

ONE of the most interesting, because one of the most subtle and intricate phases of modern literary criticism is the discussion of that theory, advanced by the first American critic about fifty years ago, according to which there can be no long poem. Accepting this statement as relatively true,—the difference in the absorbing powers of individual readers regulating the length,—let us glance hurriedly at the field of epic poetry from this standpoint.

It is now a well-known psychological fact that sensation, even life itself, is only a series of impressions. There is flashed on the canvas of the brain, one after another, the stereopticon pictures, whose slides are changed slowly and steadily, or with lightning speed. Now poetry, being the satisfaction of the thirst in man for supernal beauty, creates for him that supply by two means,—the music and externals, which are strongly inter-knit with the central and most important part—the picture. Although it would be pressing the point too far to say that each separate, flash-light vista which is sent into our consciousness, accompanied with the rhythmical music of characteristic poetic laws, is a poem, it is nevertheless true that each combination of such pictures which the mind will hold in a unified memory may be called a poem. Just the extent of the combination will always be relative to the receptive power of the reader, and to the poet's strength in delineation, and in the connective arts of climax and gradation.

The first class of poetry which is naturally to be examined according to these principles is that which claims to bind in an unbroken and unbreakable chain the entirely separate incident which may hinge on some single development in the history of a man personally, or of a state. There is here a distinct attempt at presenting a connected succession, to evolve, as it were, kinetoscopic effects instead of stereopticon views. The grand epic is said to swing along with the unceasing music of a surf-song on the ocean shore. It is said to hold in it a voice as continuous as the voice of the wind. If it does hold in it such an eternal flood of sound, we might ask if that sound is always music, always instinct with meaning ; or, in terms of our figure, does it hold always the same unflickering light to throw out the changing pictures with unvarying vividness. We must confess that our old ideas of the steadiness of the epic are rapidly changing in these modern days ; and indeed it has scarcely seemed more than one step out of the realm of truth, for one to assert that the epic poem cannot exist, that it is a contradiction in

terms, because the ideal of a poem—the creation of beauty—is opposed to the monotonous logical joining together of separate actions and situations such as must be in a long narration.

With these facts in mind we are more fully conscious of the difficulties the narrative poet has to contend with, and the peculiar strength and magnetic, urging power the epic work demands. Whether or not there was more of modesty or of truth in Tennyson calling his greatest narrative poems "Idylls," we must judge by this principle of attempted unity. But, after all, are not the pictures themselves more important than the connecting links ? The common reader does not analyze his own impressions so closely ; and accepts as a poem the author's arbitrary divisions without question. Remembering this we shall leave the minute examination of the narrative faculty of a poet, as outlined above, and glance for a time at the common idea as widely understood ; that is, the power with which we are transferred to the poet's standpoint, the vividness with which the scenes from out the dark past are lit up and made to appear before us, and the fire and the passion of the action. We should be made forget ourselves and our own lives, as the poet had forgotten his, and dream and think and live in the ideal world where live the heroes of the romance. Such is the general idea of the art of narration.

The task which Tennyson set himself in writing the "Idylls of the King" was one singularly attractive to a poetic mind. From the time when Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth first brought out to the world the Arthurian legends, they have had a perennial interest among the Teutonic, or even Romance peoples. Spenser drew much from them. Milton intended writing an epic on these subjects before he decided on *Paradise Lost*. The ballad literature of England is full of references to the blameless Arthur, the unfaithful Guinevere, the kingly prince Lancelot, and the tragic tale of Isolt and Tristram. So down the centuries these legends had clung in the quiet corners of the island, gilding a quaint fancy of some scholarly poet now and then, attracting the attention of the historian or the penetrative student at times but gradually falling into shadow beneath the glare of this day-dawning century.

Tennyson's accomplishment in such circumstances tells us within itself what is his power as romancer. Drawing from these sources, in the midst of the hurry and crowd, the wild-rushing modern world, within the very heart of that fierce light that floods alike to-day the avenues of commerce and of thought, in such a way, on such a background, he laid the quiet, yet fantastic beauty of a world dead for a thousand years ; and not a jar from the outer world, not a red glare from the heart of the present, stole in to disturb the perfect serenity, or break the enchantment. England is again the rugged island of primeval wilderness and forest. The legions of Rome are just leaving forever these wild northern shores, where their eagle will exult no more. The mystic towers of Camelot are gleaming through the haze ; St. Paul's and old London are forgotten. We, who doubt everything, and question even the facts of daily life, believe for a time in the weird magic of Merlin. Surely this is a triumph of art !

Turning to the poems themselves, we shall glance only at those two which deal with the most opposite subjects ; the one full of gay animation,—"*Gareth and Lynette* ;" the other pathetic and solemn, yet majestic and serene,—"*The Passing of Arthur*."

The first tale opens with a soliloquy by the hero. By this artifice we are given at once the impulses which will carry him on when the action is developed. The longing glance forward gives us a glimpse of that world of chivalric glory into which we shall enter. The archaic words dropped now and then give an air of quaintness and poetic distance to his speech ; and, while not stiff or unnatural, serve to complete the detail of "local colouring." The coaxing his mother is the second part of this little prologue. So far the scenery has only been adjusted and the actor introduced. But it is with a burst of orchestral music that the story proper starts and the youth sets forth on his quest for glory. It was at night,

"When wakened by the wind, which with full voice,  
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn."

Such minute touches are found all through the poems ; we must not linger over them. The first glimpse of Camelot is

through uncertain mists and with the glamour of morning over all, a fit opening. The presence of the riddling seer at the city gate is a fine touch by which to play on our credulity as to the magic represented there. Then, passing on, we are confronted with the heroine; there is a rapid line or two, a sudden turn and into the scene steps Lynette. At first our breath is taken away almost as Arthur's knight's must have been at her bold, pert address, and that truly feminine,—"I would if I were you!"

"Why sit ye here?  
Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king."

That the poet is right in giving us clear insight into her character at once, instead of developing throughout, is very obvious; and so till the end the truth to the character of each as at first depicted is manifest in every action.

There is an apparently slight item that is noteworthy in the treatment of the last part. Instead of taking us up to the climax himself, the poet ends thus,—

"And he that told the tale in older times  
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors.  
But he, that told it later, says Lynette."

This deliberate announcement that the author is unacquainted with his material at first hand, and is only retelling a story variously told before, is startling to the absorbed reader indeed. Tennyson's intention was to give still further prominence to the age and distance of the time, but we must admit that it has seemed to us a direct violation of that principle of profound belief in his story that the epic poet must have.

But turn from this light, graceful tale to that wonderful poem, the "Passing of Arthur." The subject is solemn, the treatment powerful. The giant sweep of Homer or Milton is there, and all the earnestness, the abandoning passion, held in only by holy awe, mingled with the strange accompaniments of that weird scene. The storm that blew the opening bars of the first "Idyll" rolls the wild requiem of the death of Arthur and the end of all. The breathings and the movings of supernatural beings are felt near that lonely "phantom circle of a moaning sea," and the "death-white mist" that draws down over the scene we know is to deepen to a pall. We catch a faint echo of that last swansong fluted out into the cold, still world. Our eyes are Bedivere's to watch that "black dot against the verge of dawn," and we turn with him for now a last and now one more final farewell. Art of narration, or power of a landscape painter, whichever you may call it, we have lived for a season at the court of Camelot!

Such are the legendary epics of Tennyson. Their vivid portrayal of a world of romantic idealism no one can deny. Yet it is on the strength of the pictures and the artistic development of situations that the poet relies. There is lacking, after all, the fire and hurrying energy of the true master-epic. Action is less than situation. The poet remains impassive almost throughout, and therefore the effect is more of a panorama than of a scene in the arena. But in the field thus slightly narrowed, the poet has perfected his art until the production is well-nigh faultless.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

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### Library Jottings.

IN looking over the by shelves of a library that has grown from the school books of forty years ago one is reminded of those words of old: "That which hath been is that which shall be; and that which hath been done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." I open the pages of that old but honest gossip, Samuel Pepys, and read: "Walking in the galleries of Whitehall I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets, with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and the sight did not please me." Poor Pepys, he should be run into by a bicycle bloomer. Lunch counters, however, may minimize such entries as this: "Home, and being washing day, dined upon cold meat." The "servant girl" question at least was beginning in those days; note the following

entry: "Up and away goes Alice our cook-maid, a good servant; we did well by her, but she would not bear being told of any fault in the fewest and kindest words." Nor could the honest old egotist forbear recording his satisfaction at receiving "Jane, old little Jane, a good, and loving, and honest servant, she coming by force from the other place, her late mistress having used all the stratagems she could to keep her."

Occasionally we note as one of the signs of the times the rage for young men, and this especially in the pulpits of the day. Young men's Conservative, Liberal, or Christian Associations are looked upon as characteristics of the nineteenth century in its maturity. Yet Samuel Pepys could write of "how basely things had been carried on in Parliament by the young men that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men;" and his contemporary, the witty and voluminous divine, Thomas Fuller, in a querulous moment, wrote: "New besoms sweep clean: new cisterns of fond men's own hewing, most likely to hold water. Protestants in some kind serve their living ministers, as Papists their dead saints. For aged pastors, who have borne the heat of the day in our church, are jostled out of respect by young preachers, not having half their age nor a quarter of learning and religion." Even though "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," human nature is very "much of a muchness" through all the changing scenes.

That quaint old work of Sir Thomas Brown, "Religio Medici," is worth the spending of a leisure hour over even in these days of the making of books; certainly you find none of the fervour of the mystics therein, nor the keen analysis of the critic, but its cool common sense may bring down a heated temperament, and stay the flight of rapid enthusiasm. Does not this apply to some of our noisy critics: "There are a set of heads that can credit the relations of mariners, yet question the testimonies of St. Paul; and peremptorily maintain the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet in histories of Scriptures raise queries and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in human authors." There may to some appear an absence of spiritual fervour in the following quotation, but the bitterness of sectarianism might be avoided were its spirit gained: "I can read the history of the pigeon that was sent out of the ark and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind: that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a law case whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions. . . . There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in philosophy, but in divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours, much less our serious studies." "Religio Medici" can scarcely be replaced without turning up the evening hymn:—

"The night is come, like to the day;  
Depart not Thou, great God away.  
Let not my sins, black as the night,  
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light."

We may conclude this paper with another curio from about the same period. John Stowe, a tailor by trade, a cockney by birth, was a diligent gatherer of material for producing a history of his country. His *Annales, Survey of London*, and editing of ancient chronicles make him deserving of honour from all who value patriotic research. Patents of nobility have been freely given to men who deserve much less from the world of letters. At the age of seventy-nine, worldly goods and energies all spent in their service, he was rewarded by that royal pedant styled in the fulsome dedication prefixed to our English Bibles "the most high and mighty Prince James" with letters patent to beg!

We translate the document, it is worth reading in the light of honours by princes bestowed:—

"James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.  
"To all our well beloved subjects greeting:—  
"Whereas our loving subject, John Stowe, a very worthy and aged member of our City of London, this five and forty years, hath to his great charge, and with neglect of his ordinary means of maintainance (for the general good,



as well of posterity as of the present age), compiled and published diverse necessary books and chronicles; and, therefore, We, in recompense of these his painful labours, and for encouragement to the like, have in our royal inclination been pleased to grant our Letters Patent under our great Seal of England, dated March 8th, 1603, thereby authorizing him, the said John Stowe, and his deputies, to collect amongst our loyal subjects their voluntary contribution and kind gratuities, as by the said letters patent more at large may appear. Now, seeing that our said patents (being but one in themselves) cannot be shown forth in diverse places or parishes at once (as the occasion of his speedy putting them into execution may require), we have, therefore, thought expedient in this unusual manner to recommend his cause unto you: having already in our own persons and of our special grace, begun the largesse for the example of others."

No record remains of the amount of "largesse," or of the sum total received; John Stowe enjoyed the letters patent for about the space of one year and then passed to where letters patent are not worth the parchment upon which they are written.

JOHN BURTON.

### Concerning Gloves.

PEOPLE who jump at conclusions are not fit to serve on a jury. An instance of the kind is Dr. A. H. Sayce, the Assyriologist. Egyptologists, from Sir Gardner Wilkinson down to Brugsch and Maspero, have observed that the Rutennu, Tokari and Khita, tribes inimical to the Pharaohs, wore gloves, or rather mittens, seeing they had a place for the thumb but no fingers. Hence Dr. Sayce concludes that they came from a northern region where the climate was severe. As a matter of fact, these tribes, while in conflict with the Egyptians, cannot be traced farther north than central Syria and Mesopotamia. Some other reason than the inclemency of the weather must be found for their use of mittens. Disraeli the elder, quoting a volume of "The Present State of the Republic of Letters," says that the Chaldee paraphrast of the fourth chapter of Ruth and the hundred and eighth Psalm turns the word "shoe" in each of them into "glove." The word really employed by the Targumist is "right hand glove." The Septuagint, however, sticks to shoe or sandal, so that glove is not to be found in any part of the Bible, Old Testament or New. Nevertheless, it is clear that gloves were known in Babylonia at the time of the Captivity, and Babylonia was very far from being a cold country.

It is very annoying, when you have collected material with your own hand, to find that hand in the apparent guise of a borrowed glove. Such is the writer's case relative to Disraeli and his learned informant, who, not content with anticipating his Targumic lore, also rob him of his quotations from Homer and Xenophon, Varro, and Athenæus. The only quotation that makes for Dr. Sayce's argument is that from the Cyropædia of Xenophon, which states that the Persians wore stout gloves in winter to protect their hands from the cold. Stay! there is yet another. Pliny junior, writing concerning his uncle, says: "In the winter his secretary's hands were protected by gloves, so that the severe weather might not interfere with his services to his employer, even for a moment." He must have been a clever scribe who could write with gloved hands. Even brides and witnessing bridesmaids unglove before signing their simple names in the marriage register. The proverb that the cat in gloves catches no mice, may not have been applicable to those of ancient Rome. There is no doubt that northern peoples wear gloves, and that people wear them in winter who go without in summer. Gloves are hand protectors, but there are other enemies than cold to guard against.

An old-country hedger and ditcher, such as Honest John Tompkins, who, "though he was poor, did not want to be richer," has occasionally to work among nettles. He does not believe in grasping the nettle, either tender-handed or as a man of mettle, with his unshod fingers. He very properly arms himself with stout leather gloves, as the Canadian is wise to do when similarly dealing with brambles and the thistle of his native land. Now, it is worthy of note that the oldest classical reference to *cheirides* or mittens is in Homer's *Odyssey*, where the hero comes upon his aged

father Laertes in his vineyard, having mittens on his hands because of the thorns. Varro, in his *De Re Rustica*, states that the Romans made use of *digitalia*, or gloves proper, with fingers, in their farming operations. The glutton, in Athenæus, who appropriated tit-bits from the table before others were able to help themselves, wore gloves, not as a protection against the cold, but to shield his fingers from the heat of the newly dished savoury viands.

The gauntlet of mediæval warriors bore no relation to weather hot or cold, any more than does the riding or driving glove of modern cavaliers and charioteers. It was a protection against wounds and abrasion. The German *Handschuh*, or hand-shoe, is one of the clumsiest words on the face of the earth, but *Finger-hut*, finger-guard, is a very good name for a thimble. All gloves, mittens, and gauntlets had their origin in the finger-guard. Archers had to protect their digits against the recoil of the bow-string with leather thimbles, and harpers found it convenient to do the same. The wielder of a rough-handled weapon found much assistance and comfort in a glove or even a mitten, when, in close continuous deadly combat, that weapon was in danger of cleaving to the wounds in the hand that wielded it. To throw down a glove as a challenge, or as a sign of mastery, was not to cast out a worthless thing, as some foolish commentators say, but was equivalent to depositing one's own strong right hand which it represented. To be hand in glove with anyone, not "hand and glove" as Johnson has it, is to be one in thought, purpose, familiarity and enterprise. Cold weather has nothing to do with this kind of glove. Clothes that fit like a glove are a poor protection against the cold.

To handle a person without gloves is to deal with him in a very thorough way, and the reverse of tenderly. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the ancient custom of the sheriff presenting the judges with white gloves at a Maiden Assize where no blood was to be spilt. As far back as the ninth century priests and ecclesiastical persons generally were advised to wear gloves of sheep-skin. Modern divines sometimes wear black kid gloves during service, but they invariably take them off when it comes to the sermon, so as to deliver their discourse *ad unguem*. Is this because the black goats have superseded the white sheep? One is curious to know the antiquity of the expression "to give the mitten," when a young woman makes her swain understand he is nothing to her. Mitten is French, *le miton*, *la mitaine*, therefore both masculine and feminine. In the connection indicated, it is certainly not a *gage d'amour*, like a scented glove cherished among old letters; but does it mean that he must not touch her hand, far less squeeze her fingers, or is mitten a corruption of *mittimus* which sends the culprit away to solitary confinement, or of *missa*, which means dismissal? Perhaps Gillemarius or the editor of Notes and Queries will enlighten our darkness.

The French call gloves by the name *gants*, because the chief makers of them were natives of Ghent, in Flanders. John of Gaunt took his name from that same city, and he, happily for Wyckliffe, was a man with an iron glove. The dictionaries say that the English "glove" is the Anglo-Saxon *glof*, and the Welsh *golof*, a cover. So-called Anglo-Saxon words that are not found in other Teutonic dialects are not Anglo-Saxon at all, but either Celtic or Iberic. Edward's Welsh Dictionary has *gol*, a cover, and no *golof*; but the Erse *ceiliob*, a covering, is the missing root. Thus Paddy has the superiority over poor Tafty, whose reputation for honesty in nursery rhymes is bad. In England, the town of Woodstock is famous for its glove-shops, as well as for having been the residence of Fair Rosamond and Dan Chaucer. The latter represents his Pardonere, who was not of Woodstock but of Rouncevall, as dealing out relics and charms:

"Here is a mitaine eke, that ye may see:  
He that his hand will put in this mitaine,  
He shal have multiplying of his graine,  
Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,  
So that he offer pens or elles grottes."

The miracle-working mitten of the pardonere, who called himself "a ful vicious man," does not seem to have belonged to anyone in particular. Its virtue, therefore, must have been derived from its proximity to papal and other indulgences.

Ladies who are enamoured of their hands, and a few

unworthy masculine Sybarites, after smearing them with the emollient preparation of the manicure people, put on gloves, and go to sleep in them. These luxurious folk will be rejoiced to find that Swedenborg's visions revealed the world to come as of the same nature as the present, so that Paris glove-stores, hand-doctors, night-slumbers, and the social admiration of physical members, will be part and parcel of the New Jerusalem; but many very wise people more than doubt this. Our Canadian girls who court tan and freckles, equally in playing lawn-tennis and in paddling a canoe, are likely to take care of their hands in a better way, so that, while beauty be not lacking, it will be united with ability for service, even for manual labour, which is preferable to mere appearance. We do not read that the boxers of old slept in the softer kind of *cestus* called *meilichai*, nor is it the fashion of modern athletes to prepare themselves for a sparring match by going to bed in boxing gloves.

Gloves are valuable for saving the hands and increasing their efficiency, as the examples adduced are shown. Some good right hands have been mangled into uselessness by unnecessary and constant contact with material too rough for them. A gentle scholar, whose palms have grown soft during a winter's study, tackles the kitchen garden with a rough-handed hoe, and in three days time he is *hors de combat* with deep cuts in all his finger joints, each of which having a pulse like a small steam engine has to soak for a week in some preparation ending in *vine* before the hands are fit for duty again. Skilful hands are often very badly used. That of the artist may be found sawing wood; that of the college president, learned in curious lore, adds up accounts; the hand of the country divine is half the time employed about his horse; the poet's fingers are dissipated upon clerky routine. These hands are too valuable to the country and the world for such work to be performed by them, but, for the sake of a paltry glove of a few hundred dollars, they are kept at their uncongenial tasks, until the beautiful hand of skill, whose creations and finds might gain immortality, become coarse and all-thumby as those that had never known better.

Be sure that the man or woman you have in your mind's eye has a delicate hand, fitted to enrich the world; then give such an one a glove for its preservation. Give your large-minded business manager, your scholar, your genius, a humdrum routine assistant to take drudgery off his hands. Do not grudge the addition to a salary or the necessary holiday that will take a load of care from the mind and bring rest to the jaded eye. If, in this busy country, there be such things as sinecures, do not lavish them on idle ne'er-do-weels who are relatives of politicians, but bestow them on those that are working hard already in unrequited fields. And, if it be not in your power to do any of these, remember that a word of praise, even of recognition, oft comes as a buffer between the worker and the work that tires, a kindly sheltering glove that will enable him to strike harder and more efficiently than before.

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### Visit to the House and Grave of John Knox.

WE first visited the antiquated house on High Street, Edinburgh, where the Great Reformer lived and died, and were shown numerous mementos which were associated with the name and life work of this truly great and good man.

That chair was worth them all to me, because Knox sat in it, and that window through which the assassin's bullet came, and through which Knox issued late one night when guarded by his friends for fear of assassination, and sought the solitude of an enclosed space in the rear, and one of his friends following him heard him three times in agonizing earnestness repeat the words, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die." No wonder that the English Ambassador said that "John Knox put more life into him than six hundred trumpets" when he was a man of such earnestness, and no wonder that the unfortunate Queen Mary said that she "was more afraid of the prayers of John Knox than of an army of ten thousand men."

We now retired from the building and took a view of the west front over which is the inscription: "Lufe God above al, and your neighbour as yourself."

Knox was buried in St. Giles' churchyard along side his friend, the "Good Regent," as the Earl of Murray was called—the newly appointed Regent Morton pronouncing the ever-memorable words over his body: "There lies John Knox, who never feared the face of man."

We now passed up High Street to St. Giles', entered Parliament Square, passed by the monument to that great and mighty Prince, Charles II., and soon stood on the grave of one greater and mightier than he or any of his perfidious race. All that marks the place where the dust of the Great Reformer reposes are the letters "J. K., 1572" on the stone pavement, the stone being of a somewhat different colour from those around it.

It was difficult to understand and still more difficult to describe my feelings upon this occasion. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I stood on "holy ground."

A strange, solemn feeling crept over me. The stormy scenes of Scottish history rushed rapidly through my brain. A grand panorama passed swiftly before me. I saw an almost universal upheaval taking place in the world of thought. The nations of the earth are rent, as it were, by the throes of volcanic dissolution, the foundations of belief, which were supposed to be laid deep down on the everlasting rocks, are now tottering like the mountains when an earthquake is rending the globe.

The times have come that tries men's souls, and at such a time John Knox, like Moses of old, comes on the scene as a leader of the Scottish people.

He appears on the historic canvas as the first and greatest of the Scottish reformers. Not like John the Baptist merely the forerunner of a greater than he, before whom he must wane at the approach of the rising sun. Knox is the sun itself and all others are stars of lesser magnitude compared to him. Through him the nation spoke, and the voice of the people was the voice of God.

The oracle gave no uncertain sound. It warned the tyrannical Stewart line that the sceptre was fast departing from them. They had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Soon their kingdom would be given to a better dynasty. In the language of Cromwell, "the Lord had done with them."

As Moses led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt so did Knox lead his countrymen, and, like him, had the desert to pass through, and died before he reached the promised land, for dark and cloudy days were to follow him—the days when Charles Stewart reigned and the cruel Claverhouse commanded.

The canvas moves. The blue flag of Presbyterianism is waving on the green mountain side; the persecuted ministers are preaching in the glens under the cover of a friendly Scotch mist; Peden with a heavy price on his head is giving out the words:

"Thou art my hiding place,  
Thou shalt from trouble keep me free,  
And with songs of deliverance  
About shall compass me;—"

and the music of Zion rises high on the air beside their own mountain stream. Richard Cameron and his few faithful followers having heard the sound of the horsemen's bridles through the darkness, are lying low in the heather or to use the language of the poet:

"'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath fowl were crying,  
For the horsemen of Earlsall around them were hovering,  
And their bridle reins ran through the thin misty covering."

The combat deepens; the sky grows darker; even Providence seems to be estranged or, as Napoleon would say, "on the side of heavier artillery;" the troops have found them out and are galloping towards the small band of "praying ones" on the hillside. Now they are face to face with death, but still "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

"Their faces grew pale and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed,  
With eyes turned to Heaven in calm resignation,  
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.  
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing,  
But the melody died, mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter,  
Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were enshrouded;  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and clouded,  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning as firm and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending,

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark Muirlands the mighty were falling."

These scenes flashed through my brain with the speed of lightning. I was gazing through the veil which hid the dim misty past, but for the time, the picture to me was a real one; the historic panorama was there, the scenes changing rapidly by the swiftest of all powers—the power of thought. I saw the best of Scotia's sons hunted like partridges on the mountains by the brutal Claverhouse or hiding like wild beasts in the dens and caves of the earth, while the nobles, treacherous as usual, were plotting against each other and against the weak monarch, who unfortunately filled the Scottish throne.

All this was photographed vividly upon the canvas of my imagination, as if by some magic power, as I stood there upon old John Knox's grave. Then I "had a dream which was not all a dream." I looked upwards towards the everlasting mountains and I beheld the guardian genius which has presided over this mountain land during the days when clouds and darkness were round about her, as well as the days when the sunlight of prosperity bathed her hill-tops with glory—I saw her descend through the mist which had now settled down upon the ancient Capital, and waving Her enchanting wand over the Parliament buildings where the Scottish nobles often met to quarrel and plot against each other, and over that grand old Cathedral where Knox had often exhorted his countrymen "to know God and his work" in Scotland and "to stand by the gude cause," and descending towards the grave of the Scottish reformer on whose sacred dust I was standing, and passing by the great and noble of the past, the immortal Bruce, the dauntless Wallace,—the Stewart Dynasty, with their "divine right of Kings" and all—she lowered her wand over the grave of the good old man who is to-day without a monument in the Capital of the land he loved so well, save that his memory is fresh and green in the hearts of his countrymen, and in tones sweet as those of the Æolian harp but still piercing as the native music of the country, a voice that penetrated every nook and corner in "High Dunedin" proclaimed in tones that thrilled "the bosom's core": "Verily, verily I say unto you of those that have been born of women there hath not arisen in this grand mountain land a greater nor a better man than the eloquent, earnest, staunch reformer, John Knox."

J. CAMPBELL.

Seaforth, Ontario.

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### The Cricket's Song of Death.

We shall listen many an hour,  
In the waning Autumn sun,  
On the hill-side for his singing  
Though his song of death be done—

We shall listen many an hour  
In the strangely silent days,  
Where we heard his music ringing  
Down the sunny meadow-ways—

We shall listen many an hour  
For his song at even-fall,  
And the idle fields will fail us,  
Sounding not the cricket's call.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

\* \* \*

### Parisian Affairs.

THE coronation ceremonies at Moscow, with the exception of the disaster in the distribution of the wedding feast to the poorer classes, passed off well, and without hitches; which is no small compliment when the motley multitudes, rather than crowds, are considered, and that gathered in from all points of the globe. Press-men are wonderfully pleased at the arrangements and facilities provided for them. Their common rendezvous-hall was kept constantly sprayed with *eau de cologne*, not rose-water; the latter might have imparted a hue to their "copy," while the former contributed to their health. Russian crowds, the authorities consider, are particularly benefited by a sprinkling of counter-perfume. The best samples of all that

is Russian have been passed in review before the representatives of the world, and have been fairly, aye, kindly judged, the more so as it was, inexcusably, sometimes forgotten that no up-to-date standard was applicable to Muscovy. The twelve inch rule can only come into operation in A.D. 2100, the arrival of the millenium or the Day of Judgment permitting.

Profound personal loyalty to the Czar, and enthusiastic devotion for the Greek Church, are the foundation links that bind Holy Russia together. The Muscovites out-pray the Moslems and the Jews; they are, when at their devotions, as much attached to an "ikon," as the Mussulman to his bit of carpet and the Israelite to his hat. The populations appear to be content, and enjoy their happiness with a kind of concentrated resignation dashed with a diluted melancholy. There is no middle class in Russia, so the two social poles are too far asunder to collide. But then the wants of the Russian people are few, their ambition limited, and their general state quiescence tempered with famines. The thronging masses, good-natured and good-humoured, did enjoy the crowning *fête*. All their being seemed to be riveted on the Czar and in a martyr like attachment to their creed. The presence of strangers was perhaps viewed by the natives as a supplemental tribute to these two ideals. This was the only form in which Russian public opinion could show; that other channel—the newspapers, are official rather than officious, exponents of passing events; in a word, the press is a department of the State, subordinate directly to the Czar, but managed, like all the other branches of the executive, on independent administrative lines.

After showing there was no uncertainty in the intimate ties between France and Russia, from the Czar downwards through officialdom, every attention was paid to the leading special guests. France had a claim to be signalled out for special attention; it was delicately paid, and courteously and unostentatiously received. The French deserved such recognition, which they will duly carry to the credit side of the alliance account, that up to the present has not many entries. This leads to the question, what will be the foreign policy of Russia henceforth? What it has been of late, gripping the skirts of happy chance. Only the "chances" will be fewer, and the gripping more difficult, owing to England's *entente*, the ante-chamber to an alliance, with the *triplice*, and her resolute side action with Italy in Africa and the Mediterranean. There will be fewer surprises for the future in the action of Russia, and not a few of her ways and means will be tried by her rivals. To her action in China will be opposed counter action, where the Celestial Empire will unquestionably have to pay for the music. United with England, Italy will take up position in the Chinese Seas. That will enable her to while away the time until the Dervishes are being cleared from the regions of Kassala and Dongola, and the moment comes for Italy to "protect" Abyssinia and Tripolitania.

As Germany fully understands the import of "hands off" towards the Cape Colony, the Boers, as a diversion factor to embarrass England, are dwarfing in public opinion. They have nothing to gain, but can well lose all by going too far in their game of "bluff" towards Britain. Transvaal would do well to meditate upon the cessation all round of attacks in the Continental press against England, since she has entered the orbit of the triple alliance, reorganized her defences and added her Indian reserves as a wing to her regular army.

Paris, and the same may be said of France, fairly honoured the coronation of Nicholas II. The flag display was perhaps too closely conducted on economical lines. However, the Russians ought to be satisfied. The Executive, though many of its members are free-thinkers, did not hesitate to put in an appearance at the Russian Church ceremony, to invoke Heaven's guardianship on the Czar. They could judge how beautifully a choir, when well-trained, can execute a religious service unaccompanied by instrumental music. There are no seats, either free or rented; even President Faure had to stand; all are equally vertical before Heaven.

Parliament has reassembled, but contrary to expectation, the opposition that was licking its lips to practise autothrophagism on ministers abstained. The wrath will be still nursed, and so kept warm. The sole drawback of the Cabinet is, it has done nothing as yet to be massacred; but if it pursues that enlightened policy much longer the Philistines

will be down upon Ministers. What can be more tantalizing than refusing to tread on the skirts of the coat when challenged to do so? The Cabinet is very wisely giving all its attention to devising schemes to make the two ends of the budget meet. As well seek breeks on a Highlander as a new source of taxation. Old assessments will be subjected to augmented poundages, and in return for that painless extraction, there will be a recasting of a few personal imports. The coupons of *Rentes*, or stocks, will have to be taxed; this gives rise to weeping and gnashing of teeth. Only the rich have investments in the funds, and if they are condemned to a bleeding, let holders fall back on some other "sweet simplicity." But got the cash must be. Of course, if the population continues to die out, as it is doing, the national expenditure will be less, and will increase the joy of the "survival of the fittest class."

Putting the question of race, cycling aside, the international annual wheeling contest from Bordeaux to Paris—the "Derby," only 21 hours 15 minutes longer, is a signal triumph this year for English pluck, holding out, and determined resolution. The distance is 360 miles, and Arthur Linton rode that course in 21 hours and 17 minutes. His antagonist, a Frenchman, Rivière, arrived one minute later. Both were awarded equal prizes. The winner really was Linton; he had to walk seven miles owing to an accident to his machine, and this enabled Rivière to recover lost ground. Linton met with two terrible accidents, but he courageously rushed on, overtook and passed his rival, despite a mangled face, an injured leg, and a swollen hand—drawbacks Rivière escaped. When close to Paris Linton took the original road laid down, but that had been changed without his receiving notice; this added to the unnecessary distance. To chronologically win by one minute, in a continuous ride of 360 miles, is excellent, but to do so covered with wounds, and making up for a machine break-down is a physical feat that his countrymen may be proud of. Arthur is the elder of the two brothers Linton, he hails from Abdale in Wales, is 27 years of age, medium sized, and slender. Michael, another famous cyclist, is also from the same town. Once I asked Linton did he think of anything when racing; nothing only to keep looking out to avoid dogs, vehicles, bad bits of road, and obstacles in general. After the race he is bathed and frictioned, receives only morsels of food for a time, then is allowed to repose rather than to sleep. Linton cycles up, as well as down, hills. He neither smokes nor drinks; his favourite diet is rice in an extract of meat—the latter not to be prepared in Belgium.

Zola takes his punishment for plagiarism badly. In his "Rome," his latest yellow-covered out-put, he has unblushingly cribbed from M. Goyau's work on the Eternal City and from the ordinary guide books. It was so easy to allude to the invaluable aid derived from so and so. Sardou is also a great sinner in appropriating the literary wares of others. Autolycus was cunning in his prigs; his emulators, residing on Modern Parnassus, do not think it worth the trouble to conceal their loot—convey, the wise it call, or *bien* according to Moliere, who claimed the right to appropriate the out-put of other brains, if suited for his work.

The project is again being discussed of having floating hotels on the Seine. If charges were moderate, the fare, etc., good, the hotels in summer weather might have a few swallow flights of visitors. But first, "float" the shares. Z.

Paris, May 30th, 1896.

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### The Ill Effects of a Morning Walk.

IT was my first experience of the responsibility of taking the girls out for their daily walk. Miss Rose, the second governess, usually performed that duty, an elder girl on either side of her to act as orderly or *aide-de-camp*. But Miss Rose was ill and so I got the order.

The day was lovely, the month was May, and I had not been out in broad daylight, save to church, for a fortnight, my duties as first governess and music mistress allowing me very few spare moments any day in the week, so that on this occasion I looked forward with some pleasure to filling my stuffed lungs with the sweet fresh air, and enjoying once more that buoyancy of spirit that in youth is inseparable from sunshine and a companion.

My companion on this occasion—I was satisfied with one *aide*—was Helen Tudor, the life of the school.

There were twenty-two girls, of all ages between seven and nineteen. Seven was Emmie Jones, an orphan, with blue eyes, and black hair which fell in great clusters all over her little white shoulders, and nineteen was Helen Tudor, a Juno in face and figure, and the anxiety of principal and teachers alike, both in church and out, so much were the young men of the place prone to ogling and giving the housemaids surreptitious sixpences along with bouquets of roses, lilies, or any other flower that might be in season.

I had no experience in walking out with young ladies in procession, never having been at a boarding school myself, but I had seen such processions and knew that the proper thing was to keep in rank and not go too fast. Trusting to the force of habit with the girls, I presumed that my ignorance was not likely to be betrayed on the hum-drum streets of a little country town; and certainly all went well until we had defiled through the main street, through the grounds of a Hall whose owners were liberal-minded, and out upon the high road to B—, a large town about ten miles south of us. Here I was at a loss, not being acquainted with the neighbourhood, though none but Helen Tudor knew that.

To go back the way we had come struck me as an unmitigated folly, besides, my feet were cold, the slow march proper to school processions affected the blood but little, and I felt, as Helen Tudor expressed it, "as dull as ditch water."

"Why there isn't even a proper person to wink at, Miss Pearson," she remarked to me quite gravely.

"My dear Helen!" I exclaimed, in a most reproving tone, which, however, did not seem to impress her.

Feeling that something was wrong the procession had slowed up until it absolutely stood still, and some of the bigger girls turned round to receive orders.

"I really do not know which would be the better way home," I weakly remarked.

Instantly half a dozen voices cried "O let us go by the canal, please Miss Pearson, ah, do!" Helen said nothing nor did it occur to me to ask her; our relative positions put such an idea quite beyond consideration. Knowing no better way out of the difficulty and supposing that the girls knew that route at any rate, I replied: "Yes, we will return by the canal." But oh, fatal error! if I had but known!

In a trice we were in motion again, and before one could say Jack Robinson the whole procession had turned in at a field-gate and were crossing a big meadow. Out of this we emerged into a narrow lane bordered by a brook; the grass on either side was studded with daisies; bluebells nodded from beneath the hedges; and buttercups and harebells brushed our feet. Before I knew it I had broken rank and was gathering flowers; and in less time than I tell it the twenty-two girls little and big had broken rank too, and were gathering flowers. It was like an overturned hive, only the air was musical with little laughs, bits of song, exclamations of delight, accentuated by an exclamation or two as here and there an adventurous spirit slipped into the brook in efforts to reach across for a flower. O, how delightful it all was! the delicious breezes, the soft sunshine, the velvety grass, the music of lark and linnet, the pretty ripple of the brook into which many white hands dipped for a drink, and above all, the freedom! I felt so refreshed and happy myself that I had even begun to congratulate myself on the ease with which lessons would be done by pupil and teacher alike during the coming week—for it was Saturday—when Helen, good girl, whispered to me, "Don't you think we had better get on, Miss Pearson, it must be nearly twelve." "Twelve!" I exclaimed, "why no!" But my watch said ten minutes to twelve, and I did not know how far we were from Magnolia House, where dinner was always on the table punctually at noon.

The word to re-form was therefore passed, but the procession was broken at frequent intervals by one or another of the dear children running back with the choice of her posy for my acceptance; and dear little Emmie, with a colour like a rose, eyes like diamonds, and curls in "most admired confusion," begged to be allowed to walk by my side the rest of the way. At the end of the lane the canal came into view. Not one of your triumphs of engineering, all stone and locks and works, but a broad, placid, deep stream, up and down which only barges and canal boats, drawn by horses and a tow-rope, ever travelled. Its margin was

fringed with flowers, chiefly the lovely blue forget-me-not; and the water-vale plunged into its depths, as the whole twenty-three of us ran lightly down the bank that bordered the towing-path, both a little muddy.

"O!" "O!" "O!" "O!" burst from every throat as the gems of the British flora caught the eye of my happy girls, and there was another stop. "O! pray do let us get a few, Miss Pearson, and we will take home a lovely bouquet of them for poor Miss Rose, and another for Mrs. Rhys." "Oh, yeth, pleathe do!" cried pet Emmie at my side.

"Well, young ladies"—"girls" was a word tabooed in the parlours of Magnolia House—"Well, young ladies, we are late for dinner already, I fear, but if you will just get two or three each as quickly as possible and then step home as fast as may be, I will give you leave; but I am afraid you are getting me into trouble."

That I was getting *them* into trouble never occurred to me. Ten minutes later a crowd of happy girls, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, tossed hair, dirty boots, and sad to relate, in many instances, mud-besprent frocks, filed into the front hall of Magnolia House, to encounter a very Cerberus in Jane, the housekeeper, who stood at the dining-room door, waiting. Thinking no harm, I laid a posy on her folded hands saying, "There, Jane! that's for you, isn't it sweet?" "Dinner's bin on table this half an hour," she replied with an ineffable scorn of me and my pretensions as a teacher in a well-regulated ladies' school.

Running up stairs to my den of a room I threw my bonnet and cape on my bed, washed my hands, patted my hair smooth, and ran down again to the dining room. The girls were nearly all there, and all looked uncomfortable. Innocent I could not understand it, for a prettier crowd one seldom sees, the alchemy of fresh air, sunshine, and natural exercise had done so much for them. Mrs. Rhys was at the head of the table as usual, and a junior teacher, who had not been out, occupied Miss Rose's seat, and looked daggers at me, while Mrs. Rhys did not speak a word. I was puzzled. When the meal was over and grace had been said, Mrs. Rhys ordered "all the young ladies who had been out with Miss Pearson to go to the cloakroom." This was a room where the day-boarders hang their things, and the house-boarders always left their rubbers and clogs. Before I had reached the schoolroom the housemaid brought me a message that Mrs. Rhys desired to see me in the cloak-room, "an' oh! Miss Pearson," she added, "there be sich a rumpus about them dirty boots an' frocks, an' Miss Wilson she's torn hern." And truly there was "a rumpus"! It had never occurred to me before that dirty boots, and frocks that needed brushing or washing were a grave offence; but truly I knew little about boarding schools!

When I entered the cloak room Mrs. Rhys, a tall, heavy woman of solemn aspect, was standing near the window; before her stood poor little Emmie Jones, her eyes full of tears, a drooping posy in her sash, and a pair of muddy boots in her hand on which Mrs. Rhys was making severe remarks. All the other girls were ranged round the room, holding each her boots for inspection, and on my entrance I was somewhat peremptorily ordered to enter the name of each in my note book and place before it ten bad marks for dirty boots only, and twenty for boots and a soiled dress. Every mark meant ten lines written out ten times, so that the poor girls' punishments were indeed heavy. Then I saw the mischief I had done by thinking more of the demands of my poor girls' hearts and souls than of boarding-school regulations.

I grew hot and indignant. I tried to remonstrate, but Mrs. Rhys would not allow me to speak. "What you may have to say, Miss Pearson, I will listen to in the blue parlor presently."

Two or three sobs among the smaller girls almost broke me down, and at last I could bear it no longer, and, facing Mrs. Rhys, my notebook behind my back, I said: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Rhys, but if there is anyone to blame for muddy boots and soiled frocks it is me; I gave the young ladies leave to gather flowers, and to run about in the lane. No one was hurt or annoyed, and I thought only of the young ladies' happiness and refreshment. I am sorry I did not know your rules better, but I beg you will allow me to apologize for such as I have broken, and to take such punishment as you may see fit to inflict, letting the young ladies go free."

A scoffing laugh greeted my proposition. Not one word did the woman deign in reply, but turning to Helen Tudor she said: "You, Miss Tudor, will see that the frocks are brushed clean before any of you leave this room. Miss Pearson will retire."

I retired. When I reached my room my pretty flowers had been put into water, and set in my window. A bunch of clover pinks out of the kitchen garden stood upon my dressing table, and my dirty boots were nowhere to be seen. In these pretty attentions I recognized the hand of Eliza the kind-hearted housemaid whose sympathy was not with her employer, evidently.

Saturday afternoons were always devoted to the bath, the hairdresser, and stocking-darning, the girls always doing this latter for themselves under the superintendence of Miss Rose. One by one the poor children came straggling into the schoolroom bearing each her usual complement of stocking; Amy Wilson with the addition of her torn frock. I took it from her to mend myself; but somebody was sharp, and I was sent for to the music-room to select some "pieces" and attend to other matters. I was very anxious lest the poor girls should not do their tasks properly and I should be called upon to inflict further impositions. Tea-time, however, reassured me, no word of fault-finding broke the peace and I concluded wise Helen Tudor had used her influence with the restive. Glowering looks bent upon me by the head of the table, and supercilious ones from the junior teacher made the hour unhappy, yet the weight of their disgrace no longer seemed to burden the girls, and before bedtime most of the impositions were placed in my hands ready for Monday morning.

At nine o'clock each night lights were out in all the bedrooms, and the teachers and two or three of the elder girls—parlour-boarders—were expected to spend the rest of the evening, that is until the great clock in the hall struck ten, with Mrs. Rhys in the blue parlour, where we sang, or played simple games. Thither, therefore, I went, not intending by any means to play the culprit, but I was "sent to Coventry" very decidedly. That was to be my punishment in part, but I bore it good-humouredly as if I expected it, and made my profoundest courtesy to Mrs. Rhys on leaving the room and I saw the lady blush.

Sunday passed in the usual duties of church-going and Bible study. I wished to spend an hour with poor Miss Rose, but she excused herself "with her love." Something unusual was afloat; I could feel that; so I spent the evening with myself in my room. Lights, however, were scarcely out when there was a gentle tap at my door, and Helen Tudor crept in.

"Do you know what all the fuss is about, Miss Pearson? Miss De Retske's maid saw us coming in yesterday, and told her mistress that such a lot of hoydens as Mrs. Rhys' young ladies were, running through the streets as if lions were after them, she never did see, and Miss De Retske sent one of the teachers over to ask if anything had happened to Mrs. Rhys' young ladies while they were out on Saturday, and how sorry she was."

Miss De Retske kept the very highest-toned establishment for young ladies within fifty miles. Fancy the blackness of my sin!

While I was dressing on Monday morning a paper was pushed under my door. It proved to be a round-robin. Within a circle in the centre was written:

DEAR  
MISS PEAR-  
SON, NEVER MIND;  
WE ALL LOVE  
YOU.

Twenty-two names between rays neatly ruled out surrounded the document. What could it mean? But how happy it made me! Twenty-two young loves! Who can deserve such a treasure?

Very expectant eyes were mine at the breakfast table, and if ever eyes looked love to eyes again, ours did.

By the side of my plate lay another paper, a note. I begged pardon and opened it: it was my dismissal from Magnolia House, on the ground of incapability and insubordination. I certainly was surprised; never having dreamed what, to me, appeared so slight a matter, should be

taken so seriously; evidently the De Retske poison was working. But I had my innings. The dismissal was not in the form of a notice, but absolute, yet I felt morally certain that I was expected to stay until the end of the quarter. I did nothing of the kind, but ate my dinner with my mother and sister at home that evening.

S. A. C.

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### Earth's Visitants.

From God's eternal home a myriad souls  
 Pass out continually to those bright stars  
 Which are the peopled worlds of space. As rolls  
 That pregnant stream, the draught perchance of War's  
 Wild fury or the horrid haste of Time,—  
 Souls doom'd to mortal failings and to pain,  
 To all the heart-ache of a cank'rous clime,  
 Until they go unto their own again,—  
 As the wideflood of human life outgoes  
 To strike upon earth's shores, one every age,  
 In yon celestial choir, mov'd by our woes  
 A man becomes man's sorrows to assuage.  
 Immortal poets, golden-mouth'd with song,  
 Brave Time, to voice the right, to break the wrong.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.

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### Professor Goldwin Smith's Views on the Bearing of the Monroe Doctrine on the Venezuelan Question.

[Reprinted from *The London Saturday Review*, 14th December, 1895.]

THE Monroe doctrine seems to have been of late the theme of active discussion in the British press, and to have been treated by different journals in different ways. Some journals seem to have treated it as an aggression, others as a fanfaronade, and others again as a hypothesis which they might safely concede in dealing with the Venezuela question. By this time Englishmen must all know pretty well what the Monroe doctrine really is. They must be aware that there are, in fact, two doctrines comprised in the same message of President Monroe, cognate, yet distinct from each other, and directed as warnings to different powers.

To Russia is directed the warning that the American continent is no longer to be regarded as a field for European colonization. To the Holy Alliance, which was inclined to meddle with the new-born republicanism of South America, is directed the warning that no European power can be allowed to interfere with the political self-government of American communities. In intimating that interference with the political freedom of the South American republics will be regarded as an unfriendly act by the United States, Monroe manifestly claimed for his republic a tutelary power. On the other hand, there is nothing in the message that can be construed as a pretension to territorial aggrandizement on the part of the United States.

Whether the Monroe doctrine thus stated is a part of international law seems not a very practical question. International law is a law without a legislature, without a policeman, and without a judge. Its highest court of appeal is the cannon. The Monroe doctrine will be law if America is strong enough to enforce it. Louis Napoleon did not regard it as law, but he nevertheless had to accept it and retire from Mexico. In this respect it seems to stand on much the same footing as the European protectorate of Turkey, the guaranteed independence of Belgium, and other understandings respected in diplomacy, which rest, not on universal law, but on the readiness of the parties interested to fight for their enforcement.

It is, however, not with the Monroe doctrine as formulated in the famous message that Englishmen are now in contact, and if Mr. Chamberlain pursues his 'dream' of Imperial Confederation, may be one day brought into collision, so much as with the *Monroe sentiment*. The Monroe sentiment imports that the new world shall be free from interference on the part of the old world; that it shall be allowed to follow its own destinies, and to work out its own civilization; that it shall not be made the field or the highway of European war; but shall be left without molestation to dedicate itself to peaceful industry and the improvement of the human lot. There is in this, at all events, nothing of vulgar ambition or rapacity.

Of mere territorial aggrandizement I have never in thirty years of intercourse detected the slightest desire in the American breast. The Americans refused San Domingo, they refused St. Thomas, and they would very likely have refused Alaska if they could have done it without offending Russia, who had been their friend in the civil war. The land hunger, economical or political, fled with slavery. But the Monroe sentiment, as to the independence of the continent, has always seemed to me to be strong, and strong I believe it would be found by anyone who should venture to defy it.

It showed its force in the fixed resolution to eject Louis Napoleon and his Latin Empire from Mexico, while the Americans have never displayed any disposition to annex Mexico themselves, easy as the acquisition would probably be. Nothing seems to be more certain than that Canada, if she were independent, and chose so to remain, might rest in perfect security by the side of her mighty neighbour. Opinion in the United States is even divided as to the expediency of admitting her to the Union. If she is the object of any hostile feeling on the part of Americans it is not as an independent territory, but as the outpost and entering wedge of European interference with the American continent. *In that aspect she is always being presented to the Americans by the strongly British party here.*

*Your military roads and military harbour which Englishmen are constructing at Esquimalt threaten the territory of the United States, though they are not constructed with that object. Esquimalt threatens the whole Pacific coast, which at present is defenceless. The bombardment of the seaboard cities of the United States by English ironclads is a familiar subject of speculation. Hence naturally arises a desire on the part of the Americans to create a war navy; and that navy is, of course, directed against the only power from which they have anything to fear. People in England do not realize all this, nor do they hear the language which Canadian loyalty holds, or see the demonstrations in which it indulges on their behalf.*

Whether in case of war a sea power could well avail itself of a land route, and, in particular, whether the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the accidents to which a mountainous and sub-arctic line is exposed, could be trusted for the sure and rapid transmission of troops, are questions for the War Office to decide.

*What seems to me certain is that any attempt on the part of Great Britain to use the American continent as a base or highway of war against a nation with which the United States were at peace would be apt to call the Monroe sentiment into active play. Englishmen have to consider, then, what would be the safety and value of a military road, exposed as the Canadian Pacific Railway is, through a great part of its course, to the emissaries of any hostile power, against whose machinations it could be protected only by the most zealous vigilance on the part of the adjoining States.*

Some side lights have recently been thrown upon these questions. The Canadian Commissioner says that the English is the only nation that treats its colonies commercially as foreign countries. Are not the English the only colonies which treat their Mother Country as a commercial enemy, laying protective duties on her goods? Englishmen have been given by a Canadian Minister to understand, in effect, that the Imperial veto on colonial legislation is a practical nullity, however injurious to Imperial interests that legislation may be, and that Canada will legislate for herself in commercial matters, with little regard to British expostulations.

Even on such a question as copyright it is found that the Imperial unity does not exist. The refusal of the colonies to contribute to Imperial armaments appears to be definite. According to the colonial theories which have been broached in connection with the copyright question, the British Parliament is, in fact, only one of a number of local legislatures, all independent of each other, nothing being Imperial except the nominal power of the Crown, the only prerogative of Great Britain being her sole responsibility for the general defence. If Mr. Chamberlain's "dream" is, as he says, tending to become a reality, its approach is masked with great skill.

These opinions, I fear, are not popular; but I know they are those of an Englishman loyal to the interests and honour of his country.

## Letters to the Editor.

## IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

SIR,—I was pleased to see in your last issue that you call for expressions of opinion on the question of Imperial Federation and Preferential Trade with Great Britain. THE WEEK is a journal admirably adapted to become the medium of this movement in Canada. But there is one difficulty which meets your correspondents at the outset. If any progress is to be made in the work of construction, the masons must work on the top of the wall. No useful purpose can be served by the reiteration of points and arguments which have been already fully discussed. It is only a waste of time and energy. There are many who would like to give time and intelligent thought to the subject, but there are only a few who have been able to place themselves abreast with the thought of the day. Much has been said and written on the subject of Preferential Trade and Imperial Defences. But it is scattered over a sea of little books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers. No list has been made of these. And there is no journal, so far as we know, in which we can find any consecutive record and intelligent criticism of the wide-spread expression of thought upon the subject. You have taken a step in the right direction by giving your readers a résumé of two important essays. But we want more. We want an up-to-date list of all important reports, writings, and speeches on the subject of Preferential Trade and Imperial Defence; a medium for the circulation of such literature; a résumé of the present position of thought, and a consecutive record in convenient form of anything new written or spoken on the subject.

It is only in this way that we can make the best use of our time and brains. The attention of leading men in the colonies is now focussed upon Imperial Federation. It is generally recognized as a thing to be desired and to work for. There is a great field for THE WEEK in helping us to hammer out our national destiny. ERNEST HEATON.

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## Music.

## A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT SCALES.

LET us consider for a moment what would be the condition of modern society if the little machine we call "scales" had never been invented. In the very earliest ages man lived by agriculture only, but as the human family multiplied other means by which to subsist became a necessity, hence the gradual development of trades. With this development there arose the necessity to assess the values of the multifarious merchandise which the skill and ingenuity of the artizan classes produced, and this essential requirement of the merchant was supplied by the invention of scale, an invention which has been elaborated to such an exquisite degree of perfection as to enable the diamond merchant to ascertain to the  $\frac{1}{16}$  part of a grain the weight of his glittering gems, and the constructor of the most ponderous steam engine to know the weight of his powerful machine with an equal degree of nicety. By this invention it became possible to arrive at an exact balance of parts. This is the idea conveyed to the mind by scales, and from them was derived the art of bookkeeping, which is the art of discovering balances.

It is not, however, the merchant's scale, but the musical scale, which we are about to investigate. Nevertheless, the scale of the merchant is the most fitting object we can select to illustrate the true meaning of the musical scale. This scale has passed through various forms and modifications from the time of the Egyptians down to the present, until now its formation corresponds to the structure of a pair of scales. Five whole tones and two semitones constitute the material of the present scale, and this material must be so arranged that in every major scale two whole tones must always precede a semitone. It will thus be obvious that the term *la scala* conveys no idea of scale formation. Hence it follows that what is usually termed the scale is really a succession of two series, or consecutive scales of two tones and a half, each held in balance by the remaining whole tone, No. 4 to 5 of the scale. These two series of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tones each are termed Tetrachords, and are identical in structure

quantity, and tune. When united by the central tone, 4 to 5, they form a scale embracing the octave. Thus the beam of a weighing machine may be said to represent the central tone which holds in suspension the remaining four whole tones and two semi-tones in equal quantities, securing the exact balance of parts which has led to the development of the science of harmony. The earliest tonal system of which we have any authentic record was invented by Pythagoras, a celebrated Greek philosopher, about five hundred years before the birth of Christ. His scale consisted of seven tones, which were said to correspond to the seven planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon. Music, in all ages, has originated with the prevailing religions, whether pagan or divine. Even in pagan countries it was always considered an incentive to virtue, and the Egyptians confined their musical talent almost exclusively to the priesthood, who cultivated the art secretly and employed it to intensify the mystery of their sacerdotal office. The Chinese have had a musical system from time immemorial, but their predilection for drums has aroused a suspicion that they were the pioneers of a system of "noise and numbers." The tonal systems, however, of all the ancients are now considered crude and incongruous, in some respects intensely dissonant, the fifth tone being omitted by some, and the third by others, thus rendering it impossible to develop a system of harmony, as the absence of the third note rendered it impracticable to harmonize a musical theme. The ancient Israelites were gifted with a refined sensibility and poetic temperament, which excited the most exalted ideas in regard to music, which they associated inseparably with religion. They addressed the Almighty in hymns of praise, regarding music as a divine link which connected man with his Creator. It was a *sine qua non* that every Priest and every Rabbi should be an educated musician, thus barring out any frivolity in the musical part of Divine worship. Moses was a musician, as well as a law giver, it was he who gave directions for the construction of the two silver trumpets which were employed to give the signals to the Israelites during their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness. Miriam's jubilant song of triumph, after the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, was not only regarded as a divine inspiration—it became enshrined in the hearts of the Hebrew people as their national anthem. Sacred music reached its highest development in the time of King David, the sublimest librettist the world has ever known. His imperishable sacred poems were written for the "Chief Musician," or musical director, of the synagogue, and by him set to music. These compositions were sung antiphonally by the priest and people, by divided choirs, or by a precentor and chorus. When Israel's warrior king delivered his dying charge to his son and successor, Solomon, in reference to the building of the Temple, he also bequeathed to him the immense stores he himself had accumulated for the building and beautifying of Israel's National House of Prayer, and some idea of the vastness and magnificence of the provision made for the musical part of the service may be gleaned from the record bequeathed to posterity by the historian Josephus, and confirmed by the inspired writers of the Old Testament. "Ten thousand garments of fine linen for every priest, 200,000 trumpets, 200,000 garments of fine linen for the singers, and of other musical instruments, including psalteries and harps, 40,000." Solomon made all these immense and magnificent arrangements for the honour and glory of God. These arrangements found such acceptance with the Almighty that at the dedication of the Temple "there came down a thick cloud which afforded to the minds of all a visible image and glorious appearance of God's having descended into this Temple and of His having gladly pitched His tabernacle therein." The Jews, however, failed to develop a system of harmony, owing to the imperfect form of their musical scale.

The Arabians developed a scale system in which the tones were divided into three parts, making the octave consist of  $\frac{1}{3}$  of which  $\frac{1}{3}$  represented the five whole tones, and the remaining  $\frac{2}{3}$  the two semitones. This formation of the musical scale has remained to the present day, and as it embraced the octave, was a great stride in advance of other prevailing systems. Pythagoras retained the octave, 5th and 4th, but discarded the 3rd. Terpander, another Greek scholar, on the other hand, rejected the 5th, which is the axis on

which all modern harmonies revolve. We perceive from this rapid sketch that the science of music has been evolved from the science of mathematics. The ancients failed to reach the high plane to which modern musicians have attained because they sought to make music subservient to the interests of a pagan mythology, but it is to the fostering care of the Christian Church that we attribute the high degree of musical development we enjoy to-day. Had Pythagoras prevailed we should have been deprived of the reposeful sensation produced by the retention of the 3rd, and had the no less arbitrary ruling of Terpander been final the very gates of Harmony would have been forever closed, and the magnificent tone pictures, which have been evolved out of the seven notes of the scale through the stamping of their own individual poetical conceptions upon them by succeeding generations of composers would have been denied to the world forever. The ancient Romans derived the basis of their musical system from the Greeks, and about the year 50 of the Christian era, Diodorus introduced the major 3rd into their diatonic scale, which the Greeks had rejected, but which the Arabians had incorporated into their system. Had this interval been finally rejected not a bar of music which has been sung in any Christian assembly during the last thousand years would have been, or could have been, sung. Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and a host of other composers, would have laboured in vain, and the reverence we cherish for their memories might have been frittered away in a senile admiration of Pagan dirges. "Nearer My God to Thee," the most popular item in the repertoire of Christian hymnology of the day, could not have been written, for the reason that the melody commences on the 3rd note of the scale. Had Terpander's dictum been accepted as final, Handel could not have written his grand "Hallelujah" chorus in the Messiah, the 5th being selected by the composer as the leading note for the entry of the triumphant theme,

"For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

For the same reason Beethoven could not have written his "Hallelujah" chorus in the "Mount of Olives," the 5th note of the scale having been also employed by him for the entry of the jubilant theme announcing the accomplishment of Man's Redemption through the Sacrifice on the Cross. For the same reason the ecstatic strains which have wafted millions of weary souls to their eternal rest would still lie buried in the darkness and obscurity of the uncreated, the music of the Christian Church being mainly dependent on the retention of the very intervals which the Pagans had rejected. The earliest records of the Christian era show that music was an essential part of worship, the consolation of the captive and persecuted, and the soul-language in which martyrs gave expression to the divine ecstasy that sustained them at the stake, on the cross, and in the horrid arena in which merciless cruelty consigned to the fangs of ravenous wild beasts, alike the hoary head of the aged and venerable and the tender bosom of youth and beauty. Many a pitiless Pagan was touched by the sublime faith which vented itself in songs of victory over death, and many a convert was thus made. St. Augustine was converted through the influence of Christian music, and Cecilia, a Roman lady of noble birth, also fell under its inspiring influence and joined the ranks of the persecuted Christians. Martyrdom was her reward, but her tomb became a place of religious resort, where hymns were sung in her honour, and her name has been perpetuated as the Patron Saint of sacred music. The destinies of nations as well as of individuals have been changed by this potent, mystic sequence of sounds which we call the musical scale. "God Save the Queen," Haydn's Hymn to the Emperor, and the "Marseillaise" hymn, each embodies a nation's history. "Scots Wha Hae" will never be forgotten till the last Scotchman lies buried in his grave. Can it be that the labours of successive generations of musicians from the remotest times shall find their finality in death? We do not think this, we do not hope so. The only occupation which has been revealed to us in which we shall be permitted to engage in a happier state of existence is that of an eternal service of praise. There is therefore a fitness in qualifying for it. Many great and good men have regarded and do regard Heaven as an arena in which we shall be afforded infinite opportunities for the higher development of such culture and accomplishments as we may acquire here, and they who aspire to comradeship with the countless choirs, whose

happiness will find expression in endless songs of joy, should reflect that the path to all this future pleasure lies through the narrow channel of the musical Scale.

GEO. E. BRAME.

Much sympathy is felt for the Philharmonic Chorus and its painstaking conductor in view of the unavoidable cancellation of the proposed Stabat Mater performance, at which Mme. Nordica and other eminent soloists, together with the Boston Festival Orchestra, were to have appeared. It is to be hoped that the Society will see its way clear to engage new soloists and another orchestra, so that the public may still have an opportunity of hearing this work, in the preparation of which so much time has been spent. If, however, owing to the lateness of the season, it should appear to the committee unwise to take action just now, the advisability of giving the work very early next autumn will, no doubt, be considered; for to abandon the project altogether would certainly tend to weaken the Society.

The last regular meeting of the Clef Club, for the present season, was held on the 4th inst. The attendance was very good, a number of visitors being present in addition to the members of the Club. During the evening the following excellent programme was rendered, the various numbers being performed in a manner worthy of the reputations of the gentlemen who took part:—Two movements from the sonata Op. 21, by Gade, for the violin and piano, Messrs. H. Klingenfied and H. M. Field; songs by Schubert, "Thou art Repose" and "Who is Sylvia?" Mr. W. H. Robinson; piano solo, finale from the Italian concerto by Bach, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; recitation from Browning, "Herve Riel," Mr. H. N. Shaw; songs "The Monotone," by Cornelius, and "The Sea Hath its Pearls," by Oliver King, Dr. C. E. Saunders; violin solo, "Chaconne," by Bach, Mr. H. Klingenfied; piano solo, "Venice and Naples," by Liszt, Mr. H. M. Field; song, "My Queen," by Blumenthal, Mr. Rechab Tandy. Mr. A. Blakeley played the accompaniments to the vocal solos in his usual efficient style.

C. E. SAUNDERS.

### Fear.

I meet all dangers with untroubled breath,  
O'er life's resistless tide, borne on to death,  
Through storm and darkness my small bark I steer,  
Alone, fear-menaced, yet unknown of fear.  
This steadfast courage is my heritage  
From barbarous forebears of forgotten age,  
Whose savage bravery has downward come  
To find in a girl's breast its humble home.

Yet sometimes in the hush of solitude,  
This breath of elder ages, harsh and rude,  
Speaks in my breast, implacable and stern,  
Slow to forgive and quick with rage to burn.  
Then does the gentle face men know me by  
Seem but the mask of blank hypocrisy,  
Then does my soul shrink, suddenly dismayed,  
Of that strange voice within itself afraid.

E. C.

### Art Notes.

CECILIA BEAUX and Charles Fromuth of Philadelphia, Kate Carl of Louisiana, and Edwin A. Abbey and Eugene Vail of New York, have been elected associate members of the Champ de Mars Salon.

Edward Armitage, the historical and mural painter, and member of the Royal Academy, who died at Turnbridge Wells, England, on May 24th, was born in London, 20th May, 1817, and studied in Germany and France. He assisted Paul Delaroche in the painting of his famous "Hemicycle" in the School of Fine Arts, Paris, and exhibited his first work, "Prometheus Bound," at the Paris Exhibition of Living Painters, in 1842. He visited the Crimea during the war, and painted his "Balaklava" and "The Guards at Inkerman" from studies made on the spot. He was made an A.R.A. in 1867, and an R.A. in 1872. Three years later he was appointed Professor and Lecturer on Painting to the Royal Academy. The list of his works is a long one.



## The Union of England and Scotland.\*

MOST students of English history and politics are fully aware of the importance of the union of the northern and the southern kingdoms under Queen Anne; but few of us have any notion of the manifold attempts which were made before this was accomplished, or of the difficulties which had to be surmounted. The goodly volume before us, written with complete knowledge of the incidents, is not only full of information, but furnishes very pleasant reading.

Our readers are, of course, aware that the kingdoms were united under one ruler (James I., A.D. 1603) more than a century before the parliaments were united (Anne, A.D. 1707); and few can now doubt that both unions were advantageous to both countries. Many, even of those who, as we think, very unwisely counselled Home Rule for Ireland, like the late Professor Freeman for example, had no thought of recommending a separate parliament for Scotland.

It would probably be offensive to Scotchmen who cherish the memory of the heroic period of Scottish history, to be told that Edward I. had been among the first to perceive the beneficial consequences of a union between the two kingdoms. Yet this must be conceded, even if we regret his methods, and if we sympathize with the Scottish love of independence.

Something of the same view was apparently taken by Henry VII. When some of the Nobility objected to the marriage of the Princess Margaret to James IV., on the ground that it might make England a dependent on Scotland, the first of the Tudor Kings sagaciously remarked that the less would follow the greater; and this was fulfilled when the great grandson of Margaret Tudor, James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England, and London became the capital of the United Kingdom.

James I. immediately perceived the advantages of parliamentary union, and had a commission appointed to arrange the terms and conditions. He very nearly succeeded; and in telling the story of this endeavour, Dr. McKinnon shows us clearly the practical difficulties, in the way. For the most part they consisted in the clashing of interests. Edinburgh had lost her court—a heavy financial loss; and to part with her parliament would involve still further detriment to her commercial interests. To meet these difficulties, privileges had to be conceded to the Northern Kingdom which seemed to be injurious to the Southern. Disputes and animosities arose which were put to rest only by the Act of Union, but which revived even after that event. The story is well told in the volume before us; and two reflections are forced upon us—first, the number of plots and counterplots to which this controversy gave rise, and secondly, the fact that such a story can be made interesting.

For a brief period indeed these oppositions were brushed aside by the strong hand of Cromwell; but the time between Dunbar and the Protector's death was not sufficient to consolidate his policy; and the men of the Restoration had neither his wisdom nor his strength.

The author takes up every incident of interest that bears upon his subject in the subsequent reigns, and comments upon the bloody tragedy of Glencoe in a spirit less favourable to Dutch William than that of Macaulay.

There was a good deal of opposition at the last. It was alleged by the opponents of the measure in the English Parliament that it had been forced through the Scottish Parliament by bribery within, and by violence without doors. It was said that such an Act would put the Church of Scotland on a level with the English Church. Some objected to the precipitancy with which the measure was being carried through. But this kind of thing is always said in such cases; and it was now little heeded. The Bill passed by a majority of 158 in the Commons, and was returned from the Lords without amendment. The writer continues his story through the two rebellions down to the time when the Union became complete.

## Recent Fiction.\*

IN "A London Legend" Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has made a great step in advance of his former work. This present production of his pen is both original and interesting and free from the faults of Mr. McCarthy's earlier writings. Candida Knox is a charming heroine, if a somewhat unusual one, as the following description of her boudoir testifies:

"A deep niche by the window was fitted with shelves and filled with books. Swift always looked at books at any time; naturally, now he looked at these with a livelier curiosity. It was not a very large library; it might not have served the turn of a scholar, but for a girl living alone it was a collection of oddly-allied companions. Swift smiled approval upon Goethe and Schiller, upon Richter and Heine. He had learned already that Candida knew German, and knew it better than he, for all his practice in the translation of dreary scholars. The smile faded a little as his glance fell upon a set of volumes of Schopenhauer's writings, but reasserted itself as he caught sight of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam. As his gaze travelled from shelf to shelf, the expression of his face varied a good deal—varied in shades of surprise, for the collection was mixed, bewilderingly mixed. 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' came next to 'La Cousine Bette'; a row of Ibsen's plays in German flanked several volumes of the Elizabethan dramatists; Carlyle's 'French Revolution' followed the 'Saga of Grettir the Strong'; 'The Origin of Species' ranged with 'Virginius Puerisque' and 'Memories and Portraits'; Hans Andersen's stories shouldered a row of Labiche's plays, Pater's 'Renaissance' stood next to Lane's 'Arabian Nights'; and Symonds' two volumes on 'The Greek Poets' shouldered 'La Reine Margot,' 'La Dame de Montsoreau,' and 'Les Quarante-Cinq.'

"It certainly was a curious collection. He had been prepared to find, as he did find, Tennyson and Shakespeare, Matthew Arnold and Molière, Dante, and even Petrarch: Don Quixote—though the fact that this was in Shelton's translation did a little astonish him—and Scott, Wordsworth and Shelley, Keats and Byron. He was less prepared to find, as he did find, Ronsard and Clement Marot, Charles D'Orleans and Villon, Rossetti and Chaucer, Walther von der Vogelweide and the Romancero, 'The Song of the Sword' and 'Letters to Dead Authors,' 'Poems and Ballads,' and 'The Subjection of Women,' some volumes of Herbert Spencer and some volumes of Paul Verlaine, the 'Morte d'Arthur' and 'Les Fleurs du Mal.'

"'What an amazing collection!' he said to himself."

If any young woman among our readers can claim this list of current literature as her own she may have a bril-

\* A London Legend. By Justin Huntly McCarthy, author of Doom, Lily Lass, etc. A new edition. London: Chatto and Windus. 1896.

A Monk of Fife. A Romance of the days of Jeanne D'Arc Done into English from the manuscript in the Scots College of Ratisbon. By Andrew Lang. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896. (Longman's Colonial Library.)

A Master Spirit. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. 75 cents. The Ivory Series.

The Story of Ulla, and Other Tales. By Edwin Lester Arnold. Author of Phra the Phœnician, etc. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896.

Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Author of Titus. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: Q. C. W. Coates. Halifax, N.S.: S. F. Huestis.

Pirate Gold. By F. J. Stimson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. \$1.25. 1896.

Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. By Maibelle Justice. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

Trumpeter Fred. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. Author of Fort Wayne, An Army Wife, etc. Illustrated. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: Toronto News Company. 1896.

A Fool of Nature. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. \$1.25.

The World is Round. By Louise Mack. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Little Novels. 1896. 6d.

The House. By Eugene Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. \$1.25.

Doctor Congalton's Legacy. By Henry Johnston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896. \$1.25.

A Rogue's Daughter. By Adeline Sargeant. Author of A Life Sentence, Sir Antony's Secret, etc. London and Bombay: George Bell & Sons. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

Probable Sons. By the author of Eric's Good News. London: The Religious Tract Society 56 Paternoster Row, and 65 St. Paul's Churchyard. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.

\* "The Union of England and Scotland: A Study of International History." By James McKinnon, Ph.D. Price 12s. London: Longmans. 1896.

liant future before her. The hero, Brander Swift, finds himself opposed in an election contest to this Candida Knox. The subsidiary characters are all well drawn. Stephen Budget is the foil to Swift, and Windover and his wife Lucilla are Swift's friends. The incident of the Indian juggler and his terrible revenge is founded on fact. We cordially recommend this story.

"A Monk of Fife," by Andrew Lang, is said to be a translation of a narrative originally written in French. Norman Leslie of Pitcullo was a follower of Joan of Arc, and this book is a description of her career. Leslie wrote his adventures in Latin, but the original is lost. There are said to be six known MS. copies, of which none is older than 1480. This Latin chronicle was never finished, but Leslie re-wrote in French the tale which Mr. Lang now gives us. This is Mr. Lang's statement. The story itself is modern in tone and language, and shows how, in the fifteenth century, true love was as strong, possibly stronger, than in these days, and a young Scot of the Quentin Durward type could carve his way with his sword to fame and fortune. Now-a-days he uses his pen. Joan of Arc is vividly brought before the reader, and her sad fate is foreshadowed from the commencement.

"A Master Spirit," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is a story for musical people. All such people are supposed to be more or less queer. Gratian, the hero, is no exception. He proposes to sacrifice Domina, a beautiful girl, to the stage, because she has an exquisite voice. "The Madama," an extinct prima donna, aids him, or rather commences to aid him, in his artistic attempt, but Fate intervenes and Gratian's effort comes to nought. The book is decidedly worth reading as a curious study.

"The Story of Ulla" and other tales, by Edwin Lester Arnold, call for no extended comment. "Meg of the Brads" is powerful enough, and so is "Margaret Spens." The latter is the last in the book, and on the whole the best. For a volume to take away wherewith to beguile a leisure hour, these stories can be recommended.

"Stephen a Soldier of the Cross," by Florence M. Kingsley, is a continuation of a former story by the same authoress. It suffers like all second parts from a want of knowledge of the first part. There is much good description in the book, and some paraphrasing of certain chapters in the Acts. The description of Saul as a "swarthy, undersized man, from whose scowling face and fiery eyes the frightened children hid their faces," is not exactly the traditional recollection of that worthy even before he became an apostle. We have no doubt that the book will sell very well among people who wish to have presented to them living pictures of the early days of the Christian Church.

"Pirate Gold" is a capital story. The name is entirely deceptive. When we opened the book we thought there was going to be another "Treasure Island" or "The Pirate Cave" or some such yarn. But the disappointment was a most agreeable one. James McMurtagh is the book-keeper of a firm of Boston merchants, Bowdoin & Co. His care for and love of a waif from the sea, Mercedes Silva, furnish the theme of the book. Incidentally there are introduced slave riots in Boston, when negroes were re-taken from that city by Federal troops and returned South; but they play no part in the plot except to bring out the character of old Mr. Bowdoin. David St. Clair, poor Mercedes' husband, a worthless black-guard, furnishes the tragedy of the book. McMurtagh's sacrifice, reparation, and his final success are well drawn. We have the greatest pleasure in recommending this story to our readers.

"Love Affairs of a Worldly Man" we are sorry not to be able to praise. It is apparently the first effort of a charming young lady, if we may judge from her portrait; but she has not sufficient knowledge of the world to describe it as it is, and her imagination or what she thinks it is, is founded on a vulgar ideal. She may do better work in the future, but this present attempt cannot be praised.

"Trumpeter Fred" is an American soldier-boy story. The author is well-known on the other side of the lines and the book is well printed and well got up. For Americans it will be interesting.

"A Fool of Nature," by Julian Hawthorne, is the \$10,000 prize story. It has been severely criticized—but it is powerfully done. The unpleasant taste in the mouth it leaves after its perusal is due to the low standard of the moral character of the people in the book. We would

be sorry to think that they correctly represented modern American good society. At the same time, the book is strongly done and well deserves to be read. The absurdity of the *dénouement* is palpable, but in spite even of that fault the book, we repeat, will repay perusal.

"The World is Round," by Louise Mack, is a strong and original story. We are very happy to recommend this book. The scene is laid in Australia, and there is the requisite amount of local colour, but any Canadian can enjoy this book as well as any Australian. If we had space for further quotation this book would be one to choose for it. It is the first of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's new series of "Little Novels." If the others are as good as "The World is Round," the set will be well worth looking after.

"The House," by Eugene Field, has a sad and tender interest about it. It was never finished. Poor Eugene Field! No man ever carried out better the Master's injunction to love little children. This present book is a humorous description of the troubles of a family in settling in a new house. The wife and the neighbours and the plumber and the contractor and the cousins and uncles and aunts all interfere, and all have their own way and leave in a muddle the unhappy astronomer (for such is the supposed writer). That queer, dry, American humour which says the most improbable or fantastic thing as calmly as if it were absolute truth, and as certainly as if it were absolutely reliable, bubbles up in "The House" over and over again. Only the last chapter is missing, so that readers of the book fortunately lose very little, if anything, by its incomplete state.

"Doctor Congalton's Legacy" is a Scotch story, which is exceedingly well done. An old man leaves his money to his brother on condition he marries a young country girl. The usual contrariness happens. The vulgar and ambitious mother wishes one thing, the girl herself another. The man to whom the money is left is a widower with one child. The little child has been in the hands of the Philistines in the shape of an old Scotchwoman who tortures the poor little girl about her soul. The child disappears sadly from the story, but except with regard to her, and perhaps she is better off, it is a case of "all's well that ends well." This story, also, we can recommend. The descriptions of the characters in a Scotch village are very amusing and well drawn.

"A Rogue's Daughter," by Adeline Sargeant, we cannot praise. A rascal of a father leaves his own son and daughter behind him in England. They try to redeem their name and commence to do so by changing it. Both make a mess of it. The sooner the book is forgotten and the less said about it the better.

"Probable Sons" is a young girl's book. It is published by the Religious Tract Society, and happily escapes the taint of nauseous self-righteousness which so often disfigures so-called religious stories. The influence of an innocent little girl on her rather worldly-minded uncle is worked out in an honest, healthy way. The book will make a good present for young girls just rising into their "teens."

*The Oxford English Dictionary*: Field to Fish. (Price 60 cents. Oxford University Press. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. 1896.)—There is one thing of some importance which has to be said in regard to the issue of this great dictionary—that its continuity and regularity are thoroughly provided for. An ungrounded rumour went abroad not long ago to the effect that the complete publication of the dictionary might be indefinitely postponed. This is an entire mistake. Dr. Murray has secured the co-operation of Mr. Bradley as joint editor, and now the successive parts of the dictionary are being issued with great regularity. It is the more necessary that this should be made known, as the University of Oxford is expending large sums of money in the production of this work. The present instalment shows the same wealth of material, accuracy of comment, and perfection of arrangement by which the earlier portions were distinguished.

\* \* \*

The Mural Painters held their first annual dinner in New York last week, the Honorary President, Mr. John La Farge, presiding. Among the speakers were Presidents Russell Sturgis, of the Fine Arts Federation, J. Q. A. Ward, of the National Sculpture Society, and George B. Post, of the Architectural League.

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## Chess.

The Midnapore Chess Club (explaining German Notation) would record game 739 thus:

	1	2	3
White	e2—e4	Sg1—f3	d2—d4
Black	e7—e5	Sgb—f6	e5Xd4P

After many years experience of the various systems of Chess Notation used in England, Germany and France, I have found the above (the German System) the easiest, simplest and best. It only requires one little addition to make it perfect, and that is when a piece is taken to insert in brackets after the sign: +, or ±; the initial letter of the piece taken. It is thus as easy to work a game backwards as forwards (a great advantage).

The system you are now publishing is very far from liability to error, but this is easier to learn. The name of piece inserted before the notation (when no letter is given it means a pawn) is a great assistance.

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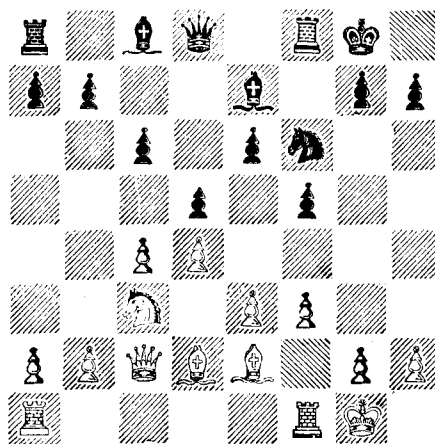
The Metropolitan aptly says: "N stands for Nothing (a Nag! a Nag!! a kingdom for a Nag!!!)"

The Dutch reply to the Queen's Pawn:

1 P Q4	Barry	Game 740
2 P Q4	P K B4	24 QO
3 Kt QB3	P K3	tv GF
4 Kt B3	Kt KB3	ju ZP
	B K2	SM RG

5 intending 6 or 7 P K4  
5 Q 2 P Q4 lt 75  
5... faulty as leaving weak K P.  
6 P K3 Castle BC HZ  
7 B K2 P Q B3 JB YX  
8 P xP. KP xP would relieve Black.  
8 Castle Kt K5 AS PD  
9 Kt K5 seems formidable.  
9 Kt Q2 Kt Q2 M2 r7  
10 P 13 Kt xKKt KM D2  
11 B xKt Kt B3 s2 7P

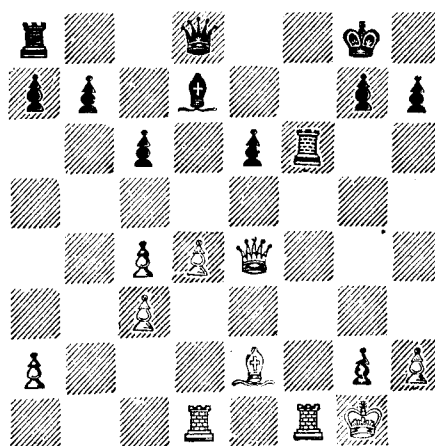
(ribqtrk1, pp2blpp, 2p1pn2 3p1p2



2PP4, 2N1PP2, PPQBB1PP, R4RK1)

12 providing for following moves. al G6  
12 QR Q1 B Q3 CD 5D  
13... threatening 13... P K4  
13 P K4 QP xKt MD 6n  
14 P xP B Kt5 zW nu  
15 worked up neatly. B xKt ku OD  
15 B Kt5 B xKt WP RP  
16 Q xB: Kt xP. 17 B xQ, Kt xQ, 18 P xKt, R xB!  
16 P xB P xP tD z7  
18... preventing 17 P K5.  
17 B4 and 18 or 19 Q QRB1.  
17 B xKt R xB  
18 weakening KP considerably  
18 Q xP B Q2

r2q2k1, pplb2pp, 2p1pr2, 8.



2PPQ3, 2P5, P3B1PP, 3R1RK1)

19 P B5 wins, 19 KR1 good, 19, R Kt1, R xR ch, 20 Bx R, POK3, 21 P Q5, KP xP, 22 P xP, Q B3, 23 B B4, KR1, 24 RKB1 winning.  
19 R xR Q xR P 8P  
20 R KB1 Q K2 IJ PG  
21 B Q3 P KKt3 B3 YX  
22 R K1 could not succeed. DN hR  
22 Q B4 RKB1!  
23... excellent and assuring draw.  
23 Q Q17, R xR ch, 24 BxR, P K4, etc.  
23 Q R ch Q xQ NR+ GR  
24 R xQ ch K zR IR+ ZR  
25 K B2 K K2 SK RG  
26 R K3 K B3 KM GP

(8pp1b3p2p1pkp9, 21P6PB1K2P5P18)

Eventually called a draw.

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## Periodicals.

The July number of Harper's Magazine will open with a paper on "General Washington and the Period of the Revolution," by Woodrow Wilson. Rarely has a historic personage been made so real and human as Washington appears (thanks to the art of this skillful writer) in camp and on the battle-field no less than in the Virginia House of Burgesses or at his Mount Vernon plantation. Mr. Pyle's illustrations of historic scenes worthily accompany Professor Wilson's admirable studies of colonial life and politics.

The Art Amateur for June gives illustrated articles on "Elementary Drawing," "Pen and Pencil Drawing" for reproduction and newspaper work, "Hints for Sketchers and Instructions for Book Illustrators," "Flower Painters," "Portrait Painters," "Figure Painters," and "Makers of Pictures on Pastel," "China Painting" articles illustrated and all practical—including the address recently given by Miss Helen Montfort before the Bridgeport Ceramic Art Club and elsewhere—and the beginning of a series of brief "Biographies of Noted American China Painters," illustrated with portraits. "Wood Carving and Pyrography," "Needlework and Embroidery," "Interior Decoration" of all kinds are treated of fully, and working designs in most of these departments are to be found in the Supplements. In addition to all this, there is a free "Study of American Beauty Roses" by Paul de Longpre and a "Blue and White Dutch Scene" by C. Volkmar.

In the Expository Times (June) the subject of future punishment is taken up. A work by Mr. Freer, of Bristol, in answer to Dr. Salmond's volume, recently noticed in THE WEEK, maintains the doctrine of "Conditional Immortality," that is, annihilation. A curious contrast of opinion is shown in regard to the revised version of the New Testament, Dr. D. Brown, of Aberdeen, contending that too many changes have been made, Mr. Horwill of Exeter, that they are too few. Dr. W. T. Davison continues his "Theology of the Psalms." The Great Text of the month is St. John iii: 16. The notes are good; and so are the outlines, which are, naturally, somewhat obvious. A young preacher might well try his wings on this text. A certain Doctor Baxter had criticised Wellhausen, and he is sharply taken to task here by Mr. Peake, of Merton College, Oxford. The notices of books are as careful as ever, and they are, in the present number, supplemented by a series of longer reviews by eminent writers, for example, one on Dean Borgon's Traditional Text by Professor Bernard, of Dublin, and one on Hebrew Concordances by Professor Driver, of Oxford.

The complete novel in the June issue of Lippincott's is "From Clue to Climax," by Will N. Harben. It is a tale of murder and hypnotism, in which a detective and a physician of the new school join forces to clear the innocent and run the guilty to earth. "A Fellow-Feeling" is by Edith Brower, perhaps the only author who can write readable stories about the coal region. H. C. Stickney, in "Timely," tells of some "ways that are dark" among the Chinese of San Francisco. "The End of a Career," as briefly described by Harry Irving Horton, was that of a male flirt. I. J. Wistar supplies an article on "Criminal Jurisprudence." Owen Hall discusses the prospects and conditions of "Naval Warfare in 1896," giving the facts and figures as to the world's various navies, and concluding that Great Britain is likely to be able to hold her own. Concerning the "Feigning of Death by Animals," Dr. James Weir, as a result of special microscopic studies, presents facts that are largely new. Dr. Charles C. Abbott offers some observations on "The Changeful Skies." Edith Dickson writes on the "Youthful Reading of Literary Men." William Trowbridge Larned makes some remarks "After Seeing a Poor Play." "Women in Business" is discussed by Mary E. J. Kelley. A second article on General and Mrs. Washington, by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, deals with their official life. The poetry of the number is by Carlotta Perry, Grace F. Pennypacker, and Charles G. D. Roberts.

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Periodicals.

Among noteworthy features of Harper's Bazar, during the month of June, is a characteristic paper by Professor C. A. Young, of Princeton University, on the fascinating subject of "Mars and its Imagined Inhabitants." An article by Mrs. Jean Pardee Clark, on "The Woman's Country Club," treats a popular theme in a practical way. Charming short stories will be contributed by Julia Magruder and Duffield Osborne.

The last number to appear of Current History, beginning volume 6, opens with an exhaustive account of the "Discovery of X Rays," summing up all that is known regarding the nature of the new phenomena, their bearing on scientific hypotheses, and their practical uses. In addition are fully treated: the Venezuelan controversy; Cuban revolt; Transvaal crisis; Abyssinian and Soudan campaigns; Armenian question; Salvation Army crisis; Near-Eastern and Far-Eastern political developments; work of Congress; Bond sale; Tariff and Reciprocity; Greater New York; Raines Liquor Law; Manitoba School question; political, educational, and trade problems of the British Empire; French and Italian crises; Geographical exploration; progress of Science, Education, Art, Literature, etc.

The chief articles in The North American Review for June are: "England's Colonial Empire," by the United States Minister to Spain; "The Future Life and the Condition of Man Therein," being the sixth and concluding instalment, by Mr. Gladstone; and "The Ship of State Adrift," by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. In the last quoted the author is not happy in his metaphors; he writes in the same sentence of the poison in the national veins as accounting for the drifting of the ship. Other papers in the number are: "Immigration from Italy," by Dr. Sennor; "Policy and Power of the A.P.A.," by W. I. H. Traynor; "How to Arrest the Increase of Homicides in America," the Hon. J. C. Parker; "The Outlook for Silver," by Dr. Otto Arendt, and several more. Among the short articles are: "The Loyal West," by Senator H. M. Teller, of Colorado; "Other Presidents that Might Have Been," by Joel Benton, and "The Truth About the Opium War," by David A. Wells. The latter is well and fairly stated.

The June number of Harper's Magazine opens with "A Visit to Athens," by the Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane. The illustrations, by Guy Rose, indicate picturesquely the antique setting in which the modern city reposes. John Kendrick Bangs is the author of "A Rebellious Heroine," a short serial with a new and characteristically humorous theme, the first part of which is given in this number. "The Greatest Painter of Modern Germany" is the title of a paper on Adolf Menzel by Dr. Charles Waldstein. E. D. T. Chambers contributes a paper on the delights of fishing, under the title "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment." Another outdoor article, the second of Howard Pyle's papers, describing an unconventional journey "Through Inland Waters," depicts a quiet life on canal and Lake Champlain, with many illustrations. In fiction the number is noteworthy. Besides "A Rebellious Heroine" it contains a one-part story of considerable length by Mary E. Wilkins, called "Evelina's Garden," with illustrations by Clifford Carleton; a sketch of New York life by Brander Matthews; and a study of character as affected by politics in the metropolis entitled "The Thanks of the Municipality," by James Barnes. Poultney Bigelow's History of "The German Struggle for Liberty" ends in this number. H. F. B. Lynch is the author of "Queen Lukeria of Gorelovka," an illustrated paper which describes a unique Russian colony in Armenia, founded by a sect of dissenters from the Greek Church, and ruled by a woman. Dr. Andrew Wilson, of Edinburgh, presents an interesting and popular discussion of the germ theory of disease in a paper bearing the suggestive title "The Battle of the Cells." James Herbert Morse contributes a poem, "The Sea." Laurence Hutton opens the "Editor's Drawer" with an anecdote of Americans in Venice.

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Literary Notes.

Mark Twain visited the imprisoned members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee on May 24, and found them in good spirits.

The Stanhope prize was this year awarded to Arthur Whiston Whitehead of Exeter College. The subject of his essay was "Sully, Minister of Henry IV." Mr. Whitehead is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead so well known in Toronto as frequently spending their winters at the Queen's Hotel.

Three unpublished poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—a ballad and two sonnets—will be issued this year by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, to whom the author gave the MSS. of his last days as contributions to a joint volume of prose and verse. The ballad is entitled "Jan Van Hunks" and deals with a Dutchman's wager to smoke against His Satanic Majesty. The sonnets were written to accompany a design by the poet-artist called "The Sphinx."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue about June 15 a volume, to be issued under the general title of "The United States and Great Britain," which will contain the following monographs:—"The Relations between the United States and Great Britain," by David A. Wells, reprinted, with additions and changes, from the North American Review; "The True Monroe Doctrine," by Edward J. Phelps, late Minister to Great Britain; and "Arbitration," an address, by Carl Schurz. The same firm announces "A Venetian June," by Anna Fuller, author of "A Literary Courtship;" and "Abraham Lincoln," the Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen's \$1,000 Herald prize poem.

Mr. Unwin is publishing, under the title of "Little Novels," a series of original short stories at the price of 6d. in paper covers, and 1s in cloth. Seven of these are ready, and a dozen more are in preparation. Great care has been exercised in the selection of the manuscripts, which are of the class that made the Pseudonym and Autonym Libraries famous, and brought before the public such authors as Miss Hawker ("Mademoiselle Ixe"), John Oliver Hobbes, Potapenko, Vesta Simons, Walter Raymond, Ilse Frapan, Alice Spinner, Louis Becke, W. C. Scully, and others. The little novels contain from 20,000 to 30,000 words each, and are printed in black type. The size is a little larger than the Pseudonyms.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for immediate publication "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," by Walter D. Wilcox, of Washington. Mr. Wilcox has contributed several papers in both English and American magazines, descriptive of explorations in the Rocky Mountains. The present volume will treat of excursions and explorations in the country near Banff and Lake Louise also in the Selkirk Range. The work, besides giving graphic descriptions of the adventures of Mr. Wilcox and party during several years of camp life in this picturesque region, will make a comparison between the territory described and other parts of the Dominion, and will give, in a general way, the main features of the geology, botany fauna, and climatic conditions of the mountains.

Macmillan & Co., of New York, following the example of the London firm of the same name in becoming incorporated, have reorganized and transferred their business to a joint stock company and will be known hereafter as "The Macmillan Company." Its President for the first year will be George P. Brett who for some years past has been the managing partner of the New York house, and the former members of the firm, Messrs. Frederic Macmillan, George A. Macmillan, George L. Craik, Maurice Macmillan, George P. Brett, with Alex. B. Balfour, Lawrence Godkin, Edward J. Kennet and Lawton L. Walton, will act as Directors. No changes in policy and administration are contemplated beyond those naturally resulting from the gradual increase of the business of the firm which has been giving special attention of late to its American publications.



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## Publications Received.

- Dr. Jameson's Raid. By Rev. Jas. King. London: Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs
- Battlement and Tower. By Owen Rhoscomyl. London: Longmans. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- Among the Freaks. By W. L. Alden. London: Longmans. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
- The Minor Chord: A Story of a Prima Donna. By J. Mitchell Chapple. Chicago: F Tennyson Neely.
- Courtship by Command: A Story of Napoleon at Play. By M. M. Blake. D. Appleton & Co.
- In the Blue Pine, a German Romance. By George Ebers. (Translated by Mary J. Safford). D. Appleton & Co.
- A Flash of Summer: The Story of a Simple Woman's Life. By Mrs W. K. Clifford. D. Appleton & Co.
- Lyrics of Earth. By Archibald Lampman. Boston: Copeland & Day.
- Why Progress is by Leaps. Reprinted from Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for June, 1896. By George Iles.
- Is Manitoba Right? By A. B. Bethune. Winnipeg: McIntyre Bros.

An expurgated edition of "Tom Jones" is in course of preparation by Mrs. J. M. Fielding, the wife of the novelist's grandson, and will soon be published in London. A biographical sketch of Fielding will accompany the story.

An announcement of extraordinary interest is that of the coming publication, in "Cosmopolis," of the correspondence of Tourgueniev with Flaubert, Dumas fils, Maupassant, Madame Viardot, M. Zola, and others. The publication will probably begin in July.

A series of "Stories by English Authors" has been started by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Each volume contains stories of a particular country, England and Ireland being the special subjects of the two thus far issued. The stories are by the best writers, living and dead.

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"TALIESIN," by Richard Hovey. It speaks well for the good taste of POET-LORE that it publishes "Taliesin: a Mask in Three Movements" by Richard Hovey—a poet of strong originality. It contains some of his best work, and is marked by that poetic elevation of thought which is characteristic of the writer. — *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.  
"Richard Hovey's 'Taliesin' is beautiful, deeply graceful, and expressive." — *Boston Ideas*.

### Appreciations of Poets and Authors

THE LITERARY DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM Wordsworth, by J. W. Bray.  
SHELLEY AND WHITMAN, by Dr. Isaac Helt Platt.  
WHY FAUSTAFF DIES IN "HENRY V.," by Prof. R. H. Troy.  
SORDELLO: THE HERO AS MAN, by Dr. C. Everett.  
TENNYSON AS POET OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, by G. W. Alger.  
SHAKESPEARE STUDY PROGRAMME: "The Tempest."  
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL WEEK AT STRATFORD, by Charlotte C. Stops.  
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## The Week's Toronto Business Directory.

- Accountants** { Clarkson & Cross, Ontario Bank Chambers, Scott Street, Toronto.  
D. Blackley, 80 Bay Street, Toronto, and 17 King Street West, Hamilton.  
Henry Barber & Co., Accountants and Assignees, 18 Wellington Street East.
- Architects** { W. A. Langton, Rooms 87-88 Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West.  
Curry, Baker & Co., 70 Victoria Street.  
Darling, Sproat, & Pearson, The Mail Building.  
Beaumont Jarvis, McKinnon Building, Cor. Jordan and Melinda Streets.  
J. A. Siddall. Room 42 The Janes Building, 75 Yonge Street
- Booksellers and Publishers** { Copp, Clark Company Limited, 9 Front Street West and 67 Colborne Street.  
Selby & Co. Kindergarten and School supplies. 23 Richmond Street West.  
The Fleming H. Revell Company, Limited, 140-142 Yonge Street.  
Rowell & Hutchison, 74 King Street East.
- Bookbinders and Printers** { The Brown Brothers, Limited, Bookbinders and Stationers, 64-68 King Street East.  
Hunter Rose Printing Company Limited.
- Boots and Shoes** { H. & C. Blachford. "Best general selection Boots and Shoes in City." 83-89 King St. E.  
The J. D. King Co., Ltd. 122 and 124 Wellington St. W. Forteau, and Levis, Quebec.
- Brewers** { Dominion Brewery Company Limited, 496 King Street East.
- Chemists** { Hooper & Co., 43 King Street West and 444 Spadina Ave. Principals supervise dispensing.  
J. R. Lee, Dispensing Chemist, Corner Queen and Seaton Streets, and 407 King Street East.  
W. Murchison, Dispensing Chemist, 1415 Queen Street West.  
Slocum's EMULSION is for sale by all reliable Chemists.
- Clothing** { Oak Hall. Fine Ready-to-wear Clothing. 115 to 121 King Street East.  
"Flags Of All Nations." Cheapest Clothing Store on Earth. Corner King and Market Sts.
- Coal and Wood** { Elias Rogers & Co. Head Office, 20 King Street West.  
Standard Fuel Co. Ltd. Wholesale and Retail. Head Office, 58 King East.
- Dry Goods** { John Catto & Son, King Street, opposite the Post Office.  
R. Simpson, Nos. 170, 72, 74, 76, 78 Yonge Street and 103 Queen Street.
- Furniture** { The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Retailers. 97 Yonge Street.
- Financial** { Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Company, Toronto Street. J. Herbert Mason, President.  
The Toronto General Trusts Co. See advt. 2nd page of THE WEEK.  
The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited, 78 Church Street.  
London & Canadian Loan & Agency Company, Ltd. J. F. Kirk, Manager. 99 and 103 Bay St.  
J. C. McGee, 5 Toronto St. Debentures bought and sold. Loans on mortgages at current rates.
- Grocers** { Caldwell & Hodgins, Corner John and Queen Streets.
- Hardware** { Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, 30-34 King Street East.
- Hotels** { The Queen's. McGaw & Winnett, Proprietors. 78-92 Front Street West.  
The Arlington, Cor. King and John Streets. \$2 to \$3 per day. W. G. Havill, Manager.
- Insurance** { For Good Agency Appointments apply to Equitable Life, Toronto.
- Laundries** { Toronto Steam. G. P. Sharpe, 192 King St. W. Open front & collar-attached shirts done by hand.
- Money to Loan** { H. H. Williams, 24 King East. Private funds on productive Toronto property at 5 per cent.
- Music Publishers** { Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher Association, Limited (Ashdown's), 122-124 Yonge Street.  
Whaley, Royce & Co., Music Publishers, etc., 158 Yonge Street.
- Patents** { Ridout & Maybee. Mechanical and Electrical Experts. Pamphlets on Patents sent free.
- Piano Manufacturers** { The Gerhard Heintzman. Warerooms 69 to 75 Sherbourne Street, and 188 Yonge Street.  
A. & S. Nordheimer Pianos, Organs and Music. 15 King Street East.  
Standard Piano Co. Warerooms, 158 Yonge Street.  
Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street. Pianos and Organs hired and sold.  
Octavius Newcombe & Co. Wareroom, 107-9 Church St. Factory, 121 to 129 Bellwoods Ave.
- Real Estate** { Parker & Co. Properties to suit all classes. Private funds to loan.  
Pearson Bros. Trustees, Investors, Valuators, Arbitrators, etc. 17 Adelaide Street East.
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H. O'Hara & Co. Member Toronto Stock Exchange. Stock & Debenture Brokers, 24 Toronto St.
- Tea** { Hereward Spencer & Co., Retail India and Ceylon Tea Merchants, 63½ King Street West.
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